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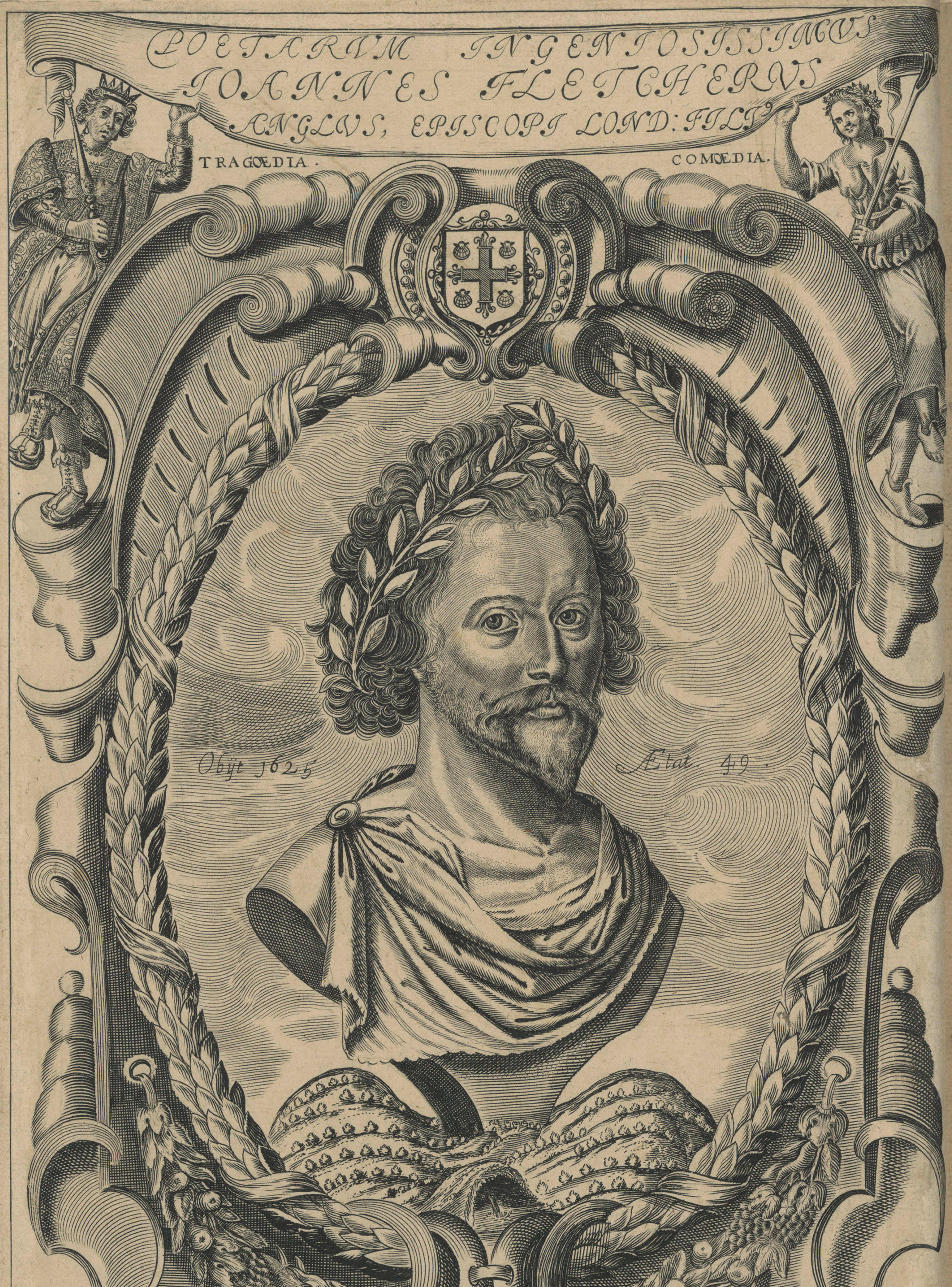
POETARVM INGENIOSISSIMVS
IOANNES FLETCHERVS
ANGLVS, EPISCOPI LOND: FILIꝰ
TRAGŒDIA.
COMŒDIA.
Obyt 1625
Ætat. 49.

Felicis ævi ac Præſulis *Natus; comes*
Beaumontio; *ſic, quippe Parnaſsus,* biceps;
FLETCHERUS *unam in Pyramida furcas agens.*
Struxit chorum plùs simplicem vates duplex;
Plùs duplicem solus: nec ullum transtulit;
Nec transferendus: Dramatum æterni sales,
Anglo *Theatro, Orbi, Sibi, superſtites.*
FLETCHERE, facies absq; vultu pingitur;
Quantus! vel umbram *circuit nemo tuam.*

Gulielꝰ Marſhall Fecit.

J. Berkenhead

COMEDIES
AND
TRAGEDIES

Written by { FRANCIS BEAUMONT
AND
IOHN FLETCHER } Gentlemen.

Never printed before,

And now publiſhed by the Authours
Originall Copies.

Si quid habent veri Vatum præſagia, vivam.

LONDON,
Printed for *Humphrey Robinſon*, at the three *Pidgeons*, and for
Humphrey Moſeley at the *Princes Armes in* S^t^ *Pauls*
Church-yard. 1647.

TO
THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE
PHILIP

Earle of Pembroke and Mountgomery:
Baron Herbert of Cardiffe and Sherland,
Lord Parr and Roſs of Kendall; Lord Fitz-Hugh,
Marmyon, and Saint Quintin; Knight of the moſt noble Order of
the Garter; and one of His Majeſties moſt Honourable Privie Councell:
And our Singular Good Lord.

My Lord,

T*Here is none among all the* Names *of* Honour, *that hath more encouraged the* Legitimate Muſes *of this latter Age, then that which is owing to your* Familie; *whoſe* Coronet *ſhines bright with the native luſter of its owne* Jewels, *which with the acceſſe of ſome Beames of* Sydney, *twiſted with their* Flame *preſents a* Conſtellation, *from whoſe* Influence *all good may be ſtill expected upon Witt and Learning.*

At this Truth *we rejoyce, but yet alooſe, and in our owne valley, for we dare not approach with any capacity in our ſelves to apply your Smile, ſince wee have only preſerved as* Truſtees *to the* Aſhes *of the Authors, what wee exhibit to your* Honour, *it being no more our owne, then thoſe* Imperiall Crownes *and* Garlands *were the Souldiers, who were honourably deſigned for their Conveyance before the* Triumpher *to the* Capitol.

But directed by the example of ſome, who once ſteered in our qualitie, and ſo fortunately aſpired to chooſe your Honour, *joyned with your (now glorified)* Brother, Patrons *to the flowing compoſitions of the then expired ſweet* Swan *of* Avon Shakespeare; *and ſince, more particularly bound to your* Lordſhips *moſt conſtant and diffuſive* Goodneſſe, *from which, wee did for many calme yeares derive a ſubſiſtence to our ſelves, and Protection to the Scene (now withered, and condemn'd, as we feare, to a long Winter and ſterilitie) we have preſumed to offer to your* Selfe, *what before was never printed of theſe* Authours.

Had they beene leſſe then all the Treaſure *we had contracted in the whole Age of* Poeſie*(ſome few Poems of their owne excepted, which already publiſhed, command their entertainement, with all lovers of* Art *and* Language*) or were they not, the moſt juſtly admir'd, and belov'd Pieces of* Witt *and the* World, *wee ſhould have taught our ſelves a leſſe Ambition.*

Be pleaſed to accept this humble tender of our duties, and till wee faile in our obedience to all your Commands, vouchſafe, we may be knowne by the Cognizance *and* Character *of*

MY LORD,

Your Honours moſt bounden

John Lowin
Richard Robinſon
Eylærd Swanſton
Hugh Clearke
Stephen Hammerton

Joſeph Taylor
Robert Benfeild
Thomas Pollard
William Allen
Theophilus Byrd.

THE

TO THE READER.

POETRY *is the Child of* Nature, *which regulated and made beautifull by* Art, *preſenteth the moſt Harmonious of all other compoſitions; among which (if we rightly conſider) the* Dramaticall *is the moſt abſolute, in regard of thoſe tranſcendent* Abilities, *which ſhould waite upon the* Compoſer; *who muſt have more then the inſtruction of Libraries which of it ſelfe is but a cold contemplative knowledge) there being required in him a* Soule miraculouſly *knowing, and converſing with all mankind, inabling him to expreſſe not onely the Phlegme and folly* of thick-skin'd men, *but the ſtrength and maturity* of the wiſe, *the Aire and inſinuations of the* Court, *the diſcipline and Reſolution of the Soldier, the Vertues and paſſions of every noble condition, nay the councells and characters of the greateſt Princes.*

This you will ſay is a vaſt comprehenſion, and hath not hapned in many Ages. Be it then remembred to the Glory of our owne, *that all theſe are Demonſtrative and met in* BEAUMONT & FLETCHER, ***whom but to mention is to throw a cloude upon all former names and benight Poſterity; This Book being, without flattery, the greateſt*** Monument *of the* Scene *that Time and Humanity have produced, and muſt* ***Live****, not only the* Crowne *and ſole* Reputation *of our owne, but the ſtayne of all other* Nations *and* Languages, *for it may be boldly averred, not one indiſcretion hath branded this Paper in all the* ***Lines****, this being the Authentick witt that made Blackfriers an Academy, where the three howers ſpectacle while* Beaumont *and* Fletcher *were preſented, were uſually of more advantage to the hopefull young Heire, then a coſtly, dangerous, forraigne Travell, with the aſſiſtance of a governing Mounſieur, or Signior to boot; And it cannot be denied but that the young ſpirits of the Time, whoſe Birth & Quality made them impatient of the ſowrer wayes of education, have from the attentive hearing theſe pieces, got ground in point of wit and carriage of the moſt ſeverely employed Students, while theſe Recreations were digeſted into Rules, and the very Pleaſure did edifie. How many paſſable diſcourſing dining witts ſtand yet in good credit upon the bare ſtock of two or three of theſe ſingle Scenes.*

And now Reader in this Tragicall Age *where the* Theater *hath been ſo much out-acted, congratulate thy owne happineſſe, that in this ſilence of the Stage, thou haſt a liberty to reade theſe inimitable Playes, to dwell and converſe in theſe immortall Groves, which were only ſhewd our Fathers in a conjuring glaſſe, as ſuddenly removed as repreſented, the Landſcrap is now brought home by this optick, and the Preſſe thought too pregnant before, ſhall be now look'd upon as greateſt*

Benefactor to Engliſhmen, that muſt acknowledge *all the felicity of* witt *and* words *to this Derivation.*

You may here find paſſions raiſed to that excellent pitch and by ſuch inſinuating degrees that you ſhall not chuſe but conſent, & go along with them, finding your ſelf at laſt grown inſenſibly the very ſame perſon you read, and then ſtand admiring the ſubtile Trackes of your engagement. Fall on a Scene of love and you will never believe the writers could have the leaſt roome left in their ſoules for another paſſion, peruſe a Scene of manly Rage, and you would ſweare they cannot be expreſt by the ſame hands, but both are ſo excellently wrought, you muſt confeſſe none, but the ſame hands, could worke them.

Would thy Melancholy have a cure? thou ſhalt laugh at Democritus *himſelfe, and but reading one piece of this* Comick *variety, finde thy exalted fancie in Elizium; And when thou art ſick of this cure, (for the exceſſe of delight may too much dilate thy* ſoule*) thou ſhalt meete almoſt in every leafe a ſoft purling paſſion or* ſpring *of ſorrow ſo powerfully wrought high by the teares of innocence, and* wronged Lovers, *it ſhall perſwade thy eyes to weepe into the ſtreame, and yet ſmile when they contribute to their owne ruines.*

Infinitely more might be ſaid of theſe rare Copies, but let the ingenuous Reader peruſe them & he will finde them ſo able to ſpeake their own worth, that they need not come into the world with a trumpet, ſince any one of theſe incomparable pieces well underſtood will prove a Preface *to the reſt, and if the Reader can taſt the beſt wit ever trod our Engliſh Stage, he will be forced himſelfe to become* a breathing Panegerick *to them all.*

Not to detaine or prepare thee longer, be as capritious and ſick-brain'd, as ignorance & malice can make thee, here thou art rectified, or be as healthfull as the inward calme of an honeſt Heart, Learning, *and* Temper *can ſtate thy diſpoſition, yet this booke may be thy fortunate* concernement *and Companion.*

It is not ſo remote in Time, but very many Gentlemen may remember theſe Authors & ſome familiar in their converſation deliver them upon every pleaſant occaſion ſo fluent, to talke a Comedy. He muſt be a bold man that dares undertake to write their Lives. What I have to ſay is, we have the precious Remaines, *and as the wiſeſt contemporaries acknowledge they Lived a* Miracle, *I am very confident this volume cannot die without one.*

What more ſpecially concerne theſe Authors and their workes is told thee by another hand in the following Epiſtle of the Stationer to the Readers.

Farwell, Reade, and feare not thine owne underſtanding, this Booke will create a cleare one in thee, and when thou haſt conſidered thy purchaſe, thou wilt call the price of it a Charity to thy ſelfe, and at the ſame time forgive thy friend, and theſe Authors humble admirer,

JA. SHIRLEY.

The Stationer to the Readers.

Gentlemen,

BEfore you engage farther, be pleaſed to take notice of theſe Particulars. You have here a *New Booke*; I can ſpeake it clearely; for of all this large Uolume of *Comedies* and *Tragedies*, not one, till now, was ever printed before. A *Collection of Playes* is commonly but a *new Impreſſion*, the ſcattered pieces which were printed ſingle, being then onely Republiſhed together: 'Tis otherwiſe here.

Next, as it is all New, ſo here is not any thing *Spurious* or *impos'd*; I had the Originalls from ſuch as received them from the *Authours* themſelves; by Thoſe, and none other, I publiſh this Edition.

And as here's nothing but what is genuine and Theirs, ſo you will finde here are no *Omiſſions*; you have not onely All I could get, but All that you muſt ever expect. For (beſides thoſe which were formerly printed) there is not any Piece written by theſe *Authours*, either Joyntly or Severally, but what are now publiſh'd to the VVorld in this *Volume*. One only Play I muſt except (for I meane to deale openly) 'tis a *COMEDY* called the *VVilde-gooſe Chaſe*, which hath beene long loſt, and I feare irrecoverable; for a *Perſon of Quality* borrowed it from the *Actours* many yeares ſince, and (by the negligence of a Servant) it was never return'd; therefore now I put up this *Si quis*, that whoſoever hereafter happily meetes with it, ſhall be thankfully ſatisfied if he pleaſe to ſend it home.

Some *Playes* (you know) written by theſe *Authors* were heretofore Printed: I thought not convenient to mixe them with this *Volume*, which of it ſelfe is entirely New. And indeed it would have rendred the Booke ſo Voluminous, that *Ladies* and *Gentlewomen* would have found it ſcarce manageable, who in Workes of this nature muſt firſt be remembred. Beſides, I conſidered thoſe former Pieces had been ſo long printed and re-printed, that many Gentlemen were already furniſhed; and I would have none ſay, they pay twice for the ſame Booke.

One thing I muſt anſwer before it bee objected; 'tis this: VVhen theſe *Comedies* and *Tragedies* were preſented on the Stage, the *Actours* omitted ſome *Scenes* and Paſſages (with the *Authour's* conſent) as occaſion led them; and when private friends deſir'd a Copy, they then (and juſtly too) tranſcribed what they *Acted*. But now you have both All that was *Acted*, and all that was not; even the perfect full Originalls without the leaſt mutilation; So that were the *Authours* living, (and ſure they can never dye) they themſelves would challenge neither more nor leſſe then what is here publiſhed; this Volume being now ſo compleate and finiſh'd, that the Reader muſt expect no future Alterations.

The Stationer to the Reader

For *literall Errours* committed by the Printer, 'tis the faſhion to aske pardon, and as much in faſhion to take no notice of him that asks it; but in this alſo I have done my endeavour. 'Twere vaine to mention the *Chargeableneſſe* of this VVork; for thoſe who own'd the *Manuſcripts*, too well knew their value to make a cheap eſtimate of any of theſe Pieces, and though another joyn'd with me in the *Purchaſe* and Printing, yet the *Care & Pains* was wholly mine, which I found to be more then you'l eaſily imagine, unleſſe you knew into how many hands the Originalls were diſperſed. They are all now happily met in this Book, having eſcaped theſe *Publike Troubles*, free and unmangled. Heretofore when Gentlemen deſired but a Copy of any of theſe *Playes*, the meaneſt piece here (if any may be called Meane where every one is Beſt) coſt them more then foure times the price you pay for the whole *Volume*.

I ſhould ſcarce have adventured in theſe ſlippery times on ſuch a work as this, if knowing perſons had not generally aſſured mee that theſe *Authors* were the moſt unqueſtionable *VVits* this Kingdome hath afforded. Mr. *Beaumont* was ever acknowledged a man of a moſt ſtrong and ſearching braine; and (his yeares conſidered) the moſt *Judicious VVit* theſe later Ages have produced; he dyed young, for (which was an invaluable loſſe to this Nation) he left the world when hee was not full thirty yeares old. Mr. *Fletcher* ſurvived, and lived till almoſt fifty; whereof the VVorld now enjoyes the benefit. It was once in my thoughts to have Printed Mr. *Fletcher's* workes by themſelves, becauſe ſingle & alone he would make a *Juſt Volume*: But ſince never parted while they lived, I conceived it not equitable to ſeperate their aſhes.

It becomes not me to ſay (though it be a knowne Truth) that theſe *Authors* had not only High unexpreſſible gifts of *Nature*, but alſo excellent *acquired Parts*, being furniſhed with Arts and Sciences by that liberall education they had at the *Univerſity*, which ſure is the beſt place to make a great Wit underſtand it ſelfe; this their workes will ſoone make evident. I was very ambitious to have got Mr. *Beaumonts* picture; but could not poſſibly, though I ſpared no enquirie in thoſe *Noble Families* whence he was deſcended, as alſo among thoſe Gentlemen that were his acquaintance when he was of the *Inner Temple*: the beſt Pictures and thoſe moſt like him you'l finde in this *Volume*. This figure of Mr. *Fletcher* was cut by ſeverall Originall Pieces, which his friends lent me, but withall they tell me, that his unimitable Soule did ſhine through his countenance in ſuch *Ayre* and *Spirit*, that the Painters confeſſed it, was not eaſie to expreſſe him: As much as could be, you have here, and the *Graver* hath done his part. What ever I have ſeene of Mr. *Fletchers* owne hand, is free from interlining; and his friends affirme he never writ any one thing twice: it ſeemes he had that rare felicity to prepare and perfect all firſt in his owne braine; to ſhape and attire his *Notions*, to adde or loppe off, before he committed one word to writing, and never touched pen till all was to ſtand as firme and immutable as if ingraven in Braſſe or Marble. But I keepe you too long from thoſe *friends* of his whom 'tis fitter for you to read; only accept of the honeſt endeavours of

One that is a Servant to you all

HUMPHREY MOSELEY.

At the Princes Armes *in*
St Pauls *Church-yard.*
Feb. 14th 1646.

To the Stationer.

TEll the ſad World that now the lab'ring Preſſe
H'as brought forth ſafe a Child of happineſſe,
The Frontiſ-piece will ſatisfie the wiſe
And good ſo well, they will not grudge the price.
'Tis not all Kingdomes joyn'd in one could buy
(If priz'd aright) ſo true a Library
Of man: where we the characters may finde
Of ev'ry Nobler and each baſer minde.
Deſert has here reward in one good line
For all it loſt, for all it might repine:
Vile and ignobler things are open laid,
The truth of their falſe colours are diſplayd:
You'l ſay the Poet's both beſt Judge and Prieſt,
No guilty ſoule abides ſo ſharp a teſt
As their ſmooth Pen; for what theſe rare men writ
Commands the World, both Honeſty and Wit.

GRANDISON.

IN MEMORY OF
Mr. IOHN FLETCHER.

MEe thought our Fletcher *weary of this croud,*
Wherein ſo few have witt, yet all are loud,
Unto Elyzium fled, where he alone
Might his own witt admire and ours bemoane;
But ſoone up on thoſe Flowry Bankes, a throng
Worthy of thoſe even numbers which he ſung,
Appear'd, and though thoſe Ancient Laureates ſtrive
When dead themſelves, whoſe raptures ſhould ſurvive,
For his Temples all their owne bayes allowes,
Not ſham'd to ſee him crown'd with naked browes;
Homer *his beautifull* Achilles *nam'd,*
Vrging his braine with Joves *might well be fam'd,*
Since it brought forth one full of beauties charmes,
As was his Pallas, and as bold in Armes;
King and no King.
But when he the brave Arbaſes *ſaw, one*
That ſaved his peoples dangers by his own,
And ſaw Tigranes *by his hand undon*
Without the helpe of any Mirmydon,
He then confeſs'd when next hee'd Hector *ſlay,*
That he muſt borrow him from Fletchers *Play;*
This might have beene the ſhame, for which he bid
His Iliades *in a Nut-ſhell ſhould be hid:*
Virgill *of his* Æneas *next begun,*
Whoſe God-like forme and tongue ſo ſoone had wonne;
That Queene of Carthage *and of beauty too,*
Two powers the whole world elſe were ſlaves unto,
Vrging that Prince for to repaire his faulte
On earth, boldly in hell his Miſtreſſe ſought;
The Maides Tragedy.
But when he Amintor *ſaw revenge that wrong,*
For which the ſad Aſpaſia *ſigh'd ſo long,*
Vpon himſelfe, to ſhades haſting away,
Not for to make a viſit but to ſtay;
He then did modeſtly confeſſe how farr
Fletcher *out-did him in a Charactar.*
Now laſtly for a refuge, Virgill *ſhewes*
The lines where Corydon Alexis *woes;*
But thoſe in oppoſition quickly met
The faithfull Shepherdeſſe.
The ſmooth tongu'd Perigot *and* Amoret:
A paire whom doubtleſſe had the others ſeene,
They from their owne loves had Apoſtates *beene;*
Thus Fletcher *did the fam'd laureat exceed,*
Both when his Trumpet ſounded and his reed;
Now if the Ancients yeeld that heretofore,
None worthyer then thoſe ere Laurell wore;
The leaſt our age can ſay now thou art gon,
Is that there never will be ſuch a one:
And ſince t'expreſſe thy worth, our rimes too narrow be,
To help it wee'l be ample in our propheſie.

H. HOWARD.

On Mr. John Fletcher, and his VVorks, never before publiſhed.

TO flatter living fooles is eaſie ſlight:
But hard, to do the living-dead men right.
To praiſe a Landed Lord, is gainfull art:
But thankleſſe to pay Tribute to deſert.
This ſhould have been my taske: I had intent
To bring my rubbiſh to thy monument,
To ſtop ſome crannies there, but that I found
No need of leaſt repaire; all firme and ſound.
Thy well-built fame doth ſtill it ſelfe advance
Above the Worlds mad zeale and ignorance,
Though thou dyedſt not poſſeſt of that ſame pelfe
(Which Nobler ſoules call durt,) the City wealth:
Yet thou haſt left unto the times ſo great
A Legacy, a Treaſure ſo compleat,
That'twill be hard I feare to prove thy Will:
Men will be wrangling, and in doubting ſtill
How ſo vaſt ſummes of wit were left behind,
And yet nor debts nor ſharers they can finde.
'Twas the kind providence of fate, to lock
Some of this Treaſure up; and keep a ſtock
For a reſerve untill theſe ſullen daies:
When ſcorn, and want, and danger, are the Baies
That Crown the head of merit. But now he
Who in thy Will hath part, is rich and free.
But there's a Caveat enter'd by command,
None ſhould pretend, but thoſe can underſtand.

HENRY MODY, Bronet.

ON
Mr Fletchers Works.

THough Poets have a licence which they uſe
As th' ancient priviledge of their free Muſe;
Yet whether this be leave enough for me
To write, great Bard, an Eulogie for thee:
Or whether to commend thy Worke, will ſtand
Both with the Lawes of Verſe and of the Land,
Were to put doubts might raiſe a diſcontent
Between the Muſes and the——
I'le none of that. There's deſperate wits that be
(As their immortall Lawrell) Thunder-free;
Whoſe perſonall vertues, 'bove the Lawes of Fate,
Supply the roome of perſonall eſtate:
And thus enfranchis'd, ſafely may rehearſe,
Rapt in a lofty ſtraine, theirs own neck-verſe.
For he that gives the Bayes to thee, muſt then
Firſt take it from the Militarie Men;
He muſt untriumph conqueſts, bid 'em ſtand,
Queſtion the ſtrength of their victorious hand.
He muſt act new things, or go neer the ſin,
Reader, as neer as you and I have been:
He muſt be that, which He that tryes will ſwear
Ii is not good being ſo another Yeare.
And now that thy great name I've brought to this,
To do it honour is to do amiſſe,
What's to be done to thoſe, that ſhall refuſe
To celebrate, great Soule, thy noble Muſe?
Shall the poore State of all thoſe wandring things,
Thy Stage once rais'd to Emperors and Kings?
Shall rigid forfeitures (that reach our Heires)
Of things that only fill with cares and feares?
Shall the privation of a friendleſſe life,
Made up of contradictions and ſtrife?
Shall He be entitie, would antedate
His own poore name, and thine annihilate?
Shall theſe be judgements great enough for one
That dares not write thee an Encomion?

Then where am I? but now I've thought upon't,
I'le prayſe thee more then all have ventur'd on't.
I'le take thy noble Work (and like the trade
Where for a heap of Salt pure Gold is layd)
I'le lay thy Volume, that Huge Tome of wit,
About in Ladies Cloſets, where they ſit
En-thron'd in their own wills; and if ſhe bee
A Laick ſiſter, ſhee'l ſtraight flie to thee:
But if a holy Habit ſhee have on,
Or be ſome Novice, ſhee'l ſcarce looke upon
Thy Lines at firſt; but watch Her then a while,
And you ſhall ſee Her ſteale a gentle ſmile
Vpon thy Title, put thee neerer yet,
Breath on thy Lines a whiſper, and then ſet
Her voyce up to the meaſures; then begin
To bleſſe the houre, and happy ſtate ſhee's in.
Now ſhee layes by her Characters, and lookes
With a ſtern eye on all her pretty Bookes.
Shee's now thy Votereſſe, and the juſt Crowne
She brings thee with it, is worth half the Towne.
I'le ſend thee to the Army, they that fight
Will read thy tragedies with ſome delight,
Be all thy Reformadoes, fancy ſcars,
And pay too, in thy ſpeculative wars.
I'le ſend thy Comick ſcenes to ſome of thoſe
That for a great while have plaid faſt and looſe;
New univerſaliſts, by changing ſhapes,
Have made with wit and fortune faire eſcapes.
Then ſhall the Countrie that poor Tennis-ball
Of angry fate, receive thy Paſtorall,
And from it learn thoſe melancholy ſtraines
Fed the afflicted ſoules of Primitive ſwaines.
Thus the whole World to reverence will flock
Thy Tragick Buskin and thy Comick Stock:
And winged fame unto poſterity
Tranſmit but onely two, this Age, and Thee.

THOMAS PEYTON.

Agricola Anglo-Cantianus.

ON THE

Deceaſed Authour Mr. John Fletcher,

his Plays; and eſpecially, *The Mad Lover*.

WHilſt his well organ'd body doth retreat,
To its firſt matter, and the formall heat
Triumphant ſits in judgement to approve
Pieces above our Candour and our love :
Such as dare boldly venter to appeare
Unto the curious eye, and Criticke eare :
Lo the Mad Lover *in theſe various times*
Is preſs'd to life, t'accuſe us of our crimes.
While Fletcher *liv'd, who equall to him writ*
Such laſting Monuments of naturall wit?
Others might draw their lines with ſweat, like thoſe
That (with much paines) a Garriſon incloſe;
Whilſt his ſweet fluent veine did gently runne
As uncontro'ld, and ſmoothly as the Sun.
After his death our Theatres did make
Him in his own unequald Language ſpeake:
And now when all the Muſes out of their
Approved modeſty ſilent appeare,
This Play of Fletchers *braves the envious light*
As wonder of our eares once, now our ſight.
Three and fourfold bleſt Poet, who the Lives
Of Poets, and of Theaters ſurvives!
A Groome, or Oſtler of ſome wit may bring
His Pegaſus to the Caſtalian ſpring;
Boaſt he a race o're the Pharſalian plaine,
Or happy Tempe *valley dares maintaine:*
Brag at one leape upon the double Cliffe
(Were it as high as monſtrous Tennariffe)
Of farre-renown'd Parnaſſus he will get,
And there (t'amaze the World) confirme his ſeate:
When our admired Fletcher *vaunts not ought,*
And ſlighted every thing he writ as naught:
While all our Engliſh wondring world (in's cauſe)
Made this great City eccho with applauſe.
Read him therefore all that can read, and thoſe
That cannot learne, if y' are not Learnings foes,
And wilfully reſolved to refuſe
The gentle Raptures of this happy Muſe.
From thy great conſtellation (noble Soule)
Looke on this Kingdome, ſuffer not the whole
Spirit of Poeſie retire to Heaven,
But make us entertaine what thou haſt given.
Earthquakes and Thunder Diapaſons make
The Seas vaſt roare, and irreſiſtleſſe ſhake

Of horrid winds, a ſympathy compoſe;
So in theſe things there's muſicke in the cloſe:
And though they ſeem great Diſcords in our eares,
They are not ſo to them above the Spheares.
Granting theſe Muſicke, how much ſweeter's that
Mnemoſyne's *daughter's voyces doe create?*
Since Heaven, and Earth, and Seas, and Ayre conſent
To make an Harmony (the Inſtrument,
Their own agreeing ſelves) ſhall we refuſe
The Muſicke which the Deities doe uſe?
Troys *raviſht* Ganymed *doth ſing to* Jove,
And Phœbus *ſelfe playes on his Lyre above.*
The Cretan Gods, or glorious men, who will
Imitate right, muſt wonder at thy skill,
Beſt Poet of thy times, or he will prove
As mad as thy brave Memnon *was with love.*

ASTON COKAINE, Baronet.

Upon the Works of BEAUMONT, and FLETCHER.

HOw Angels (*cloyſter'd in our humane Cells*)
Maintaine their parley, Beaumount-Fletcher *tels;*
Whoſe ſtrange unimitable Intercourſe
Tranſcends all Rules, and flyes beyond the force
Of the moſt forward ſoules; all muſt ſubmit
Untill they reach theſe Myſteries *of Wit.*
The Intellectuall Language *here's expreſt,*
Admir'd in better times, and dares the Teſt
Of Ours; for from Wit, Sweetneſſe, Mirth, *and* Sence,
This Volume ſprings a new true Quinteſſence.

JO. PETTUS, Knight.

On the Works of the moſt excellent Dramatick Poet, Mr. *John Fletcher*, never before Printed.

HAile Fletcher, welcome to the worlds great Stage;
For our two houres, we have thee here an age
In thy whole Works, amd may th'Impreſſion call
The Pretor that preſents thy Playes to all:
Both to the People, and the Lords that ſway
That Herd, and Ladies whom thoſe Lords obey.
And what's the Loadſtone can ſuch gueſts invite
But moves on two Poles, Profit, and Delight,
Which will be ſoon, as on the Rack, confeſt
When every one is tickled with a jeſt:
And that pure Fletcher, able to ſubdue
A Melancholy more then Burton knew.
And though upon the by, to his deſignes
The Native may learne Engliſh from his lines,
And th'Alien if he can but conſtrue it,
May here be made free Deniſon of wit.
But his maine end does drooping Vertue raiſe,
And crownes her beauty with eternall Bayes;
In Scænes where ſhe inflames the frozen ſoule,
While Vice (her paint waſht off) appeares ſo foule;
She muſt this Bleſſed Iſle and Europe leave,
And ſome new Quadrant of the Globe deceive:
Or hide her Bluſhes on the Affrike ſhore
Like Marius, but ne're riſe to triumph more;
That honour is reſign'd to Fletchers fame;
Adde to his Trophies, that a Poets name
(Late growne as odious to our Moderne ſtates
As that of King to Rome) he vindicates
From black aſpertions, caſt upon't by thoſe
Which only are inſpir'd to lye in proſe.

And, By the Court of Muſes be't decreed,
What graces ſpring from Poeſy's richer ſeed,
When we name Fletcher ſhall be ſo proclaim'd,
As all that's Royall is when Cæſar's nam'd.

ROBERT STAPYLTON Knight.

To the memory of my moſt honoured kinſman, Mr. *Francis Beaumont*.

I'Le not pronounce how ſtrong and cleane thou writes,
Nor by what new hard Rules thou took'ſt thy Flights,
Nor how much Greek *and* Latin *ſome refine*
Before they can make up ſix words of thine,
But this I'le ſay, thou ſtrik'ſt our ſenſe ſo deep,
At once thou mak'ſt us Bluſh, Rejoyce, and Weep.
Great Father Iohnſon *bow'd himſelfe when hee*
(Thou writ'ſt ſo nobly) vow'd he envy'd thee.
Were thy Mardonius *arm'd, there would be more*
Strife for his Sword then all Achilles *wore,*
Such wiſe juſt Rage, had Hee been lately try'd
My life on't Hee had been o'th' Better ſide,
And where hee found falſe odds (through Gold or Sloath)
There brave Mardonius *would have beat them Both.*
Behold, here's FLETCHER *too! the World ne're knew*
Two Potent Witts co-operate till You;
For ſtill your fancies are ſo wov'n and knit,
'Twas FRANCIS FLETCHER, *or* IOHN BEAUMONT *writ.*
Yet neither borrow'd, nor were ſo put to't
To call poore Godds and Goddeſſes to do't;
Nor made Nine Girles your Muſes *(you ſuppoſe*
Women ne're write, ſave Love Letters in proſe*)*
But are your owne Inſpirers, and have made
Such pow'rfull Sceanes, as when they pleaſe, invade.
Your Plot, Sence, Language, All's ſo pure and fit,
Hee's Bold, not Valiant, dare diſpute your Wit.

GEORGE LISLE Knight.

On Mr. JOHN FLETCHER'S VVorkes.

SO ſhall we joy, when all whom Beaſts and Wormes
Had turn'd to their owne ſubſtances and formes,
Whom Earth to Earth, or fire hath chang'd to fire,
Wee ſhall behold more then at firſt intire
As now we doe, to ſee all thine, thine owne
In this thy Muſes Reſurrection,
Whoſe ſcatter'd parts, from thy owne Race, more wounds
Hath ſuffer'd, then Acteon *from his hounds;*
Which firſt their Braines, and then their Bellies fed,
And from their excrements new Poets bred.
But now thy Muſe inraged from her urne
Like Ghoſts of Murdred bodyes doth returne
To accuſe the Murderers, to right the Stage,
And undeceive the long abuſed Age,
Which caſts thy praiſe on them, to whom thy Wit
Gives not more Gold then they give droſſe to it:
Who not content like fellons to purloyne,
Adde Treaſon to it, and debaſe thy Coyne.
But whither am I ſtray'd? I need not raiſe
T*rophies to thee from other Mens diſpraiſe;*
Nor is thy fame on leſſer Ruines built,
Nor needs thy juſter title the foule guilt
Of Eaſterne Kings, who to ſecure their Raigne,
Muſt have their Brothers, Sonnes, and Kindred ſlaine.
Then was wits Empire at the fatall height,
When labouring and ſinking with its weight,
From thence a thouſand leſſer Poets ſprong
Like petty Princes from the fall of Rome.
When JOHNSON, SHAKESPEARE, *and thy ſelfe did ſit,*
And ſway'd in the Triumvirate of wit —
Yet what from JOHNSONS *oyle and ſweat did flow,*
Or what more eaſie nature did beſtow
On SHAKESPEARES *gentler Muſe, in thee full growne*
Their Graces both appeare, yet ſo, that none
Can ſay here Nature ends, and Art begins
But mixt like th'Elements, and borne like twins,
So interweav'd, ſo like, ſo much the ſame,
None this meere Nature, that meere Art can name:
'Twas this the Ancients meant, Nature and Skill
Are the two topps of their Pernaſſus *Hill.*

I. DENHAM.

Vpon Mr. *John Fletcher's* Playes.

FLETCHER, *to thee, wee doe not only owe*
All theſe good Playes, but thoſe of others too:
Thy wit repeated, does ſupport the Stage,
Credits the laſt, and entertaines this age:
No Worthies form'd by any Muſe but thine
Could purchaſe Robes to make themſelves ſo fine:
What brave Commander is not proud to ſee
Thy brave Melantius *in his Gallantry,*
Our greateſt Ladyes love to ſee their ſcorne
Out done by Thine, in what themſelves have worne:
Th'impatient Widow ere the yeare be done
Sees thy Aſpaſia *weeping in her Gowne:*
I never yet the Tragick ſtraine aſſay'd
Deterr'd by that inimitable Maid:
And when I venture at the Comick ſtile
Thy Scornfull Lady *ſeemes to mock my toile:*
Thus has thy Muſe, at once, improv'd and marr'd
Our Sport in Playes, by rendring it too hard.
So when a ſort of luſty Shepheards throw
The barre by turns, and none the reſt outgoe
So farre, but that the beſt are meaſuring caſts,
Their emulation and their paſtime laſts;
But if ſome Brawny yeoman, of the guard
Step in and toſſe the Axeltree a yard
Or more beyond the fartheſt Marke, the reſt
Deſpairing ſtand, their ſport is at the beſt.

EDW. WALLER.

To *FLETCHER* Reviv'd.

HOw have I been Religious? what ſtrange Good
Ha's ſcap't me that I never underſtood?
Have I Hell-guarded Hæreſie *o'rethrowne?*
Heald wounded States? made Kings and Kingdomes one?
That Fate *ſhould be ſo mercifull to me,*
To let me live t'have ſaid I have read thee.
Faire Star aſcend! the Ioy! the Life! the Light
Of this tempeſtuous Age, this darke worlds ſight!
Oh from thy Crowne of Glory dart one flame
May ſtrike a ſacred Reverence, whileſt thy Name
(Like holy Flamens *to their* God *of* Day *)*
We bowing, ſing; and whilſt we praiſe, we pray.
Bright Spirit! *whoſe Æternall motion*
Of Wit, like Time, *ſtill in it ſelfe did runne;*
Binding all others in it, and did give
Commiſsion, how far this, or that ſhall live:
Like Deſtinie *of Poems, who, as ſhe*
Signes death to all, her ſelfe can never dye.
And now thy purple-robed Tragoedie,
In her imbroider'd Buskins, calls mine eye,
Valentinian *Where brave* Aëtius *we ſee betray'd,*
T'obey his Death, whom thouſand lives obey'd;
Whilſt that the Mighty Foole *his* Scepter *breakes,*
And through his Gen'rals *wounds his owne doome ſpeaks,*
Weaving thus richly Valentinian
The coſtlieſt Monarch with the cheapeſt man.
The Mad Lover. *Souldiers may here to their old glories adde,*
The Lover *love, and be with reaſon* mad:
Not as of old, Alcides *furious,*
VVho wilder then his Bull did teare the houſe,
(Hurling his Language with the Canvas ſtone)
'Twas thought the Monſter roar'd the ſob'rer Tone.
Tragi-comedies. *But ah, when thou thy ſorrow didſt inſpire*
VVith Paſsions, blacke as is her darke attire,

Virgins as Sufferers *have wept to ſee*
So white a Soule, ſo red a Crueltie;
That thou haſt griev'd, and with unthought redreſſe,
Dri'd their wet eyes who now thy mercy bleſſe;
Yet loth to loſe thy watry jewell, when
Ioy wip't it off, Laughter ſtraight ſprung't agen.

Arcas.
Bellario.

Now ruddy cheeked Mirth *with Roſie wings,*
Fanns ev'ry brow with gladneſſe, whileſt ſhe ſings
Delight to all, and the whole Theatre
A Feſtivall in Heaven *doth appeare:*
Nothing but Pleaſure, Love, and (like the Morne)
Each face a generall ſmiling doth adorne.

Comedies.
The Spaniſh Curate.
The Humorous Lieutenant.
The Tamer Tam'd.
The little French Lawyer.

Heare ye foule Speakers, that pronounce the Aire
Of Stewes and Shores, I will informe you where
And how to cloathe aright your wanton wit,
Without her naſty Bawd attending it.
View here a looſe thought ſaid with ſuch a grace,
Minerva *might have ſpoke in* Venus *face;*
So well diſguis'd, that t'was conceiv'd by none
But Cupid *had* Diana's *linnen on;*
And all his naked parts ſo vail'd, th' expreſſe
The Shape with clowding the uncomlineſſe;
That if this Reformation which we
Receiv'd, had not been buried with thee,
The Stage (as this work) might have liv'd and lov'd;
Her Lines; the auſtere Skarlet had approv'd,
And th' Actors *wiſely been from that offence*
As cleare, as they are now from Audience.

The cuſtom of the Countrey.

Thus with thy Genius *did the* Scæne *expire,*
Wanting thy Active and inliv'ning fire,
That now (to ſpread a darkneſſe over all,)
Nothing remaines but Poeſie *to fall.*
And though from theſe thy Embers *we receive*
Some warmth, ſo much as may be ſaid, we live,
That we dare praiſe thee, bluſhleſſe, in the head
Of the beſt piece Hermes *to* Love *e're read,*
That We rejoyce and glory in thy Wit,
And feaſt each other with remembring it,
That we dare ſpeak thy thought, thy Acts recite:
Yet all men henceforth be afraid to write.

RICH. LOVELACE.

On Maſter *JOHN FLETCHERS* Dramaticall Poems.

GReat tutelary Spirit of the Stage!
FLETCHER! *I can fix nothing but my rage*
Before thy Workes,' gainſt their officious crime
Who print thee now, in the worſt ſcæne of Time.
For me, uninterrupted hadſt thou ſlept
Among the holly ſhades and cloſe hadſt kept
The miſtery of thy lines, till men might bee
Taught how to reade, and then, how to reade thee.
But now thou art expos'd to th' common fate,
Revive then (mighty Soule!) and vindicate
From th' Ages rude affronts thy injured fame,
Inſtruct the Envious, with how chaſt a flame
Thou warmſt the Lover; how ſeverely juſt
Thou wert to puniſh, if he burnt to luſt.
With what a bluſh thou didſt the Maid adorne,
But tempted, with how innocent a ſcorne.
How Epidemick errors by thy Play
VVere laught out of eſteeme, ſo purg'd away.
How to each ſence thou ſo didſt vertue fit,
That all grew vertuous to be thought t'have wit.
But this was much too narrow for thy art,
Thou didſt frame governments, give Kings their part,
Teach them how neere to God, while juſt they be;
But how diſſolv'd, ſtretcht forth to Tyrannie.
How Kingdomes, in their channell, ſafely run,
But rudely overflowing are undone.
Though vulgar ſpirits Poets ſcorne or hate:
Man may beget, A Poet can create.

WILL. HABINGTON.

Vpon Maſter *FLETCHERS* Dramaticall Workes.

W*Hat? now the Stage is down, darſt thou appeare*
Bold FLETCER *in this tottring Hemiſphear?*
Yes; Poets are like Palmes which, the more weight
You caſt upon them, grow more ſtrong & ſtreight,
'Tis not *Iove's* Thunderbolt, nor *Mars* his Speare,
Or Neptune's angry Trident, Poets fear.
Had now grim BEN *bin breathing, with what rage,*
And high-ſwolne fury had Hee laſh'd this age,
SHAKESPEARE *with* CHAPMAN *had grown madd, and torn*
Their gentle Sock, *and lofty* Buskins *worne,*
To make their Muſe welter up to the chin
In blood; of faigned Scænes *no need had bin,*
England *like* Lucians *Eagle with an Arrow*
Of her owne Plumes piercing her heart quite thorow,
Had bin a Theater *and ſubject fit*
To exerciſe in real *truth's their wit:*
Yet none like high-wing'd FLETCHER *had bin found*
This Eagles *tragick-deſtiny to ſound,*
Rare FLETCHER's quill *had ſoar'd up to the sky,*
And drawn down Gods to ſee the tragedy:
Live famous Dramatiſt, let every ſpring
Make thy Bay flouriſh, and freſh Bourgeons *bring:*
And ſince we cannot have Thee trod o'th' ſtage,
Wee will applaud Thee in this ſilent Page.

IA. HOWELL. *P.C.C.*

On the Edition.

FLETCHER (*whoſe Fame no Age can ever waſt;*
Envy of Ours, and glory of the laſt)
Is now alive againe; and with his Name
His ſacred Aſhes wak'd into a Flame;
Such as before did by a ſecret charme
The wildeſt Heart ſubdue, the coldeſt warme,
And lend the Lady's eyes a power more bright,
Diſpenſing thus to either, Heat and Light.
He to a Sympathie thoſe ſoules betraï'd
Whom Love or Beauty never could perſwade;
And in each mov'd ſpectatour could beget
A reall paſſion by a Counterfeit:
When firſt Bellario *bled, what Lady there*
Did not for every drop let fall a teare?
And when Aſpaſia *wept, not any eye*
But ſeem'd to weare the ſame ſad livery;
By him inſpir'd the feign'd Lucina *drew*
More ſtreams of melting ſorrow then the true;
But then the Scornfull Lady *did beguile*
Their eaſie griefs, and teach them all to ſmile.
Thus he Affections could, or raiſe or lay;
Love, Griefe and Mirth thus did his Charmes obey:
He Nature taught her paſſions to out-doe,
How to refine the old, and create new;
Which ſuch a happy likeneſſe ſeem'd to beare,
As if that Nature Art, Art Nature were.
Yet All had Nothing bin, obſcurely kept
In the ſame Vrne wherein his Duſt hath ſlept,
Nor had he ris' the Delphick wreath to claime,
Had not the dying ſceane expir'd his Name;
Diſpaire our joy hath doubled, he is come,
Thrice welcome by this Poſt-liminium.
His loſſe preſerv'd him; They that ſilenc'd Wit,
Are now the Authours to Eternize it;
Thus Poets are in ſpight of Fate reviv'd,
And Playes by Intermiſſion longer liv'd.

THO. STANLEY.

On the Edition of Mr *Francis Beaumonts*, and Mr *John Fletchers* PLAYES never printed before.

I Am *amaz'd*; and this ſame *Extacye*
Is both my *Glory* and *Apology*.
Sober Ioyes are dull Paſſions; they muſt beare
Proportion to the *Subject*: if *ſo*; where
Beaumont and *Fletcher* ſhall vouchſafe to be
That Subject; *That Ioy* muſt be *Extacye*.
Fury is the *Complexion* of *great Wits*;
The *Fooles Diſtemper*: Hee, thats *mad* by *fits*,
Is *wiſe ſo* too. It is the *Poets Muſe*;
The *Prophets God*: the *Fooles*, and *my excuſe*.
For (in *Me*) nothing *leſſe* then *Fletchers Name*
Could have *begot*, or *juſtify'd* this *flame*.
Beaumont }
Fletcher } *Return'd?* methinks it ſhould not be.
No, not in's *Works*: *Playes* are as *dead* as *He*.
The *Palate* of *this age guſts* nothing *High*;
That has not *Cuſtard* in't or *Bawdery*.
Folly and *Madneſſe* fill the *Stage*: The *Scene*
Is *Athens*; *where*, the *Guilty*, and the *Meane*,
The *Foole 'ſcapes* well enough; *Learned* and *Great*,
Suffer an *Oſtraciſme*; ſtand *Exulate*.

Mankinde is *fall'n againe*, *ſhrunke a degree*,
A *ſtep* below his very *Apoſtacye*.
Nature her *Selfe* is out of *Tune*; and *Sicke*
Of *Tumult* and *Diſorder*, *Lunatique*.
Yet *what World* would not cheerfully *endure*
The *Torture*, or *Diſeaſe*, t' *enjoy* the *Cure*?

This Booke's the *Balſame*, and the *Hellebore*,
Muſt *preſerve bleeding Nature*, and *reſtore*
Our *Crazy Stupor* to a *juſt quick Sence*
Both of *Ingratitude*, and *Providence*.
That teaches us (at *Once*) to *feele*, and *know*,
Two deep Points: what we *want*, and what we *owe*.
Yet *Great Goods have their Ills*: Should we *tranſmit*
To *Future Times*, the *Pow'r* of *Love* and *Wit*,
In *this Example*: would they not *combine*
To make *Our Imperfections Their Deſigne*?
They'd *ſtudy* our *Corruptions*; and take more
Care to be *Ill*, then to be *Good*, *before*.

For *nothing but ſo great Infirmity*,
Could make Them worthy of ſuch Remedy.

Have you not ſeene the Suns almighty Ray
Reſcue th' *affrighted World*, and *redeeme Day*
From *blacke deſpaire* : how his *victorious Beame*
Scatters the *Storme*, and *drownes* the *petty flame*
Of *Lightning*, in the *glory* of his *eye* :
How *full* of *pow'r*, how *full* of *Majeſty* ?
When to *us Mortals*, *nothing* elſe was *knowne*,
But the *ſad doubt*, whether to *burne*, or *drowne*.

Choler, and *Phlegme*, *Heat*, and *dull Ignorance*,
Have caſt *the people* into *ſuch* a *Trance*,
That *feares* and *danger* ſeeme *Great equally*,
And no *diſpute* left now, but *how* to *dye*.
Juſt in *this nicke*, *Fletcher ſets the world cleare*
Of all diſorder and reformes us here.

The *formall Youth*, that knew *no* other *Grace*,
Or *Value*, but his *Title*, and his *Lace*,
Glaſſes himſelfe: and in *this faithfull Mirrour*,
Views, *diſaproves*, *reformes*, *repents* his *Errour*.

The *Credulous*, *bright Girle*, that *beleeves all*
Language, (in *Othes*) if *Good*, *Canonicall*,
Is *fortifi'd*, and *taught*, *here*, to *beware*
Of *ev'ry* ſpecious *bayte*, of *ev'ry ſnare*
Save *one* : and *that* ſame *Caution* takes her *more*,
Then *all* the *flattery* ſhe *felt before*.
She finds her *Boxes*, and her *Thoughts betray'd*
By the *Corruption* of the *Chambermaide*:
Then throwes her *Waſhes* and *diſſemblings* By;
And *Vowes* nothing but *Ingenuity*.

The *ſevere States-man quits* his *ſullen forme*
Of *Gravity* and *bus'neſſe* ; The *Luke-warme*
Religious his *Neutrality* ; The *hot*
Braine-ſicke Illuminate his *zeale* ; *The Sot*
Stupidity ; The *Souldier* his *Arreares* ;
The *Court* its *Confidence*; The *Plebs* their *feares*;
Gallants their *Apiſhneſſe* and *Perjurie*,
Women their *Pleaſure* and *Inconſtancie* ;
Poets their *Wine* ; the *Vſurer* his *Pelfe*;
The *World* its *Vanity* ; and *I* my *Selfe*.

Roger L' Eſtrange.

On the Dramatick Poems of Mr John Fletcher.

Wonder ! who's here? Fletcher, *long buried*
Reviv'd ? T'is he ! hee's riſen from the Dead.
His winding ſheet put off, walks above ground,
Shakes off his Fetters, and is better bound.
And may he not, if rightly underſtood,
Prove Playes are lawfull? he hath made them Good.
Is any Lover Mad ? *ſee here* Loves Cure;
Vnmarried? to a Wife *he may be ſure*
A rare one, For a Moneth; *if ſhe diſpleaſe,*
The Spaniſh Curate *gives a Writ of eaſe.*
Enquire The Cuſtome of the Country, *then*
Shall the French Lawyer *ſet you free againe.*
If the two Faire Maids *take it wondrous ill,*
(*One of* the Inne, *the other of* the Mill,)
That th' Lovers Progreſſe *ſtopt, and they defam'd;*
Here's that makes Women Pleas'd, *and* Tamer tam'd.
But who then playes the Coxcombe, *or will trie*
His Wit at ſeverall Weapons, *or elſe die?*
Nice Valour *and he doubts not to engage*
The Noble Gentl'man, *in* Loves Pilgrimage,
To take revenge on the Falſe One, *and run*
The Honeſt mans Fortune, *to be undone*
Like Knight of Malta, *or elſe* Captaine *be*
Or th' Humerous Lieutenant : *goe to Sea*
(A Voyage *for to ſtarve) hee's very loath,*
Till we are all at peace, to ſweare an Oath,
That then the Loyall Subject *may have leave*
To lye from Beggers Buſh, *and undeceive*
The Creditor, diſcharge his debts ; Why ſo,
Since we can't pay to Fletcher *what we owe.*
Oh could his Propheteſſe *but tell one* Chance,
When that the Pilgrimes *ſhall returne from France.*
And once more make this Kingdome, as of late,
The Iſland Princeſſe, *and we celebrate*
A Double Marriage; *every one to bring*
To Fletchers *memory his offering.*
That thus at laſt unſequeſters the Stage,
Brings backe the Silver, and the Golden Age.

Robert Gardiner.

To the *Manes* of the celebrated Poets and Fellow-writers, *Francis Beaumont* and *John Fletcher*, upon the Printing of their excellent Dramatick Poems.

Diſdaine not Gentle Shades, the lowly praiſe
Which here I tender your immortall Bayes.
Call it not folly, but my zeale, that I
Strive to eternize you that cannot dye.
And though no Language rightly can commend
What you have writ, ſave what your ſelves have penn'd;
Yet let me wonder at theſe curious ſtraines
(The rich Conceptions of your twin-like Braines)
Which drew the Gods attention; who admir'd
To ſee our Engliſh Stage by you inſpir'd.
Whoſe chiming Muſes never fail'd to ſing
A Soule-affecting Muſicke; raviſhing
Both Eare and Intellect, while you do each
Contend with other who ſhall higheſt reach
In rare Invention; Conflicts that beget
New ſtrange delight, to ſee two Fancies met,
That could receive no foile: two wits in growth
So juſt, as had one Soule informed both.
Thence (Learned Fletcher*) ſung the muſe alone,*
As both had done before, thy Beaumont *gone.*
In whom, as thou, had he outliv'd, ſo he
(Snatch'd firſt away) ſurvived ſtill in thee.
What though diſtempers of the preſent Age
Have baniſh'd your ſmooth numbers from the Stage?
You ſhall be gainers by't; it ſhall confer
To th' making the vaſt world your Theater.
The Preſſe ſhall give to ev'ry man his part,
And we will all be Actors; learne by heart
Thoſe Tragick Scenes and Comicke Straines you writ,
Vn-imitable both for Art and Wit;
And at each Exit, *as your Fancies riſe,*
Our hands ſhall clap deſerved Plaudities.

John Web.

To the deſert of the Author in his moſt Ingenious Pieces.

THou art above their Cenſure, whoſe darke Spirits
Reſpects but ſhades of things, and ſeeming merits;
That have no ſoule, nor reaſon to their will,
But rime as ragged, as a Ganders Quill:
Where Pride blowes up the Error, and transfers
Their zeale in Tempeſts, that ſo wid'ly errs.
Like heat and Ayre compreſt, their blind deſires
Mixe with their ends, as raging winds with fires.
Whoſe Ignorance and Paſsions, weare an eye
Squint to all parts of true Humanity.
All is Apocripha *ſuits not their vaine :*
For wit, oh fye! and Learning too; prophane!
But Fletcher *hath done Miracles by wit,*
And one Line of his may convert them yet.
Tempt them into the State of knowledge, and
Happineſſe to read and underſtand.
The way is ſtrow'd with Lawrell, *and ev'ry Muſe*
Brings Incenſe to our Fletcher : *whoſe Scenes infuſe*
Such noble kindlings from her pregnant fire,
As charmes her Criticke Poets in deſire,
And who doth read him, that parts leſſe indu'd,
Then with ſome heat of wit or Gratitude.
Some crowd to touch the Relique of his Bayes,
Some to cry up their owne wit in his praiſe,
And thinke they engage it by Comparatives,
When from himſelfe, himſelfe he beſt derives.
Let Shakeſpeare, Chapman, *and applauded* Ben,
Weare the Eternall merit of their Pen,
Here I am love-ſicke : and were I to chuſe,
A Miſtris corrivall 'tis Fletcher's *Muſe.*

George Buck.

On Mr BEAUMONT.

(Written thirty yeares ſince, preſently after his death.)

BEaumont *lyes here; and where now ſhall we have*
A Muſe like his to ſigh upon his grave?
Ah! none to weepe this with a worthy teare,
But he that cannot, Beaumont, *that lies here.*
Who now ſhall pay thy Tombe with ſuch a Verſe
As thou that Ladies didſt, faire Rutlands *Herſe?*
A Monument that will then laſting be,
When all her Marble is more duſt than ſhe.
In thee all's loſt: a ſudden dearth and want
Hath ſeiz'd on Wit, good Epitaphs are ſcant;
We dare not write thy Elegie, whilſt each feares
He nere ſhall match that coppy of thy teares.
Scarce in an Age a Poet, and yet he
Scarce lives the third part of his age to ſee,
But quickly taken off and only known,
Is in a minute ſhut as ſoone as ſhowne.
Why ſhould weake Nature tire her ſelfe in vaine
In ſuch a peice, to daſh it ſtraight againe?
Why ſhould ſhe take ſuch worke beyond her skill,
Which when ſhe cannot perfect, ſhe muſt kill?
Alas, what is't to temper ſlime or mire?
But Nature's puzled when ſhe workes in fire:
Great Braines (like brighteſt glaſſe) crack ſtraight, while thoſe
Of Stone or Wood hold out, and feare not blowes.
And wee their Ancient hoary heads can ſee
Whoſe Wit was never their mortality:
Beaumont *dies young, ſo* Sidney *did before,*
There was not Poetry he could live to more,
He could not grow up higher, I ſcarce know
If th'art it ſelfe unto that pitch could grow,
Were't not in thee that hadſt arriv'd the hight
Of all that wit could reach, or Nature might.
O when I read thoſe excellent things of thine,
Such Strength, ſuch ſweetneſſe coucht in every line,
Such life of Fancy, ſuch high choiſe of braine,
Nought of the Vulgar wit or borrowed ſtraine,
Such Paſſion, ſuch expreſſions meet my eye,
Such Wit untainted with obſcenity,
And theſe ſo unaffectedly expreſt,
All in a language purely flowing dreſt,
And all ſo borne within thy ſelfe, thine owne,
So new, ſo freſh, ſo nothing trod upon.
I grieve not now that old Menanders *veine*
Is ruin'd to ſurvive in thee againe;

Such in his time was he of the ſame peece,
The ſmooth, even naturall Wit, and Love of Greece.
Thoſe few ſententious fragments ſhew more worth,
Then all the Poets Athens *ere brought forth;*
And I am ſorry we have loſt thoſe houres
On them, whoſe quickneſſe comes far ſhort of ours,
And dwell not more on thee, whoſe every Page
May be a patterne for their Scene and Stage.
I will not yeeld thy Workes ſo meane a Prayſe;
More pure, more chaſte, more ſainted then are Playes,
Nor with that dull ſupineneſſe to be read,
To paſſe a fire, or laugh an houre in bed.
How doe the Muſes ſuffer every where,
Taken in ſuch mouthes cenſure, in ſuch eares,
That twixt a whiffe, a Line or two rehearſe,
And with their Rheume together ſpaule a Verſe?
This all a Poems leiſure after Play,
Drinke or Tabacco, it may keep the Day.
Whilſt even their very idleneſſe they thinke
Is loſt in theſe, that loſe their time in drinke.
Pity then dull we, we that better know,
Will a more ſerious houre on thee beſtow,
Why ſhould not Beaumont *in the Morning pleaſe,*
As well as Plautus, Ariſtophanes?
Who if my Pen may as my thoughts be free,
Were ſcurrill Wits and Buffons both to Thee;
Yet theſe our Learned of ſevereſt brow
Will deigne to looke on, and to note them too,
That will defie our owne, tis Engliſh ſtuffe,
And th' Author is not rotten long enough.
Alas what flegme are they, compared to thee,
In thy Philaſter, *and* Maids-Tragedy?
Where's ſuch an humour as thy Beſſus? *pray*
Let them put all their Thraſoes *in one Play,*
He ſhall out-bid them; their conceit was poore,
All in a Circle of a Bawd or Whore;
A cozning dance, take the foole away,
And not a good jeſt extant in a Play.
Yet theſe are Wits, becauſe they'r old, and now
Being Greeke and Latine, they are Learning too:
But thoſe their owne Times were content t' allow
A thirſty fame, and thine is loweſt now.
But thou ſhalt live, and when thy Name is growne
Six Ages older, ſhall be better knowne,
When th' art of Chaucers *ſtanding in the Tombe,*
Thou ſhalt not ſhare, but take up all his roome.

Joh. Earle.

UPON Mr FLETCHERS Incomparable Playes.

THe Poet lives; wonder not how or why
Fletcher revives, but that he er'e could dye:
Safe Mirth, full Language, flow in ev'ry Page,
At once he doth both heighten and aſwage;
All Innocence and Wit, pleaſant and cleare,
Nor Church nor Lawes were ever Libel'd here;
But faire deductions drawn from his great Braine,
Enough to conquer all that's Falſe or Vaine;
He ſcatters Wit, and Sence ſo freely flings
That very Citizens ſpeake handſome things,
Teaching their Wives ſuch unaffected grace,
Their Looks are now as handſome as their Face.
Nor is this violent, he ſteales upon
The yeilding Soule untill the Phrenſie's gone;
His very Launcings do the Patient pleaſe,
As when good Muſicke cures a Mad Diſeaſe.
Small Poets rifle Him, yet thinke it faire,
Becauſe they rob a man that well can ſpare;
They feed upon him, owe him every bit,
Th'are all but Sub-exciſemen of his Wit.

I. M.

On the Workes of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, now at length printed.

GReat paire of Authors, whom one equall Starre
Begot ſo like in Genius, *that you are*
In Fame, as well as Writings, both ſo knit,
That no man knowes where to divide your wit,
Much leſſe your praiſe; you, who had equall fire,
And did each other mutually inſpire;
Whether one did contrive, the other write,
Or one fram'd the plot, the other did indite;
Whether one found the matter, th'other dreſſe,
Or the one diſpoſed what th'other did expreſſe;
Where e're your parts betweene your ſelves lay, we,
In all things which you did but one thred ſee,
So evenly drawne out, ſo gently ſpunne,
That Art with Nature nere did ſmoother run.
Where ſhall I fixe my praiſe then? or what part
Of all your numerous Labours hath deſert
More to be fam'd then other? ſhall I ſay,
I've met a lover ſo drawne in your Play,
So paſſionately written, ſo inflam'd,
So jealouſly inraged, then gently tam'd,
That I in reading have the Perſon ſeene,
And your Pen hath part Stage and Actor been?
Or ſhall I ſay, that I can ſcarce forbeare
To clap, when I a Captain do meet there,
So lively in his owne vaine humour dreſt,
So braggingly, and like himſelf expreſt,
That moderne Cowards, when they ſaw him plaid,
Saw, bluſht, departed guilty, and betraid?
You wrote all parts right; whatſoe're the Stage
Had from you, was ſeene there as in the age,
And had their equall life: Vices which were
Manners abroad, did grow corrected there:
They who poſſeſt a Box, and halfe Crowne ſpent
To learne Obſcenenes, returned innocent,
And thankt you for this coznage, whoſe chaſte Scene
Taught Loves ſo noble, ſo reform'd, ſo cleane,
That they who brought foule fires, and thither came
To bargaine, went thence with a holy flame.
Be't to your praiſe too, that your Stock and Veyne
Held both to Tragick and to Comick ſtraine;
Where e're you liſted to be high and grave,
No Buskin ſhew'd more ſolewue, no quill gave
Such feeling objects to draw teares from eyes,
Spectators ſate part in your Tragedies.
And where you liſted to be low, and free,
Mirth turn'd the whole houſe into Comedy;
So piercing (where you pleas'd) hitting a fault,
That humours from your pen iſſued all ſalt.
Nor were you thus in Works and Poems knit,
As to be but two halfes, and make one wit;
But as ſome things we ſee, have double cauſe,
And yet the effect it ſelfe from both whole drawes;

So though you were thus twiſted and combind
As two bodies, to have but one faire minde
Yet if we praiſe you rightly, we muſt ſay
Both joyn'd, and both did wholly make the Play,
For that you could write ſingly, we may gueſſe
By the divided peeces which the Preſſe
Hath ſeverally ſent forth; nor were gone ſo
(Like ſome our Moderne Authors) made to go
On meerely by the helpe of th'other, who
To purchaſe fame do come forth one of two;
Nor wrote you ſo, that ones part was to lick
The other into ſhape, nor did one ſtick
The others cold inventions with ſuch wit,
As ſerved like ſpice, to make them quick and fit;
Nor out of mutuall want, or emptineſſe,
Did you conſpire to go ſtill twins to th' Preſſe:
But what thus joyned you wrote, might have come forth
As good from each, and ſtored with the ſame worth
That thus united them, you did joyne ſenſe,
In you 'twas League, in others impotence;
And the Preſſe which both thus amongſt us ſends,
Sends us one Poet in a paire of friends.

Jaſper Maine.

Upon the report of the printing of the Dramaticall Poems of Maſter *John Fletcher*, collected before, and now ſet forth in one Volume.

Though when all Fletcher *writ, and the entire*
Man was indulged unto that ſacred fire,
His thoughts, and his thoughts dreſſe, appeared both ſuch,
That 'twas his happy fault to do too much;
Who therefore wiſely did ſubmit each birth
To knowing Beaumont *e're it did come forth,*
Working againe untill he ſaid 'twas fit,
And made him the ſobriety of his wit;
Though thus he call'd his Judge into his fame,
And for that aid allow'd him halfe the name,
'Tis knowne, that ſometimes he did ſtand alone,
That both the Spunge and Pencill were his owne;
That himſelfe judged himſelfe, could ſingly do,
And was at laſt Beaumont *and* Fletcher *too;*
Elſe we had loſt his Shepherdeſſe, *a piece*
Even and ſmooth, ſpun from a finer fleece,
Where ſoftneſſe raignes, where paſſions paſſions greet,
Gentle and high, as floods of Balſam meet.
Where dreſs'd in white expreſſions, ſit bright Loves,
Drawne, like their faireſt Queen, by milkie Doves;
A piece, which Johnſon *in a rapture bid*
Come up a glorifi'd Worke, and ſo it did.
Elſe had his Muſe ſet with his friend; the Stage
Had miſs'd thoſe Poems, which yet take the Age;
The world had loſt thoſe rich exemplars, where
Art, Language, Wit, ſit ruling in one Spheare,
Where the freſh matters ſoare above old Theames,
As Prophets Raptures do above our Dreames;
Where in a worthy ſcorne he dares refuſe
All other Gods, and makes the thing his Muſe;

Where he calls paſſions up, and layes them ſo,
As ſpirits, aw'd by him to come and go;
Where the free Author did what e're he would,
And nothing will'd, but what a Poet ſhould.
No vaſt uncivill bulke ſwells any Scene,
The ſtrength's ingenious, aud the vigour cleane;
None can prevent the Fancy, and ſee through
At the firſt opening; all ſtand wondring how
The thing will be untill it is; which thence
With freſh delight ſtill cheats, ſtill takes the ſence;
The whole deſigne, the ſhadowes, the lights ſuch
That none can ſay he ſhewes or hides too uuch:
Buſineſſe growes up, ripered by juſt encreaſe,
And by as juſt degrees againe doth ceaſe,
The heats and minutes of affaires are watcht,
And the nice points of time are met, and ſnatcht:
Nought later then it ſhould, nought comes before,
Chymiſts, and Calculators doe erre more:
Sex, *age, degree, affections, country, place;*
The inward ſubſtance, and the outward face;
All kept preciſely, all exactly fit,
What he would write, he was before he writ.
'Twixt Johnſons *grave, and* Shakeſpeares *lighter ſound*
His muſe ſo ſteer'd that ſomething ſtill was found,
Nor this, nor that, nor both, but ſo his owne,
That 'twas his marke, and he was by it knowne.
Hence did he take true judgements, hence did ſtrike
All pallates ſome way, though not all alike:
The god of numbers might his numbers crowne,
And liſtning to them wiſh they were his owne.
Thus welcome forth, what eaſe, or wine, or wit
Durſt yet produce, that is, what Fletcher *writ.*

Another.

FLetcher, *though ſome call it thy fault, that wit*
So overflow'd thy ſcenes, that ere 'twas fit
To come upon the Stage, Beaumont *was faine*
To bid thee be more dull, that's write againe,
And bate ſome of thy fire, which from thee came
In a cleare, bright, full, but too large a flame;
And after all (finding thy Genius ſuch)
That blunted, and allayed, 'twas yet too much;
Added his ſober ſpunge, and did contract
Thy plenty to leſſe wit to make't exact:
Yet we through his corrections could ſee
Much treaſure in thy ſuperfluity,
Which was ſo fil'd away, as when we doe
Cut Jewels, that that's loſt is jewell too:
Or as men uſe to waſh Gold, which we know
By loſing makes the ſtreame thence wealthy grow:
They who doe on thy workes ſeverely ſit,
And call thy ſtore the over-births of wit,
Say thy miſcarriages were rare, and when
Thou wert ſuperfluous, that thy fruitfull Pen
Had no fault but abundance, which did lay
Out in one Scene what might well ſerve a Play;
And hence doe grant, that what they call exceſſe
Was to be reckon'd as thy happineſſe,
From whom wit iſſued in a full ſpring-tide;
Much did inrich the Stage, much flow'd beſide.
For that thou couldſt thine owne free fancy binde
In ſtricter numbers, and run ſo confin'd

As to obſerve the rules of Art, which ſway
In the contrivance of a true borne Play:
Theſe workes proclaime which thou didſt write retired
From Beaumont, *by none but thy ſelfe inſpired;*
Where we ſee 'twas not chance that made them hit,
Nor were thy Playes the Lotteries of wit,
But like to Durers *Pencill, which firſt knew*
The lawes of faces, and then faces drew:
Thou knowſt the aire, the colour, and the place,
The ſimetry, which gives a Poem grace:
Parts are ſo fitted unto parts, as doe
Shew thou hadſt wit, and Mathematicks too:
Knewſt where by line to ſpare, where to diſpence,
And didſt beget juſt Comedies from thence:
Things unto which thou didſt ſuch life bequeath,
That they (their owne Black-Friers) unacted breath.
Johnſon *hath writ things laſting, and divine,*
Yet his Love-Scenes, Fletcher, *compar'd to thine,*
Are cold and froſty, and expreſt love ſo,
As heat with Ice, or warme fires mixt with Snow;
Thou, as if ſtruck with the ſame generous darts,
Which burne, and raigne in noble Lovers hearts,
Haſt cloath'd affections in ſuch native tires,
And ſo deſcrib'd them in their owne true fires;
Such moving ſighes, ſuch undiſſembled teares,
Such charmes of language, ſuch hopes mixt with feares,
Such grants after denialls, ſuch purſuits
After deſpaire, ſuch amorous recruits,
That ſome who ſate ſpectators have confeſt
Themſelves transform'd to what they ſaw expreſt,
And felt ſuch ſhafts ſteale through their captiv'd ſence,
As made them riſe Parts, and goe Lovers thence.
Nor was thy ſtile wholly compos'd of Groves,
Or the ſoft ſtraines of Shepheards and their Loves;
When thou wouldſt Comick be, each ſmiling birth
In that kinde, came into the world all mirth,
All point, all edge, all ſharpneſſe; we did ſit
Sometimes five Acts out in pure ſprightfull wit,
Which flowed in ſuch true ſalt, that we did doubt
In which Scene we laught moſt two ſhillings out.
Shakeſpeare *to thee was dull, whoſe beſt jeſt lyes*
I'th Ladies queſtions, and the Fooles replyes;
Old faſhion'd wit, which walkt from town to town
In turn'd Hoſe, which our fathers call'd the Clown;
Whoſe wit our nice times would obſceanneſſe call,
And which made Bawdry paſſe for Comicall:
Nature was all his Art, thy veine was free
As his, but without his ſcurility;
From whom mirth came unforc'd, no jeſt perplext,
But without labour cleane, chaſt, and unvext.
Thou wert not like ſome, our ſmall Poets who
Could not be Poets, were not we Poets too;
Whoſe wit is pilfring, and whoſe veine and wealth
In Poetry lyes meerely in their ſtealth;
Nor didſt thou feele their drought, their pangs, their qualmes,
Their rack in writing, who doe write for almes,
Whoſe wretched Genius, and dependent fires,
But to their Benefactors dole aſpires.
Nor hadſt thou the ſly trick, thy ſelfe to praiſe
Under thy friends names, or to purchaſe Bayes
Didſt write ſtale commendations to thy Booke,
Which we for Beaumonts *or* Ben. Johnſons *tooke:*
That debt thou left'ſt to us, which none but he
Can truly pay, Fletcher, *who writes like thee.*

William Cartwright.

ON M^{r} FRANCIS BEAUMONT
(then newly dead.)

HE that hath ſuch acuteneſſe, and ſuch witt,
As would aske ten good heads to husband it;
He that can write ſo well that no man dare
Refuſe it for the beſt, let him beware:
BEAVMONT *is dead, by whoſe ſole death appeares,*
Witt's a Diſeaſe conſumes men in few yeares.

RICH. CORBET. D. D.

TO M^{r} FRANCIS BEAUMONT
(then living.)

HOw I doe love thee BEAUMONT, *and thy* Muſe,
That unto me do'ſt ſuch religion uſe!
How I doe feare my ſelfe, that am not worth
The leaſt indulgent thought thy pen drops forth!
At once thou mak'ſt me happie, and unmak'ſt;
And giving largely to me, more thou tak'ſt.
What fate is mine, that ſo it ſelfe bereaves?
What art is thine, that ſo thy friend deceives?
When even there where moſt thou praiſeſt me,
For writing better, I muſt envy thee.

BEN: JOHNSON.

Upon Maſter FLETCHERS
Incomparable Playes.

APollo ſings, his harpe reſounds; give roome,
For now behold the golden Pompe is come,
Thy Pompe of Playes which thouſands come to ſee,
With admiration both of them and thee,
O Volume worthy leafe, by leafe and cover
To be with juice of Cedar waſht all over;
Here's words with lines, and lines with Scenes conſent,
To raiſe an Act to full aſtoniſhment;
Here melting numbers, words of power to move
Young men to ſwoone, and Maides to dye for love.
Love lyes a bleeding here, Evadne *there*
Swells with brave rage, yet comely every where,
Here's a mad lover, *there that high deſigne*
Of King and no King *(and the rare Plott thine)*
So that when 'ere wee circumvolve our Eyes,
Such rich, ſuch freſh, ſuch ſweet varietyes,
Raviſh our ſpirits, that entranc't wee ſee
None writes lov's paſſion in the world, like Thee.

ROB. HERRICK.

On the happy Collection of Maſter *FLETCHER'S* Works, never before PRINTED.

FLETCHER *ariſe, Uſurpers ſhare thy Bayes,*
They Canton *thy vaſt Wit to build ſmall* Playes:
He comes ! his Volume *breaks through clowds and duſt,*
Downe, little Witts, Ye muſt refund, Ye muſt.
Nor comes he private, here's great BEAUMONT *too,*
How could one ſingle World encompaſſe Two?
For theſe Co-heirs had equall power to teach
All that all Witts both can and cannot reach.
Shakeſpear *was early up, and went ſo dreſt*
As for thoſe dawning *houres he knew was beſt;*
But when the Sun ſhone forth , You Two *thought fit*
To weare juſt Robes , and leave off Trunk-hoſe-Wit.
Now, now 'twas Perfect ; None muſt looke for New,
Manners and Scenes may alter, but not You;
For Yours are not meere Humours, *gilded ſtraines ;*
The Faſhion loſt , Your maſſy Senſe *remaines*
Some thinke Your VVitts of two Complexions fram'd,
That One the Sock, *th'Other the* Buskin *claim'd;*
That ſhould the Stage embattaile *all it's Force,*
FLETCHER *would lead the Foot,* BEAUMONT *the Horſe.*
But, you were Both for Both ; not Semi-witts,
Each Piece is wholly Two, yet never ſplits :
Y'are not Two Faculties *(and one* Soule *ſtill)*
*He th'*Underſtanding, *Thou the quick free* Will;
But, as two Voyces *in one Song embrace,*
(FLETCHER'S *keen* Trebble, *and deep* BEAUMONTS Baſe)
Two, full, Congeniall ſoules ; ſtill Both prevail'd;
His Muſe and Thine *were* Quarter'd, *not* Impal'd:
Both brought Your Ingots , Both toil'd at the Mint,
Beat, melted, ſifted, till no droſſe ſtuck in't,
Then in each Others ſcales weigh'd every graine,
Then ſmooth'd and burniſh'd, then weigh'd all againe,
Stampt Both your Names upon't at one bold Hit,
T*hen, then 'twas Coyne, as well as* Bullion-Wit.

Thus Twinns : But as when Fate one Eye deprives,
That other ſtrives to double which ſurvives:
So BEAVMONT *dy'd : yet left in Legacy*
His Rules and Standard-wit (FLETCHER) *to Thee.*
Still the ſame Planet , though not fill'd ſo ſoon,
A Two-horn'd Creſcent *then, now one* Full-moon.

Joynt Love before, now Honour doth provoke;
So th' old Twin-Giants forcing a huge Oake
One ſlipp'd his footing, th' Other ſees him fall,
Graſp'd the whole Tree and ſingle held up all.
Imperiall FLETCHER! here begins thy Raigne,
Scenes flow like Sun-beams from thy glorious Brain;
Thy ſwift diſpatching Soule no more doth ſtay
Then He that built two Citties in one day;
Ever brim full, and ſometimes running o're
To feede poore languid VVitts that waite at doore,
VVho creep and creep, yet ne're above-ground ſtood,
(For Creatures have moſt Feet which have leaſt Blood)
But thou art ſtill that Bird of Paradiſe
VVhich hath no feet and ever nobly flies:
Rich, luſty Sence, ſuch as the Poet ought,
For Poems if not Excellent, are Naught;
Low wit in Scenes? in ſtate a Peaſant goes;
If meane and flat, let it foot Yeoman Proſe,
That ſuch may ſpell as are not Readers grown,
To whom He that writes VVit, ſhews he hath none.
Brave Shakeſpeare flow'd, yet had his Ebbings too,
Often above Himſelfe, ſometimes below;
Thou Alwayes Beſt; if ought ſeem'd to decline,
'Twas the unjudging Rout's miſtake, not Thine:
Thus thy faire SHEPHEARDESSE, which the bold Heape
(Falſe to Themſelves and Thee) did prize ſo cheap,
VVas found (when underſtoood) fit to be Crown'd,
At worſt 'twas worth two hundred thouſand pound.
Some blaſt thy Works leſt we ſhould track their VValke
Where they ſteale all thoſe few good things they talke;
Wit-Burglary muſt chide thoſe it feeds on,
For Plunder'd folkes ought to be rail'd upon;
But (as ſtoln goods goe off at halfe their worth)
Thy ſtrong Sence pall's when they purloine it forth.
When did'ſt Thou borrow? where's the man e're read
Ought begg'd by Thee from thoſe Alive or Dead?
Or from dry Goddeſſes, as ſome who when
They ſtuffe their page with Godds, write worſe then Men.
Thou was't thine owne Muſe, and hadſt ſuch vaſt odds
Thou out-writ'ſt him whoſe verſe made all thoſe Godds:
Surpaſſing thoſe our Dwarfiſh Age up reares,
As much as Greeks or Latines thee in yeares:
Thy Ocean Fancy knew nor Bankes nor Damms,
VVe ebbe downe dry to pebble-Anagrams;
Dead and inſipid, all deſpairing ſit
Loſt to behold this great Relapſe of VVit:
What ſtrength remaines, is like that (wilde and fierce)
Till Iohnſon made good Poets and right Verſe.

Such boyſt'rous Trifles Thy Muſe would not brooke,
Save when ſhe'd ſhow how ſcurvily they looke;
No ſavage Metaphors (things rudely Great)
Thou doſt diſplay, not butcher a Conceit;
Thy Nerves have Beauty, which Invades and Charms;
Lookes like a Princeſſe harneſs'd in bright Armes.
Nor art Thou Loud and Cloudy; thoſe that do
Thunder ſo much, do't without Lightning too;
Tearing themſelves, and almoſt ſplit their braine
To render harſh what thou ſpeak'ſt free and cleane;
Such gloomy Senſe may paſſe for High and Proud,
But true-born VVit ſtill flies above the Cloud;
Thou knewſt 'twas Impotence what they call Height;
Who bluſters ſtrong i'th Darke, but creeps i'th Light.
And as thy thoughts were cleare, ſo, Innocent;
Thy Phancy gave no unſwept Language vent;
Slaunderſt not Lawes, prophan'ſt no holy Page,
(As if thy Fathers Croſier aw'd the Stage;)
High Crimes were ſtill arraign'd, though they made ſhift
To proſper out foure Acts, were plagu'd i'th Fift:
All's ſafe, and wiſe; no Stiffe-affected Scene,
Nor ſwoln, nor flat, a True Full Naturall veyne;
Thy Sence (like well-dreſt Ladies) cloath'd as ſkinn'd,
Not all unlac'd, nor City-ſtartcht and pinn'd:
Thou hadſt no Sloath, no Rage, no ſullen Fit,
But Strengh and Mirth, FLETCHER'S a Sanguin VVit.

Thus, two great Conſul-Poets all things ſwayd,
Till all was Engliſh Borne or Engliſh Made:
Miter and Coyfe here into One Piece ſpun,
BEAVMONT a Judge's, This a Prelat's ſonne.
What ſtrange Production is at laſt diſplaid,
(Got by Two Fathers, without Female aide)
Behold, two Maſculines eſpous'd each other,
Wit and the World were born without a Mother.

I. BERKENHEAD.

To the memorie of Maſter *FLETCHER.*

THere's nothing gain'd by being witty : Fame
Gathers but winde to blather up a name.
Orpheus *muſt leave his lyre, or if it be*
In heav'n, 'tis there a ſigne, no harmony ;
And ſtones, that follow'd him, may now become
Now ſtones againe, and ſerve him for his Tomb.
The Theban Linus, *that was ably skil'd*
In Muſe and Muſicke, was by Phœbus *kill'd,*
Though Phœbus *did beget him : ſure his Art*
Had merited his balſame, not his dart.
But here Apollo's *jealouſie is ſeene,*
The god of Phyſicks troubled with the ſpleene ;
Like timerous Kings he puts a period
To high grown parts leſt he ſhould be no God.
Hence thoſe great Maſter-wits of Greece that gave
Life to the world, could not avoid a grave.
Hence the inſpired Prophets of old Rome
Too great for earth fled to Elizium.
But the ſame Oſtraciſme benighted one,
To whom all theſe were but illuſion;
It tooke our FLETCHER *hence,* Fletcher, *whoſe wit*
Was not an accident to th' ſoule, but It ;
Onely diffus'd. (Thus wee the ſame Sun call,
Moving it'h Sphære, and ſhining on a wall.)
Wit, ſo high plac'd at firſt, it could not climbe,
Wit, that ne're grew, but only ſhow'd by time.
No fier-worke of ſacke, no ſeldome ſhow'n
Poeticke rage, but ſtill in motion :
And with far more then Sphæricke excellence
It *mov'd, for 'twas its owne Intelligence.*
And yet ſo obvious to ſenſe, ſo plaine,
You'd ſcarcely thinke't ally'd unto the braine :
So ſweete, it gain'd more ground upon the Stage
Then Johnſon *with his ſelfe-admiring rage*
Ere loſt : and then ſo naturally it fell,
That fooles would think, that they could doe as well.
This is our loſſe : yet ſpight of Phœbus, *we*
Will keepe our FLETCHER, *for his wit is He.*

EDW. POWELL.

Vpon the ever to be admired Mr. JOHN FLETCHER and His PLAYES.

WHat's all this preparation for ? or why
Such ſuddain Triumphs ? FLETCHER *the people cry !*
Juſt ſo, when Kings approach, our Conduits *run*
Claret, as here the ſpouts flow Helicon;
See, every ſprightfull Muſe *dreſs'd trim and gay*
Strews hearbs and ſcatters roſes in his way.
Thus th'outward yard ſet round with bayes *w'have ſeene,*
Which from the garden hath tranſplanted been :
Thus, at the Prætor's feaſt, with needleſſe coſts
Some muſt b'employd in painting of the poſts :
And ſome as diſhes made for ſight, not taſte,
Stand here as things for ſhew to FLETCHERS *feaſt.*
Oh what an honour ! what a Grace 'thad beene
T'have had his Cooke in Rollo *ſerv'd them in !*
FLETCHER *the King of Poets ! ſuch was he,*
That earn'd all tribute, claim'd all ſoveraignty ;
And may he that denye's it, learn to bluſh
At's loyall Subject, *ſtarve at's* Beggars buſh :
And if not drawn by example, ſhame, nor Grace,
Turne o're to's Coxcomb, *and the Wild-gooſe* Chaſe
Monarch of Wit ! great Magazine of wealth !
From whoſe rich Banke, *by a Promethean-ſtealth,*
Our leſſer flames doe blaze ! His the true fire,
When they like Glo-worms, being touch'd, expire.
'Twas firſt beleev'd, becauſe he alwayes was,
The Ipſe dixit, *and* Pythagoras
To our Diſciple-wits ; His ſoule might run
(By the ſame-dream't-of Tranſmigration)
Into their rude and indigeſted braine,
And ſo informe their Chaos-lump againe ;
For many ſpecious brats of this laſt age
Spoke FLETCHER *perfectly in every Page.*
This rowz'd his Rage to be abuſed thus :
Made's Lover mad, Lieutenant humerous.
Thus Ends of Gold and Silver-men *are made*
(As th'uſe to ſay) Goldſmiths of his owne trade ;
Thus Rag-men *from the dung-hill often hop,*
And publiſh forth by chance a Brokers ſhop :
But by his owne light, now, we have deſcri'd
The droſſe, from that hath beene ſo purely tri'd.
Proteus *of witt ! who reads him doth not ſee*
The manners of each ſex of each degree !
His full ſtor'd fancy doth all humours fill
*From th'*Queen *of* Corinth *to* the maid o'th mill;
His Curate, Lawyer, Captain, Propheteſſe
Shew he was all and every one of theſe ;
Hee taught (ſo ſubtly were their fancies ſeiz'd)
To Rule a Wife, and yet the Women pleas'd.
Parnaſſus *is thine owne, Claime't as merit,*
Law makes the Elder Brother to inherit.

G. Hills.

IN HONOUR OF M^{r}
John Fletcher.

SO FLETCHER *now preſents to fame*
His alone ſelfe and unpropt name,
As Rivers Rivers entertaine,
But ſtill fall ſingle into th'maine,
So doth the Moone in Conſort ſhine
Yet flowes alone into its mine,
And though her light be joyntly throwne,
When ſhe makes ſilver tis her owne:
Perhaps his quill flew ſtronger, when
Twas weaved with his Beaumont's *pen;*
And might with deeper wonder hit,
It could not ſhew more his, more wit;
So Hercules came by ſexe and Love,
When Pallas ſprang from ſingle Jove;
He tooke his BEAUMONT *for Embrace,*
Not to grow by him, and increaſe,
Nor for ſupport did with him twine,
He was his friends friend, not his vine.
His witt with witt he did not twiſt
To be Aſſiſted, but t' Aſſiſt.
And who could ſuccour him, whoſe quill
Did both Run ſenſe and ſenſe Diſtill?
Had Time and Art in't, and the while
Slid even as theirs wh'are only ſtyle,
Whether his chance did caſt it ſo
Or that it did like Rivers flow
Becauſe it muſt, or whether twere
A ſmoothneſſe from his file and eare,
Not the moſt ſtrict enquiring nayle
Cou'd e're finde where his piece did faile
Of entyre oneneſſe; ſo the frame,
Was Compoſition, yet the ſame.
How does he breede his Brother? and
Make wealth and eſtate underſtand?
Sutes Land to wit, makes Lucke match merit,
And makes an Eldeſt fitly inherit:
How was he Ben, *when* Ben *did write*
Toth' ſtage, not to his judge endite?
How did he doe what Johnſon *did,*
And Earne what Johnſon *wou'd have s'ed?*

Joſ. Howe of Trin. Coll. Oxon.

Maſter *John Fletcher* his dramaticall Workes now at laſt printed.

I Could prayſe Heywood *now : or tell how long,*
Falſtaffe *from cracking Nuts hath kept the throng :*
But for a Fletcher, *I muſt take an Age,*
And ſcarce invent the Title for one Page.
Gods muſt create new Sphæres, that ſhould expreſſe
The ſev'rall Accents, Fletcher, *of thy Dreſſe :*
The Penne of Fates ſhould only write thy Praiſe :
And all Elizium *for thee turne to Bayes.*
Thou feltſt no pangs of Poetry, ſuch as they,
Who the Heav'ns quarter ſtill before a Play,
And ſearch the Ephemerides *to finde,*
When the Aſpect for Poets will be kinde.
Thy Poems (ſacred Spring) did from thee flow,
With as much pleaſure, as we reade them now.
Nor neede we only take them up by fits,
When love or Phyſicke hath diſeas'd our Wits ;
Or conſtr'e Engliſh to untye a knot,
Hid in a line, farre ſubtler then the Plot.
With Thee the Page may cloſe his Ladies eyes,
And yet with thee the ſerious Student Riſe :
The Eye at ſev'rall angles darting rayes,
Makes, and then ſees, new Colours ; ſo thy Playes
To ev'ry vnderſtanding ſtill appeare,
As if thou only meant'ſt to take that Eare ;
The Phraſe ſo terſe and free of a juſt Poiſe,
Where ev'ry word ha's weight and yet no Noiſe,
The matter too ſo nobly fit, no leſſe
Then ſuch as onely could deſerve thy Dreſſe :
Witneſſe thy Comedies, Pieces of ſuch worth,
All Ages ſhall ſtill like, but ne're bring forth.
Other in ſeaſon laſt ſcarce ſo long time,
As coſt the Poet but to make the Rime :
Where, if a Lord a new way do's but ſpit,
Or change his ſhrugge this antiquates the Wit.
That thou didſt live before, nothing would tell
Poſterity, could they but write ſo well.
Thy Cath'lick Fancy will acceptance finde,
Not whilſt an humour's living, bvt Man-kinde.
Thou, like thy Writings, Innocent and Cleane,
Ne're practis'd a new Vice, to make one Sceane,
None of thy Inke had gall, and Ladies can,
Securely heare thee ſport without a Fanne.
But when Thy Tragicke Muſe would pleaſe to riſe
In Majeſtie, and call Tribute from our Eyes ;
Like Scenes, we ſhifted Paſſions, and that ſo,
Who only came to ſee, turn'd Actors too.
How didſt thou ſway the Theatre ! make us feele
The Players wounds were true, and their ſwords, ſteele !
Nay, ſtranger yet, how often did I know
When the Spectators ran to ſave the blow ?
Frozen with griefe we could not ſtir away
Vntill the Epilogue told us 'twas a Play.
What ſhall I doe ? all Commendations end,
In ſaying only thou wert BEAUMONTS *Friend ?*
Give me thy ſpirit quickely, for I ſwell,
And like a raveing Propheteſſe cannot tell
How to receive thy Genius *in my breaſt :*
Oh ! I muſt ſleepe, and then I'le ſing the reſt.

T. Palmer of Ch. Ch. Oxon.

Upon the unparalelld Playes written by thoſe Renowned Twinnes of Poetry BEAUMONT & FLETCHER.

WHat's here? another Library of prayſe,
Met in a Troupe t'advance contemned Playes,
And bring exploded Witt *againe in faſhion?*
I can't but wonder at this Reformation.
My skipping ſoule ſurfets with ſo much good,
To ſee my hopes into fruition *budd.*
A happy Chimiſtry! *bleſt viper,* joy!
That through thy mothers bowels gnawſt thy way!
Witts flock in ſholes, and clubb to re-erect
In ſpight of Ignorance *the Architect*
Of Occidentall Poeſye; *and turne*
Godds, to recall witts *aſhes from their urne.*
Like huge Colloſſes *they've together mett*
Their ſhoulders, to ſupport a world of Witt.
The tale of Atlas *(though of truth it miſſe)*
We plainely read Mythologiz'd *in this;*
Orpheus *and* Amphion *whoſe undying ſtories*
Made Athens *famous, are but* Allegories.
Tis Poetry has pow'r to civilize
Men, worſe then ſtones, more blockiſh then the Trees
I cannot chuſe but thinke (now things ſo fall)
That witt is paſt its Climactericall;
And though the Muſes *have beene dead and gone*
I know they'll finde a Reſurrection.
Tis vaine to prayſe; they're to themſelves a glory,
And ſilence is our ſweeteſt Oratory.
For he that names but FLETCHER *muſt needs be*
Found guilty of a loud hyperbole.
His fancy ſo tranſcendently aſpires,
He ſhowes himſelfe a witt, who but admires.
Here are no volumes ſtuft with cheverle ſence,
The very Anagrams *of Eloquence,*
Nor long-long-winded ſentences that be,
Being rightly ſpelld, but Witts Stenographie.
Nor words, as voyd of Reaſon, as of Rithme,
Only cæſura'd to ſpin out the time.
But heer's a Magazine *of pureſt ſence*
Cloath'd in the neweſt Garbe of Eloquence.
Scænes that are quick and ſprightly, in whoſe veines
Bubbles the quinteſſence of ſweet-high ſtraines.
Lines like their Authours, *and each word of it*
Does ſay twas writ b' a Gemini *of Witt.*
How happie is our age! how bleſt our men!
When ſuch rare ſoules live themſelves o're agen.
We erre, that thinke a Poet dyes; for this,
Shewes that tis but a Metempſychoſis.
BEAUMONT *and* FLETCHER *here at laſt we ſee*
Above the reach of dull mortalitie,
Or pow'r of fate: & thus the proverbe hitts
(That's ſo much croſt) Theſe men live by their witts.

ALEX. BROME.

On the Death and workes of Mr JOHN FLETCHER.

M*Y name, ſo far from great, that tis not knowne,*
Can lend no praiſe but what thou'dſt bluſh to own;
And no rude hand, or feeble wit ſhould dare
To vex thy Shrine with an unlearned teare.
I'de have a State of Wit convok'd, which hath
A power to take up on common Faith;
That when the ſtocke of the whole Kingdome's ſpent
In but preparatiue to thy Monument,
The prudent Councell may invent freſh wayes
To get new contribution to thy prayſe,
And reare it high, and equall to thy Wit
Which muſt give life and Monument to it.
So when late ESSEX *dy'd, the Publicke face*
Wore ſorrow in't, and to add mournefull Grace
To the ſad pomp of his lamented fall,
The Common wealth ſerv'd at his Funerall
And by a Solemne Order built his Hearſe.
But not like thine, built by thy ſelfe, in Verſe,
Where thy advanced Image ſafely ſtands
Above the reach of Sacrilegious hands.
Baſe hands how impotently you diſcloſe
Your rage 'gainſt Camdens *learned aſhes, whoſe*
Defaced Statua and Martyrd booke,
Like an Antiquitie and Fragment looke.
Nonnulla deſunt's *legibly appeare,*
So truly now Camdens Remaines *lye there.*
Vaine Malice! how he mocks thy rage, while breath
Of fame ſhall ſpeake his great Elizabeth !
'Gainſt time and thee he well provided hath,
Brittannia *is the Tombe and Epitaph.*
Thus Princes honours; but Witt only gives
A name which to ſucceeding ages lives.
Singly we now conſult our ſelves and fame,
Ambitious to twiſt ours with thy great name.
Hence we thus bold to praiſe. For as a Vine
With ſubtle wreath, and cloſe embrace doth twine
A friendly Elme, by whoſe tall trunke it ſhoots
And gathers growth and moyſture from its roots;
About its armes the thankfull cluſters cling
Like Bracelets, and with purple ammelling
The blew-cheek'd grape ſtuck in its vernant haire
Hangs like rich jewells in a beauteous eare.

So grow our Prayſes by thy Witt; we doe
Borrow ſupport and ſtrength and lend but ſhow.
And but thy Male wit like the youthfull Sun
Strongly begets upon our paſſion.
Making our ſorrow teeme with Elegie,
Thou yet unwep'd, and yet unprais'd might'st be.
But th' are imperfect births; and ſuch are all
Produc'd by cauſes not univocall,
The ſcapes of Nature, Paſſives being unfit,
And hence our verſe ſpeakes only Mother wit.
Oh for a fit o'th Father! for a Spirit
That might but parcell of thy worth inherit;
For but a ſparke of that diviner fire
Which thy full breaſt did animate and inſpire;
That Soules could bee divided, thou traduce
But a ſmall particle of thine to us!
Of thine; which we admir'd when thou didſt ſit
But as a joynt-Commiſſioner in Wit;
When it had plummets hung on to ſuppreſſe
It's too luxuriant growing mightineſſe:
Till as that tree which ſcornes to bee kept downe,
Thou grewſt to govern the whole Stage alone.
In which orbe thy throng'd light did make the ſtar,
Thou wert th' Intelligence did move that Sphære.
Thy Fury was compoſ'd; Rapture no fit
That hung on thee; nor thou far gone in witt
As men in a diſeaſe; thy Phanſie cleare,
Muſe chaſt, as thoſe frames whence they tooke their fire;
No ſpurious compoſures amongſt thine
Got in adultery 'twixt Witt and Wine.
And as th' Hermeticall Phyſitians draw
From things that curſe of the firſt-broken Law,
That Ens Venenum, *which extracted thence*
Leaves nought but primitive Good and Innocence:
So was thy Spirit calcin'd; no Mixtures there
But perfect, ſuch as next to Simples are.
Not like thoſe Meteor-wits which wildly flye
In ſtorme and thunder through th' amazed skie;
Speaking but th' Ills and Villanies in a State,
Which fooles admire, and wiſe men tremble at,
Full of portent and prodigie, whoſe Gall
Oft ſcapes the Vice, and on the man doth fall.
Nature us'd all her skill, when thee ſhe meant
A Wit at once both Great and Innocent.
Yet thou hadſt Tooth; but 'twas thy judgement, not
For mending one word, a whole ſheet to blot.
Thou couldſt anatomize with ready art
And skilfull hand crimes lockt cloſe up i'th heart.
Thou couldſt unfold darke Plots, and ſhew that path
By which Ambition climb'd to Greatneſſe hath.
Thou couldſt the riſes, turnes, and falls of States,
How neare they were their Periods and Dates;
Couldſt mad the Subject into popular rage,
And the grown ſeas of that great ſtorme aſſwage,
Dethrone uſurping Tyrants, and place there
The lawfull Prince and true Inheriter;
Knewſt all darke turnings in the Labyrinth
Of policie, which who but knowes he ſinn'th,

Save thee, who un-infected didſt walke in't
As the great Genius of Government.
And when thou laidſt thy tragicke buskin by
To Court the Stage with gentle Comedie,
How new, how proper th' humours, how expreſs'd
In rich variety, how neatly dreſs'd
In language, how rare Plots, what ſtrength of Wit
Shin'd in the face and every limb of it!
The Stage grew narrow while thou grewſt to be
In thy whole life an Exc'llent Comedie.
To theſe a Virgin-modeſty which firſt met
Applauſe with bluſh and feare, as if he yet
Had not deſerv'd; till bold with conſtant praiſe
His browes admitted the unſought for Bayes.
Nor would he raviſh fame; but left men free
To their owne Vote and Ingenuity.
When His faire Shepherdeſſe *on the guilty Stage,*
Was martir'd betweene Ignorance and Rage;
At which the impatient Vertues of thoſe few
Could judge, grew high, cri'd Murther: though he knew
The innocence and beauty of his Childe,
Hee only, as if unconcerned, ſmil'd.
Princes have gather'd ſince each ſcattered grace,
Each line and beauty of that injur'd face;
And on th'united parts breath'd ſuch a fire
As ſpight of Malice ſhe ſhall ne're expire.
Attending, not affecting, thus the crowne
Till every hand did help to ſet it on,
Hee came to be ſole Monarch, and did raign
In Wits great Empire, abs'lute Soveraign.

JOHN HARRIS.

On Mr. JOHN FLETCER'S ever to be admired Dramaticall Works.

I've thought upon't; and thus I may gaine bayes,
I will commend thee Fletcher, *and thy Playes.*
But none but Witts can do't, how then can I
Come in amongſt them, that cou'd ne're come nigh?
There is no other way, I'le throng to ſit
And paſſe it'h Croud amongſt them for a Wit.
Apollo *knows me not, nor I the Nine,*
All my pretence to verſe is Love and Wine.
By your leave Gentlemen. You Wits o'th' age,
You that both furniſht have, and judg'd the Stage.
You, who the Poet and the Actors fright,
Leaſt that your Cenſure thin the ſecond night:
Pray tell me, gallant Wits, could Criticks think
There ere was ſolæciſme in FLETCHERS *Inke?*
Or Lapſe of Plot, or fancy in his pen?
A happineſſe not ſtill alow'd to Ben!
After of Time and Wit h'ad been at coſt
He of his owne New-Inne was but an Hoſte.
Inſpir'd, FLETCHER! *here's no vaine-glorious words:*
How ev'n thy lines, how ſmooth thy ſenſe accords.
Thy Language ſo inſinuates, each one
Of thy ſpectators has thy paſſion.
Men ſeeing, valiant; Ladies amorous prove:
Thus owe to thee their valour and their Love:
Scenes! chaſte yet ſatisfying! Ladies can't ſay
Though Stephen *miſcarri'd that ſo did the play:*
Judgement could ne're to this opinion leane
That Lowen, Tailor, *ere could grace thy Scene*
'Tis richly good unacted, and to me
Thy very Farſe appears a Comedy.
Thy drollery is deſigne, each looſer part
Stuffs not thy Playes, *but makes 'em up an Art*
The Stage has ſeldome ſeen; how often vice
Is ſmartly ſcourg'd to checke us? to intice,
How well encourag'd vertue is? how guarded,
And, that which makes us love her, how rewarded
Some, I dare ſay, that did with looſe thought
Reclaim'd by thee, came converts from the pit.
And many a ſhe that to be tane up came,
Tooke up themſelves, and after left the game.

HENRY HARINGTO

To the memory of the deceaſed but ever-living *Authour* in theſe his *Poems*, Mr. JOHN FLETCHER.

ON the large train of Fletchers *friends let me*
(Retaining ſtill my wonted modeſty,)
Become a Waiter in my ragged verſe,
As Follower to the Muſes *Followers.*
Many here are of Noble ranke and worth,
That have, by ſtrength of Art, ſet Fletcher *forth*
In true and lively colours, as they ſaw him,
And had the beſt abilities to draw him;
Many more are abroad, that write, and looke
To have their lines ſet before Fletchers *Booke;*
Some, that have known him too; ſome more, ſome leſſe;
Some onely but by Heare-ſay, ſome by Gueſſe,
And ſome, for faſhion-ſake, would take the hint
To try how well their Wits would ſhew in Print.
You, that are here before me Gentlemen,
And Princes of Parnaſſus *by the Penne*
And your juſt Judgements of his worth, that have
Preſerv'd this Authours *mem'ry from the Grave,*
And made it glorious; let me, at your gate,
Porter it here, 'gainſt thoſe that come too late,
And are unfit to enter. Something I
Will deſerve here: For where you verſifie
In flowing numbers, lawfull Weight, and Time,
I'll write, though not rich Verſes, honeſt Rime.
I am admitted. Now, have at the Rowt
Of thoſe that would crowd in, but muſt keepe out.
Beare back, my Maſters; Pray keepe backe; Forbeare:
You cannot, at this time, have entrance here.
You, that are worthy, may, by interceſſion,
Finde entertainment at the next Impreſſion.
But let none then attempt it, that not know
The reverence due, which to this ſhrine they owe:
All ſuch muſt be excluded; and the ſort,
That onely upon truſt, or by report
Have taken Fletcher *up, and thinke it trim*
To have their Verſes planted before Him:
Let them read firſt his Works, and learne to know him,
And offer, then, the Sacrifice they owe him.
But farre from hence be ſuch, as would proclaim
Their knowledge of this Authour, *not his Fame;*
And ſuch, as would pretend, of all the reſt,
To be the beſt Wits *that have known him beſt.*
Depart hence all ſuch Writers, and, before
Inferiour ones, thruſt in, by many a ſcore,
As formerly, before Tom Coryate,
Whoſe Worke before his Prayſers had the Fate
To periſh: For the witty Coppies tooke
Of his Encomiums *made themſelves a* Booke.
Here's no ſuch ſubject for you to out-doe,
Out-ſhine, out-live (though well you may doe too
In other Spheres:) For Fletchers *flouriſhing Bayes*
Muſt never fade while Phœbus *weares his Rayes.*
Therefore forbeare to preſſe upon him thus.
Why, what are you (cry ſome) that prate to us?
Doe not we know you for a flaſhy Meteor?
And ſtil'd (at beſt) the Muſes *Serving-creature?*
Doe you comptroll? Y'have had your Jere: Sirs, no;
But, in an humble manner, let you know
Old Serving-creatures oftentimes are fit
T'informe young Maſters, as in Land, in Wit,
What they inherit; and how well their Dads
Left one, and wiſh'd the other to their Lads.
And from departed Poets I can gueſſe
Who has a greater ſhare of Wit, who leſſe.
'Way Foole, another ſays. I, let him raile,
And 'bout his own eares flouriſh his Wit-flayle,
Till with his Swingle he his Noddle breake;
While this of Fletcher *and his* Works *I ſpeake:*
His Works *(ſays* Momus*) nay, his* Plays *you'd ſay:*
Thou haſt ſaid right, for that to him was Play
Which was to others braines a toyle: with eaſe
He playd on Waves which were Their troubled Seas.
His nimble Births have longer liv'd then theirs
That have, with ſtrongeſt Labour, divers yeeres
Been ſending forth the iſſues of their Braines
Upon the Stage; *and ſhall to th'* Stationers *gaines*
Life after life take, till ſome After-age
Shall put down Printing, *as this doth the* Stage;
Which nothing now preſents unto the Eye,
But in Dumb-ſhews *her own ſad* Tragedy.
'Would there had been no ſadder Works abroad,
Since her decay, acted in Fields of Blood.
    But to the Man againe, of whom we write,
The Writer *that made Writing his Delight,*
Rather then Worke. He *did not pumpe, nor drudge,*
To beget Wit, *or manage it; nor trudge*
To Wit-conventions with Note-booke, to gleane
Or ſteale ſome Jeſts to foiſt into a Scene:
He ſcorn'd theſe ſhifts. You, that have known him, know
The common talke that from his Lips did flow,
And run at waſte, did ſavour more of Wit,
Then any of his time, or ſince have writ,
(But few excepted) in the Stages way:
His Scenes *were* Acts, *and every* Act *a* Play.
I knew him in his ſtrength; even then, when He
That was the Maſter of his Art and Me
Moſt knowing Johnſon *(proud to call him* Sonne)
In friendly Envy ſwore, He had out-done
His very Selfe. *I knew him till he dyed;*
And, at his diſſolution, what a Tide
Of ſorrow overwhelm'd the Stage; *which gave*
Volleys of ſighes to ſend him to his grave.
And grew diſtracted in moſt violent Fits
(For She *had loſt the beſt part of her* Wits.)
In the firſt yeere, our famous Fletcher *fell,*
Of good King Charles *who grac'd theſe* Poems *well,*
Being then in life of Action: But they dyed
Since the Kings abſence; or were layd aſide,
As is their Poët. *Now at the Report*
Of the Kings ſecond comming to his Court,
The Bookes *creepe from the* Preſſe *to* Life *not* Action,
Crying unto the World, that no protraction
May hinder Sacred Majeſty *to give*
Fletcher, *in them, leave on the* Stage *to live.*
Others may more in lofty Verſes move;
I onely, thus, expreſſe my Truth and Love.

RIC. BROME.

Upon the Printing of
Mr. IOHN FLETCHERS workes.

WHat meanes this numerous Guard? or do we come
To file our Names or Verſe upon the Tombe
Of Fletcher, and by boldly making knowne
His Wit, betray the Nothing of our Owne?
For if we grant him dead, it is as true
Againſt our ſelves, No Wit, uo Poet now;
Or if he be returnd from his coole ſhade,
To us, this Booke his Reſurrection's made,
We bleed our ſelves to death, and but contrive
By our owne Epitaphs to ſhew him alive.
But let him live and let me propheſie,
As I goe Swan-like out, Our Peace is nigh;
A Balme unto the wounded Age I ſing,
And nothing now is wanting but the King.

JA. SHIRLEY.

The

THE STATIONER.

AS after th' *Epilogue* there comes ſome one
To tell *Spectators* what ſhall next be ſhown ;
So here, am I; but though I've toyld and vext,
'Cannot deviſe what to preſent 'ye next;
For, ſince ye ſaw no *Playes* this Cloudy weather,
Here we have brought Ye our whole Stock together.
'Tis new, and all theſe *Gentlemen* atteſt
Under their hands 'tis Right, and of the Beſt ;
Thirty foure Witneſſes (without my taske)
Y'have juſt ſo many *Playes* (beſides a *Maske*)
All good (I'me told) as have been *Read* or *Playd*,
If this Booke faile, tis time to quit the Trade.

H. MOSELEY.

POSTCRIPT.

WE forgot to tell the *Reader*, that ſome *Prologues* and *Epilogues* (here inſerted) were not written by the *Authours* of this *Volume*; but made by others on the *Revivall* of ſeverall *Playes*. After the *Comedies* and *Tragedies* were wrought off, we were forced (for expedition) to ſend the *Gentlemens* Verſes to ſeverall Printers, which was the occaſion of their different Character; but the *Worke* it ſelfe is one continued Letter, which (though very legible) is none of the biggeſt, becauſe (as much as poſſible) we would leſſen the Bulke of the Volume.

A CATALOGUE
of all the Comedies and Tragedies Contained in this Booke.

The Mad Lover.
The Spaniſh *Curate.*
The little French *Lawyer.*
The Cuſtome of the Country.
The Noble Gentleman.
The Captaine.
The Beggers Buſh.
The Coxcombe.
The Falſe One.
The Chances.
The Loyall Subject.
The Lawes of Candy.
The Lover's Progreſſe.
The Iſland Princeſſe.
The Humorous Lievtenant.
The Nice Valour, or *the Paſſionate Mad Man.*
The Maide in the Mill.
The Propheteſſe.
The Tragedy of Bonduca.
The Sea Voyage.
The Double Marriage.
The Pilgrim.
The Knight of Malta.
The Womans Prize, or *the Tamer Tamed.*
Loves Cure, or *the Martiall Maide.*
The Honeſt Mans Fortune.
The Queene of Corinth.
Women Plea'sd.
A Wife for a Moneth.
Wit at ſeverall Weapons.
The Tragedy of Valentinian.
The Faire Maid of the Inne.
Loves Pilgrimage.
The Maske of the Gentlemen of Grayes-Inne, *and the* Inner Temple, *at the Marriage of the Prince and Princeſſe* Palatine *of* Rhene.
Foure Playes (or Morall Repreſentations) in one.

THE
MAD LOVER.

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Flouriſh. Enter Aſtorax King of Paphos, *his Siſter Calis,*
traine, and Cleanthe, Lucippe Gentlewomen at one doore;
At the other Eumenes a Souldier.

Eumen.
HEalth to my Soveraigne.
King. *Eumenes*, welcome:
Welcome to *Paphos* ſouldier to our love,
And that faire health ye wiſh us through the
May it diſperſe it ſelfe, and make all happy; (Campe
How does the Generall, the valiant *Memnon*,
And how his wars, *Eumenes*?
Eume. The Gods have giv'n you (royall Sir) a Souldier
Better ne're ſought a danger, more approv'd
In way of war, more maſter of his fortunes,
Expert in leading 'em; in doing valiant,
In following all his deeds to Victories,
And holding fortune certaine there.
King. O Souldier,
Thou ſpeak'ſt a man indeed; a Generall Generall,
A ſoule conceiv'd a Souldier.
Eumen. Tenſet Battells
Againſt the ſtrong uſurper *Diocles*
Whom long experience had begot a Leader
Ambition rais'd too mighty: hath your *Memnon*
Won, and won glorioully, diſtreſt and ſhooke him
Even from the head of all his hopes to nothing:
In three he beat the thunder-bolt his brother
Forc'd him to wall himſelfe up: there not ſafe,
Shooke him with warlike Engines like an earthquake,
Till like a ſnaile he left his ſhell and crawl'd
By night, and hidious darkneſſe to deſtruction:
Diſarm'd for ever riſing more; twelve Caſtles,
Some though impregnable; Townes twice as many
Countries that like the wind knew no command
But ſavage wildneſſe; hath this Generall
With loſſe of blood & youth through ſtorms & tempeſts
Cal'd to your faire obedience. *Drum within.*
King. O my Souldier
That thou wert now within my arms; what drums- *Drum*
Are thoſe that beat *Eumenes*?
Eumen. His my Soveraigne;
Himſelfe i'th' head of conqueſt drawing home,
An old man now to offer up his glories,
And endleſſe conqueſt at your ſhrine.
King. Goe all,
And entertaine him with all Ceremonie,
Wee'le keep him now a Courtier.
Eumen. Sir a ſtrange one,
Pray God his language beare it; by my life, Sir
He knowes no complement, nor curious caſting
Of words into fit places ere he ſpeak 'em,
He can ſay fight well fellow, and i'le thanke thee:
He that muſt eat, muſt ſweat; bring up the reare there,
Or charge that wing of horſe home. *Floriſh.*
King. Goe too, goe too. *Ent. Memnon and a traine of*
Courtiers & ſouldiers, two Captains, Chilax.
Valiant and wiſe are twins Sir: welcome, welcome,
Welcome my fortunate and famous Generall,
High in thy Princes favour as in fame,
Welcome to Peace and *Paphos*.
Mem. Thanke your Grace,
And would to God my dull tongue had that ſweetneſſe
To thanke you as I ſhould; but pardon me,
My ſword and I ſpeake roughly Sir: your battells
I dare well ſay, I have fought well; for I bring ye
That lazie end you wiſh for Peace, ſo fully,
That no more name of war is: who now thinkes
Sooner or ſafer theſe might have bin ended,
Begin 'em if ye dare againe; I'le thanke him.
Souldier and Souldiers Mate theſe twenty five yeares,
At length your Generall, (as one whoſe merit
Durſt looke upon no leſſe,) I have waded through
Dangers would damp't theſe ſoft ſoules, but to heare of
The maidenheads of thouſand lives hangs here Sir,
Since which time, Prince, I know no Court but Marſhall,
No oylie language but the ſhock of Armes,
No dalliance but with death; No lofty meaſures
But weary and ſad marches, cold and hunger,
Larums at midnight, Valours ſelfe would ſhake at,
Yet I ne're ſhrunke. Balls of conſuming Wildfire,
That lickt men up like lightning, have I laught at,
And toſt 'em back againe like childrens trifles
Upon the edges of my Enemies ſwords (ting,
I have marcht like whirle-windes, fury at this hand wai-
Death at my right; Fortune my forlorne hope,
When I have grapled with deſtruction,
And tug'd with pale fac'd Ruine, Night and Miſchiefe,
Frighted to ſee a new day breake in bloud,
And every where I conquer'd; and for you ſir,
Mothers have wanted wombes to make me famous,
And blowne ambition dangers; Thoſe that griev'd ye,
I have taken order for i'th' earth: thoſe fooles
That ſhall hereafter.
K. No more wars my ſouldier: *K. takes Mem. aſide*
We muſt now treat of peace ſir. *and talkes with him.*
Clean. How he talkes,
How glorioully.
Cal. A goodly timber'd fellow,
Valiant no doubt.
Cle. If valour dwell in vaunting;
In what a phraſe he ſpeakes as if his actions
Could be ſet of in nothing but a noiſe,
Sure has a drum in's mouth.
Cal. I wonder wenches
How he would ſpeake to us.
Clean. Nothing but larum
Tell us whoſe throat he cut, ſhew us his ſword,
And bleſſe it for ſure biting.
Lucippe. And t like your Grace,
I doe not thinke he knowes us what we are,
Or to what end; for I have heard his followers
Affirme he never ſaw a woman that exceeded

A Sutlers wife yet, or in execution
Old bedrid Beldames without teeth or tongues,
That would not flie his furie ? how he lookes.
Clean. This way devoutly.
Cal Sure his Lordſhip's viewing
Our Fortifications.
Lucip. If he mount at me,
I may chance choake his Battery.
Cal. Still his eye
Keeps quarter this way : *Venus* grant his valour
Be not in love.
Clean. If he be, preſently
Expect a Herrald and a Trompet with ye
To bid ye render ; we two Perdu's pay for't elſe.
King. I'le leave ye to my ſiſter, and theſe Ladies
To make your welcome fuller : my good ſouldier
We muſt now turne your ſterneſſe into Courtſhip
When ye have done there; to your fair repoſe ſir: *Floriſh.*
I know you need it *Memnon* welcome gentlemen. *Ex. Ki.*
Luci. Now he begins to march: Madam the *Van's* yours,
Keep your ground ſure ; 'tis for your ſpurrs.
Mem. O *Venus.* *He kneeles amaz'd. and*
Cal. How he ſtares on me. *forgets to ſpeake.*
Clean. Knight him Madam, knight him
He will grow tooth' ground els.
Eumenes. Speake ſir, 'tis the Princeſſe.
1 *Capt.* Ye ſhame your ſelfe, ſpeake to her
Cal. Riſe and ſpeake ſir.
Ye are welcome to the Court, to me, to all ſir,
Lucip. Is he not deafe ?
Cal. The Gentleman's not well.
Eumen. Fie noble Generall,
Lucip. Give him freſh aire his colour goes, how do ye?
The Princeſſe will be glad ſir.
Mem. Peace, and heare me.
Clean. Command a ſilence there.
Mem. I love thee Lady.
Cal. I thank your Lordſhip heartily : proceed ſir.
Lucip. Lord how it ſtuck in's ſtomack like a ſurfet.
Clean. It breaks apace now from him, God be thanked,
What a fine ſpoken man he is.
Lucip. A choice one of ſingular variety in carriage.
Clean. Yes and I warrant you he knows his diſtance.
Mem. With all my heart I love thee.
Cal. A hearty gentleman,
And I were eene an arrand beaſt, my Lord ,
But I lov'd you againe.
Mem. Good Lady kiſſe me.
Clean. I marry, *Mars*, there thou cam'ſt cloſe up to her.
Cal. Kiſs you at firſt my Lord, 'tis no faire faſhion,
Our lips are like Roſe buds, blowne with mens breaths,
They looſe both ſap and ſavour ; there's my hand ſir.
Eumen. Fie, fie, my Lord, this is too rude.
Mem. Unhand me,
Conſume me if I hurt her ; good ſweet Lady
Let me but looke upon thee.
Cal. Doe.
Mem. Yet.
Cal. Well ſir.
Take your full view.
Lucip. Bleſſe your eyes ſir.
Cal. Mercie,
Is this the man they talkt of for a ſouldier,
So abſolute and Excellent : O the Gods,
If I were given to that vanitie
Of making ſport with men for ignorance,
What a moſt precious ſubject had I purchas'd?
Speake for him gentlemen : ſome one that knowes,
What the man ailes ; and can ſpeake ſenſe.
Clean. Sure Madam,
This fellow has been a rare Hare finder
See how his eyes are ſet.
Cal. Some one goe with me,
I'le ſend him ſomething, for his head, poore gentleman,
Is troubled with the ſtaggers.
Lucip. Keep him darke,
He will run March mad elſe, the fumes of Battell's
Aſcend into his braines,
Clean. Clap to his feet
An old Drum head, to draw the thunder downward.
Cal. Look to him gentlemen: farwell, Lord I am ſorry
We cannot kiſſe at this time, but believe it
Wee'le find an houre for all : God keep my children,
From being ſuch ſweet Souldiers ; Softly wenches,
Leſt we diſturbe his dreame. *Exit Calis & Ladies.*
Eumen. Why this is Monſtrous.
1 *Capt.* A ſtrange forgetfulneſſe, yet ſtill he holds it.
2 *Capt.* Though he ne're ſaw a woman of great faſhion
Before this day, yet my thinks 'tis poſſible
He might imagine what they are, and what
Belongs unto 'em ; meere report of others.
Eumen. Piſh, his head had other whimſies in't: my Lord,
Death I think y'are ſtrook dumb; my good Lord Generall
1 *Capt.* Sir.
Mem. That I doe love ye Madam ; and ſo love ye
An't like your grace.
2 *Cap.* He has bin ſtudying this ſpeech.
Eumen. Who doe ye ſpeake to ſir.
Mem. Why where's the Lady
The woman, the faire woman.
1 *Cap.* Who?
Mem. The Princeſſe,
Give me the Princeſſe.
Eumen. Give yee counſell rather
To uſe her like a Princeſſe : Fy my Lord,
How have you borne your ſelfe, how nakedly
Laid your ſoule open : and your ignorance
To be a ſport to all ; report and honour ;
Drew her to doe you favours, and you bluntly,
Without conſideration what, or how ſhe was
Neither collecting reaſon, nor diſtinction.
Mem. Why, what did I my maſters ?
Eumen. All that ſhewes
A man unhandſome, undigeſted done.
Mem. Did not I kneele unto her?
Eumen. Dumbe and ſenſleſſe,
As though ye had bin cut out for your fathers tombe,
Or ſtuck a land-marke ; when ſhe ſpoke unto you,
Being the excellence of all our Iſland,
Ye ſtar'd upon her, as ye had ſeene a monſter
Mem. Was I ſo fooliſh ; I confeſſe *Eumenes*,
I never ſaw before ſo brave an outſide
But did I kneele ſo long
Eumen. Till they laught at ye,
And when you ſpoke, I am aſham'd to tell ye
What 'twas my Lord ; how farre from order ;
Bleſſe me, is't poſſible the wild noiſe of a warre
And what ſhe only teaches ſhould poſſeſſe ye,
Knowledge to treat with her, and full diſcretion
Being at flood ſtill in ye, and in peace,
And manly converſation ſmooth and civill,
Where gracefulneſſe and glory twyn together

Thruſt your ſelfe out an exile?
Doe you know ſir, what ſtate ſhe carries?
What great obedience waits at her backe continually?
Mem. She ne're commanded
A hundred thouſand men, as I have done,
Nor ne're won battell; Say I would have kiſt her.
Eume. There was a dainty offer too, a rare one.
Mem. Why, ſhe is a woman, is ſhe not?
Eume. She is ſo.
Mem. Why, very well; what was ſhe made for then?
Is ſhe not young and handſome bred to breed?
Doe not men kiſſe faire women? if they doe,
If lips be not unlawfull ware; Why a Princeſſe
Is got the ſame way that we get a begger,
Or I am coſen'd; and the ſelfe-ſame way
Shee muſt be handled e're ſhe get another,
That's rudeneſſe is it not?
2.Cap. To her 'tis held ſo, & rudnes in that high degree.
Mem. 'Tis reaſon,
But I will be more punctuall; pray what thought ſhe?
Eum. Her thoughts were mercifull, but ſhe laught at ye,
Pittying the pooreneſſe of your complement,
And ſo ſhe left ye, good ſir ſhape your ſelfe
To underſtand the place, and noble perſons
You live with now.
1.Cap. Let not thoſe great deſerts
The King hath layd up of ye, and the people,
Be blaſted with ill bearing.
Eume. The whole name of ſouldier, then will ſuffer.
Mem. Shee's a ſweet one,
And good ſirs leave your exhortations
They come untimely to me, I have braines
That beate above your reaches: Shee's a Princeſſe,
That's all: I have killed a King, that's greater.
Come let's to dinner, if the Wine be good,
You ſhall perceive ſtrange wiſdome in my blood.
Exeunt all but Chilax.
Chil. Well, would thou wert i'the wars again
Old *Memnon*, there thou wouldſt talke toth' purpoſe,
And the proudeſt of all theſe Court Camelions
Would be glad to find it ſenſe too: plague of this
Dead peace, this baſtard breeding lowzie, lazie idleneſſe,
Now we muſt learne to pipe, and pick our livings
Out of old rotten ends: theſe twenty five yeares
I have ſerv'd my Countrie, loſt my youth and bloud,
Expos'd my life to dangers more then dayes.
Yet let me tell my wants, I know their anſwers,
The King is bound to right me, they good people
Have but from hand to mouth, looke to your wives
Your yong trim wives, your high-day wives your marchpaines,
For if the ſouldiers find not recompence,
As yet there's none a hatching; I beleeve
You men of wars, the men of wars will nick ye,
For ſterve nor beg they muſt not, my ſmall meanes
Are gone in fumo: here to raiſe a better
Unleſſe it be with lying, or dog flattering,
At which our Nations excellent; obſerving dog-dayes,
When this good Lady broyles, and would be baſted
By that good Lord or ſuch like morall learnings,
Is here impoſſible; Well, I will rub among 'em
If any thing for honeſtie be gotten,
Thou't be but bread and cheeſe I can be ſatisfied,
If otherwiſe the wind blow, ſtiffe as I am
Yet I ſhall learne to ſhuffle: There's an old Laſſe
That ſhall be nameleſſe yet alive, my laſt hope,
Has often got me my pocket full of crownes
If all faile, Jack-Dawes, are you alive ſtill?
Then I ſee the coaſt cleare, when fooles and boyes can proſper.
Enter Foole and Page.
Pag. Brave Lievtenant
Foole. Haile to the man of worſhip.
Chi. You are fine ſirs,
Moſt paſſing fine at all points,
Fool. As ye ſee ſir,
Home-bred and handſome, we cut not out our clothes ſir
At halfe ſword as your Taylors doe, and pinck 'em
With Pikes and Partizans, we live retir'd ſir
Gentlemen like, and jealous of our honours.
Chi. Very fine Foole and fine Boy, Peace playes with you
As the wind playes with feathers, dances ye
You grind with all guſts gallants.
Page. We can bounce ſir,
When you Soldados bend i'th' hams, and friſk too.
Fool. When twenty of your trip-coats turn their tippets,
And your cold ſallets without ſalt or vineger
By wambling in your ſtomacks, hemp and hobnailes
Will beare no price now, hanging and old harneis
Are like to over-run us. *Pa.* Whores and hot houſes.
Foole. Surgeons and Sirenges ring out your ſance-bells.
Page. Your Jubile, your Jubile.
Foole. *Proh Deum.*
How our St. *Georges* will beſtride the Dragons
The red and ramping Dragons.
Page. Advanc't foole.
Foole. But then the ſting i'th' taile boy.
Page. *Tanto melior.*
For ſo much the more danger, the more honour.
Chi. You'r very pleaſant with our occupation Gent.
Which very like amongſt theſe fierie Serpents
May light upon a Blind-worme of your blood,
A Mother or a Siſter.
Foole. Mine's paſt ſaddle
You ſhould be ſure of her elſe: but ſay Sir *Huon*
Now the Drums doubbes & the ſticks turn'd bed-ſtaves,
All the old Foxes hunted to their holes,
The Iron age return'd to *Eribus*,
And *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*
Thruſt out o'th' Kingdome by the head and ſhoulders,
What trade doe you meane to follow.
Chi. That's a queſtion.
Foole. Yes, and a learned queſtion if ye marke it,
Conſider and ſay on.
Chi. Fooling as thou doſt, that's the beſt trade I take it.
Foole. Take it ſtrait then
For feare your fellowes be before ye, harke ye Lievtenant
Foolings the thing, the thing worth all your fightings,
When all's done ye muſt foole ſir.
Chi. Well, I muſt then.
Foole. But doe you know what fooling is; true fooling
The circumſtances that belong unto it,
For every idle knave that ſhowes his teeth
Wants and would live can Juggle tumble, fiddle,
Make a dog face, or can abuſe his fellow,
Is not a foole at firſt daſh, you ſhall find ſir
Strange turnings in this trade; to foole is nothing
As fooling has bin but to foole the faire way,
The new way, as the beſt men foole their friends,
For all men get by fooling, meerely fooling,
Deſert does nothing, valiant, wiſe, vertuous,
Are things that walke by without bread or breeches,
Chi. I partly credit that.
Foole. Fine wits, fine wits ſir,

There's the young Boy, he does well in his way too,
He could not live elſe in his Maſters abſence;
He tyes a Ladyes garters ſo, ſo, pretily,
Say his hand ſlip, but ſay ſo.
Chi. Why let it ſlip then.
Foole. 'Tis ten to one the body ſhall come after,
And he that workes deſerves his wages.
Chi. That's true.
Foole. Hee riddles finely to a waiting Gentlewoman
Expounds dreames like a Prophet, dreames himſelfe too,
And wiſhes all dreames true; they cry Amen,
And there's a *Memorandum:* he can ſing too
Bawdy enough to pleaſe old Ladies: he lies rarely,
Pawnes ye a ſute of clothes at all points, fully,
Can pick a pocket if ye pleaſe, or casket;
Liſps when he liſts to catch a Chambermaid,
And calls his Hoſteſſe mother, theſe are things now,
If a man meane to live, to fight and ſwagger,
Beaten about the Eares with bawling ſheepskins,
Cut to the ſoule for Summer: here an arme loſt,
And there a leg; his honourable head
Seal'd up in ſalves and ſearclothes, like a packet,
And ſo ſent over to an Hoſpitall, ſtand there, charge there,
Sweare there, whore there, dead there,
And all this ſport for cheeſe, and chines of dog-fleſh,
And money when two wedneſdayes meet together,
Where to be lowzie is a Gentleman,
And he that weares a cleane ſhirt has his
Shrowd on.
Chi. I'le be your ſcholler, come if I like fooling.
Foole. You cannot chooſe but like it, fight you one day
I'le foole another, when your Surgeons paid,
And all your leakes ſtopt, ſee whoſe ſlops are heavieſt,
I'le have a ſhilling for a can of wine,
When you ſhall have two Sergeants for a counter.
Boy. Come learn of us Lievtenant, hang your Iron up,
Wee'le find you cooler warrs.
Chi. Come let's together,
I'le ſee your tricks and as I like 'em. —— *Exeunt.*

Enter Memnon Eumenes and Captaines.

Mem. Why was there not ſuch women in the camp then
Prepar'd to make me know 'em.
Eum. 'Twas no place ſir.
1.*Capt.* Why ſhould they live in Tumults; they are creatures
Soft and of ſober natures.
Mem. Cou'd not your wives,
Your mothers, or your ſiſters have been ſent for
To exerciſe upon.
Eume. We thanke your Lordſhip.
2.*Cap.* But doe you meane?
Mem. I doe meane.
2 *Cap.* What ſir?
Mem. To ſee her,
And ſee thee hang'd too, and thou anger'ſt me,
And thouſands of your throats cut, get ye from me
Ye keepe a prating of your points of manners,
And fill my head with lowzie circumſtances,
Better have Ballets in't, your courtly worſhips,
How to put off my hat, you how to turne me,
And you forſooth to blow my noſe diſcreetly;
Let me alone, for I will love her, ſee her,
Talke to her, and mine owne way.
Eume. Shee's the Princeſſe.
Mem. Why let her be the devill, I have ſpoke,
When Thunder durſt not check me, I muſt love,
I know ſhe was a thing kept for me.
Eume. And I know ſir,
Though ſhe were born yours, yet your ſtrange behaviour
And want.
Mem. Thou lieſt.
Eum. I doe not.
Mem. Ha!
Eume. I doe not lye ſir,
I ſay you want faire language, nay 'tis certaine
You cannot ſay good morrow.
Mem. Ye Dog-whelpes,
The proudeſt of your prating tongues.
Eume. Doe kill us,
Kill us for telling truth, for my part Generall
I would not live to ſee men make a may-game
Of him I have made a Maſter, kill us quickly,
Then ye may.
Mem. What?
Eume. Doe what you liſt, draw your ſword childiſhly
Upon your ſervants that are bound to tell ye
I am weary of my life.
1 *Capt.* And I.
2 *Capt.* And all ſir.
Eume. Goe to the Princeſſe make her ſport, cry to her
I am the glorious man of warre.
Mem. Pray ye leave me,
I am ſorry I was angry, I'le thinke better,
Pray no more words.
Eume. Good ſir.
Mem. Nay then.
2 *Capt.* We are gone ſir. *Exeunt Eume. & Captains.*

Ent. Princeſſ Caliſt. Lucippe, Cleanthe.

Caliſ. How came he hither, ſee for heavens ſake wenches,
What faces, and what poſtures he puts on, *Mem. walks*
I doe not thinke he is perfect. *aſide full of*
Cle. If your love *ſtrange geſtures.*
Have not betrayd his little wits, he's well enough,
As well as he will be.
Cal. Marke how he Muſes.
Lucip. Has a Battalia now in's braines, he draws out now
Have at ye Harpers.
Cle. See, ſee, there the fire failes.
Lucip. Look what an Alphabet of faces he runs through,
Cle. O love, loue, how amorouſly thou look'ſt
In an old ruſty armour.
Cal. I'le away, for by my troth I feare him.
Lucip. Feare the gods Madam,
And never care what man can doe, this fellow
Withall his frights about him and his furies,
His larums and his Launces, Swords and Targets,
Nay caſe him up in armour Cap-a-pe,
Yet durſt I undertake within two houres,
If he durſt charge to give him ſuch a ſhake
Should ſhake his valour off, and make his ſhankes too
Cle. For ſhame no more.
Caliſ. Hee muſes ſtill.
Cle. The Devill.
Why ſhould this old dried timber chopt with thunder.
Cal. Old wood burnes quickeſt.
Lucip. Out you would ſay Madam,
Give me a green ſtick that may hold me heat
And ſmoke me ſoundly too: a turnes, and ſees ye.
Cle. There's no avoiding now, have at ye. *Memnon*
Mem. Lady, *comes to her.*
The more I looke upon ye. *Stays her.*
Cle. The more you may ſir.
Cal. Let him alone.

Mem. I would deſire your patience
The more I ſay I looke, the more *Stays her.*
Lucip. My Fortune
'Tis very apt Sir
Mem. Women let my fortune
And me alone I wiſh ye, pray come this way
And ſtand you ſtill there Ladie
Cal. Leave the words Sir, and leap into the meaning
Mem. Then againe.
I tell you I doe love ye
Cal. Why
Mem. No queſtions : pray no more queſtions.
I doe love you. Infinitely, why doe you ſmile.
Am I ridiculous
Cal. I am monſtrous fearefull, no I joye you love me
Mem. Joye on then and be proud on't, I doe love ye,
Stand ſtill doe not trouble me you Women.
He loves you Ladie at whoſe feete has kneeld
Princes to beg their freedomes, he whoſe valour
Has over run whole Kingdomes
Cal. That makes me doubt Sir
'Twill over run me to
Mem. He whoſe Sword
Cle. Talke not ſo big Sir,you will fright the Princeſſe.
Mem. Ha. *Lucip.* No forſooth
Cal. I know ye have done wonders.
Mem. I have and will doe more and greater, braver.
And for your beautie miracles, name that kingdome
And talke your choice :
Cal. Sir I am not ambitious
Mem. Ye ſhalbe,'tis the child of glory : ſhe that I love
Whom my deſires ſhall magnifie time ſtories
And all the Empire of the Earth :
Cle. I would faine aske him.
Lucip. Prethee be quiet, he will beate us both els.
Cle. What will ye make me then Sir
Mem. I will make thee
Stand ſtill and hold thy peace, I have a heart Ladie
Cal. Ye were a monſter els
Mem. A loving heart
A truly loving heart :
Cal. Alas how came it
Mem. I would you had it in your hand ſweet Ladie
To ſee the truth it beares ye :
Cal. Doe you give it.
Lucip. That was well thought upon :
Cle. 'Twill put him too't wench;
Cal. And you ſhall ſee I dare accept it Sir
Tak't in my hand and view it : if I finde it
A loving and a ſweet heart as you call it
I am bound, I am
Mem. No more Ile ſend it to ye
As I have honour in me you ſhall have it
Cle. Hanſomlye done Sir, and perfum'd by all meanes
The weathers warme Sir
Mem. With all circumſtance
Lucip. A napkin wrought moſt curiouſlie ;
Mem. Divinely
Cle. Put in a goblet of pure gold
Mem. Yes in *Iacynth*
That ſhe may ſee the ſpirits through
Lucip. Ye have greas'd him
For chewing love again in haſt
Cle. If he ſhould dce it
Cal. If Heaven ſhould fall we ſhould have larkes,he doe (it
Cle. See how he thinkes upon't
Cal. He will thinke theſe three yeares
Ere he prove ſuch an aſſe, I lik't his offer
There was no other way to put him of els.
Mem. I will doe it
Ladie expect my heart
Cal. I doe Sir :
Mem. Love it and ſo I leave ye. *Ex. Mem.*
Cle. Either he is ſtarke mad
Or els I thinke he meanes it
Cal. He muſt be ſtarke mad
Or he will never doe it, 'tis vaine glory
And want of judgement that provokes this in him
Sleepe and ſocietie cures all his heart
No no good Gentleman ther's more belongs too't
Hearts are at higher prizes, lets goe in
And there examine him a little better.
Shut all the doores behind for feare he follow
I hope I have loſt a lover, and am glad on't. *Exit. Lady.*

Finis Actus Primi.

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Memnon alone.

Mem. 'Tis but to die, dogs doe it, ducks with dabling,
Birds ſing away their ſoules, and babyes ſleep 'em,
Why doe I talke of that is treble vantage,
For in the other world ſhe is bound to have me,
Her Princely word is paſt : my great deſert too
Will draw her to come after preſently
'Tis juſtice, and the gods muſt ſee it done too
Beſides no Brother, Father, kindred there
Can hinder us, all languages are a like too
There love is everlaſting, ever young
Free from diſeaſes, ages, jealouſies.
Bawdes, beldames, painters, purgers, die, 'tis nothing
Men drowne themſelves for joye to draw in Juleps
When they are hot with wine, In dreames we doe it.
And many a handſome wench that loves the ſport well
Gives up her ſoule ſo in her lovers boſome,
But I muſt be inciſde firſt, cut and open'd
My heart and handſomelie taine from me, ſtaie there
Dead once,ſtay,let me thinke agen,who doe I know there
For els to wander up and downe unwaited on
And unregarded in my place and project
Is for a ſowters ſoule, not an old Souldiers.
My brave old Regiments : I there it goes
That have bin killd before me, right,

Enter Chilax.

Chil. Is here, and I muſt trouble him.
Mem. Then thoſe I have conquer'd
To make my traine full :
Chi. Sir
Mem. My Captaines then :
Chi. Sir I beſeech ye
Mem. For to meete her there
Being a Princeſſe, and a Kings ſole Siſter
With great accommodation muſt be cared for
Chi. Weigh but the Souldiers povertie
Mem. Mine owne troope firſt
For they ſhall die :
Chi. How whats this
Mem. Next :
Chi. Shall I ſpeake lowder Sir

Mem. A ſquare Battalia:
hi. You doe not thinke of us.
Mem. Their Armours guilded:
Chi. Good noble Sir
Mem. And round about ſuch Engines
Shall make hell ſhake:
Chi. Ye doe not mock me
Mem. For Sir
I will be ſtrange as brave
Chi. Ye may conſider
You know we have ſerv'd you long enough
Mem. No Souldier
That ever landed on the bleſt *Elizium*
Did or ſhall march, as I will
Chi. Would ye would march Sir
Up to the King and get us:
Mem. King nor *Keiſer*
Shall equall me in that world
Chi. What a devill ayles he
Mem. Next the rare beauties of thoſe townes I fir'd
Chi. I ſpeake of mony Sir:
Mem. Ten thouſand Coaches
Chi. O pounds Sir, pounds I beſeech your Lordſhip
Let Coaches run out of your remembrance
Mem. In which the wanton *Cupids*; and the graces
Drawne with the Weſterne winds kindling deſires,
And then our Poets.
Chi. Then our pay (Princeſſe
Mem. For *Chilax* when the triumph comes; the
Then for I will have a Heaven made
Chi. Bleſſe your Lordſhip!
Stand ſtill Sir
Mem. So I doe and in it
Chi. Death Sir
You talke you know not what
Mem. Such rare deviſes:
Make me I ſay a Heaven
Chi. I ſay ſo too Sir
Mem. For here ſhall run a Conſtellation
Chi. And there a piſſing Conduit
Mem. Ha!
Chi. With wine Sir
Mem. A Sun there in his hight, there ſuch a planet
Chi. But wher's our mony where runs that
Mem. Ha?
Chi. Money
Money ant like your Lordſhip (ſtuff
Mem. Why all the carriage, ſhall come behind the
Rich hangings, treaſure
Or ſay we have none
Chi. I may ſay ſo truly
For hang me if I have a groat: I have ſerv'd well
And like an honeſt man: I ſee no reaſon
Mem. Thou muſt needs die good *Chilax*
Chi. Very well Sir
Mem. I will have honeſt, valiant ſoules about me
I cannot miſſe thee
Chi. Dye?
Mem. Yes die, and *Pelius*
Eumenes and *Polibius*: I ſhall thinke
Of more within theſe two howres
Chi. Die Sir?
Mem. I Sir
And ye ſhall die
Chi. When I beſeech your Lordſhip
Mem. To morrow ſee ye doe die
Chi. A ſhort warning,
Troth Sir I am ill prepar'd
Mem. I die my ſelſe then
Beſide ther's reaſon
Chi. Oh!
Mem. I pray thee tell me
For thou art a great dreamer
Chi. I can dreame Sir
If I eate well and ſleep well
Mem. Was it never
By dreame or apparition open'd to thee?
Chi. Hees mad
Mem. What the other world was, or *Elizium*?
Didſt never travell in thy ſleepe?
Chi. To *Tauernes*
When I was drunke ore night: or to a wench
Ther's an *Elizium* for yee, a young Ladie
Wrapt round about ye like a ſnake: is that it?
Or if that ſtrange *Elizium* that you talke of
Be where the Devill is, I have dream't of him
And that I have had him by the hornes, and rid him
He trotts the Dagger out 'oth ſheath
Mem. Elizium,
The bleſſed fields, man
Chi. I know no fields bleſſed, but thoſe I have gain'd by
I have dreamp't I have bin in Heaven too
Mem. There, handle that place; that's *Elizium*
Chi. Brave ſinging, and brave dancing
And rare things
Mem. All full of flowers
Chi. And Pot hearbes
Mem. Bowers for lovers
And everlaſting ages of delight
Chi. I ſlept not ſo far
Mem. Meet me on thoſe bancks
Some two dayes hence
Chi. In dreame Sir
Mem. No in death Sir
And there I muſter all, and pay the Souldier
Away, no more, no more
Chi. God keepe your Lordſhip
This is fine dancing for us

Enter Siphax.

Siphax. Wher's the Generall
Chi. Ther's the old ſigne of *Memnon*, where the ſoule is
You may goe looke as I have
Si. What's the matter
Chi. Why queſtion him and ſee; he talkes of Devills
Hells, Heavens, Princes, powers, and Potentates,
You muſt to'th pot too
Si. How? (chaſe of
Chi. Do you know *Elizium* a tale he talkes the wild gooſe
Si. Elizium? I have red of ſuch a place.
Chi. Then get he to him
Ye are as fine company as can be fitted. *Exit Chilax.*
Your worſhips fairelie mett
Si. Mercy upon us,
What ailes this Gentleman?
Mem. Proviſion
Si. How his head workes.
Mem. Betweene two ribbes
If he cut ſhort or mangle me; Ile take him
And twirle his neck about
Si. Now Gods defend us
Mem. In a pure cup tranſparant with a writing
To ſignifie

Si. I never knew him thus
Sure is bewitcht, or poyſond;
Mem, Whoſe there
Si. I Sir
Mem. Come hither *Siphax*
Si. Yes ; how does your Lordſhip
Mem. Well God a mercy Souldier, very well
But prithee tell me
Si. Any thing I can Sir
Mem. What durſt thou doe to gaine the rareſt beautie
The VVorld has
Si. That the world has? ’tis worth doing
Mem. Is it ſo? but what doing beares it?
Si. Why any thing, all dangers it appeares to
Mem. Name ſome of thoſe things ; doe
Si. I would undertake Sir
A voyage round about the VVorld
Mem. Short *Siphax,*
A merchant does it to ſpice potts of ale
Si. I woo’d ſwim in armour
Mem. Short ſtill : a poore Jade
Loden will take a ſtreame and ſtem it ſtrongly
To leap a Mare
Si. The plague I durſt
Mem. Still ſhorter
Ile cure it with an Onyon
Si. Surfetts
Mem. Short ſtill
They are often Phyſicks for our healths and help us.
Si. I woo’d ſtand a breach
Mem. Thine honour bids thee Souldier
’Tis ſhame to find a ſecond cauſe
Si. I durſt Sir
Fight with the felleſt Monſter
Mem. That s the pooreſt,
Man was ordained their Maſter; durſt ye die Sir?
Si. How ? die my Lord !
Mem. Die *Siphax* : take thy ſword
And come by that doore to her; ther’s a prize
To buy a luſtie love at
Si. I am well content Sir
To proove no purchaſer
Mem. Away thou world worme,
Thou win a matchles beautie?
Si. ’Tis to looſ’t Sir
For being dead wher’s the reward I reach at,
The love I labour for ?
Mem. There it begins foole
Thou art meerly cozend ; for the loves wee now know
Are but the heats of half an houre ; and hated
Deſires ſtir’d up by nature to increaſe her
Licking of one another to a luſt ;
Courſe and baſe appetites earths meere inheritours
And heires of Idlenes and blood ; Pure Love
That that the ſoule affects and cannot purchaſe
VVhile ſhe is loden with our fleſh, that love Sir
VVhich is the price of honour dwells not here,
Your Ladies eyes are lampleſſe to that vertue,
That beautie ſmiles not on a cheeke waſht over,
Nor ſents the ſweets of Ambers ; below, *Siphax*
Below us, in the other VVord, *Elizium,*
VVher’s no more dying, no deſpairing, mourning,
VVhere all deſires are full, deſerts downe loden,
There *Siphax*, there, where loves are ever living,
Si. VVhy doe we love in this VVorld then ?
Mem. To preſerve it,
The maker loſt his worke els : but marke *Siphax,*
VVhat iſſues that love beares.
Si. VVhy Children Sir ;
I never heard him talke thus ; thus divinelie
And ſenſible before
Mem. It does ſo, *Siphax,*
Things like our ſelves, as ſenſuall vaine unvented
Bubles and breath of ayres, got with an itching
As bliſters are ; and bred, as much corruption
Flowes from their lives, ſorrow conceives and ſhapes (’em
And oftentimes the deaths of thoſe we love moſt
The breeders bring them to the VVorld to curſe ’em,
Crying they weepe amongſt us like young Catts,
Cares and continuall croſſes keeping with ’em,
They make time old to tend them and experience
An aſſe they alter ſo ; they grow and goodlie
’Ere we can turne our thoughts, like dropps of water
They fall into the maine, and knowne no more;
This is the love of this world : I muſt tell thee
For thou art underſtanding
Si. What you pleaſe Sir
Mem. And as a faithfull man
Nay I dare truſt thee
I love the Princeſſe
Si. There ’tis that has fired him
I knew he had ſome inſpiration
But does ſhe know it Sir?
Mem. Yes marry does ſhe
I have given my heart unto her
Si. If ye love her
Mem. Nay underſtand me, my heart taken from me
Out of my body man and ſo brought to her
How lik ſt thou that braue offer ? ther’s the love
I told thee of ; and after death the living;
She muſt in juſtice, come boye, ha ?
Si. Your heart Sir ?
Mem. I, ſo by all meanes *Siphax*
Si. He loves roſt well
That eates the ſpitt
Mem. And ſince thou art come thus fitlie
Ile doe it preſentlie and thou ſhall carrie it
For thou canſt tell a ſtorie and diſcribe it
And I coniure thee *Siphax* by thy gentrie
Next by the glorious battells we have fought in
By all the dangers, wounds, heats, colds, diſtreſſes,
Thy love next and obedience, nay thy life
Si. But one thing firſt Sir, if ſhe pleas’d to grant it
Could ye not love her here and live, conſider
Mem. Ha ? yes I thinke I could
Si. ’Twoul’d be far neerer
Beſides the ſweets here, would induce the laſt love
And linck it in
Mem. Thou ſayeſt right, but ourranckes heere
And bloods are barrs between us, ſhe muſt ſtand off too
As I perceive ſhe does
Si. Deſert and dutie
Makes even all Sir
Mem. Then the King, though I
Have merited as much as man can ; muſt not let her,
So many Princes covetous of beautie ;
I woo’d with all my heart but ’tis impoſſible
Si. Why ſay ſhe marry after
Mem. No ſhe dare not
The Gods dare not doe ill : come
Si. Doe you meane it
Mem. Lend me thy knife, and helpe me of

Si. For heav'n ſake
Be not ſo ſtupid mad deare Generall.
Mem. Diſpatch, I ſay.
Si. As ye love that ye looke for
Heaven and the bleſſed life.
Mem. Hell take thee Coxcombe,
Why doſt thou keepe me from it; thy knife, I ſay.
Si. Doe but this one thing, on my knees I beg it,
Stay but two houres till I returne againe,
For I will to her, tell her all your merits,
Your moſt unvalu'd love, and laſt your danger;
If ſhee relent, then live *ſtill*, and live loving,
Happy, and high in favour: if ſhe frowne;
Mem. Shall I be ſure to know it.
Si. As I live Sir,
My quick returne ſhall either bring ye fortune,
Or leave you to your owne fate.
Mem. Two houres?
Si. Yes, Sir.
Mem. Let it be kept, away, I will expect it. *Exeunt*
Memnon Siphax.

Enter Chilax, Foole and Page.

Chi. You dainty wits two, an ye to a Cater,
To cheat him of a dinner.
Boy. Ten at Court ſir
Are few enough, they are as wiſe as we are.
Chi. Hang ye, I'le eat at any time: and any where
I never make that part of want, preach to me
What ye can doe, and when ye liſt.
Foole. Your patience,
'Tis a hard day at Court, a fiſh day.
Chi. So it ſeemes ſir,
The finns grow out of thy face.
Foole. And to purchaſe
This day the company of one deare Cuſtard,
Or a meſſe of Rice ap *Thomas*, needs a maine wit;
Beefe we can beare before us linde with Brewes
And tubs of Porke; vociferating Veales,
And tongues that ne're told lye yet.
Chi. Line thy mouth with 'em
Foole. Thou haſt need, and great need,
For theſe finny fiſh-dayes,
The Officers underſtandings are ſo flegmatick,
They cannot apprehend us.
Chi. That's great pitty,
For you deſerve it, and being apprehended
The whip to boot; *Boy* what doe you ſo neare me,
I dare not truſt your touch boy.

Enter Stremon and his Boy Ed. Hor.

Boy. As I am vertuous
What, theeves among our ſelves?
Chy. *Stremon.*
Stre. Lievtenant.
Chi. Welcome aſhore, aſhore.
Foole. What *Monſieur, Muſicke*?
Stre. My fine Foole.
Boy. Fellow *Cracke*, why what a conſort
Are we now bleſt withall?
Foole. Fooling and fidling
Nay and we live not now boyes; what new ſongs ſirra.
Stre. A thouſand man, a thouſand.
Foole. Itching ayres
Alluding to the old ſport.
Stre. Of all ſizes.
Fool. And how does ſmall *Tym Treble* here; the heart (on't.
Boy. 2. To doe you ſervice.
Fool. O *Tym* the times, the times *Tym.*
Stre. How does the Generall,
And next what moneys ſtirring?
Chy. For the Generall
Is here, but ſuch a Generall
The times chang'd *Stremon*,
He was the liberall Generall, and the loving;
The feeder of a Souldier, and the father,
But now become the ſtupid'ſt.
Stre. Why, what ailes he.
Chi. Nay, if a horſe knew, and his head's big enough
I'le hang for't; did'ſt thou ever ſee a dog
Run mad o'th' tooth-ache, ſuch another toy
Is he now ſo, a glotes and grins, and bites.
Foool. Why hang him quickly,
And then he cannot hurt folkes.
Chi. One houre raving,
Another ſmiling, not a word the third houre,
I tell thee *Stremon* has a ſtirring ſoule,
What ever it attempts or labours at
Would weare out twenty bodies in another.
Fool. I'le keep it out of me, for mine's but buckeram,
Hee would bownce that out in two houres.
Chi. Then he talkes
The ſtrangeſt and the maddeſt ſtuffe from reaſon,
Or any thing ye offer; ſtand thou there.
I'le ſhow thee how he is, for I'le play *Memnon*
The ſtrangeſt Generall that ere thou heardſt of *Stremon.*
Stre. My Lord.
Chi. Goe preſently and find me
A black horſe with a blew taile; bid the blank Cornet
Charge through the Sea, and ſinke the Navy: ſoftly,
Our ſoules are things not to be waken'd in us
With larums, and lowd bawlings, for in *Elizium*
Stilneſſe and quietneſſe, and ſweetneſſe, ſirra,
I will have, ſor it much concernes mine honour,
Such a ſtrong reputation for my welcome
As all the world ſhall ſay: for in the forefront
So many on white Unicornes, next them
My gentlemen my Cavaliers and Captaines,
Ten deep and trapt with tenter-hookes to take hold
Of all occaſions: for Friday cannot fiſh out
The end I aime at; tell me of *Diocles*,
And what he dare doe, dare he meet me naked
Thunder in this hand, in his left? Foole?
Foole. Yes Sir.
Chi. Foole, I would have thee fly i'th' ayre, fly ſwiftly
To that place where the Sun ſets, there deliver.
Foole. Deliver? what ſir?
Chi. This ſir, this ye ſlave ſir, *All laugh.*
Death ye rude rogues, ye Scarrubbs.
Foole. Hold for Heav'ns ſake Lievtenant, ſweet Lievtenant.
Chi. I have done ſir.
Boy. You have wrung his neck off.
Chi. No Boy, 'tis the nature
Of this ſtrange paſſion when't hits to hale people
Along by th'haire, to kick 'em, breake their heads:
Foole. Do ye call this Acting, was your part to beat me.
Chi. Yes, I muſt act all that he does.
Foole. Plague act yee,
I'le act no more.
Stre. 'Tis but to ſhew man.
Foole. Then man
Hee ſhould have ſhew'd it only, and not done it,
I am ſure he beat me beyond Action,
Gowts a your heavy fiſt.

Chi. Ile have thee to him,
Thou haſt a fine wit, fine foole, and canſt play rarely
Hele hug thee, boy, and ſtroke thee,
Foole. Ile to the ſtockes firſt,
'Ere I be ſtrokt thus.
Strem. But how came he *Chilax* ?
Chi. I know not that,
Strem. Ile to him
Chi. He loves thee well,
And much delights to here thee ſing; much taken
He has bin with thy battell ſongs.
Strem. If Muſique,
Can find his madnes; ile ſo fiddle him,
That out it ſhall by'th ſhoulders,
Chi. My fine fidler, (ſport
Hele firke you and ye take not heed too: t'will be rare
To ſee his owne trade triumph over him;
His Lute lac'd to his head, for creeping hedges;
For mony ther's none ſtirring; try good *Stremon*
Now what your ſilver ſound can doe; our voices
Are but vaine Ecchoes,
Strem. Something ſhall be done
Shall make him underſtand all; lets to'th Taverne,
I have ſome few Crownes left yet: my whiſtle wet once
Ile pipe him ſuch a Paven -
Chi. Hold thy head up,
I'e cure it with a quart of wine; Come Coxcombe,
Come boye take heed of napkins.
Foole. Youl'd no more acting?
Chi. No more Chicken;
Foole. Goe then.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Siphax at one Dore, and a Gentleman at another.

Si. God ſave you ſir; pray how might I ſee the Princeſs
Gent. Why very fitly ſir, ſhees even now ready,
To wake out this way into'th parke; ſtand there,
Ye cannot miſſe her ſight, ſir,
Siphax. I much thanke ye.

Exit Gentleman.

Enter Calis Lucippe, Cleanthe.

Cal. Lets have a care, for ile aſſure ye wenches
I woo'd not meet him willingly agen;
For though I doe not feare him, yet his faſhion
I wood not be acquainted much wit'h.
Clean. Gentle Ladie,
Ye need not feare, the walkes are viewed and emptie,
But my thinkes Madam this kind heart of his --
Lucip. Is ſlow a coming,
Si. Keepe me ye bleſt Angells,
What killing power is this?
Cal. VVhy doſt thou looke for't?
Doſt thinke he ſpoke in earneſt?
Lucip. My thinkes Madam,
A Gentleman ſhould keepe his word; and to a Ladie
A Ladie of your excellencies;
Cal. Out foole!
Send me his heart? what ſhould we doe wo't? dance it?
Lucip. Drie it and drinke it for the wormes.
Calis. Whoſe that?
What man ſtands there?
Clean. VVhere?
Cal. There.
Clean. A Gentleman,
Which I beſeech your grace to honour ſo much,
As know him for your ſervants brother.
Cal. *Siphax*? (here?
Clean. The ſame an't pleaſe your grace; what does he
Upon what buſines and I ignorant? (*Siphax*
Cal. Hee's growne a handſome Gentleman; good
Yar wel-come from the warres; woo'd ye with us ſir?
Pray ſpeake your will: a bluſhes, be not fearefu l,
I can aſſure ye for your Siſters ſake ſir,
Ther's my hand on it.
Clean. Doe you heare Sir?
Cal. Sure theſe Souldiers,
Are all growne ſenſeles,
Clean. Doe ye know where ye are ſir?
Calis. Tongue-tyde,
He lookes not well too, by my life, I thinke;
Clean. Speake, for ſhame ſpeake.
Lucip. A man woo'd ſpeake --
Cal. Theſe Souldiers,
Are all dumb Saints: Conſider and take time ſir,
Lets forward wenches, come his pallats downe.
Lucip. Dare theſe men charge it'h face of fire and bullets?
And hang there heads downe at a handſome Woman?
Good maſter *Mars* that's a foule fault.

Exit Princeſſe, Lucippe.

Clean. Fye beaſt,
No more my brother.
Siph. Siſter, honoured Siſter,
Clean. Diſhonoured foole,
Si. I doe confeſſe,
Cle. Fye on thee,
Si. But ſtay till I deliver,
Cle. Let me goe,
I am a ſhame to owne thee,
Si. Fare ye well then,
Ye muſt nere ſee me more,
Clean. Why ſtay deare *Siphax*,
My angers paſt; I will heare ye ſpeake
Si. O Siſter,
Clean. Out with it Man,
Si. O I have drunke my miſchiefe,
Cle. Ha? what?
Si. My deſtruction.
In at mine eyes I have drunke it; O the Princeſs,
The rare ſweet Princeſs!
Clean. How foole? the rare Princeſs?
Was it the Princeſs that thou ſed'ſt?
Si. The Princeſs,
Clean. Thou doeſt not love her ſure, thou darſt not.
Si. Yes by heaven,
Clean. Yes by Heaven? I know thou darſt not,
The Princeſs? 'tis thy life the knowledge of it,
Preſumption that will draw into it all thy kinred,
And leave 'em ſlaves and ſuccourles; the Princeſs?
Why ſhee's a ſacred thing to ſee and worſhip,
Fixt from us as the Sun is high and glorious,
To be ador'd not doated on; deſire things poſſible,
Thou fooliſh young man, nouriſh not a hope,
Will haile thy heart out.
Si. 'Tis my deſtinie,
And I know both diſgrace and death will quit it,

If it be knowne
Clean. Purſue it not then *Syphax*
Get thee good wholeſome thoughts may nouriſh thee
Goe home and pray
Sy. I cannot
Clean. Sleep then *Syphax.*
And dreame away thy doting.
Sy. I muſt have her
Or you no more your brother; worke *Cleanthe,*
Worke, and worke ſpeedilie, or I ſhall die wench.
Clean. Dye then, I dare forget; farewell
Syp. Farewell Siſter.
Farewell for ever, ſee me buried.
Clean. Stay.
Pray ſtay? hee's all my brothers: no way *Siphax:*
No other Woman,
Sy. None, none, ſhee or ſincking.
Clean. Goe and hope well, my life ile venture for thee
And all my art, a Woman may worke miracles;
No more, pray heartily againſt my fortunes,
For much I feare a maine one.
Syphax. I ſhall doe it. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter a Prieſt of Venus and a Boye.

Pr. Find him by any meanes; and good child tell him
He has forgot his old friend, give him this,
And ſay this night without excuſe or buſines
As ever he may find a friend, come to me,
He knowes the way and how, begon.
Boy. I gallop. *Exit Boy.*
Clean. I have bin looking you;
Pr. The faire *Cleanthe,*
VVhat may your buſines be?
Clean. O holy Mother
Such buſines of ſuch ſtrange waite, now or never.
As ye have loved me, as ye doe or may doe,
When I ſhall find a fit time.
Pr. If by my meanes
Your buſines may be fitted; ye know me,
And how I am tyed unto you; be bold daughter
To build your beſt hopes,
Clean. O but 'tis a ſtrange one
Stuck with as many dangers –
Pr. Ther's the working,
Small things performe themſelves and give no pleaſures;
Be confident through death ile ſerve.
Clean Here.
Pr. Fye no corruption
Clean. Take it; 'tis yours,
Be not ſo ſpiced, 'tis good gold
And goodnes is no gall to'th conſcience,
I know you have wayes to vent it: ye may hold it
Pr. Ile keep it for ye; when?
Clean. To morrow morning
Ile viſit ye agen; and when occaſion
Offers it ſelfe –
Pr. Inſtruct me, and have at ye –
Clean. Farewell till then; be ſure.
Pr. As your owne thoughts, Ladie.
Clean. 'Tis a maine worke and full of feare.
Pr. Fooles only *(Exit Cle.*
Make their effects ſeeme fearefull: farewell daughter.
This gold was well got for my old tuff Souldier
Now I ſhall be his ſweet agen; what buſines
Is this ſhe has a foote? ſome luſtie lover
Beyond her line, the young wench would faine piddle
A little to revive her; muſt be thought of,
'Tis even ſo; ſhe muſt have it; but how by my meanes
A devill can ſhe drive it? I that wait ſtill
Before the Goddeſſe giving Oracle
How can I profit her? 'tis her owne project,
And if ſhe caſt it falſe her owne fault be it. *Exit. Prieſt.*

Enter Polidor Eumenes Captains, Stremon.

Pol. Why this is utter madnes
Eumen. Thus it is Sir
Pol. Only the Princeſſe ſight?
1. *Cap.* All we can judge at;
Poli. This muſt be loo'kt to timelie.
Eumen. Yes and wiſelie;
Pol. He do's not offer at his life
Eumen. not yet ſir
That we can heare of
Pol. Noble Gentlemen;
Let me entreat your watches over him,
Ye cannot doe a worthier worke.
2. *Cap.* We came Sir
Provided for that ſervice?
Pol. Where is *Chilax?*
Strem. A little buſie Sir?
Pol. Is the foole and boye here.
Strem. They are Sir,
Enter Memnon.
Pol. Let 'em be ſtill ſo; and as they find his humors
Eumen. Now ye may behold him
Pol. Stand cloſe and worke no noyſe;
By his eyes now, Gentlemen,
I gueſſe him full of anger
Eumen. Be not ſeene there
Mem. The houre's paſt long agoe, hees falſe and fearefull,
Coward goe with thy catine ſoule, thou cur dog.
Thou cold clod, wilde fire warme thee, monſtrous fearful,
I know the ſlave ſhakes but to thinke on't,
Pol. VVhoſe that?
Eumen. I know not Sir.
Mem. But I ſhall catch yee raſcall,
Your mangie ſoule is not immortall here Sir,
Ye muſt die, and we muſt meet; we muſt, maggot,
Be ſure we muſt, for not a nooke of hell,
Not the moſt horrid pit ſhall harbour thee.
The Devills taile ſhall hide thee, but ile have thee,
And how ile uſe thee, whips and firebrands
Toſting thy taile againſt a flame of wilde fire,
And baſting it with brimſtone, ſhall be nothing,
Nothing at all; ile teach ye to be treacherous;
Was never ſlave ſo ſwing'd ſince hell was hell
As I will ſwinge thy ſlaves ſoule: and be ſure on't.
Pol. Is this imagination, or ſome circumſtance
For 'tis extreame ſtrange.
Eumen. So is all he does Sir
Mem. Till then ile leave ye? whoſe there? wheres the (Surgeon.
Demagoras. *Enter Surgion.*
Dem. My Lord,
Mem. Bring the Surgeon.
And waite you too. *Enter Surgeon.*
Poli. What wood ye with a Surgeon
Eume. Things muſtring in his head: pray marke
Mem. Come hither.

Have you brought your Inſtruments.
Sur. They are within Sir,
Mem. Put to the doores a while there ; ye can inciſe
To a haires bredth without defacing ;
Sur. Yes ſir.
Mem. And take out fairely from the fleſh ;
Sur. The leaſt thing.
Mem. Well, come hither then ; take off my doublet,
For looke ye Surgion, I muſt have ye cut
My Heart out here, and handſomly : Nay, ſtare not,
Nor doe not ſtart ; I'le cut your throat elſe Surgeon,
Come ſweare to doe it.
Surg. Good ſir——
Mem. Sirra, hold him,
I'le have but one blow at his head.
Sur. I'le doe it,
Why what ſhould we doe living after you ſir ?
Wee'le die before if yee pleaſe.
Mem. No, No.
Surg. Living? hang living,
Is there ne're a Cat hole where I may creep through ?
Woo'd I were in the Indies.
Mem. Sweare then, and after my death preſently
To kill your ſelves and follow, as ye are honeſt,
As ye have faiths and loves to me.
Dema. Wee'l doe it.
Eumen. Pray doe not ſtir yet, we are neare enough
To run between all dangers.
Mem. Here I am ſir ;
Come looke upon me, view the beſt way boldly,
Feare nothing, but cut home; if your hand ſhake ſirra,
Or any way deface my heart i'th' cutting,
Make the leaſt ſcratch upon it, but draw it whole,
Excellent faire, ſhewing at all points, Surgeon,
The honour and the valour of the owner,
Mixt with the moſt immaculate love I ſend it,
Looke too't, I'le ſlice thee to the ſoule.
Sur. Ne're feare ſir,
I'le doe it daintily ; would I were out once.
Mem. I will not have ye ſmile ſirra when ye do it,
As though ye cut a Ladies corne ; tis ſcurvie ;
Doe me it as thou doſt thy praiers, ſeriouſly.
Sur. I'le doe it in a dump ſir.
Mem. In a dog ſir,
I'le have no dumps, nor dumplins : fetch your tooles,
And then I'le tell ye more.
Sur. If I returne
To heare more I'le be hang'd for't.
Mem. Quick, quick.
Dema. Yes ſir, *(ras.*
With all the heeles we have, *Exeunt Surgeon. Demago-*
Eumen. Yet ſtand.
Poli. Hee'le doe it.
Eumen. He cannot and we here.
Mem. Why when ye raſcalls,
Ye dull ſlaves : will ye come ſir ? Surgeon, Serring,
Dogleach, ſhall I come fetch ye ?
Poli. Now i'le to him,
God ſave ye honour'd brother
Mem. My deare *Polidor*,
Welcome from travell, welcome ; and how doe ye?
Pol. Well ſir, would you were ſo.
Mem. I am, I thanke ye,
You are a better'd man much, I the ſame ſtill,
An old rude Souldier, ſir.
Pol. Pray be plaine brother,
And tell me but the meaning of this viſion,
For to me it appeares no more : ſo farre
From common courſe and reaſon.
Mem. Thanke thee Fortune,
At length I have found the man : the man muſt do it,
The man in honour bound.
Pol. To doe what ?
Mem. Harke, for I will bleſſe ye with the circumſtance
Of that weak ſhaddow that appear'd.
Pol. Speake on ſir. *Walkes with him.*
Mem. It is no ſtorie for all eares.
Pol. The Princeſſe.
Mem. Peace and heare all : how ;
Eumen. Sure 'tis dangerous
He ſtarts ſo at it,
Pol. Your heart, doe ye know ſir.
Mem. Yes, pray thee be ſofter.
Pol. Me to doe it?
Mem. Only Reſerv'd, and dedicated.
Pol. For ſhame brother
Know, what ye are a man.
Mem. None of your *Athens*
Good ſweet ſir, no Philoſophy, thou feel'ſt not
The honourable end, foole.
Pol. I am ſure I feele
The ſhame & ſcorn that follows ; have ye ſerv'd thus long
The glory of your Country, in your Conqueſts,
The envy of your neighbours, in your vertues,
Rul'd Armies of your owne, given Lawes to Nations,
Belov'd and fear'd as far as Fame has travel'd,
Call'd the moſt fortunate and happy *Memnon*,
To looſe all here at home, poorely to looſe it,
Poorely and pettiſhly, ridiculouſly
To fling away your fortune ? where's your wiſdome ?
Where's that you govern'd others by, diſcretion?
Do's your Rule laſtly hold upon your ſelfe ? fie brother,
How are ye falne ? get up into your honour
The top branch of your bravery, and from thence
Looke and lament how little *Memnon* ſeemes now.
Mem. Hum! tis well ſpoken; but do'ſt thou think, young
The tongues of Angels from my happineſſe (ſcholler
Could turne the end I aime at ? no : they cannot;
This is no booke caſe brother : will ye doe it ?
Uſe no more art, I am reſolv'd.
Pol. Ye may, ſir
Command me to doe any thing that's honeſt,
And for your noble end : but this it carries.
Mem. Ye ſhall not be ſo honour'd ; live an Aſſe ſtill,
And learne to ſpell for profit : goe, goe ſtudie.
Eumen. Ye muſt not hold him up ſo, he is loſt then.
Mem. Get thee to ſchoole agen, and talke of turnips,
And find the naturall cauſe out, why a dog
Turnes thrice about e're he ly downe : there's learning.
Pol. Come, I will doe it now ; 'tis brave, I find it,
And now allow the reaſon.
Mem. O doe ye ſo ſir,
Doe ye find it currant ?
Pol. Yes, yes, excellent.
Mem. I told ye.
Pol. I was fooliſh : I have here too
The rareſt way to find the truth out ; hark ye,
Ye ſhall be rul'd by me.
Mem. I will be : but
Po. I reach it,
If the worſt fall, have at the worſt : wee'le both goe
But two dayes, and 'tis thus? ha;

Mem. 'Twill doe well ſo
Pol. Then if not excellent, doe ye conceive it
Mem. 'Twill worke for certaine *A bowle ready.*
Pol. O 'twill tickle her
And you ſhall know then by a line
Mem. I like it
But let me not be fool'd againe
Pol. Doubt nothing
You doe me wrong then, get ye in there privat
As I have taught ye; *Baſta*
Mem. Worke (*Exit Memnon.*)
Pol. I will doe
Eumen. Have ye found the cauſe
Pol. Yes, and the ſtraingeſt, Gentlemen,
That ere I heard of, anon ile tell ye; *Stremon*
Be you ſtill neere him to affect his fancie
And keepe his thoughts off: Let the Foole and Boy
Stay him, they may doe ſome pleaſure too; *Eumenes*
VVhat if he had a wench, an handſome whore brought
Rarely dreſt up, and taught to ſtate it?
Eumen. VVell Sir
Pol. His cauſe is meerly heat: and made beleeve
It were the Princeſſe mad for him,
Eumen. I thinke
'Twere not amiſſe.
1 *Cap.* And let him kiſſe her
Pol. VVhat els? (ſome
2 *Cap.* Ile be his bawde ant pleaſe you, young and hole-
I can aſſure ye he ſhall have
Eumen. Faith let him
Pol. A ſhall, I hope 'twill helpe him, walke a little
Ile tell you how his caſe ſtands, and my project
In which you muſt be mourners, but by all meanes
Stir not you from him: *Stremon.*
Strem. On our Lives Sir *Exeunt.*

Enter Prieſt and Chilax.

Prieſt. O y'ar a pretious Man; two daies in towne
And neuer ſee your old friend?
Chi. Prithe pardon me
Pr. And in my conſcience if I had not ſent
Chi. No more I would a come; I muſt
Pr. I find ye
God a mercy want, ye never care for me
But when your ſlops are emptie
Chi. Nere feare that wench
Shall find good currant coyne ſtill; is this the old houſe?
Pr. Have ye forgot it?
Chi. And the dore ſtill ſtanding
That goes into the Temple?
Pr. Still,
Chi. The Robes to,
That I was wount to ſhift in here?
Pr. All here ſtill (through?
Chi. O ye tuff rogue what troubles have I trotted
VVhat feares and frights, every poore mouſe a monſter
That I heard ſtir, and every ſtick I trod on
A ſharp ſting to my conſcience
Pr. Las poore conſcience,
Chi. And all to liquor thy old bootes wench
Pr. Out beaſt !
Chi. To new carine thy carkas, that's the truth on't
How does thy keele? does it need nayling? a tother
VVhen all thy linnen's up: and a more yare?
Pr. Fye, Fye Sir
Chi. Nere ſtem'd the ſtraights?
Pr. How you talke?
Chi. I am old wench,
And talking to an old Man is like a ſtomacher
It keepes his blood warme
Pr. But; pray tell me
Chi. Any thing
Pr. Where did the boy meet with ye, at a wench ſure,
At one end of a wench, a Cup of wine ſure
Chi. Thou know'ſt I am too honeſt
Prieſt. That's your fault
And that the Surgeon knowes
Chi. Then farewell
I will not faile ye ſoone
Prieſt. Ye ſhall ſtaye Supper
I have ſworne ye ſhall, by this ye ſhall
Chi. I will wench,
But after Supper for an houre, my buſines
Pr. And but an houre
Chi. No by this kiſſe, that ended
I will returne and all night in thine Armes wench (time
Pr. No more, ile take your meaning; come 'tis Suppe
Exeunt

Enter Calis, Cleanthe, Lucippe.

Calis. Thou art not well
Clean. Your grace ſees more a great deale
Then I feele (yet I lye) o brother !
Cal. Marke her,
Is not the quicknes of her ey conſumed, wench?
The livelye red and white?
Lucip. Nay ſhe is much alter'd
That on my underſtanding, all her ſleep's Ladie
Which were as ſound and ſweet
Cle. Pray doe not force me
Good Madam where I am not, to be ill,
Conceit's a double ſicknes; on my faith your highnes
Is meere miſtaken in me *A Dead March withi*
Cal. I am glad on't *of Drum and Sagbutt*
Yet this I have ever noted when thou waſt thus
It ſtill forerun ſome ſtrange event: my Siſter
Died when thou waſt thus laſt: harke harke ho,
What mournefull noyſe is this comes creeping forward
Still it growes neerer, neerer, do ye heare it?

Enter Polidor and Captaines.
Eumenes mourning.

Lucip. It ſeemes ſome Souldiers funerall: ſee it enters
Cal. What may it meane?
Pol. The Gods keep ye faire *Calis*
Cal. This man can ſpeake, and well; a ſtands and views us
Woo'd I were nere worſe look't upon: how humbly
His eyes are caſt now to the earth: pray marke him
And marke how rarely he has ranckt his troubles:
See now a weepes, they all weep; a ſweeter ſorrow
I never look't upon, nor one that braver
Became his griefe; your will with us.
Pol. Great Ladie *Plucks out the Cup*
Excellent beauty
Cal. He ſpeakes handſomelie
What a rare rhetorician his greif plaies,
That ſtop was admirable.
Pol. See ſee thou Princeſſe
Thou great commander of all hearts
Cal. I have found it,
Oh how my ſoule ſhakes:
Pol. See, ſee the noble hart
Of him that was the nobleſt: ſee and glory
Like the proud God himſelfe in what thou haſt purchas'd
Behold the heart of *Memnon*: does it ſtart ye?

Pol

Cal. Good gods, what has his wildenes done?
Pol. Looke boldlie
You boldlie ſed you durſt looke wretched woman,
Nay flie not back faire follie, 'tis too late now
Vertue and blooming honour bleed to death here,
Take it the Legacie of Love bequeath'd ye,
Of cruell Love, a cruell Legacie;
What was the will that wrought it? then can ye weepe?
Imbalme it in your trueſt teares?
If Women can weepe a truth, or ever ſorrow ſunck yet
Into the ſoule of your ſex, for 'tis a Jewell
The VVorlds worth cannot weigh downe, (ſorrowes
Take it Ladie; And with it all (I dare not curſe) my
And may they turne to Serpents.
Eumen. How ſhe lookes
Still upon him: ſee now a teare ſteales from her
2. Cap. But ſtill ſhe keepes her ey firme
Pol. Next read this,
But ſince I ſee your ſpirit ſomewhat troubled
Ile doe it for ye
2. Capt. Still ſhe eyes him mainlie

Goe happy heart for thou ſhalt ly
Intomb'd in her for whom I dy
Example of her cruelty.

Tell her if ſhe chance to chide
Me for ſlownes in her pride
That it was for her I died.

If a teare eſcape her eye
'Tis not for my memory
But thy rights of obſequy

The Altar was my loving breſt
My heart the ſacrificed beaſt
And I was my ſelfe the Preiſt

Your body was the ſacred ſhrine
Your cruell mind the power divine
Pleas'd with hearts of men not kine

Eumen. Now it poures downe
Pol. I like it rarelie Ladie
Eumen. How greedily ſhe ſwallowes up his language?
2. Cap. Her eye inhabits on him
Pol. Cruell Ladie,
Great as your beautie ſcornefull; had your power
But equall poiſe on all hearts; all hearts periſh't;
But *Cupid* has more ſhafts then one more flames too
And now he muſt be open ey'd, 'tis Juſtice:
Live to injoye your longing; live and laugh at
The loſſes and the miſeries we ſuffer;
Live to be ſpoken when your crueltie
Has cut of all the vertue from this Kingdome
Turned honour into earth, and faithfull ſervice
Cal. I ſweare his angers excellent
Pol. Truth and moſt tried love
Into diſdaine and downefall,
Calis. Still more pleaſing,
Pol. Live then I ſay famous for civill ſlaughters,
Live and lay out your triumphs, guild your glories
Live and be ſpoken this is ſhe, this Ladie
This goodly Ladie, yet moſt killing beautie;
This with the two edg'd eyes, the heart for hardnes
Out doing rockes; and coldnes, rockes of Chriſtall
This with the ſwelling ſoule, more coye of Courtſhip
Then the proud ſea is when the ſhores embrace him
Live till the mothers find ye; read your ſtory
And ſowe their barren curſes on your beauty,
Till thoſe that have enjoy'd their loves deſpiſe ye,
Till Virgins pray againſt ye, old age find ye
And even as waſted coales glow in their dying
So may the Gods reward ye in your aſhes:
But y'ar the Siſter of my King; more propheſies
Els I ſhould utter of ye true loves and loyall
Bleſſe themſelves ever from ye: ſo I leave ye
Calis. Prithee be angry ſtill young man: good faire Sir
Chide me againe, what woo'd this man doe pleas'd,
That in his paſſions can bewitch ſoules ſtay;
Eumen. Upon my life ſhe loves him
Calis. Pray ſtay
Po. No
Cal. I doe command ye
Po. No, ye cannot Ladie
I have a ſpell againſt yee, Faith and Reaſon,
Yee are to weak to reach me: I have a heart too;
But not for hawkes meat, Ladie
Cal. Even for Charity
Leave me not thus aflicted: you can teach me
Po. How can you Preach that Charitie to others
That in your owne ſoule are an Athieſt
Beleeving neither power nor feare: I trouble ye,
The Gods be good unto ye.
Cal. Amen.
Lucip. Ladie, *She Swounes*
Cle. O royall Madam, Gentlemen for heav'n ſake, *They*
Po. Give her freſh air ſhe comes again: away ſirs *come*
And here ſtand cloſe till we perceive the working *back.*
Eumen. Ye have undone all
Pol. So I feare
2. Cap. She loves ye
Eumen. And then all hopes loſt this way
Pol. Peace ſhe riſes
Clean. Now for my purpoſe Fortune
Calis. Wher's the Gentleman
Lucip. Gone Madam
Cal. Why gone?
Lucip. Has diſpatch't his buſines
Cal. A came to ſpeake with me
A did,
Clean. A did not
Cal. For I had many queſtions
Lucip. On my Faith Madam, he
Talk't a great while to ye
Cal. Thou conceiv'ſt not.
He talk't not as he ſhould doe; o my heart
Away with that ſad ſight; didſt thou ere love me?
Lucip. Why doe you make that queſtion?
Cal. If thou didſt
Run, run wench, run: nay ſee how thou ſtir'ſt
Lucip. Whither?
Cal. If 'twer for any thing to pleaſe thy ſelfe
Thou wood'ſt run to'th devill: but I am growne
Clean. Fie Ladie
Cal. I aſke none of your fortunes, nor your loves
None of your bent deſires I ſlack, ye are not
In love with all men, are ye? one for ſhame
You will leave your honour'd miſtris? why doe ye ſtare ſo
What is that ye ſee about mee, tell me;
Lord what am I become? I am not wilde ſure,
Heaven keepe that from me: o *Cleanthe* help me

You

Or I am ſuncke to death
Cle. Ye have offended and mightily, love is incenſt againſt yee
And therefore take my Councell, to the Temple
For that's the ſpeedieſt phyſick : before the Goddeſſe
Give your repentant prayers : aske her will
And from the Oracle attend your ſentence
She is milde and mercifull
Calis. I will : o *Venus*
Even as thou lov'ſt thy ſelfe
Clean. Now for my fortune *Exeunt Calis and Women.*
Pol. What ſhall I doe?
1. *Cap.* VVhy make your ſelfe
Po. I dare not
No Gentlemen I dare not be a villaine
Though her bright beauty would entice an Angell
I will to'th King my laſt hope : get him a Woman
As we before concluded : and as ye paſſe
Give out the Spartans are in armes ; and terrible
And let ſome letters to that end be fain'd too
And ſent to you, ſome Poets too, to the Generall
And let me worke : be nere him ſtill,
Eumen. We will Sir
Pol. Farwell : and pray for all : what 'ere I will ye
Doe it, and hope a faire end
Eumen. The Gods ſpeed ye. *Exeunt.*

Enter Stremon, Foole, Boy, and Servants.

Servant. He lies quiet
Strem. Let him lye, and as I told ye
Make ready for this ſhew : h'as divers times
Been calling upon *Orpheus* to appeare
And ſhew the joyes:now I wilbe that *Orpheus*
And as I play and ſing like beaſts and trees
I woo'd have you ſhapt and enter : thou a Dog foole,
I have ſent about your ſutes : the Boy a buſh,
An Aſſe you, you a Lion
Foole. I a dog?
Ile fit you for a Dog. Bow wow
Strem. 'Tis excellent
Steale in and make no noiſe
Foole. Bow wow
Strem. Away rogue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prieſt and Chilax.

Prieſt. Good ſweet friend be not long
Chi. Thou think'ſt each houre ten
Till I be ferreting
Pr. You know I love ye
Chi. I will not be above an houre; let thy robe be readie
And the doore be kept *Knock.*
Pr. Who knocks there? *Cleanthe knocks within.*
Yet more buſines?

Enter Cleanthe.

Chi. Have ye more penſioners, the Princeſſe woman?
Nay then ile ſtay a little, what games a foote now?
Clean. Now is the time
Chi. A rancke bawde by this hand too
She grinds a both ſides : hey boyes
Prieſt. How, your brother *Siphax*?
Loves he the Princeſſe?
Cle. Deadlie, and you know
He is a Gentleman deſcended noblie.
Chi. But a ranck knave as ever piſt
Cle. Hold Mother
Heres more gold and ſome jewells
Chi. Heres no villany
I am glad I came to'th hearing
Pr. Alas Daughter,
What would ye have me doe?
Chi. Hold off ye old whore ;
Ther's more gold comming ; alls mine all,
Cle. Doe ye ſhrink now,
Did ye not promiſe faithfully and told me
Through any danger?
Pr. Any I can wade through
Cle. Ye ſhall, and eaſilie, the ſin not ſeene neither
Heres for a better ſtole and a new vaile mother
Come ye ſhall be my friend : if all hit
Chi. Hang me
Ile make ye richer then the Goddeſſe.
Pr. Say then
I am yours, what muſt I doe:
Cle. I'th morning
But very early, will the Princeſſe viſit
The Temple of the Goddeſſe, being troubled
With ſtrange things that diſtract her:from the Oracle
(Being ſtrongly too in love) ſhe will demand
The Goddeſſe pleaſure, and a Man to cure her,
That Oracle you give : deſcribe my Brother
You know him perfectly.
Pr. I have ſeene him often
Cle. And charge her take the next man ſhe ſhall meet with
When ſhe comes out ; you underſtand me
Pr. VVell.
Cle. Which ſhalbe he attending ; this is all
And eaſily without ſuſpition ended,
Nor none dare diſobey, 'tis Heaven that does it,
And who dares croſſe it then, or once ſuſpect it?
The venture is moſt eaſie.
Pr. I will doe it
Clean. As ye ſhall proſper
Pr. As I ſhall proſper.
Cle. Take this too, and farewell ; but firſt harke hither
Chi. What a young whores this to betray her miſtris?
A thouſand Cuckolds ſhall that husband be,
That marries thee, thou art ſo miſchievous.
Ile put a ſpoke among your wheeles
Clean. Be conſtant
Pr. 'Tis done
Chi. Ile doe no more at drop ſhot then *Exit Chilax.*
Pr. Farewell wench. *Exeunt Prieſt and Cleanthe*

Finis Actus Tertii.

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter a Servant and R. Bax, and Stremon at the doore.

Servant. A ſtirs a ſtirs
Strem. Let him, I am ready for him,
He ſhall not this day periſh, if his paſſions
May bee fed with Muſick ; are they ready

Enter Memnon.

Ser. All, all : ſee where he comes
Strem. Ile be ſtraight for him. *Exit Stremon.*

Enter Eumenes and Captaines.

Ser. How ſad he lookes and ſullen. *Stand cloſe.*
Here are the Captaines : my feares paſt now.
Mem. Put caſe i'th other world
She doe not love me neither : I am old 'tis certaine
Eumen. His ſpirit is a little quieter.
Mem. My blood loſt and my limbes ſtif ; my embraces

Like the cold ſtubborne barkes : hoarie and heatles
My words worſe : my fame only and atcheivements
Which are my ſtrength, my blood, my youth, my faſhion,
Muſt woe her, win her, wed her ; that's but wind,
And Women are not brought to bed with ſhadowes :
I doe her wrong, much wrong ; ſhe is young and bleſſed,
Sweet as the ſpring, and as his bloſſomes tender,
And I a nipping north wind, my head hung
With hailes, and froſtie Iſicles : are the ſoules ſo too
When they depart hence, lame and old, and love les?
No ſure, 'tis ever youth there ; Time and Death
Follow our fleſh no more : and that forc'd opinion
That Spirits have no ſexes, I beleive not

Enter Stremon like Orpheus.

There muſt be love, there is love ? what art thou.

SONG.

Stre. *Orpheus, I am come from the deep's below,*
To thee fond man the plagues of love to ſhow :
To the faire fields where loves eternall dwell
Ther's none that come, but firſt they paſſe through hell:
Harke and beware, unleſſe thou haſt loved ever,
Beloved againe, thou ſhalt ſee thoſe joyes never.

Hark how they graone that dyed deſpairing,
O take heed then :
Hark how they houle for over daring
All theſe were men.

They that be fooles, and dye for fame
They looſe their name,
And they that bleed
Harke how they ſpeed.

Now in cold froſts, now ſcorching fires,
They ſit and curſe their loſt deſires :
Nor ſhall theſe ſoules be free from paines and feares,
Till Women waft them over in their teares.

Mem. How ſhould I know my paſſage is deni'de me
Or which of all the Devills dare
Eumen. This Song
Was rarely formed to fit him.

SONG.

Orph. *Charon o Charon*
Thou wafter of the ſoules to bliſſe or bane
Cha. *Who calls the Fery man of Hell?*
Or. *Come near*
And ſay who lives in joye, and whom in feare.
Cha. *Thoſe that dye well ; Eternall joy ſhall follow,*
Thoſe that dye ill ; their owne ſoule fate ſhall ſwallow.
Orph. *Shall thy black Bark thoſe guilty ſpirits ſtow*
That kill themſelves for love ?
Cha. *O no no.*
My cordage crackes when ſuch great ſins are neare
No winde blowes faire, nor I my ſelfe can ſteare
Orph. *What lovers paſſe and in Elizium raigne?*
Cha. *Thoſe gentle loves that are belov'd againe.*
Orph. *This Souldier Loves, and faine wood dye to win,*
Shall he goe on?
Cha. No *'tis too foule a ſin*
He muſt not come a boord : I dare not rowe,
Stormes of deſpaire, and guilty blood will blowe.
Orph. *Shall time releaſe him ſaye ?*
Cha. No, *no, no no.*
Nor time nor death can alter us, nor prayer;
My boate is deſtinie, and who then dare
But thoſe appointed come aboord : Live ſtill,
And love by reaſon mortall not by will,
Or. *And when thy Miſtris ſhall cloſe up thine eyes*
Cha. *Then come a boord and paſſe,*
Or. *Till when be wiſe*
Cha. *Till when be wiſe.*

Eumen. How ſtill he ſitts: I hope this Song has ſetled him
1. *Cap.* He bites his lipp, and rowles his fierce eyes yet
I feare for all this –
2. *Cap.* Stremon ſtill apply to him; (vinely
Strem. Give me more roome then, ſweetlie ſtrike di-
Such ſtraines and old earth moves at
Or. The power I have over both Beaſt and plant,
Thou man alone feelſt miſerable want *Muſic.*
Strike your rare Spirits that attend my will,
And looſe your ſavage wildneſſe by my skill.

Enter a Maske of Beaſts.

This Lion was a man of Warre that died,
As thou wouldſt doe to guild her Ladies pride
This Dog a foole that hung himſelfe for love ;
This Ape with daily hugging of a glove,
Forgot to eat and died. This goodly tree,
An uſher that ſtill grew before his Ladie,
Wither'd at roote. This, for he could not wooe,
A grumbling Lawyer : This pyed Bird a page,
That melted out becauſe he wanted age.
Still theſe lye houling on the ſtigian ſhore,
O love no more, o love no more.

Exit Memnon.

Eumen. He ſteales off ſilently, as though he would ſleep,
No more but all be nere him, feed his fancie
Good *Stremon* ſtill ; this may lock up his follie,
Yet Heaven knowes I muſt feare him ; away ſoftly.

Exeunt Captains.

Foole. Did I not doe moſt doggedly?
Strem. Moſt rarelie?
Foole. Hee's a brave man' when ſhall we dog agen;
Boy. Unty me firſt for Gods ſake, (honny *Stremon*
Foole. Helpe the Boye; hee's in a wood poore child: good
Lets have a beare baiting ; ye ſhall ſee me play
The rareſt for a ſingle Dog : at head all;
And if I doe not win immortall glorie,
Play, Dog, play Devill.
Strem. Peace for this time,
Foole. Prithee.
Lets ſing him a blacke Santis, then lets all howle,
In our owne beaſtly voices ; tree keepe your time,
Untye there ; bow, wow, wow.
Strem. Away ye Aſſe, away,
Foole. VVhy let us doe ſomething,
To ſatisfie the Gentleman, hee's mad ;
A Gentleman like humour and in faſhion,
And muſt have men as mad about him.
Strem. Peace
And come in quicklie, 'tis ten to one els
Heel find a ſtaffe to beat a dog ; no more words,
Ile get ye all imployment ; ſoft, ſoft, in all, *Exeunt.*

Enter Chilax and Cloe.

Chi. VVhen cameſt thou over wench ?
Clo. But now this evening,
And have bin ever ſince looking out *Siphax*,
Ith' warres he would have lookt me : ſure has gotten
Some other Miſtris.
Chi. A thouſand wench, a thouſand

They are as common here as Caterpillers
Among the corne, they eat up all the Souldiers,
Clo. Are they ſo hungry ? yet by their leave *Chilax*,
Ile have a ſnatch too.
Chi. Doſt thou love him ſtill wench ?
Clo. Why ſhould I not ? he had my Maiden head
And all my youth.
Chi. Thou art come the happieſt
In the moſt bleſſed time, ſweet wench the fitteſt,
If thou darſt make thy fortune : by this light, *Cloe*
And ſo ile kiſs thee : and if thou wilt but let me,
For 'tis well worth a kindnes.
Clo. What ſhood I let ye?
Chi. Enjoye thy miniken
Clo. Thou art ſtill old *Chilax*.
Chi. Still ſtill and ever ſhalbe : if, I ſay, (wench
Thou wo't ſtrike the ſtroke : I cannot doe much harme
Clo. Nor much good
Chi. *Siphax* ſhall be thy Husband,
Thy very Husband woman, thy foole, thy Cuckold,
Or what thou wilt make him : I am over joy'd,
Raviſht cleane raviſht with this fortune ; kiſs me,
Or I ſhall looſe my ſelf,
Clo. My Husband ſed ye?
Chi. Sed I ?and will ſay *Cloe* ; nay and doe it
And doe it home to ; Peg thee as cloſe to him
As birdes are with a pinne to one another ;
I have it I can doe it : thou wants clothes too,
And heel be hanged unles he marry thee
Ere he maintaine thee :nowhe has Ladies, Courtiers
More then his back can bend at?multitudes
We are taken up for threſhers, will ye bite ?
Clo. Yes
Chi. And let me -
Clo. Yes and let ye -
Chi. VVhat!
Clo. VVhy that ye wo't of,
Chi. The turne the good turne?
Clo. Any turne the Roche turne; (bellie,
Chi. That's the right turne for that turnes up the
I cannot ſtay, take your inſtructions
And ſomething toward howſhold, come, what ever
I ſhall adviſe ye follow it exactlie
And keep your times I point ye ; for ile tell ye
A ſtrange way you muſt wade through.
Clo. Feare not me Sir,
Chi. Come then, and lets diſpatch this modicum
For I have but an howre to ſtay, a ſhort one
Beſides more water for another mill
An old weake over ſhot I muſt provide for,
Ther's an old Nunnerie at hand.
Clo. VVhat's that
Chi. A bawdie Houſe,
Clo. A pox conſume it
Chi. If the ſtones ('tis buil't on)
Were but as brickle as the fleſh lives in it,
Your curſe came handſomlie:feare not, ther's Ladies,
And other good ſad people : your pinkt Citizens
That thinke no ſhame to ſhake a ſheet there:Come wench
Exeunt.

Enter Cleanthe and Siphax.

Clean. A Souldier and ſo fearefull?
Si. Can ye blame me;
VVhen ſuch a waite lies on me ?
Cle. Fye upon ye
I tell ye, ye ſhall have her : have her ſafelie,
And for your wife with her owne will,
Si. Good Siſter-
Cle. What a diſtruſtfull man are you ? to morrow,
To morrow morning -
Si. Is it poſſible?
Can there be ſuch a happines?
Cle. Why hang me
If then ye be not married : if to morrow night,
Ye doe not -
Si. O deare Siſter -
Cle. What ye woo'd doe
What ye deſire to doe; lie with her:Devill,
What a dull man are you?
Si. Nay I believe now,
And ſhall ſhe love me?
Cle. As her life and ſtroke ye,
Si. O I will be her ſervant,
Cle. 'Tis your dutie,
Si. And ſhe ſhall have her whole will,
Cle. Yes 'tis reaſon,
She is a Princes, and by that rule boundles
Si. What wood' you be, for I woo'd have ye Siſter
Chuſe ſome great place about us : as her woman
Is not ſo fit,
Cle. No,no, I ſhall find places:
Si. And yet to be a Ladie of her bedchamber,
I hold not ſo fit neither,
Some great title, beleeve it ſhall be look't out.
Clean. Ye may a Dutcheſſe
Or ſuch a toye, a ſmall thing pleaſes me Sir
Si. What you will Siſter : if a neighbour Prince,
When we ſhall come to raigne -
Cle. We ſhall thinke on't,
Be ready at the time and in that place too,
And let me worke the reſt, within this halfhoure;
The Princeſs will be going, 'tis almoſt morning
Away and mind your buſines,
Si. Fortune bleſſe us. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, Polidor and Lords.

Pol. I doe beſeech your grace to baniſh me.
King. Why Gentleman is ſhe not worthy marriage?
Po. Moſt worthy, Sir, where worth againe ſhall meet her,
But I like thicke clouds ſailing ſlow and heavy,
Although by her drawne higher, yet ſhall hide her
I dare not be a traitor; and 'tis treaſon,
But to imagin:as you love your honour --
King. 'Tis her firſt maiden doting and if croſt,
I know it kills her.
1 *Lord.* How knowes your grace ſhe loves him?
King. Her woman told me all ; beſide his ſtory
Her maid *Lucippe*, on what reaſon to,
And tis beyond all but enjoying.
Po. Sir.
Even by your wiſedome ; by that great diſcretion
Ye owe to rule and order --
2 *Lord.* This man's mad ſure,
To plead againſt his fortune -
1 *Lord.* And the King too,
Willing to have it ſo?
Po. By thoſe dead Princes
From whoſe deſcents ye ſtand a ſtarre admired at,
Lay not ſo baſe a lay upon your vertues
Take heed for honours ſake take heed : the bramble
No wiſe man ever planted by the roſe,
It canckers all her beauty ; nor the vine
When her full bluſhes courts the ſun dares any

Choake

Choke up with wanton Ivy? good my Lords,
Who builds a monument, the Baſis Jaſper,
And the maine body Brick?
2 *Lord.* Ye wrong your worth,
Ye are a Gentleman deſcended nobly.
1 *Lord.* In both bloods truly noble.
King. Say ye were not,
My will can make ye ſo.
Po. No, never, never;
'Tis not deſcent, nor will of Princes does it,
'Tis Vertue which I want, 'tis Temperance,
Man, honeſt man, is't fit your Majeſty
Should call my drunkenneſſe, my raſhneſſe brother?
Or ſuch a bleſſed Maid my breach of faith,
For I am moſt lacivious; and fell angers
In which I am alſo miſchievous, her husband?
O Gods preſerve her! I am wild as Winter,
Ambitious as the Devill: out upon me,
I hate my ſelfe, ſir, if ye dare beſtow her
Upon a Subject, ye have one deſerves her.
King. But him ſhe does not love: I know your meaning.
This young mans love unto his noble brother,
Appeares a mirrour; what muſt now be done Lords?
For I am gravel'd, if ſhe have not him,
She dies for certaine, if his brother miſſe her,
Farewell to him, and all our honours.
1 *Lord.* He is dead, ſir,
Your Grace has heard of that, and ſtrangely.
King. No,
I can aſſure ye no, there was a trick in't,
Read that, and then know all; what ailes the gentleman?
Hold him; how doe ye ſir? *Polidor is ſick ath' ſudden.*
Pol. Sick ath' the ſudden,
Extreamly ill, wondrous ill.
King. Where did it take ye?
Pol. Here in my head ſir, and my heart, for heaven ſake.
King. Conduct him to his chamber preſently,
And bid my Doctors——
Po. No, I ſhall be well ſir,
I doe beſeech your Grace, even for the Gods ſake
Remember my poore brother, I ſhall pray then.
King. Away, he growes more weaker ſtill: I will do it,
Or heaven forget me ever. Now your Counſells, *Exit.*
For I am at my wits end; what with you ſir? *Polidor.*

Enter Meſſenger with a Letter.

Meſſ. Lerters from warlike *Pelius.*
King. Yet more troubles?
The Spartans are in Armes, and like to win all:
Supplies are ſent for, and the Generall;
This is more croſſe then tother; come let's to him,
For he muſt have her, 'tis neceſſitie,
Or we muſt loſe our honours, let's plead all,
For more then all is needfull; ſhew all reaſon
If love can heare a that ſide, if ſhe yeild
We have fought beſt, and won the nobleſt field. *Exeunt.*

Enter Eumenes, Captaines, Stremon.

1 *Cap.* I have brought the wench, a luſty wench,
And ſomewhat like the Princeſſe.
Eumen. 'Tis the better, let's ſee her,
And goe you in and tell him, that her Grace
Is come to viſit him? how ſleeps he *Stremon?*
Strem. He cannot, only thinkes, and calls on *Polidor,*
Swears a will not be fool'd; ſometimes he rages,
And ſometimes ſits and muſes. *Exit. Stre.*

Enter Whoore, Captaine.

Eume. He's paſt all helpe ſure?
How doe ye like her?
2 *Capt.* Byth' maſſe a good round Virgin,
And at firſt ſight reſembling, ſhe is well cloth'd too.
Eume. But is ſhe ſound?
2 *Cap.* Of wind and limbe, I warrrant her.
Eume. You are inſtructed Lady?
Who. Yes, and know ſir
How to behave my ſelfe, ne're feare.
Eume. *Polibius,*
Where did he get this Vermin?
1 *Cap.* Hang him Badger, (mates,
There's not a hole free from him, whores and whores
Doe all pay him obedience.
Eume. Indeed i'th' war,
His quarter was all whore, whore upon whore,
And linde with a whore, beſhrew me 'tis a faire whore.
1 *Cap.* She has ſmockt away her blood; but fair or foule,
Or blind or lame, that can but lift her leg up
Comes not amiſſe to him, he rides like a night mare,
All ages, all Religions.
Eume. Can ye ſtate it?
Who. I'le make a ſhift.
Eume. He muſt lie with ye, Lady.
Who. Let him, he's not the firſt man I have lain with,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt.

Enter Memnon.

2 *Cap.* A comes, no more words,
She has her leſſon throughly; how he views her?
Eumen. Goe forward now, ſo, bravely, ſtand!
Mem. Great Lady,
How humbly I am bound——
Who. You ſhall not kneele ſir,
Come, I have done you wrong; ſtand up my Souldier,
And thus I make amends—— *Kiſſes him.*
Eumen. A plague confound ye,
Is this your ſtate?
2 *Cap.* 'Tis well enough.
Mem. O Lady,
Your royall hand, your hand my deareſt beauty
Is more then I muſt purchaſe: here divine one,
I dare revenge my wrongs: ha?
1 *Cap.* A dam'd foule one.
Eum. The Lees of baudie prewnes: mourning gloves?
All ſpoyl'd by heaven.
Mem. Ha! who art thou?
2 *Cap.* A ſhame on ye,
Ye clawing ſcabby whore.
Mem. I ſay, who art thou?
Eumen. Why 'tis the Princeſſe ſir.
Mem. The divell ſir,
'Tis ſome rogue thing.
Who. If this abuſe be love ſir,
Or I that laid aſide my modeſty--
Eum. So far thou't never find it.
Mem. Doe not weepe,
For if ye be the Princeſſe, I will love ye,
Indeed I will, and honour ye, fight for ye,
Come, wipe your eyes; by heaven ſhe ſtinkes; who art ta?
Stinkes like a poyſon'd Ratt behind a hanging?
Woman, who art ta? like a rotten Cabbage.
2 *Cap.* Y'ar much to blame ſir, 'tis the Princeſſe.
Mem. How?
Shee the Princeſſe?

Eumen. And the loving Princeſſe.
1.*Capt.* Indeed the doting Princeſſe.
Mem. Come hither once more,
The Princeſſe ſmells like mornings breath, pure Amber,
Beyond the courted Indies in her ſpices,
Still a dead rat by heaven; thou art a Princeſſe.
Eumen. What a dull whore is this?
Mem. I'le tell ye preſently,
For if ſhe be a Princeſſe, as ſhe may be
And yet ſtink too, and ſtrongly, I ſhall find her;
Fetch the Numidian Lyon I brought over,
If ſhe be ſprung from royall blood, the Lyon
He'l doe ye reverence, els
Who. I beſeech your Lordſhip?
Eumen. He'l teare her all to pieces.
Who. I am no Princeſſe, ſir.
Mem. Who brought thee hither?
2.*Capt.* If ye confeſſe, wee'll hang ye.
Who. Good my Lord;
Mem. Who art thou then?
Who. A poore retaining whore, ſir,
To one of your Lordſhips Captaines.
Mem. Alas poore whore,
Go, be a whore ſtill, and ſtinke worſe: *Ha, ha ha Ex. Cloe*
What fooles are theſe, and coxcombes? *Exit. Memnon.*
Eumen. I am right glad yet,
He takes it with ſuch lightneſſe.
1.*Cap.* Me thinkes his face too,
Is not ſo clouded as it was; how he lookes?
Eumen. Where's your dead Rat?
2.*Cap.* The divell dine upon her
Lyons, why what a medicine had he gotten
To try a whore?

Enter Stremon.

Stre. Here's one from *Polidor* ſtaies to ſpeak with ye.
Eume. With whom?
Stre. With all; where has the Generall bin?
Hee's laughing to himſelfe extreamly.
Eumen. Come,
I'le tell thee how: I am glad yet he's ſo merry. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quarti.

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Chilax and Prieſt, Calis, Lady and Nun.

Chi. What lights are thoſe that enter there, ſtill neerer?
Plague a your rotten itch, do you draw me hither
Into the Temple to betray me? was there no place
To ſatisfie your ſin in? Gods forgive me,
Still they come forward;
Prieſt. Peace ye foole, I have found it,
'Tis the young Princeſſe *Calis.*
Chi. 'Tis the divell
To claw us for our catterwawling.
Pri. Retire ſoftly,
I did not looke for you theſe two houres, Lady,
Beſhrew your haſt: that way,
Chi, That goes to th'Altar?
Ye old blind Beaſt.
Pr. I know not any way;
Still they come nearer,
I'le in to th'Oracle;
Chi. That's well remembred Ile in with ye;
Pr. Doe. *Exeunt Prieſt & Chilax.*

Enter Calis and her Traine with lights ſinging; Lucippe, Cleanthe.

SONG.

O faire ſweet Goddeſſe Queene of Loves,
Soft and gentle, as thy Doves,
Humble ey'd, and ever ruing
Thoſe poore hearts, their Loves purſuing:
O thou mother of delights,
Crowner of all happy nights,
Star of deare content, and pleaſure,
Of mutuall loves the endleſſe treaſure,
Accept this ſacrifice we bring
Thou continuall youth and Spring,
Grant this Lady her deſires,
And every houre, wee'll crown thy fires.

Enter a Nun.

Nun. *You about her all retyre,*
Whilſt the Princeſſe feedes the fire,
When your Devotions ended be
To the Oracle I will attend ye. Exit. Nun & draws
the Curten cloſe to *Calis.*

Enter Stremon and Eumenes.

Strem. Hee will abroad.
Eumen. How does his humour hold him? (too,
Strem. He is now growne wondrous ſad weeps ofte
Talkes of his brother to himſelfe, ſtarts ſtrangely.
Eum. Does he not curſe?
Stre. No.
Eum. Nor breake out in furie,
Offering ſome new attempt?
Stre. Neither, toth' Temple
Is all we heare of now: what there he will doe;
Eumen. I hope repent his folly, let's be neare him.
Strem. Where are the reſt?
Eumen. About a buſineſſe
Concernes him mainly, if heav'n cure this madneſſe,
He's man for ever *Stremon.*
Strem. Does the King know it?
Eumen. Yes, and much troubled with it, is now gone
To ſeeke his ſiſter out.
Come let's away then. *Exeunt Eumen. Stremon, Caliſ.*

Enter Nun, ſhe opens the Curtain to Calis.
Calis at the Oracle, Arras.

Nun. Peace to your praiers Lady, will it pleaſe ye
To paſſe on to the Oracle.
Calis. Moſt humblie. *Chilax & Prieſt in the Oracle.*
Chi. Doe ye heare that?
Pr. Yes, lie cloſe.
Chi. A wildfire take ye,
What ſhall become of me? I ſhall be hang'd now.
Is this a time to ſhake? a halter ſhake ye,
Come up and juggle, come.
Pr. I am monſtrous fearfull.
Chi. Up ye old gaping Oyſter, up and anſwer,
A mouldie mange upon your chops, ye told me
I was ſafe here till the Bell rung.
Pr. I was prevented,
And did not looke theſe three houres for the Princeſſe.
Chi. Shall we be taken?
Pr. Speake for loves ſake *Chilax*?
I can not, nor I dare not, (that
Chi. I'le ſpeake treaſon, for I had as lieve be hang'd for
Pr. Good *Chilax.*

Chi. Muſt it be ſung or ſed? what ſhall I tell 'em?
They are here? here now preparing.
Pr. O, my conſcience! (now?
Chi. Plague a your ſpurgall'd conſcience, does it tyre
Now when it ſhould be tuffeſt? I could make thee——.
Pr. Save us, wee are both undone elſe.
Chi. Downe ye dog then,
Be quiet, and be ſtanch to no inundations.
Nun. Here kneele againe, and *Venus* grant your wiſhes.

Calis. *O Divine ſtarre of Heaven,*
Thou in power above the ſeven:
Thou ſweet kindler of deſires,
Till they grow to mutuall fires:
Thou, O gentle Queen that art,
Curer of each wounded heart.
Thou the fuell, and the flame;
Thou in heaven, and here the ſame:
Thou the wooer, and the wood:
Thou the hunger, and the food:
Thou the prayer, and the prayed;
Thou what is, or ſhall be ſaid:
Thou ſtill young, and golden treſſed,
Make me by thy Anſwer bleſſed.

Chi. When?
Pr. Now ſpeake handſomly, and ſmall by all meanes,
I have told ye what. *Thunder.*
Chi. But I'le tell you a new tale
Now for my necke verſe; I have heard thy prayers,
And marke me well.

Muſicke. *Venus deſcends.*

Nun. The Goddeſſe is diſpleaſed much,
The Temple ſhakes and totters: ſhe appeares,
Bow, Lady, bow.

Venus. *Purge me the Temple round,*
And live by this example henceforth ſound
Virgin, I have ſeene thy teares,
Heard thy wiſhes and thy feares,
Thy holy Incence flew above,
Harke therefore, thy doome in love,
Had thy heart bin ſoft at firſt,
Now thou had'ſt alayd thy thirſt:
Had thy ſtubborne will but bended,
All thy ſorrows here had ended;
Therefore be juſt in love,
And ſtrange fortune thou muſt prove,
And, for thou haſt bin ſterne and coy,
A dead love thou ſhalt enjoy.

Calis. O gentle goddeſſe!
Venus. Riſe, thy doome is ſed,
And feare not; I ſhall pleaſe thee with the dead, *Venus*
Nun. Goe up into the Temple and there end *aſcends.*
Your holy rites, the Goddeſſe ſmiles upon ye.
Exeunt. Cal. & Nun.

Enter Chilax in his Robe.

Chi. I'le no more Oracles, nor Miracles,
Nor no more Church worke, Ile be drawn & hang'd firſt:
Am not I torne a pieces with the thunder?
Death, I can ſcarce believe I live yet,
It gave me on the buttocks, a cruell, a huge bang,
I had as lieue a had 'em ſcratcht with dog-whips;
Be quiet henceforth, now ye feele the end on't,
I would adviſe ye my old friends the good gentlewoman
Is ſtrucken dumbe, and there her grace ſits mumping
Like an old Ape eating a Brawn: ſure the good Goddeſſe
Knew my intent was honeſt, to ſave the Princeſſe.
And how we young men are entic'd to wickedneſſe
By theſe lewd women, I had paid for't els too:
I am monſtrous holy now, and cruel fearefull,
O! 'twas a plaguy thump, charg'd with a vengeance.
Enter Siphax walkes ſoftly over the Stage,
and goes in.
Woo'd I were well at home; the beſt is 'tis not day:
Who's that? ha? *Siphax*? I'le be with you anon, ſir,
Ye ſhall be Oracled I warrant ye,
And thunderd too as well as I: your Lordſhip
Enter Memnon, Eumenes, Stremon, and
two carrying Torches.
Muſt needs enjoy the Princeſſe, yes, ha! torches?
And *Memnon* comming this way, he's dog mad,
And ten to one appearing thus unto him,
Hee worries me, I muſt goe by him.
Eumen. Sir?
Mem. Aske me no further queſtions; what art thou?
How doſt thou ſtare? ſtand off; nay looke upon me,
I doe not ſhake, nor feare thee.—— *Drawes his ſword.*
Chi. A will kill me,
This is for Church worke.
Mem. Why doſt thou appeare now?
Thou wert fairly ſlain: I know thee *Diocles,*
And know thine envie to mine honour: but——
Chi. Stay *Memnon,*
I am a Spirit, and thou canſt not hurt me.
Eumen. This is the voyce of *Chilax.*
Strem. What makes he thus?
Chi. 'Tis true that I was ſlaine in field, but fowly
By multitudes not manhood: therefore marke me,
I doe appeare againe to quit mine honour,
And on thee ſingle.
Mem. I accept the challenge.
Where?
Chi. On the Stigian banks
Mem. When?
Chi. Four dayes hence.
Mem. Goe noble Ghoſt, I will attend.
Chi. I thanke ye.
Strem. Ye have ſav'd your throat and handſomly:
Farwell ſir. *Exi. Chi.*
Mem. Sing me the Battell of *Peluſium,*
In which this Worthie died.
Eumen. This will ſpoile all, and make him worſe
Then ere he was, ſitt downe ſir,
And give your ſelfe to reſt.

Song.

ARme, arme, arme, arm, the Scouts are all come in
Keepe your rankes cloſe and now your honours win.
Behold from yonder hill, the foe appeares,
Bowes, bills glaves arrowes ſhields, and Speares,
Like a darke wood he comes, or tempeſt powring,
O view the wings of horſe the meadows ſcowring,
The vant-guard marches bravely, hark the Drums——dub,
They meet they meet, now the Battell comes, (dub,
See how the Arrows fly
That darken all the skie,
Harke how the Trumpets ſound,
Hark how the hills rebound, ——Tara-tara-tara.

Hark how the horſes charge:in boyes in boyes in,- tara,tara,
The Battell totters; now the wounds begin,
O how they cry,
O how they dy.
Roome for the valiant Memnon, *arm'd with thunder,*
See how he breakes the rankes aſunder:
They fly, they flie, Eumenes *has the Chace,*
And brave Polibius, *makes good his place.*
To the plaines to the Woods,
To the Rocks to the floods,
They fly for ſuccour: Follow, follow, follow, Hey,hey.
Harke how the Souldiers hollow
Brave Diocles *is dead,*
And all his Souldiers fled,
The battell's won, and loſt,
That many a life hath coſt.

Mem. Now forward to the Temple. *Exeunt.*

Enter Chilax.

Chi. Are ye gone?
How have I ſcapt this morning? by what miracle?
Sure I am ordain'd for ſome brave end.

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. How is it?
Chi. Come, 'tis as well as can be.
Cloe. But is it poſſible
This ſhould be true you tell me?
Chi. 'Tis moſt certaine.
Cloe. Such a groſſe Aſſe to love the Princeſſe?
Chi. Peace,
Pull your robe cloſe about ye: you are perfect
In all I taught ye.
Cloe. Sure.
Chi. Gods give thee good luck,
'Tis ſtrange my braines ſhould ſtill be beating knaverie
For all theſe dangers: but they are needfull miſchiefes,
And ſuch are Nuts to me,and I muſt doe'em,
You will remember me——
Cloe. By this kiſſe *Chilax.*
Chilax. No more of that,I feare another Thunder.
Cloe. We are not i'th' Temple man.

Enter Siphax.

Chi. Peace, here he comes, *(and Cloe.*
Now to our buſineſſe handſomely:away now. *Exi.Chilax*
Siph. 'Twas ſure the Princeſſe,for he kneel'd unto her,
And ſhe lookt every way: I hope the Oracle
Has made me happy: me I hope ſhe lookt for.

Enter Chilax and Cloe at the other doore.

Fortune,I will ſo honour thee, Love ſo adore thee,
She is here againe lookes round about againe too,
'Tis done, I know 'tis done; 'tis *Chilax* with her,
And I ſhall know of him; whoſe that?
Chi. Speake ſoftly,
The Princeſſe from the Oracle.
Siph. She views me,
By heav'n ſhe beckens me.
Chi. Come neare, ſhe woo'd have ye.
Si. O royall Lady. *Kiſſes her hand.* (lence
Chi. She wills ye read that, for belike ſhe's bound to ſi-
For ſuch a time; ſhe is wondrous gracious to ye.
Si. Heav'n make me thankfull.
Chi. She woo'd have ye read it, *He Reads.*
Si. Siphax, the will of Heaven hath caſt me on thee
To be thy wife, whoſe will muſt be obay'd:
Uſe me with honour, I ſhall love thee dearly,
And make thee underſtand thy worths hereafter;
Convey me to a ſecret Ceremony,
That both our hearts and loves may be united,
And uſe no language, till before my brother
We both appeare, where I will ſhew the Oracle,
For till that time I am bound, I muſt not anſwer.
Siph. O happy I!
Chi. Ye are a made man.
Siph. But *Chilax*
Where are her women?
Chi. None but your Graces Siſter,
Becauſe ſhe would have it privat to the world yet,
Knowes of this buſineſſe.
Siph. I ſhall thanke the *Chilax*,
Thou art a carefull man.
Chi. Your Graces ſervant.
Siph. I'le find a fit place for thee.
Chi. If you will not,
There's a good Lady will, ſhe points yee forward,
Away and take your fortune; not a word ſir,
So,you are greas'd I hope. *Exit.Siph.& Cloe.manet Chi.*

Enter Stremon, Foole and Boy.

Chi. Stremon, Foole, Picus.
Where have you left your Lord?
Strem. I'th' Temple,*Chilax.*
Chi. Why are ye from him?
Strem. Why the King is with him,
And all the Lords.
Chi. Is not the Princeſſe there too?
Strem. Yes,
And the ſtrangeſt coile amongſt 'em: She weeps bitterly;
The King entreats, and frownes, my Lord like Autumne
Drops off his hopes by handfulls, all the Temple
Sweats with this Agonie.
Chi. Where's young *Polidor*?
Strem. Dead as they ſaid o'th' ſudden.
Chi. Dead?
Strem. For certaine,
But not yet knowne abroad,
Chi. There's a new trouble;
A brave young man he was; but we muſt all die.
Strem. Did not the Generall meet you this morning
Like a tall ſtallion Nun?
Chi. No more a that Boy.
Strem. You had been ferreting.
Chi. That's all one, Foole;
My Maſter foole that taught my wits to traffique,
What has your wiſdome done? how have you profited?
Out with your Audit, come: you are not emptie,
Put out mine eye with twelve pence? do you ſhaker?
What thinke you of this ſhaking? here's wit coxcombe
Ha boyes? ha my fine raſcalls, here's a Ring, *Pulls out*
How right they goe? *(Purſe.*
Foole. O let me ring the fore-bell.
Chi. And here are thumpers, Chickens, golden rogues,
Wit, wit ye raſcalls.
Foole. I have a Sty here *Chilax.*
Chi. I have no gold to cure it, not a penny,
Not one croſſe Cavalier; we are dull Sou'diers,
Groſſe, heavy-headed fellowes; fight for victualls?
Foole. Why; ye are the ſpirits of the time.
Chi. By no meanes.
Foole. The valiant firie.
Chi. Fy, fie no.
Foole. Be-lee-me ſir.
Chi. I woo'd I could ſir.
Fool. I will ſatisfie ye.
Chi. But I will not content you; alas poore boy,

Thou ſhewſt an honeſt nature weepes for thy Maſter,
There's a red rogue to buy thee handkerchers.
Foole. A was an honeſt Gentleman, I have loſt too.
Chi. Ye have indeed your labour Foole; but *Stremon*,
Doeſt thou want money too? no virtue living ?
No firking out at fingers ends ?
Strem. It ſeemes ſo.
Chi. Will ye all ſerve me ?
Strem. Yes, when ye are Lord Generall,
For leſſe I will not goe.
Chi. There's gold for thee then,
Thou haſt a ſouldiers minde, Foole.
Fool. Here, your firſt man.
Chi. I will give thee for thy wit, for 'tis a fine wit,
A daintie diving wit, hold up ; juſt nothing,
Goe graze i'th' commons, yet I am mercifull
There's ſix pence ; buy a Saucer, ſteale an old gowne,
And beg i'th' Temple for a Prophet, come away boyes,
Let's ſee how things are carried, Foole, up ſirra,
You may chance get a dinner : Boy your preferment
I'le undertake, for your brave Maſters ſake,
You ſhall not periſh.
Fool. Chilax.
Chi. Pleaſe me well Foole,
And you ſhall light my pipes : Away to th' Temple.
But ſtay, the Kings here, ſport upon ſport Boyes.

Enter King, Lords, Siphax kneeling,
Cloe with a Vaile.

King. What would you have Captaine,
Speake ſuddenly, for I am wondrous buſie.
Siph. A Pardon, Royall ſir.
King. For what ?
Siph. For that,
Which was heav'ns will, ſhould not be mine alone ſir ;
My marrying with this Lady.
King. It needs no Pardon,
For marriage is no ſin.
Si. Not in it ſelfe, ſir,
But in preſuming too much : Yet heav'n knowes
So does the Oracle that caſt it on me,
And — the Princeſſe, royall ſir.
King. What Princeſſe ?
Siph. O be not angrie, my dread King, your Siſter.
King. My ſiſter ? ſhe's i'th' Temple man.
Siph. She is here ſir.
Lord. The Captain's mad, ſhe is kneeling at the Altar.
King. I know ſhe is, with all my heart good Captain,
I do forgive ye both : be unvail'd Lady ;
Will ye have more forgivenes? the mans frantick,
Puts off her vaile
Come let's goe bring her out : God give yee joy, ſir.
Siph. How ? *Cloe* ? my old *Cloe* ? *Exit. King, Lords.*
Cloe. Even the ſame ſir.
Chi. Gods give your manhood much content.
Strem. The Princeſſe
Lookes ſomething muſtie ſince her comming over.
Fool. 'Twere good, youl'd bruſh her over.
Siph. Fooles and Fidlers
Make ſport at my abuſe too.
Foole. O 'tis the nature
Of us Fooles to make bold with one another,
But you are wiſe, brave ſirs.
Chi. Cheere up your Princeſſe,
Believe it ſir, the King will not be angry,
Or ſay he were ; why 'twas the Oracle,
The Oracle, and like your Grace, the Oracle.
Strem. And who, moſt mighty *Siphax* ?
Siph. With mine owne whore.
Cloe. With whom els ſhould ye marry, ſpeak your conſcience,
Will ye tranſgreſſe the law of Armes, that ever
Rewards the Souldier with his owne ſins ?
Siph. Devills.
Cloe. Ye had my maiden-head, my youth, my ſweetnes,
Is it not juſtice then ? —
Siph. I ſee it muſt be,
But by this hand. I'le hang a lock upon thee.
Cloe. You ſhall not need, my honeſty ſhall doe it.
Siph. If there be wars in all the world —
Cloe. I'le with ye,
For you know, I have bin a ſouldier,
Come, curſe on : when I need another Oracle.
Chi. Send for me *Siphax*, I'le fit ye with a Princeſſe,
And ſo to both your honours.
Foole. And your graces.
Siph. The Devill grace ye all.
Cloe. God a mercy *Chilax*,
Chi. Shall we laugh halfe an houre now ?
Strem. No, the King comes,
And all the traine.
Chi. Away then, our Act's ended. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, Caliſ. Memnon and Cleanthe,
Curtiſan, Lords.

The Hearſe ready Polidor, Eumenes & Captains

King. You know he do's deſerve ye, loves ye dearly,
You know what bloody violence had us'd
Upon himſelfe, but that his brother croſt it,
You know the ſame thoughts ſtil inhabit in him
And covet to take birth : Look on him Lady,
The wars have not ſo far conſum'd him yet,
Cold age diſabled him, or ſickneſſe ſunk him
To be abhorr'd : looke on his Honour ſiſter,
That beares no ſtamp of time, no wrinkles on it,
No ſad demoliſhment, nor death can reach it :
Looke with the eyes of heaven that nightlie waken,
To view the wonders of my glorious Maker,
And not the weakneſſe : looke with your vertuous eyes,
And then clad royaltie in all his conqueſts ;
His matchleſſe love hung with a thouſand merits
Eternall youth attending, Fame and Fortune,
Time and Oblivion vexing at his vertues,
He ſhall appeare a miracle : looke on our dangers,
Looke on the publique ruine.
Caliſ. O, deare brother.
King. Fie, let us not like proud and greedy waters
Gaine, to give off againe : this is our Sea,
And you his *Cynthia*, govern him, take heed,
His floods have bin as hie, and full as any,
And gloriouſly now is got up to the girdle,
The Kingdomes he hath purchas'd ; noble Siſter,
Take not your vertue from him, O take heed
We ebbe not now to nothing, take heed *Calis.*
Calis. The wil of heaven not mine, which muſt not alter,
And my eternall doome for ought I know
Is fixt upon me ; alas, I muſt love nothing,
Nothing that loves againe muſt I be bleſt with ;
The gentle Vine climbs up the Oke and clips him,
And when the ſtroke comes, yet they fall together ;
Death, death muſt I enjoy, and live to love him,
O noble Sir !
Mem. Thoſe teares are ſome reward yet,
Pray let me wed your ſorrowes.

Calis. Take 'em Souldier,
They are fruitfull ones, lay but a ſight upon 'em,
And ſtrait they will conceive to infinites;
I told ye what, ye could find 'em,
Roome before there. *Knock.*

Enter Funerall, Captaines following, and Eumenes.

King. How now, what's this? more drops to th'Ocean?
Whoſe body's this?
Capt. The noble *Polidor,*
This ſpeakes his death.
Mem. My Brother dead?
Calis. O Goddeſſe!
O cruell, cruell *Venus*, here's my fortune.
King. Read Captaine.
Mem. Read aloude: farewell my follies. *Eumen reades*

To the Excellent Princeſſe Calis.

1.*Cap.* Be wiſe, as you are beauteous, love with judgement,
And look with clear eyes on my noble Brother,
Value deſert and vertue, they are Jewells,
Fit for your worth and wearing: take heed Lady,
The Gods reward ingratitude moſt grievous;
Remember me no more, or if you muſt,
Seeke me in noble *Memnons* love, I dwell there:
I durſt not live, becauſe I durſt not wrong him,
I can no more, make mee eternall happy
With looking downe upon your loves.
Farewell.
Mem. And did'ſt thou die for me?
King. Excellent vertue!
What will ye now doe?
Calis. Dwell for euer here ſir.
Mem. For me deare *Polidor*? ô worthy young man!
O love, love, love, love above recompence!
Infinite love, infinite honeſty!
Good Lady leave, you muſt have no ſhare here,
Take home your ſorrowes: here's enough to ſtore me,
Brave glorious griefes! was ever ſuch a brother?
Turne all the ſtories over in the world yet,
And ſearch through all the memories of mankind,
And find me ſuch a friend; h'as out-done all,
Outſtript 'em ſheerely, all, all, thou haſt *Polidor,*
To die for me; why, as I hope for happineſſe,
'Twas one of the rareſt thought on things
The braveſt, and carried beyond compaſſe of our actions,
I wonder how he hit it, a young man too,
In all the bloſſomes of his youth and beautie,
In all the fulneſſe of his veines and wiſhes
Woed by that Paradice, that would catch heaven;
It ſtarts me extreamly, thou bleſt Aſhes,
Thou faithfull monument, where loue and friendſhip
Shall while the world is, worke new miracles.
Calis. O! let me ſpeake too.
Mem. No not yet, thou man,
For we are but mans ſhadowes, only man,
I have not words to utter him; ſpeake Lady,
I'le thinke a while.
Calis. The Goddeſſe grants me this yet,
I ſhall enjoy the dead: no tombe ſhall hold thee
But theſe two armes, no Trickments but my teares
Over thy Hearſe, my ſorrowes like ſad armes
Shall hang for ever: on the tuffeſt Marble
Mine eyes ſhall weepe thee out an Epitaph,
Love at thy feet ſhall kneele, his ſmart bow broken;
Faith at thy head, youth and the Graces mourners;
O ſweet young man!
King. Now I begin to melt too.
Mem. Have ye enough yet Lady? roome for a gamſter
To my fond Love, and all thoſe idle fancies
A long farwell, thou diedſt for me deare *Polidor,*
To give me peace, thou haſt eternall glory,
I ſtay and talke here; I will kiſſe thee firſt,
And now I'le follow thee. *Polidor riſes.*
Pollidor. Hold, for heavens ſake!
Mem. Ha!
Does he live?
Doſt thou deceive me?
Pol. Thus farre,
Yet for your good, and honour.
King. Now deare ſiſter;
Calis. The Oracle is ended, noble ſir,
Diſpoſe me now as you pleaſe.
Po. You are mine then?
Calis. With all the joyes that may be.
Po. Your conſent ſir;
King. Ye have it freely.
Po. Walke along with me then,
And as you love me, love my will.
Calis. I will ſo.
Po. Here worthy Brother, take this vertuous Princeſſe,
Ye have deſerv'd her nobly, ſhe will love ye,
And when my life ſhall bring ye peace, as ſhe does,
Command it, ye ſhall have it.
Mem. Sir, I thanke ye.
King. I never found ſuch goodneſſe in ſuch yeares.
Mem. Thou ſhalt not over-doe me, though I die for't,
O how I love thy goodneſſe, my beſt brother,
You have given me here a treaſure to enrich me,
Would make the worthieſt King alive a begger,
What may I give you back againe?
Po. Your love ſir.
Mem. And you ſhall have it, even my deareſt love,
My firſt, my nobleſt love, take her againe, ſir,
She is yours, your honeſty has over-run me,
She loves ye, lov'ſt her not? excellent Princeſſe,
Injoy thy wiſh, and now get Generalls.
Po. As ye love heaven, love him, ſhe is only yours, ſir.
Mem. As ye love heaven, love him, ſhe is only yours, ſir;
My Lord, the King.
Po. He will undoe himſelfe ſir,
And muſt without her periſh; who ſhall fight then?
Who ſhall protect your Kingdome?
Mem. Give me hearing,
And after that beliefe, were ſhe my ſoule
(As I doe love her equall) all my victories,
And all the living names I have gain'd by warre,
And loving him that good, that vertuous good man,
That only worthy of the name of brother,
I would reſigne all freely, 'tis all love
To me, all marriage rites, the joy of iſſues
To know him fruitfull, that has been ſo faithfull.
King. This is the nobleſt difference-take your choiſe ſiſter.
Calis. I ſee they are ſo brave, and noble both,
I know not which to looke on.
Pol. Chuſe diſcreetly,
And vertue guide ye, there all the world in one man
Stands at the marke.
Mem. There all mans honeſtie,
The ſweetneſſe of all youth——
Cal. O God's!

Mem. My Armour,
By all the God's ſhe's yours; my armes, I ſay,
And I beſeech your Grace, give me imployment,
That ſhall be now my Miſtreſſe: here my Courtſhip.
King. Ye ſhall have any thing.
Mem. Vertuous Lady,
Remember me, your ſervant now; Young man,
You cannot over-reach me in your goodneſſe;
O love! how ſweet thou look'ſt now? and how gentle,
I ſhould have ſlubber'd thee, and ſtain'd thy beauty;
Your hand, your hand ſir;
King. Take her, and Heaven bleſſe her.
Mem. So.
Po. 'Tis your will ſir, nothing of my merit;
And as your royall gift, I take this bleſſing.
Cal. And I from heaven this gentleman: thanks Goddeſs.
Mem. So ye are pleas'd now Lady;
Cal. Now or never.
Mem. My cold ſtiffe carkaſſe, would have frozen ye,
Warres, warres.
King. Ye ſhall have warres.
Mem. My next brave battell
I dedicate to your bright honour (ſiſter,)
Give me a favour, that the world may know
I am your ſouldier.
Calis. This, and all faire Fortunes. (boldly.
Mem. And he that beares this from me, muſt ſtrike
Cleanthe kneeling.
Cal. I do forgive thee: be honeſt, no more wench.
King. Come now to Revells, this bleſt day ſhall prove
The happy crown of noble Faith and Love. *Exeunt.*

Prologue.

TO pleaſe all's impoſſible, and to deſpaire
Ruins our ſelves, and dampes the writers care:
Would we knew what to doe, or ſay, or when
To find the mindes here equall with the men:
But we muſt venture; now to Sea we goe,
Faire fortune with us, give us roome, and blow;
Remember ye'ar all venturers; and in this Play
How many twelve-pences ye have 'ſtow'd this day:
Remember for returne of your delight, (ſpight:
We launch, and plough through ſtormes of feare, and
Give us your fore-windes fairely, fill our wings,
And ſteere us right, and as the Saylors ſing,
Loden with wealth, on wanton ſeas, ſo we
Shall make our home-bound-voyage chearfully;
And you our noble Merchants, for your treaſure
Share equally the fraught, we run for pleaſure.

Epilogue.

HEre lyes the doubt now, let our Playes be good,
Our owne care ſayling equall in this Flood;
Our preparations new, new our Attire,
Yet here we are becalm'd ſtill, ſtill i'th' mire,
Here we ſtick faſt; Is there no way to cleare
This paſſage of your judgement, and our feare,
No mittigation of that law? Brave friends,
Conſider we are yours, made for your ends,
And every thing preſerves it ſelfe, each will
If not perverſe, and crooked, utters ſtill
The beſt of that it ventures in: have care
Ev'n for your pleaſures ſake, of what we are,
And doe not ruine all: You may frowne ſtill.
But 'tis the nobler way, to check the will.

FINIS.

THE SPANISH CURAT.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Angelo, Milanes, Arſenio.

Arſenio. Leandro paid all.

Mil. 'Tis his uſuall cuſtome,
And requiſite he ſhould: he has now put off
The Funerall black, (your rich heirs weares with joy,
When he pretends to weep for his dead Father,)
Your gathering Sires, ſo long heape muck together,
That their kind Sonnes, to rid them of their care
Wiſh them in heaven; Or if they take a taſte
Of Purgatory by the way, it matters not:
Provided they remove hence; What is befalne
To his Father, in the other world, I ask not;
I am ſure his prayre is heard: would I could uſe one
For mine, in the ſame method.

Arſen. Fy upon thee.
This is prophane,

Mil. Good Doctor, doe not ſchoole me,
For a fault you are not free from: On my life
Were all Heires in *Corduba*, put too their oathes
They would confeſſe with me, 'tis a ſound Tenet:
I am ſure *Leandro* do's.

Arſ. He is th'owner
Of a faire Eſtate.

Mil. And fairly he deſerves it,
He's a royall Fellow: yet obſerves a meane
In all his courſes, carefull to on whom
He ſhowres his bounties: he that's liberall
To all alike, may doe a Good by chance,
But never out of Judgement: This invites
The prime men of the Citie, to frequent
All places he reſorts to, and are happy
In his ſweet Converſe.

Arſ. Don Jamie the Brother
To the Grandee *Don Henrique*, appeares much taken
With his behaviour.

Mil. There is ſomething more in't:
Hee needs his Purſe, and knowes how to make uſe on't,
'Tis now in faſhion for your *Don*, that's poore,
To vow all Leagues of friendſhip with a Merchant
That can ſupply his wants, and howſoe're
Don Jamie's noble borne, his elder Brother
Don Henrique rich, and his Revenues long ſince
Encreaſing by marrying with a wealthy Heire
Call'd Madam *Violante*, he yet holds
A hard hand o're *Jamie*, allowing him
A bare annuity onely.

Arſ. Yet 'tis ſaid
He hath no child, and by the Lawes of *Spaine*
If he die without iſſue, *Don Iamie*
Inherits his Eſtate.

Mil. Why that's the reaſon
Of their ſo many jarres: Though the young Lord
Be ſick of the elder Brother, and in reaſon
Should flatter, and obſerve him, he's of a nature
Too bold, and fierce, to ſtoop ſo, but beares up,
Preſuming on his hopes.

Arſ. What's the young Lad
That all of 'em make ſo much of?

Mil. 'Tis a ſweet-One,
And the beſt condition'd youth, I ever ſaw yet,
So humble and ſo affable, that he wins
The love of all that know him, and ſo modeſt,
That (in deſpight of povertie) he would ſtarve
Rather then aske a courteſie; He's the Sonne
Of a poore caſt-Captaine, one *Octavio*
And She, that once was calld th' faire *Iacinta*,
Is happy in being his Mother: for his ſake.

Enter Jamie, Leandro, and Aſcanio.

(Though in their Fortunes falne) they are eſteem'd of,
And cheriſh'd by the beſt. O here they come,
I now may ſpare his Character, but obſerve him,
Hee'l juſtifie my report.

Ia. My good *Aſcanio*
Repaire more often to me: above Women
Thou ever ſhalt be welcome.

Aſc. My Lord your favours
May quickly teach a raw untutour'd Youth
To be both rude and ſawcie.

Leandro. You cannot be
Too frequent, where you are ſo much deſir'd:
And give me leave (deare friend) to be your Rivall
In part of his Affection; I will buy it
At any rate.

Ia. Stood I but now poſſeſ'd

Of what my future hope preſages to me,
I then would make it cleare thou hadſt a Patron
That would not ſay but do : yet as I am,
Be mine, I'le not receive thee as a ſervant,
But as my Son (and though I want my ſelf)
No Page attending in the Court of *Spain*
Shall find a kinder maſter.
Ars. I beſeech you
That my refuſall of ſo great an offer
May make no ill conſtruction, 'tis not pride
(That common vice is farre from my condition)
That makes you a denyall to receive
A favour I ſhould ſue for : nor the faſhion
Which the country ſollowes, in which to be a ſervant
In thoſe that groan beneath the heavy weight
Of povertie is held an argument
Of a baſe and abject mind, I wiſh my yeares
Were fit to do you ſervice in a nature
That might become a Gentleman (give me leave
To think my ſelf one) My father ſerv'd the King
As a Captain in the field; and though his fortune
Return'd him home a poore man, he was rich
In reputation, and wounds fairly taken.
Nor am I by his ill ſucceſſe deterr'd,
I rather feel a ſtrong deſire that ſwayes me
To follow his Profeſſion, and if heaven
Hath marked me out to be a man, how proud,
In the ſervice of my Country, ſhould I be,
To traile a pike under your brave command.
There, I would follow you as a guid to honour,
Though all the horrours of the Warre made up
To ſtop my paſſage.
Ia. Thou art a hopefull Boye,
And it was bravely ſpoken : For this anſwer,
I love thee more then ever.
Mil. Pitty ſuch ſeeds
Of promiſing courage ſhould not grow and proſper
Ang. What ever his reputed Parents bee,
He hath a mind that ſpeakes him right and noble.
Lea. You make him bluſh : it needs not ſweet *Aſcanio*,
We may heare praiſes when they are deſerv'd,
Or modeſtie unwounded. By my life
I would adde ſomething to the building up
So fair a mind, and if till you are fit
To beare Armes in the field, you'l ſpend ſome yeares
In *Salamanca*, I'le ſupply your ſtudies
With all conveniences.
Ars. Your goodneſſe (Signiors)
And charitable favours overwhelm me.
If I were of your blood, you could not be
More tender of me : what then can I pay
(A poore boy and a ſtranger) but a heart
Bound to your ſervice ? with what willingnes
I would receive (good Sir) your noble offer,
Heaven can beare witnes for me : but alas
Should I embrace the meanes to raiſe my fortunes,
I muſt deſtroy the lives of my poore Parents
(To whom I ow my being) they in me
Place all their comforts, and (as if I were
The light of their dim eyes) are ſo indulgent
They cannot brook one ſhort dayes abſence from me ;
And (what will hardly win belief) though young,
I am their ſteward and their nurſe : the bounties
VVhich others beſtow on me ſerves to ſuſtain 'em,
And to forſake them in their age, in me
VVere more then murther.

Enter Henrique.

Ang. This is a kind of begging
VVould make a Broker charitable.
Mil. Here (ſweet heart)
I wiſh that it were more.
Lean. VVhen this is ſpent,
Seek for ſupply from me
Ja. Thy pietie
For ever be remembred : nay take all,
Though 't were my exhibition to a Royall
For one whole yeare.
Aſc. High heavens reward your goodnes.
Hen. So Sir, is this a ſlip of your own grafting,
You are ſo prodigall?
Ia. A ſlip Sir?
Hen. Yes,
A ſlip ; or call it by the proper name
Your Baſtard.
Ia. You are foul-mouth'd ; do not provoke me,
I ſhall forget your Birth, if you proceed,
And uſe you, (as your manners do deſerve) uncivilly.
Hen. So brave? pray you give me hearing,
Who am I Sir?
Ia. My elder Brother : One
That might have been born a fool and ſo reputed,
But that you had the luck to creep into
The world a yeare before me.
Lean. Be more temperate.
Ia. I neither can nor will, unleſſe I learn it
By this example : let him uſe his harſh
Unſavoury reprehenſions upon thoſe
That are his hinds, and not on me. The Land
Our father left to him alone rewards him,
For being twelve moneths elder, let that be
Forgotten, and let his Paraſites remember
One quality of worth or vertue in him
That may authoriſe him, to be a cenſurer
Of me, or of my manners, and I will
Acknowledge him for a tutor, til then, never
Hen. From whom have you your meanes Sir?
Ia. From the will
Of my dead father ; I am ſure I ſpend not
Nor give't upon your purſe.
Hen. But will it hold out
Without my help?
Ja. I am ſure it ſhall I'le ſink elſe
For ſooner I will ſeek aid from a whore,
Then a courteſie from you.
Hen. 'Tis well; you are proud of
Your new Exchequer when you have cheated him
And worn him to the quick, I may be found
In the Liſt of your acquaintance.
Lea. Pray you hold
And give me leave (my Lord) to ſay thus much
(And in mine own defence) I am no Gull
To be wrought on by perſwaſion: nor no Coward
To be beaten out of my meanes, but know to whom
And why *I* give or lend, and will do nothing
But what my reaſon warrants; you may be
As ſparing as you pleaſe, *I* muſt be bold
To make uſe of mine own, without your licence.
Ia. 'Pray thee let him alone, he is not worth thy anger
All that he do's (*Leandro*) is for my good,
I think there's not a Gentleman of *Spain*,
That ha's a better ſteward, then I have of him.
Hen. Your ſteward Sir?

Ja. Yes, and a provident one :
Why, he knowes I am given to large Expence,
And therefore layes up for me : could you believe els
That he, that ſixteen years hath worne the yoke
Of barren wedlock, without hope of iſſue,
(His Coffer's full, his Lands, and Vineyards fruitfull)
Could be ſo ſold to baſe, and ſordid thrift,
As almoſt to deny himſelfe, the meanes
And neceſſaries of life ? Alas, he knowes
The Lawes of *Spaine* appoint me for his heire,
That all muſt come to me, if I out-live him,
(Which ſure I muſt doe, by the courſe of Nature,)
And the aſſiſtance of good Mirth, and Seck,
How ever you prove Melancholy.
Hen. If I live,
Thou dearly ſhalt repent this,
Ja. When thou art dead,
I am ſure I ſhall not.
Mil. Now they begin to burn
Like oppos'd Meteors.
Arſ. Give them line, and way,
My life for *Don Jamie.*
Ja. Continue ſtill
The excellent Husband, and joyne Farme to Farme,
Suffer no Lordſhip, that in a cleare day
Falls in the proſpect of your coveteous eye
To be an others ; Forget you are a Grandee
Take uſe upon uſe, and cut the throats of heires
With cozening Mort-gages : rack your poore Tenants,
Till they looke like ſo many Skeletons
For want of Food ; And when that Widowes curſes,
The ruines of ancient Families, teares of Orphans
Have hurried you to the divell, ever remember
All was rak'd up, for me, (your thankfull Brother)
That will dance merrily upon your Grave,
And perhaps give a double Piſtolet
To ſome poore needy Frier, to ſay a Maſſe
To keep your Ghoſt from walking.
Hen. That the Law
Should force me to endure this !
Ia. Verely,
When this ſhall come to paſſe (as ſure it will)
If you can find a loope-hole, though in hell'
To looke on my behaviour, you ſhall ſee me
Ranſack your Iron Cheſts, and once againe
Pluto's flame-colour'd Daughter ſhall be free
To dominier in Taverns, Maskes, and Revells
As ſhe was us'd, before ſhe was your Captive.
Me thinkes the meere conceipt of it, ſhould make you
Goe home ſick and diſtemper'd, if it do's.
I'le ſend you a Doctor of mine owne, and after
Take order for your Funerall.
Hen. You have ſaid, ſir,
I will not fight with words, but deeds to tame you,
Reſt confident I will, and thou ſhalt wiſh
This day thou hadſt been dumb. —— *Exit.*
Mil. You have given him a heat.
But with your owne diſtemper.
Ia. Not a whit
Now he is from mine eye, I can be merry,
Forget the cauſe, and him : all plagues goe with him.
Let's talke of ſomething els : what newes is ſtirring ?
Nothing to paſſe the time ?
Mil. 'Faith, it is ſaid
That the next Summer will determine much
Of that we long have talk'd of, touching the Wars.
Lea. What have we to doe with them ? Let us diſcourſe
Of what concernes our ſelves. 'Tis now in faſhion
To have you Gallants ſet downe, in a Taverne,
What the Arch-Dukes purpoſe is the next ſpring ; & what
Defence my Lords (the States) prepare : what courſe
The Emperour takes againſt the encroching Turke,
And whither his Moony-Standards are deſign'd
For *Perſia,* or *Polonia :* and all this
The wiſer ſort of State-Wormes ſeeme to know
Better then their owne Affaires : this is diſcourſe
Fit for the Counſell it concernes ; we are young,
And if that I might give the Theame, 'twere better
To talke of handſome women.
Mil. And that's one,
Almoſt as generall.
Arſ. Yet none agree
Who are the faireſt.
Lea. Some prefer the French,
For their conceited Dreſſings : ſome the plump
Italian, *Bona-Robas,* ſome the State
That ours obſerve ; and I have heard one ſweare,
(A merry friend of mine) that once in *London,*
He did enjoy the company of a Gameſter,
(A common Gameſter too) that in one night
Met him th'Italian, French, and Spaniſh waies,
And ended in the Dutch ; for, to coole her ſelfe,
She kiſs'd him drunke in the morning.
Ia. Wee may ſpare
The travell of our tongues in forraigne Nations,
When in *Corduba,* if you dare give credit
To my report (for I have ſeene her, Gallants)
There lives a woman) of a meane birth too,
And meanly match'd) whoſe all-excelling Forme
Diſdaines compariſon with any She
That puts in for a faire one, and though you borrow
From every Country of the Earth the beſt
Of thoſe perfections, which the Clymat yeilds
To help to make her up, if put in Ballance,
This will weigh-downe the Scale.
Lea. You talke of wonders.
Ia. She is indeed a wonder, and ſo kept,
And, as the world deſerv'd not to behold
What curious Nature made without a patterne,
Whoſe Copy ſhe hath loſt too, ſhe's ſhut up,
Sequeſtred from the world.
Lea. Who is the owner
Of ſuch a Jem ? I am fir'd.
Ia. One *Bartolus,*
A wrangling Advocate.
Arſ. A knave on Record.
Mil. I am ſure he cheated me of the beſt part
Of my Eſtate.
Ia. Some Buſineſſe calls me hence,
(And of importance) which denies me leiſure
To give you his full character : In few words
(Though rich) he's covetous beyond expreſſion,
And to encreaſe his heape, will dare the Divell,
And all the plagues of darkneſſe : and to theſe
So jealous, as if you would paralell
Old *Argus* to him, you muſt multiply
His Eies an hundred times : of theſe none ſleepe.
He that would charme the heavieſt lid, muſt hire
A better *Mercurie,* then *Iove* made uſe of :
Bleſſe your ſelves from the thought of him and her
For 'twill be labour loſt : So farewell Signiors. —— *Exit.*
Arſ. Leandro ? in a dreame ? wake man, for ſhame.

Mil. Trayned into a fooles paradiſe with a tale
Of an imagin'd Forme,
Lea. *Iamie* is noble,
And with a forg'd Tale would not wrong his Friend,
Nor am I ſo much fired with luſt as Envie,
That ſuch a churl as *Bartolus* ſhould reap
So ſweet a harveſt, half my State to any
To help me to a ſhare.
Ars. Tuſh do not hope for
Impoſſibilities,
Lea. I muſt enjoy her,
And my prophetique love tells me I ſhall,
Lend me but your aſſiſtance;
Ars. Give it 'ore,
Mil. I would not have thee fool'd
Lea. I have ſtrange Engines,
Faſhioning here:and *Bartolus* on the Anville
Diſwade me not, but help me,
Mil. Take your fortune,
If you come off well; praiſe your wit, if not,
Expect to be the ſubject of our Laughter. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Octavio, *and Iacinta.*

Iac. You met *Don Henrique.*
Oct. Yes:
Iac. What comfort bring you?
Speake cheerefully: how did my Letter worke?
On his hard temper? I am ſure I wrot it,
So feelingly, and with the pen of ſorrow,
That it muſt force Compunction,
Oct. You are cozen'd;
Can you with one hand prop a falling Tower?
Or with the other ſtop theraging maine,
When it breakes in on the uſurped Shore?
Or any thing that is impoſſible?
And then conclude that there is ſome way left,
To move him to compaſſion.
Iac. Is there a Juſtice
Or thunder (my *Octavio*) and he
Not ſunk unto the center?
Oct. Good *Iacinta.*
With your long practiſed patience beare afflictions,
And by provoking it call not on Heavens anger,
He did not onely ſcorne to read your Letter,
But (moſt inhumane as he is) he curſed you,
Curſed you moſt bitterly,
Iac. The bad mans charity,
Oh that I could forget there were a Tye,
In me, upon him! or the releiſe I ſeeke,
(If given) were bounty in him, and not debt,
Debt of a deere accompt!
Oct. Touch not that ſtring,
'Twill but encreaſe your Sorrow, and tame ſilence,
(The Balme of the oppreſſed) which hitherto
Hath eas'd your grieved ſoule, and preſerv'd your fame,
Muſt be your Surgeon ſtill.
Iac. If the contagion
Of my misfortunes had not ſpread it ſelf,
Upon my Son *Aſcanio*, though my wants
Were centupli'd upon my ſelf, I could be patient:
But he is ſo good, I ſo miſerable,
His pious care his dutie, and obedience,
And all that can be wiſh'd for from a Son,
Diſcharg'd to me, and I, bard of all meanes,
To returne any ſcruple of the debt
I owe him as a Mother, is a Torment,
Too painefull to be borne.
Oct. I ſuffer with you,
In that; yet find in this aſſurance comfort,
High heaven ordaines (whoſe purpoſes cannot alter)

Enter Aſcanio.

Children that pay obedience to their Parents,
Shall never beg their Bread.
Iac. Here comes our joy,
Where has my deareſt been?
Aſc. I have made (Mother)
A fortunate voyage and brought home rich prize,
In a few houres: the owners too contented,
From whom I tooke it. See heres Gold, good ſtore too
Nay, pray you take it,
Iac. Mens Charities are ſo cold,
That if I knew not, thou wert made of Goodnes,
'Twould breed a jealouſie in me by what meanes,
Thou cam'ſt by ſuch a ſum
Aſc. Were it ill got,
I am ſure it could not be employed ſo well,
As to relieve your wants. Some noble Friends,
(Rais'd by heavens mercy to me, not my merits)
Beſtow'd it on me.
Oct. It were a ſacriledge
To rob thee of their bounty, ſince they gave it,
To thy uſe onely;
Iac. Buy thee brave Cloathes with it
And fit thee for a fortune, and leave us,
To our neceſſities; why do'ſt thou weep?
Aſc. Out of my feare I have offended you;
For had I not I am ſure you are too kind,
Not to accept the offer of my ſervice,
In which I am a gainer; I have heard
My tutor ſay of all aiereall foule
The Storke's the Embleme of true pietie,
Becauſe when age hath ſeiz'd upon her dam,
And made unfit for flight, the gratefull young one
Takes her upon his back, provides her foode,
Repaying ſo her tender care of him,
'Ere he was fit to fly, by bearing her:
Shall I then, that have reaſon, and diſcourſe
That tell me all I can doe is too litle,
Be more unnaturall then a ſilly Bird?
Or feed or cloth my ſelfe ſuperfluouſly,
And know, nay ſee you want? holy Saints keepe me.
Iac. Can I be wretched,
And know my ſelfe the Mother to ſuch Goodnes?
Oct. Come, let us drie our eyes, wee'll have a Feaſt,
Thanks to our little Steward;
Iac. And in him,
Beleeve that we are rich.
Aſc. I am ſure I am,
While I have power to comfort you, and ſerve you.
Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Henrique and Violante.

Viol. Is it my fault, (*Don Henrique*) or my fate,
Wha'ts my offence? I came young to your Bed
I had a fruitfull Mother, and you met me,
With equall ardour in your May of blood;
And why then am I barren?

Hen. 'Tis not in Man
To yield a reaſon for the will of Heaven,
Which is inſcrutable.
Viol. To what uſe ſerve
Full fortunes, and the meaner ſort of Bleſſings,
When that, which is the Crowne of all our wiſhes,
The period of humane happines,
One only Child that may poſſeſſe what's ours,
Is cruelly denide us?
Hen. 'Tis the curſe,
Of great Eſtates to want thoſe Pledges which,
The poore are happy in: They in a Cottage,
With joy, behold the Modells of their youth,
And as their Roote decaies thoſe budding Branches,
Sprout forth and flouriſh, to renew their age;
But this is the beginning, not the end
To me, of, that miſery againſt my will,
(Since Heaven denies us Iſſue of our owne)
Muſt leave the fruit of all my care and travell
To an unthankfull Brother that inſults,
On my Calamity.
Viol. I will rather chooſe,
A Baſtard from the Hoſpitall and adopt him,
And nouriſh him, as mine owne.
Hen. Such an evaſion
(My *Violante*) is forbid to us;
Happy the Romane State, where it was lawfull,
(If our owne Sonnes were vicious) to chooſe one
Out of a vertuous Stock, though of poore Parents,
And make him noble. But the Lawes of Spaine,
(Intending to preſerve all ancient Houſes)
Prevent ſuch free elections; with this my Brothers
Too well acquainted, and this makes him bold to
Reigne 'ore me, as a Maſter,
Viol. I will fire
The Portion I brought with me, 'ere he ſpend,
A Royall of it: No Quirck left? no Quiddit
That may defeate him?
Hen. Were I but confirmed,
That you would take the meanes I uſe, with patience,
As I muſt practiſe it with my diſhonour,
I could lay levell with the earth his hopes
That ſoare above the clouds with expectation
To ſee me in my grave.
Viol. Effect but this
And our revenge ſhall be to us a Son
That ſhall inherit for us.
Hen. Do not repent
When 'tis too late.
Viol. I feare not what may fall
He diſpoſeſſ'd that doe's uſurpe on all *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus, Scena prima

Enter Leandro (with a letter writ out) Milanes & Aſermo

Mil. Can any thing, but wonder?
Lean. Wonder on,
I am as ye ſee, and what will follow Gentlemen
Ars. Why doſt thou put on this form? what can this do?
Thou lookeſt moſt ſillily,
Mil. Like a young Clerk
A half pin'd-puppy that would write for a Royall.
Is this a commanding ſhape to win a Beautie?
To what uſe, what occaſion?
Lean. Peace ye are fooles,
More ſilly then my out-ſide ſeems ye are ignorant
They that pretend to wonders muſt weave cunningly.
Ars. What manner of acceſſe can this get? or if gotten
What credit in her eyes?
Lean. Will ye but leave me?
Mil. Me thinks a yong man, and a handſom Gentleman
(But ſure thou art lunatick) me thinks a brave man
That would catch cunningly the beames of Beautie,
And ſo diſtribute 'em, unto his comfort,
Should like himſelf appeare, young, high, and buxom.
And in the brighteſt form.
Lean. Ye are cozen'd (Gentlemen)
Neither doe I believe this, nor will follow it,
Thus I am, I will begin my voyage,
When you love, lanch it out in ſilks and velvets,
I le love in Serge, and will outgo your Sattins
To get upon my great horſe and appeare.
The ſigne of ſuch a man, and trot my meaſures,
Or fiddle out whole froſty nights (my friends)
Vnder the window, while my teeth keep tune,
I hold no handſomneſſe. Let me get in
There trot and fiddle where I may have faire play,
Ars. But how get in?
Lean. Leave that to me, your patience,
I have ſome toyes here that I dare well truſt to:
I have ſmelt a Vicar out, they call him *Lopez.*
You are ne're the nearer now,
Mil. We do confeſſe it.
Lean. Weak ſimple men, this Vicar to this Lawyer
Is the moſt inward, *Damon.*
Ars. What can this do?
Mil. We know the fellow, and he dwells there.
Lean. So.
Ars. A poore, thin theef: he help? he; hang the Vicar
Can reading of an—— ——preferre thee?
Lean. Thou art dead-ſick in love, and hee'l pray for thee
Have patience (Gentlemen) I ſay this Vicar,
This thing I ſay is all one with the Cloſe *Bartolus*
(For ſo they call the Lawyer) or his nature
Which I have ſtudied by relation;
And make no doubt I ſhall hit hanſomly,
Will I work cunningly and home: underſtand me.

Enter Lopez and Diego.

Next I pray leave me, Leave me to my fortune
Difficilia pulchra, thats my Motto (Gentlemen)
I 'le win this Diamond from the rock and weare her
Or—— ——
Mil. Peace, the Vicar: ſend ye a full ſail, Sir.
Ars. There's your Confeſſor, but what ſhal be your pen-
A fools head if I fail, and ſo forſake me. (nance? *exit Lea.*
You ſhall heare from me daily.
Mil. We will be ready,
Lop. Thin world indeed:
Lean. I'le let him breathe and mark him:
No man would think a ſtranger as I am
Should reap any great commodity from his pigbelly,
Lop. Poore ſtirring for poore Vicars,
Diego And poore Sextons.
Lop. We pray and pray, but to no purpoſe
Thoſe that enjoy our Lands, choak our Devotions.
Our poore thin ſtipends make us arrant dunces,
Diego If you live miſerably, how ſhall we do (Maſter?)
That are fed onely with the ſound of prayers?
We riſe and ring the Bells to get good ſtomacks.
And muſt be fain to eat the ropes with reverence,

Lop. When was there a Chriſtning (*Diego?*)
Dieg: Not this ten weekes:
Alas, they have forgot to get children (Maſter)
The Warres, the Seas, and uſurie undoe us,
Takes off our minds, our edges, blunts our plough-ſhares,
They eat nothing here, but herbs, & get nothing but green
There are ſome poore Labourers, that perhaps (ſauce:
Once in ſeven yeare, with helping one another,
Produce ſome few pind--Butter--prints, that ſcarce hold
The chriſtning neither.
Lop. Your Gallants, they get Honour,
A ſtrange fantaſticall Birth, to defraud the Vicar,
And the Camp Chriſtens their Iſſues, or the Curtizans,
'Tis a lewd time.
Die. They are ſo hard-hearted here too,
They will not dye, there's nothing got by Burialls.
Lop. *Diego*, the Ayre's too pure, they cannot periſh:
To have a thin Stipend, and an everlaſting Pariſh,
Lord what a torment 'tis!
Die. Good ſenſible Maſter,
You are allow'd to pray againſt all weathers,
(Both foule, and faire, as you ſhall find occaſion)
Why not againſt all ayres?
Lop. That's not i'th' Canons,
I would it had, 'tis out of our way forty pence. (here
Di. 'Tis ſtrange, they are ſtarv'd too yet they wil not die
They will not Earth: a good ſtout plague amongſt 'um,
Or halfe a dozen new fantaſticall Fevers
That would turne up their heeles by whole-ſale (Maſter)
And take the Doctors too, in their grave Counſells,
That there might be no naturall help for money;
How merrily would my Bells goe then?
Lop. Peace *Diego*,
The Doctors are our friends, let's pleaſe them well,
For though they kill but ſlow, they are certaine (*Diego*)
We muſt remove into a muddy Ayre,
A moſt contagious Clymat.
Die. We muſt certaine,
An ayre that is the nurſery of Agues,
Such Agues (Maſter) that will ſhake mens ſoules out,
Ne're ſtay for Poſſets, ner good old wives plaiſters.
Lop. Gowts and dead Palſies.
Die. The dead doe's well at all times,
Yet Gowts will hang an arſſe a long time (Maſter)
The Pox, or Engliſh Surfets if we had 'em;
Thoſe are rich Marle, they make a Church-yard fat,
And make the Sexton ſing, they never miſſe, Sir.
Lop. Then Wills and Funerall Sermons come in ſeaſon,
And Feaſts that makes us frolicke.
Die. Would I could ſee 'em.
Lop. And though I weepe i'th' Pulpit for my Brother,
Yet (*Diego*) here I laugh.
Di. The cauſe requires it.
Lop. Since people left to die I am dunce (*Diego.*)
Die. 'Tis a ſtrange thing, I have forgot to dig too.
Lea. A pretious pair of youths; I muſt make toward 'em
Lop. Who's that? look out it ſeemes he would ſpeak to
I hope a Marriage, or ſome Wil to make (*Diego.*) (us.
Dieg. My friend, your buſineſſe?
Lea. 'Tis to that grave Gentleman;
Bleſſe your good learning (Sir)
Lop. And bleſſe you alſo,
He beares a promiſing face, there's ſome hope toward.
Lea. I have a Letter to your worſhip.
Lop. Well Sir,
From whence I pray you?
Lea. From *Nova Hiſpania*, Sir,
And from an ancient friend of yours.
Lop. 'Tis well (Sir)
'Tis very well: the divell a-one I know there. (tenance
Die. Take heed of a Snap (Sir) has a cozening coun-
I doe not like his way.
Lop. Let him goe forward.
Cantabit Vacuus, They that have nothing feare nothing,
All I have to looſe (*Diego*) is my learning,
And when he has gotten that, he may put it in a Nut ſhell.

Letter Read.

S*ignior* Lopez, *Since my arrivall from* Cordova *to theſ parts I have written divers Letters unto you but a yet received no Anſwer of any* (Good and very good) *And although ſo great a forgetfulneſſe might cauſe a want in m due correſpondence yet the deſire I have ſtill to ſerve yo muſt more prevaile with me* (Better and better: the divel a man know I yet) *and therefore with the preſent occaſi offered I am willing to crave a continuance of the favour which I have heretofore received from you and doe recom mend my Son* Leandro *the Bearer to you with reque that he may be admitted in that Univerſitie till ſuch tim as I ſhall arrive at home; his ſtudies he will make you ac quainted withall: This kindneſſe ſhall ſupply the want of yo ſlackneſſe: And ſo heaven keep you. Yours*

Alonzo Tiveria.

Alonzo Tiveria, very well,
A very ancient friend of mine, I take it,
For till this houre I never heard his Name, yet.
Lea. You looke (Sir) as if ye had forgot my Father.
Lop. No, no, I look as I would remember him,
For that I never remembred, I cannot forget (Sir)
Alonzo Tiveria.
Lea. The ſame (Sir.)
Lop. And now i'th' Indies?
Lea. Yes.
Lop. He may be any where,
For ought that I conſider.
Lea. Thinke againe (Sir)
You were Students both at one time in *Salamanca*,
And, as I take it, Chamber-fellowes.
Lop. Ha?
Lea. Nay, ſure you muſt remember.
Lop. Would I could.
Lea. I have heard him ſay, you were Goſſips too.
Lop. Very likely,
You did not heare him ſay, to whom? for we Students
May often-times over-reach our memories,
Do'ſt thou remember (*Diego*) this ſame Signiour?
Thou haſt been mine theſe twenty yeares.
Di. Remember?
Why, this Fellow would make ye mad: *Nova Hiſpani*
And Signiour *Tiveria?* what are theſe?
He may as well name ye Friends out of *Cataya*.
Take heed I beſeech your worſhip: doe you heare, (m
You have no Letters for me? friend
Lea. Not any Letter,
But I was charged to doe my Fathers love
To the old honeſt Sexton *Diego*; are you he (Sir?)
Di. Ha? have I friends, and know 'em not? my name
But if either I remember you or your Father, (Di
Or *Nova Hiſpania* (I was never there Sir)
Or any kindred that you have -- for heaven-ſake, Maſte
Let's caſt about a little, and conſider,
We may dreame out our time.
Lea. It ſeemes I am deceiv'd (Sir)

Ye

Yet, that you are *Don Lopez* all men tell me,
The Curat here, and have bin ſome time (ſir)
And you the Sexton *Diego*, ſuch I am ſent too,
The Letter tells as much: may be they are dead,
And you of the like names ſucceed: I thank ye gentlemen,
Ye have done honeſtly, in telling truth,
I might have bin forward els. For that *Lopez*
That was my Fathers friend, I had a charge,
(A charge of Money) to deliver (Gentlemen)
Five hundred Duckets, a poore ſmall gratuity,
But ſince you are not he, good ſir, let me thinke,
I pray ye be patient.
Lop. Pray ye ſtay a little,
Nay, let me remember, I beſeech ye ſtay, Sir.
Die. An honeſt noble friend, that ſends ſo lovingly;
An old friend too; I ſhall remember ſure, Sir.
Lop. Thou ſayſt true *Diego.*
Di. 'Pray ye conſider quickly,
Doe, doe, by any meanes, me thinkes already
A grave ſtaid gentleman comes to my memory.
Lea. He's old indeed, ſir.
Di. With a goodly white Beard,
(For now he muſt be ſo: I know he muſt be)
Signior *Alonzo,* (Maſter.)
Lop. I begin to have him.
Di. 'Has bin from hence, about ſome twenty years (ſir.)
Lea. Som five and twenty (ſir.)
Di. You ſay moſt true (ſir)
Juſt to an houre; 'tis now juſt five and twenty,
A fine ſtraite timber'd man, and a brave ſouldier,
He married: let me ſee,——
Lea. *De Caſtro*'s Daughter.
Di. The very ſame.
Lea. Thou art a very Raſcall,
De Caſtro is the Turke to thee, or any thing:
The Money rubbs 'em into ſtrange remembrances,
For as many Duckets more they would remember *Adam.*
Lop. Give me your hand, you are welcome to your
Now I remember plainly, manifeſtly, (countrey,
As freſhly, as if yeſterday I had ſeene him,
Moſt heartily welcome, ſinfull that I am,
Moſt ſinfull man, why ſhould I looſe this Gentleman?
This loving old Companion? we had all one ſoule, ſir,
He dwelt here hard by, at a handſome——
Lea. Farme ſir,
You ſay moſt true.
Lop. *Alonzo Tiveria*; (thus?
Lord, Lord, that time ſhould play the treacherous knave
Why, he was the onely friend, I had in *Spaine* (ſir)
I knew your Mother too, a handſome Gentlewoman,
She was married very young: I married 'em:
I doe remember now the Maskes and Sports then,
The Fire-workes, and the fine delights; good faith, ſir,
Now I looke in your face, whoſe eies are thoſe *Diego*?
Nay, if he be not juſt *Alonzo*'s picture——
Lea. Lord how I bluſh for theſe two impudents?
Di. Well Gentleman, I thinke your name's *Leandro*;
Lea. It is indeed (ſir)
Gra'-mercy Letter, thou hadſt never knowne els.
Di. I have dandled ye, and kiſt ye and plaid with ye
A hundred, and a hundred times, and danc'd ye,
And ſwong ye in my Bell-ropes, ye lov'd ſwinging.
Lop. A ſweet Boy.
Lea. Sweet lying knaves,
What would theſe doe for thouſands?
Lop. A wondrous ſweet Boy then it was, ſee now
Time that conſumes us, ſhoots him up, ſtill ſweeter.
How do's the noble Gentleman? how fares he?
When ſhall we ſee him? when will he bleſſe his Country?
Lea. O, very ſhortly, ſir, till his returne,
He has ſent me over to your charge.
Lop. And welcome,
Nay, you ſhall know you are welcome to your friend, ſir,
Lea. And to my Study (ſir) which muſt be the Law,
To further which, he would entreat your care
To plant me in the favour of ſome man
That's expert in that knowledge: for his paines
I have three hundred Duckets more: For my Diet,
Enough (ſir) to defray me: which I am charged
To take ſtill, as I uſe it, from your cuſtodie,
I have the money ready, and I am weary. (come,
Lop. Sit down, ſit down, and once more ye are moſt wel-
The Law you have hit upon moſt happily,
Here is a Maſter in that Art, *Bartolus,*
A neighbour by, to him I will preferre ye,
A learned man, and my moſt loving Neighbour,
I'll doe ye faithfull ſervice (ſir.)
Di. He's an Aſſe,
And ſo wee'll uſe him; he ſhall be a Lawyer.
Lo. But if ever he recover this mony again: before *Diego.*
And get ſome pretty pittance: my Pupill's hungry.
Lea. Pray ye Sir, unlade me.
Lop. I'le refreſh ye Sir;
When ye want, you know your Exchequer.
Lea. If all this get me but acceſſe, I am happy.
Lop. Come, I am tender of ye,
Lea. I'll goe with ye,
To have this Fort betray'd, theſe fooles muſt fliece me.
Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Bartolus, and Amaranta.

Bar. My *Amaranta,* a retir'd ſweet life,
Private and cloſe, and ſtill, and houſwifely,
Becomes a Wife, ſets off the grace of woman
At home to be beleev'd both young, and handſome,
As Lilies that are caſde in chriſtall Glaſſes,
Makes up the wonder: ſhew it abroad, 'tis ſtale,
And ſtill and the more eyes cheapen it, 'tis more ſlubberd,
And what need windowes open to inviting?
Or evening Tarraſſes, to take opinions?
When the moſt wholſome Ayre (my wife) blowes inward,
When good thoughts are the nobleſt Campanions,
And old chaſt ſtories (wife) the beſt diſcourſes;
But why doe I talke thus, that know thy nature?
Ama. You know your own diſeaſe: diſtruſt, & jealouſies,
And thoſe two, give theſe Leſſons, not good meaning,
What triall is there of my honeſtie,
When I am mew'd at home? to what end, Husband,
Serves all the vertvous thoughts, and chaſt behaviours
Without their uſes? Then they are known moſt excellent
When, by their contraries they are ſet off, and burniſh'd,
If ye both hold me faire, and chaſt, and vertuous,
Let me goe feareleſſe out, and win that greatneſſe;
Theſe Seeds grow not in Shades, and conceal'd places
Set 'em i'th' heat of all, then they riſe glorious.
Bar. Peace, ye are too loude.
Ama. You are too covetous,
If that be rank'd a vertue, you have a rich one,

Set me (like other Lawyers wives) off handſomely,
Attended as I ought, and as they have it,
My Coach, my people, and my handſome women,
My will, in honeſt things.
Bar. Peace *Amaranta:* (cures'em,
Ama. They have content, rich clothes, and that ſe-
Bindes, to their carefull Husbands, their obſervance,
They are merry, ride abroad, meet, laugh,
Bar. Thou ſhalt too:
Ama. And freely may converſe with proper Gentlemen,
Suffer temptations daily to their honour.

Enter Woman-Moore.

Bar. You are now too far again: thou ſhalt have any
Let me but lay up for a handſome Office, (thing,
And then my *Amaranta* ——
Ama. Here's a thing now,
Ye place as pleaſure to me: all my retinue,
My Chamber-maid, my Kitchin-maid, my friend,
And what ſhe failes in, I muſt doe my ſelfe.
A foyle to ſet my Beauty off, I thanke ye,
You will place the Devill next for a Companion,
Bar. No more ſuch words (good wiſe)
What would you have (Maid?)
Moor. Maſter Curate, and the Sexton, & a ſtranger (ſir)
Attend to ſpeake with your worſhip.
Bar. A ſtranger? (not.
Ama. You had beſt to be jealous of the man you know
Bar. 'Pree' thee no more of that.
Ama. 'Pray ye goe out to 'em,
That will be ſafeſt for ye, I am well here,
I onely love your peace, and ſerve like a ſlave for it.
Bar. No, no, thou ſhalt not; 'tis ſome honeſt Client,
Rich, and litigious, the Curate has brought to me,
Pre'thee goe in (my Duck) I'll but ſpeake to 'em,
And returne inſtantly.
Ama. I am commanded,
One day you will know my ſufferance.—— *Exit.*
Bar. And reward it.
So, ſo, faſt bind, faſt find; Come in my Neighbours,
My loving Neighbours pray ye come in, ye are welcome,

Enter Lopez, Leandro, and Diego.

Lop. Bleſſe your good reverence.
Bar. Good-day, good Maſter Curate,
And neighbour *Diego*, welcome: what's your buſineſſe?
And 'pray ye be ſhort (good friends) the time is pretious,
Welcome, good ſir.
Lop. To be ſhort then with your Maſterſhip,
(For I know your ſeverall houres, are full of buſineſſe)
We have brought ye this young-man, of honeſt parents,
And of an honeſt face.
Bar. It ſeemes ſo (Neighbours)
But to what end?
Lop. To be your Pupill (Sir)
Your Servant, if you pleaſe.
Lea. I have travell'd far, ſir.
To ſeeke a worthy man,
Bar. Alas, good Gentleman,
I am a poore man, and a private too,
Unfit to keep a Servant of your Reckoning;
My houſe a little Cottage, and ſcarce able
To hold my ſelfe, and thoſe poore few live under it;
Beſides, you muſt not blame me Gentleman,
If I were able to receive a Servant,
To be a little ſcrupulous of his dealing
For in theſe times——
Lop. 'Pray let me anſwer that (ſir)
Here is fiue hundred Duckets, to ſecure him,
He cannot want (ſir) to make good his credit,
Good gold, and coyne.
Bar. And thats an honeſt pledge;
Yet ſure, that needs not, for his face, and carriage,
Seeme to declare an in-bred honeſty,
Lea. And for I have a ripe mind to the Law (ſir)
(In which I underſtand you live a Maſter)
The leaſt poore corner in your houſe, poore Bed (ſir)
(Let me not ſeeme intruding to your Worſhip)
With ſome Books to inſtruct me, and your Counſell,
Shall I reſt moſt content with: other Acquaintance
Then your grave preſence, and the grounds of Law
I dare not covet, nor I will not ſeeke (ſir)
For ſurely mine owne nature deſires privacie.
Next, for your monthly paines (to ſhew my thanks,)
I doe proportion out ſome twenty Duckets;
As I grow riper, more: three hundred now (ſir)
To ſhew my love to learning, and my Maſter,
My diet, I'll defray too, without trouble.
Lop. Note but his mind to learning. (money.
Bar. I do ſtrangely, yes, and I like it too, thankes to his
Di. Would he would live with me, and learn to dig too.
Lop. A wondrous modeſt man (ſir.)
Bar. So it ſeemes,
His deare love to his Studie muſt be nouriſh'd
Neighbour, he's like to prove.
Lop. With your good counſell,
And with your diligence, as you will ply him;
His Parents, when they know your care——
Bar. Come hither;
Die. An honeſter young man, your worſhip ne're kept,
But he is ſo baſhfull——
Bar. O I like him better,
Say I ſhould undertake ee, which indeed (ſir)
Will be no little ſtraightneſſe to my living,
Conſidering my Affaires, and my ſmall houſe (ſir)
For I ſee ſome promiſes that pull me to ye;
Could you content your ſelfe, at firſt thus meanly,
To lye hard, in an out —part of my houſe (ſir?)
For I have not many Lodgings to allow ye;
And ſtudie ſhould be ſtill remote from company;
A little fire ſometimes too, to refreſh ye;
A Student muſt be frugall: ſometimes Lights too,
According to your labour.
Lea. Any thing (ſir)
That's dry, and wholſome: I am no bred-wanton.
Bar. Then I receive you: but I muſt deſire ye
To keep within your confines.
Lea. Ever ſir,
There's the Gold, and ever be your ſervant,
Take it and give me Bookes: may I but prove (ſir)
According to my wiſh, and theſe ſhall multiply.
Lop. Do, ſtudy hard, pray ye take him in, and ſettle him,
He's onely fit for you; Shew him his Cell (ſir.) (yer,
Di. Take a good heart; and when ye are a cunning Law-
I'le ſell my Bells, and you ſhall prove it lawfull,
Ba. Come, ſir, with me: neighbors I thank your diligence.
Lop. I'l, come ſometimes, and crack a caſe with ye.
Bar. Welcome—— *Exit.*
Lop. Here's mony got with eaſe: here, ſpend that jovially,
And pray for the Foole, the Founder.
Die. Many more Fooles
I heartily pray may follow his example,
Lawyers, or Lubbers, or of what condition,

And many ſuch ſweet friends in *Nova Hiſpania.*
Lop. It will do well; Let 'em but ſend their moneys,
Come from what quarter of the world, I care not,
I'll know 'em inſtantly; nay I'll be a-kin to 'em;
I cannot miſſe a man, that ſends me money:
Let him Law there, long as his Duckets laſt, Boy,
I'll grace him, and prefer him.
Die. I'll turn Trade (Maſter) and now live by the living,
Let the dead ſtinke, 'tis a poore ſtinking Trade.
Lop. If the young Foole now
Should chance to chop upon his faire Wife (*Diego.*)
Die. And handle her Caſe (Maſter) that's a law point,
A point would make him ſtart, and put on his Spectacles
A hidden point, were worth the canvaſſing.
Lop. Now ſurely, ſurely, I ſhould love him (*Diego*)
And love him heartily: nay, I ſhould love my ſelfe,
Or any thing that had but that good fortune,
For to ſay truth, the Lawyer is a dog-bolt,
An arrant worme: and though I call him worſhipfull,
I wiſh him a canoniz'd Cuckold (*Diego*)
Now, if my youth doe dnb him——
Di. He is too demure (ſir.) *Lop.* If he do ſting her home.
Die. There's no ſuch matter,
The woman was not borne to ſo much bleſſedneſſe,
He has no heate: ſtudy conſumes his oyle (Maſter,)
Lop. Let's leave it to the will of Fate, aud preſently
Over a cup of luſtie Sack, let's prophecie.
I am like a man that dreampt he was an Emperour,
Come *Diego*, hope, & whilſt he laſts, we'll lay it on. *Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Jamy Millanes, Arſenio.

Jam. *Angelo, Millanes*, did you ſee this wonder?
Mil. Yes, yes. *Jam.* And you *Arſenio*?
Ar. Yes, he's gon (Sir)
Strangely diſguis'd, he's ſet upon his voyage.
Love guide his thoughts: he's a brave honeſt fellow,
Sit cloſe Don Lawyer, ô that arrant knave now,
How he will ſtinke, will ſmoake againe, will burſt:
He's the moſt arrant Beaſt. *Mil.* He may be more beaſt.
Ja. Let him beare ſix and ſix, that all may blaze him,
The villany he has ſowed into my Brother,
And from his State the Revenue he has reach'd at:
Pay bim, my good *Leandro*, take my praiers.
Ar. And all our wiſhes plough with his fine white heifer.
Ja. Marke him (my deare Friend) for a famous Cuckold,
Let it out-live his Bookes, his paines, and heare me,
The more he ſeeks to ſmother it with Juſtice, *Enter a*
Let it blaze out the more: what news *Andrea*? *Servant.*
Andr. Newes I am both to tell ye: but I am charg'd (Sir)
Your Brother layes a ſtrict command upon ye,
No more to know his houſe, upon your danger,
I am ſorry (Sir.)
Jam. 'Faith never be: I am glad on't,
He keepes the houſe of pride, and foolery:
I meane to ſhun it: ſo returne my Anſwer,
'Twill ſhortly ſpew him out; Come, let's be merry,
And lay our heads together, carefully
How we may helpe our friend; and let's lodge neare him,
Be ſtill at hand: I would not for my patrimony,
But he ſhould crown his Lawyer, a learned Monſter,
Come, let's away I am ſtark mad till I ſee him. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Bartolus, and Amaranta.

Amar. Why, will ye bring men in, and yet be jealous?
Why will ye lodge a young man, a man able,
And yet repine?
Bar. He ſhall not trouble thee (Sweet)
A modeſt poore ſlight thing, did I not tell thee
He was onely given to the Booke, and for that
How royally he paies? finds his owne meat too.
Am. I will not have him here: I know your coutſes,
And what fits you will fall into of madneſſe.
Bar. Y'faith, I will not Wife, *Am.* I will not try ye,
Bar. He comes not neare thee: ſhall not dare to tread
Within thy Lodgings, in an old out-Roome
Where Logs, and Coles were layd.
Am. Now ye lay fire; Fire to conſume your quiet.
Bar. Didſt thou know him,
Thou wouldſt thinke as I doe: he diſquiet thee? (him,
Thou mayſt weare him next thy heart, & yet not warme
His mind (poore man) 's o'th' Law, how to live after,
And not on lewdneſſe: on my conſcience
He knowes not how to looke upon a woman
More then by reading what Sex ſhe is.
Am. I doe not like it (Sir.)
Bar. Do'ſt thou not ſee (Foole)
What preſents he ſends hourely in his gratefulneſſe?
What delicate meates?
Am. You had beſt truſt him at your Table,
Doe, and repent it, doe.
Bar. If thou be'ſt willing,
By my troth, I thinke ye might come, he's ſo modeſt,
He never ſpeakes: there's part of that he gave me,
He'll eat but halfe a dozen bits, and riſe immediatly,
Even as he eats, he ſtudies: he'll not diſquiet thee,
Doe as thou pleaſeſt (Wife.)
Am. What means this Wood-cocke? *Knock within.*
Bar. Retire (Sweet) there's one knocks: come in, your buſineſſe.
Enter Servant.
Ser. My Lord, *Don Henrique*, would entreat ye, Sir,
To come immediatly, and ſpeake with him,
He has buſineſſe of ſome moment.
Bar. I'll attend him,
I muſt be gon: I pre'thee thinke the beſt (wife)
At my returne, I'll tell thee more, good morrow;
Sir, keep ye cloſe, and ſtudy hard: an houre hence
I'll read a new Caſe to ye:—*Exit.* *Leandro within.*
Lean. I'll be ready. *Enter Amaranta.*
Amar. So many hundred Duckets, to ly ſcurvily?
And learne the pelting law? this ſounds but ſlenderly,
But very poorely: I would ſee this fellow
Very faine ſee him, how he lookes: I will find
To what end, and what ſtudy: there's the place:
I'll goe o'th' other ſide and take my Fortune;
I think there is a window. *Exit.* *Enter Leandro.*
Lean. He's gone out
Now, if I could but ſee her: ſhe is not this way:
How naſtily he keepes his houſe? my Chamber,
If I continue long, will choak me up,
It is ſo damp: I ſhall be mortifide
For any woman, if I ſtay a moneth here:
I'll in, and ſtrike my Lute, that ſound may call her. *Exit.*
Enter Amaranta. *Lute and Song.*
Ama. He keeps very cloſe: Lord, how I long to ſee him:
A Lute ſtrooke handſomely, a voice too; I'll heare that:
Theſe Verſes are no Law, they ſound too ſweetly,
Now I am more deſirous. (*Leandro peeping.*)
Lea. 'Tis ſhe certain. *Am.* What's that that peeps?
Lea. O, admirable face! *Am.* Sure 'tis the man.
Lea. I will goe out a little.

Am. Hee'lookes not like a foole, his face is noble:
How ſtill he ſtands?
Lea. I am ſtrucken dumb, with wonder,
Sure, all the Excellence of Earth dwells here.
Am. How pale he looks? yet, how his eies like torches,
Fling their beames round: how manly his face ſhewes?
He comes on: ſurely he will ſpeak: he is made moſt hand-
This is no Clerk behaviour; Now I have ſeen ye, (ſomly:
I'l take my time: husbād ye have brought home tinder. *Ex*
Lea. Sure ſhe has transform'd me,
I had forgot my tongue cleane,
I never ſaw a face yet, but this rare one,
But I was able boldly to encounter it,
And ſpeak my mind, my lips were lock upon me,
This is divine and onely ſerv'd with reverence;
O moſt faire cover, of a hand far fairer,
Thou bleſſed Innocence, that gaurds that whiteneſs,
Live next my heart. I am glad I have got a relick, *A noiſe*
A relick when I pray to it, may work wonders. *within.*
Harke, there's ſome noyſe: I muſt retire againe.
This bleſſed Apparition, makes me happy;
I'll ſuffer, and I'll ſacrifice my ſubſtance,
But I'll enjoy: now ſoftly to my Kennell. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius, Scæna Prima.

Enter *Henrique and Bartolus.*

Hen. You know my cauſe ſufficiently?
Bar. I doe (Sir.)
Hen. And though it will impaire my honeſty,
And ſtrike deep at my Credit, yet (my *Bartolus*)
There being no other evaſion left to free me
From the vexation of my ſpightfull Brother,
That moſt inſultingly raignes over me,
I muſt and will goe forward.
Bar. Doe (my Lord)
And looke not after credit, we ſhall cure that,
Your bended honeſtie, we ſhall ſet right (Sir)
We Surgeons of the Law, doe deſperate cures (Sir)
And you ſhall ſee how heartily I'll handle it:
Marke how I'll knock it home: be of good cheare (Sir)
You give good Fees, and thoſe beget good Cauſes,
The prerogative of your crownes will carry the matter,
(Carry it ſheere) The *Aſſiſtant* ſits to morrow,
And he's your friend, your monied men love naturally,
And as your loves are cleare, ſo are your Cauſes.
Hen. He ſhall not want for that.
Bar. No, no, he muſt not,
Line your Cauſe warmly (Sir) the times are Aguiſh,
That holds a Plea in heart; hang the penurious,
Their Cauſes (like their purſes) have poore Iſſues.
Hen. That way, I was ever bountifull.
Bar. 'Tis true (Sir)
That makes ye fear'd, forces the Snakes to kneele to ye,
Live full of money, and ſupply the Lawyer,
And take your choice of what mans lands you pleaſe (Sir)
What pleaſures, or what profits; what revenges,
They are all your owne: I muſt have witneſſes
Enough, and ready.
Hen. You ſhall not want (my *Bartolus.*)
Bar. Subſtantiall fearleſs ſoules, that wil ſwear ſuddenly,
That will ſweare any thing.
Hen. They ſhall ſweare truth too.
Bar. That's no great matter: for varietie
They may ſweare truth, els 'tis not much look'd after:
I will ſerve Proceſſe, preſently, and ſtrongly
Upon your Brother, and *Octavio,*
Jacintha, and the Boy; provide your procſes (Sir)
And ſet 'em fairely off, be ſure of Witneſſes,
Though they coſt money, want no ſtore of witneſſes,
I have ſeen a handſome Cauſe, ſo fowly loſt (Sir,)
So beaſtly caſt away for want of Witneſſes.
Hen. There ſhall want nothing.
Bar. Then be gone, be provident,
Send to the Judge, a ſecret way: you have me,
And let him underſtand the heart.
Hen. I ſhall (Sir.)
Bar. And feele the pulſes ſtrongly beat, I'll ſtudy,
And at my houre, but mark me, goe, be happy,
Goe, and beleeve i'th' Law.
Hen. I hope 'twill helpe me. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Lopez, Diego, and foure Pariſhioners and Singers.

Lop. Nea'r talke to me, I will not ſtay amongſt ye,
Debauſh'd and ignorant lazie knaves I found ye,
And fooles I leave ye, I have taught theſe twenty yeare
Preacht ſpoon-meat to ye, that a child might ſwallow,
Yet ye are Block-heads ſtill: what ſhould I ſay to ye?
Ye have neither faith, nor money left to ſave ye,
Am I a fit companion for ſuch Beggers?
1. If the Shepheard will ſuffer the ſheep to be ſcab'd(ſi
Lop. No, no, ye are rotten.
Di. Would they were, for my ſake.
Lop. I have nointed ye, and tar'd ye with my doctrin
And yet the murren ſticks to ye, yet ye are mangy,
I will avoid ye. *Two chaires ſet out.*
2. 'Pray ye (Sir) be not angry,
In the pride of your new Caſſock, doe not part with us,
We doe acknowledge ye a carefull Curat,
And one that ſeldome troubles us with Sermons,
A ſhort ſlice of a Reading ſerves us (Sir)
We doe acknowledge ye a quiet Teacher,
Before You'll vex your Audience, you'll ſleep with 'em,
And that's a loving thing.
3. We grant ye (Sir)
The onely benefactor to our Bowling,
To all our merry Sports, the firſt provoker,
And at our Feaſts, we know there is no reaſon,
But you that edifie us moſt, ſhould eat moſt.
Lop. I will not ſtay for all this, ye ſhall know me
A man borne to a more beſeeming fortune
Then ringing all-in, to a rout of Dunces.
4. We will increaſe your Tithes, you ſhall have Egs to
Though they may prove moſt dangerous to our Iſſues.
1. I am a Smith; yet thus far out of my love
You ſhall have the tenth horſe I prick, to pray for,
I am ſure I prick five hundred in a yeare (Sir.
2. I am a Cooke, a man of a dride conſcience,
Yet thus far I relent: you ſhall have tith porrage. *go.*
3. Your ſtipend ſhal be rais'd too (good neighbour *Di.*
Di. Would ye have me ſpeak for ye? I am more angr
Ten times more vex'd, not to be pacified:
No, there be other places for poore Sextons
Places of profit (Friends) fine ſtirring places,
And people that know how to uſe our Offices,
Know what they were made for: I ſpeak for ſuch Capon
Ye ſhall find the Key o'th' Church,
Under the doore (Neighbours,)

You may goe in, and drive away the dawes.
Lop. My Surpleſſe, with one ſleeve, you ſhall find there,
For to that dearth of Linnen, you have driven me;
And the old Cutworke Cope, that hangs by gymitrie:
’Pray ye turne em carefully, they are very tender:
The remnant of the Books, lie where they did (Neigh-
Half puſt away with the Church-wardens pipings. (bours)
Such ſmoaky zeales they have againſt hard places,
The poore-mans Box is there too: if ye find any thing
Beſide the poſie, and that halfe rub’d out too,
For feare it ſhould awake too much charitie
Give it to pious uſes, that is, ſpend it:
Die. The Bell-ropes, they are ſtrong enough to hang ye,
So we bequeath ye to your deſtiny.
1. ’Pray ye be not ſo haſtie.
Di. I’ll ſpeake a proud word to ye,
Would ye have us ſtay?
2. We doe moſt hearilty pray ye.
3. I’ll draw as mighty drinke (Sir.)
Lop. A ſtrong motive,
The ſtronger ſtill, the more ye come unto me.
3. And I’ll ſend for my Daughter:
Lop. This may ſtir too:
The Maiden is of age, and muſt be edified.
4. You ſhall have any thing: looſe our learned Vicar?
And our moſt conſtant friend; honeſt deare *Diego*?
Di. Yet all this will not do: I’ll tell ye (Neighbours)
And tell ye true: if ye will have us ſtay,
If you will have the comforts of our companies,
You ſhall be bound to doe us right in theſe points,
You ſhall be bound, and this the obligation,
Dy when ’tis fit, that we may have fit duties,
And doe not ſeeke to draw——out our undoings,
Marry tryde women, that are free, and fruitfull,
Get children in abundance, for your Chriſtnings,
Or ſuffer to be got, ’tis equall juſtice,
Lop. Let Weddings, Chriſtnings, Churchings, Funerals,
And merry Goſſippings goe round, go round ſtill,
Round as a Pig, that we may find the profit.
Die. And let your old men fall ſick handſomely:
And dy immediatly, their Sonnes may ſhoot up:
Let women dy oth’ ſullens too, ’tis naturall,
But be ſure their Daughters be of age firſt,
That they may ſtock us ſtill: your queazie young wives
That periſh undeliver’d, I am vext with,
And vext abundantly, it much concernes me,
There’s a childes buriall loſt, looke that be mended.
Lo. Let ’em be brought to bed, then dy when they pleaſe,
Theſe things conſidered (Country-men) and ſworne to
2. All theſe, and all our ſports againe, and gambolls.
3. We muſt dy, and we muſt live, and we’ll be merry,
Every man ſhall be rich by one another.
2. We are here to morrow, and gone to day: for my part
If getting children can be-friend my Neighbours,
I’ll labour hard but I will fill your Font (Sir.)
1. I have a Mother now, and an old Father,
They are as ſure your own, within theſe two moneths——
4. My Siſter muſt be prayd for too, ſhe is deſperate,
Deſperate in love.
Die. Keepe, deſperate men farre from her,
Then ’twill goe hard: doe you ſee how melancholy?
Doe you marke the man? do you profeſſe ye love him?
And would doe any thing to ſtay his fury?
And are ye unprovided to refreſh him,
To make him know your loves? fie Neighbours,
2. We’ll doe any thing,
We have brought Muſick to appeaſe his ſpirit,
And the beſt Song we’ll give him.
Die. ’Pray ye ſit down (Sir)
They know their duties now, and they ſtand ready
To tender their beſt mirth.
Lop. ’Tis well, proceed Neighbours,
I am glad I have brought ye to underſtand good manners,
Ye had Puritan hearts a-while, ſpurn’d at all paſtimes,
But I ſee ſome hope now.
Die. We are ſet proceed Neighbours.

Enter Arſenio and Millanes.

Arſ. What ayles this Prieſt? how highly the thing takes (it?
Mi. Lord how it looks? has he not bought ſome Prebend?
Leandro’s money, makes the Raſcall merry,
Merry at heart; he ſpies us.
Lo. Be gon Neighbours, *The Bar & Book ready on a (Table.*
Here are ſome Gentlemen: be gone good Neighbours,
Be gon, and labour to redeeme my favour,
No more words, but be gon: theſe two are Gentlemen,
No company for cruſty-handed fellowes.
Dieg. We will ſtay for a yeare or two, and trie ye:
Lop. Fill all your hearts with joy, we will ſtay with ye,
Be gone, no more; I take your paſtimes graciouſly:
Would ye with me (my friends?)
Arſ. We would looke upon ye,
For me-thinks ye looke lovely.
Lop. Ye have no Letters?
Nor any kind Remembrances?
Mil. Remembrances?
Lop. From *Nova Hiſpania*, or ſome part remote (Sir)
You looke like travell’d men: may be ſome old friends
That happily I have forgot; ſome Signeours
In *China*, or *Cataya*; ſome Companions——
Dieg. In the Mogulls Court, or elſe-where.
Arſ. They are mad, ſure.
Lop. Ye came not from *Peru*? doe they look (*Diego*)
As if they had ſome miſtery about ’em?
Another *Don Alonzo* now?
Di. I marry,
And ſo much money, Sir, from one you know not,
Let it be who it will.
Lop. They have gracious favours.
Would ye be private?
Mil. There’s no need on’t (Sir)
We come to bring ye a Remembrance from a Merchant.
Lop. ’Tis very well, ’tis like I know him.
Arſ. No, ſir,
I doe not thinke ye doe.
Lop. A new miſtake (*Diego*)
Let’s carry it decently.
Arſ. We come to tell ye,
You have received great ſummes from a young Factor
They call *Leandro*, that has rob’d his Maſter,
Rob’d him, and run away.
Dieg. Let’s keep cloſe (Maſter)
This newes comes from a cold Country.
Lop. By my faith it freezes, Curate)
Mil. Is not this true? doe you ſhrink now (good man
Doe I not touch ye?
Lop. We have a hundred Duckets
Yet left, we doe beſeech ye ſir——
Mil. You’ll hang both.
Lop. One may ſuffice.
Di. I will not hang alone (Maſter)
I had the leaſt part, you ſhall hang the higheſt.
Plague o’ this *Tiveria*, and the Letter,

The divell ſent it, poſt, to pepper us,
From *Nova Hiſpania*, we ſhall hang at home now.
Arſ. I ſee ye are penitent, and I have compaſſion:
Ye are ſecure both; doe but what we charge ye,
Ye ſhall have more gold too, and he ſhall give it,
Yet ne're indanger ye.
Lop. Command us (Maſter)
Command us preſently, and ſee how nimbly —
Die. And if we doe not handſomely endeavour —
Arſ. Goe home and till ye heare more, keep private,
Till we appeare againe, no words, (Vicar)
There's ſomething added.
Mil. For you too.
Lop. We are ready.
Mil. Goe, and expect us hourely, if ye falter,
Though ye had twenty lives—
Die. We are fit to looſe 'em.
Lop. 'Tis moſt expedient that we ſhould hang both.
Die. If we be hang'd, we cannot blame our fortune.
Mil. Farewell, and be your owne friends.
Lop, We expect ye. — *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Octavio, Jacintha, Aſcanio.

Oct. We cited to the Court! *A Bar. Table-booke,*
Ja. It is my wonder, *2 chairs,& paper ſtandiſh*
Oct. But not our fear, (*Iacintha*) wealthy men, (*ſet out.*
That have Eſtates to looſe, whoſe conſcious thoughts
Are full of inward guilt, may ſhake with horrour,
To have their Actions ſifted, or appeare
Before the Judge. But we that know our ſelves
As innocent, as poore, that have no Fleece
On which the Talons of the griping Law
Can take ſure hold, may ſmile with ſcorne on all
That can be urg'd againſt us.
Ia. I am confident
There is no man ſo covetous, that deſires
To raviſh our wants from us, and leſſe hope
There can be ſo much Juſtice left on earth,
(Though ſude, and call'd upon) to eaſe us of
The burthen of our wrongs.
Oct. What thinkes *Aſcanio?*
Should we be call'd in queſtion or accus'd
Unjuſtly, what would you doe to redeeme us,
From tirannous oppreſſion?
Aſc. I could pray
To him that ever has an open eare
To heare the innocent, and right their wrongs;
Nay, by my troth, I thinke I could out plead
An Advocate, and ſweat as much as he
Do's for a double Fee, ere you ſhould ſuffer
In an honeſt cauſe.
Enter Iamie and Bartolus.
Oct. Happy ſimplicitie!
Ia. My deareſt, and my beſt one: *Don Iamie,*
Oct. And the Advocate, that caus'd us to be ſummond.
Aſc. My Lord is mov'd, I ſee it in his lookes,
And that man, in the Gowne, in my opinion
Lookes like a proaguing knave.
Iac. Peace, give them leave.
Iam. Serve me with Proceſſe?
Bar. My Lord, you are not lawleſſe.
Iam. Nor thou honeſt;
One, that not long ſince was the buckram Scribe,
That would run on mens errands for an Aſper,
And from ſuch baſeneſſe, having rais'd a Stock
To bribe the covetous Judge, call'd to the Bar,
So poore in practiſe too, that you would plead
A needy Clyents Cauſe, for a ſtarv'd hen,
Or halfe a little loyn of Veale, though fly-blowne,
And theſe, the greateſt Fees you could arrive at
For juſt proceedings; but ſince you turn'd Raſcall —
Bar. Good words, my Lord.
Iam. And grew my Brothers Bawd
In all his vitious courſes, ſoothing him
In his diſhoneſt practiſes, you are growne
The rich, and eminent knave, in the divels name,
What am I cited for?
Bar. You ſhall know anon,
And then too late repent this bitter language,
Or I'll miſſe of my ends.
Iam. Wer't not in Court,
I would beat that fat of thine, rais'd by the food
Snatch'd from poore Clyents mouthes, into a jelly:
I would (my man of Law) but I am patient,
And would obey the Judge.
Bar. 'Tis your beſt courſe:
Would every enemy I have would beat me,
I would wiſh no better Action.
Oct. 'Save your Lordſhip.
Aſc. My humble ſervice.
Iam. My good Boy, how doſt thou?
Why art thou call'd into the Court?
Enter Aſſiſtant, Henrique, Officer, and Witneſſes.
Aſc. I know not,
But 'tis my Lord the Aſſiſtants pleaſure
I ſhould attend here.
Iam. He will ſoone reſolve us.
Offi. Make way there for the Judge.
Jam. How? my kind Brother?
Nay then 'tis ranck: there is ſome villany towards.
Aſſiſt. 'Tis Seſſions purchas'd at your ſuit, *Don Henrique*
Hath brought us hither, to heare and determine
Of what you can prefer.
Henrique. I doe beſeech
The honourable Court, I may be heard
In my Advocate.
Aſſiſt. 'Tis granted.
Bar. humh, humh.
Jam. That preface
If left out in a Lawyer, ſpoyles the Cauſe,
Though ne're ſo good, and honeſt.
Bar. If I ſtood here,
To plead in the defence of an ill man,
(Moſt equall Judge) or to accuſe the innocent
(To both which, I profeſſe my ſelfe a ſtranger)
It would be requiſite I ſhould deck my Language
With Tropes and Figures, and all flouriſhes
That grace a Rethorician, 'tis confeſs'd
Adulterate Mettals, need the Gold-ſmiths Art,
To ſet 'em off; what, in it ſelfe is perfect
Contemnes a borrowed gloſſe: This Lord (my Client)
Whoſe honeſt cauſe, when 'tis related truly,
Will challenge Juſtice, finding in his conſcience
A tender ſcruple of a fault long ſince
By him committed, thinkes it not ſufficient
To be abſolv'd of't, by his Confeſſor,
If that in open Court, he publiſh not
What was ſo long conceal'd.

Iam. To what tends this?
Bar. In his young yeares (it is no miracle
That youth, and heat of Blood, ſhould mix together)
He look'd upon this woman, on whoſe face
The ruines yet remaine, of excellent forme,
He look'd on her, and lov'd her.
Iac. You good Angels,
What an impudence is this?
Bar. And us'd all meanes
Of Service, Courtſhip, Preſents, that might win her
To be at his devotion: but in vaine
Her maiden Fort, impregnable held out
Untill he promis'd Marriage; and before
Theſe Witneſſes a ſolemne Contract paſs'd
To take her as his wife.
Aſſiſt. Give them their oath.
Iam. They are incompetent Witneſſes, his own Creatures,
And will ſweare any thing for halfe a royall.
Off. Silence.
Aſſiſt. Proceed.
Bar. Upon this ſtrong aſſurance
He did enjoy his wiſhes to the full,
Which ſatisfied, and then with eyes of Judgement
(Had winck'd with luſt before) conſidering duly
The inequality of the Match, he being
Nobly deſcended, and allyed, but ſhe
Without a name, or Family, ſecretly
He purchas'd a Divorce, to diſanull
His former Contract, marrying openly
The Lady *Violante.*
Iac. As you ſit here
The Deputy of the great King, who is
The Subſtitute of that impartiall Judge
With whom, or Wealth, or titles prevaile nothing,
Grant to a much wrong'd Widow, or a Wife
Your patience, with liberty to ſpeake
In her owne Cauſe, and let me face to face
To this bad man, deliver what he is:
And if my wrongs, with his ingratitude ballanc'd,
Move not compaſſion, let me die unpittied;
His teares, his oathes, his perjuries, I paſſe o're
To thinke of them, is a diſeaſe; but death
Should I repeat them. I dare not deny,
(For Innocence cannot juſtifie what's falſe)
But all the Advocate hath alleadged concerning
His falſhood, and my ſhame in my conſent,
To be moſt true: But now I turne to thee,
To thee *Don Henrique*, and if impious Acts
Have left thee blood enough to make a bluſh,
I'll paint it on thy cheekes. Was not the wrong
Sufficient to defeat me of mine honour,
To leave me full of ſorrow, as of want,
The witneſſe of thy luſt, left in my womb,
To teſtifie thy falſhood, and my ſhame?
But now ſo many yeares I had conceal'd
Thy moſt inhumane wickedneſſe, and won
This Gentleman, to hide it from the world
To Father what was thine (for yet by heaven,
Though in the City, he pas'd for my husband,
He never knew me as his wife.)
Aſſiſt. 'Tis ſtrange:
Give him an Oath.
Oct. I gladly ſweare, and truly.
Iac. After all this (I ſay) when I had borne
Theſe wrongs, with Saint-like patience, ſaw another
Freely enjoy, what was (in Juſtice) mine,
Yet ſtill ſo tender of thy reſt, and quiet,
I never would divulge it, to diſturb
Thy peace at home, yet thou moſt barbarous,
To be ſo careleſſe of me, and my Fame,
(For all reſpect of thine, in the firſt ſtep
To thy baſe luſt, was loſt) in open Court
To publiſh my diſgrace? and on record,
To write me up an eaſie-yeilding wanton?
I thinke can find no preſident: In my extreames,
One comfort yet is left, that though the Law
Divorce me from thy bed, and made free way
To the unjuſt embraces of an other,
It cannot yet deny that this thy Son
(Looke up *Aſcanio*, ſince it is come out)
Is thy legitimate heire.

Cheſſ-boord and men ſet ready.

Iam. Confederacie:
A trick (my Lord) to cheat me; e're you give
Your Sentence, grant me hearing.
Aſſiſt. New Chymera's?
Iam. I am (my Lord) ſince he is without Iſſue,
Or hope of any, his undoubted Heire,
And this forg'd by the Advocate, to defeat me
Of what the Lawes of *Spaine*, confer upon me,
A meere Impoſture, and conſpiracie
Againſt my future fortunes,
Aſſiſt. You are too bold,
Speak to the Cauſe *Don Henrique.*
Hen. I confeſſe,
(Though the acknowledgement muſt wound mine honour,
That all the Court hath heard touching this Cauſe,
Or with me, or againſt me) is moſt true:
The later part my Brother urg'd, excepted:
For what I now doe, is not out of Spleene
(As he pretends) but from remorſe of conſcience)
And to repaire the wrong that I have done
To this poore woman: And I beſeech your Lordſhip
To thinke I have not ſo far loſt my reaſon,
To bring into my Familie, to ſucceed me,
The ſtranger--Iſſue of anothers Bed,
By proofe, this is my Son, I challenge him,
Accept him, and acknowledge him, and deſire
By a definitive Sentence of the Court,
He may be ſo recorded, and full powre
To me, to take him home.
Iac. A ſecond rape
To the poore remnant of Content, that's left me,
If this be granted: and all my former wrongs
Were but beginnings to my miſeries,
But this the height of all: rather then part
With my *Aſcanio*, I'll deny my oath,
Profeſſe my ſelfe a Strumpet, and endure
What puniſhment ſoe're the Court decrees
Againſt a wretch that hath forſworne her ſelfe,
Or plai'd the impudent whore.
Aſſiſt. This taſtes of paſſion,
And that muſt not divert the courſe of Juſtice;
Don Henrique, take your Son, with this Condition
You give him maintenance, as becomes his birth,
And 'twill ſtand with your honour to doe ſomething
For this wronged woman: I will compell nothing,
But leave it to your will. Break up the Court:
It is in vaine to move me; my doom's paſs'd,
And cannot be revok'd. —— *Exit.*
Hen. There's your reward.
Bar. More Cauſes: and ſuch Fees. Now to my Wife,
I have too long bin abſent: Health to your Lordſhip,

Aſc. You all look ſtrangely, and I feare beleeve
This unexpected fortune makes me proud,
Indeed it do's not: I ſhall ever pay you
The duty of a ſon, and honour you
Next to my Father: good my Lord, for yet
I dare not call you, uncle, be not ſad,
I never ſhall forget thoſe noble favours
You did me being a ſtranger, and if ever
I live to be the maſter of a fortune,
You ſhall command it.
Jam. Since it was determi'nd
I ſhould be cozen'd, I am glad the profit
Shall fall on thee, I am too tough to melt,
But ſomething I will do.
Hen. 'Pray you take leaue
Of your ſteward (gentle Brother) the good husband
That takes up all for you.
Jam. Very well, mock on,
It is your turn: I may have mine—— *Exit.*
Oct. But do not
Forget us deare *Aſcanio*
Aſc. Do not feare it,
I Every day will ſee you: every houre
Remember you in my prayers.
Jam. My grief's too great
To beexpreſſed in words———— *Exit.*
Hen. Take that and leave us,
Leave us without reply, nay come back ſirrah
And ſtudy to forget ſuch things as theſe
As are not worth the knowledge.
Aſc. O good Sir.
Theſe are bad principles——
Hen. Such as you muſt learn
Now you are mine, for wealth and poverty
Can hold no friendſhip: and what is my will
You muſt obſerve and do, though good or ill. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Bartolus.

Bar. Where is my wife? 'fore heaven, I have done wonders
Done mighty things to day, my *Amaranta*,
My heart rejoyces at my wealthy Gleanings,
A rich litigious Lord I love to follow,
A Lord that builds his happineſſe on brawlings,
O 'tis a bleſſed thing to have rich Clyents,
Why, wife I ſay, how fares my ſtudious Pupill?
Hard at it ſtill? ye are too violent
All things muſt have their reſts, they will not laſt els
Come out and breathe. *Leandro within*
Lean. I do beſeech you pardon me
I am deeply in a ſweet point Sir,
Bar. I'le inſtruct ye:
Enter Amaranta.
I ſay take breath, ſeek health firſt then your ſtudy,
O my ſweet ſoul, I have brought thee golden birds home,
Birds in abundance: I have done ſtrange wonders:
There's more a hatching too,
Am. Have ye done good husband?
Then 'tis a good day ſpent
Bar. Good enough chicken,
I have ſpred the nets o'th' law, to catch rich booties,
And they come flttering in: how do's my Pupil?
My modeſt thing; haſt thou yet ſpoken to him?
Am. As I paſt by his chamber I might ſee him,
But he is ſo bookiſh,
Bar. And ſo baſhfull too,
I faith he is, before he will ſpeak, he will ſtarve there
Am. I pitie him a little.
Bar. So do I too.
Am. And if he pleaſe to take the aire o'th' gardens
Or walk i'th' inward roomes, ſo he moleſt not——
Bar. He ſhall not trouble thee, he dare not ſpeak to thee
Enter Moore with Cheſſe-board
Bring out the Cheſſe-board, --come let's have a game
I'le try your maſterie, you ſay you are cunning (wife,
Am. As learned as ye are (Sir) I ſhall beat ye.
Enter Leandro.
Ba. Here he ſteales out, put him not out of countenance
'Prethee look another way, he will be gone elſe
Walk and refreſh your ſelf, I'l be with you preſently,
Lean. I'le take the aire a little.
Bar. 'Twill be healthfull.
Am. Will ye be there? then here? Ile ſpare ye that man,
Lean. 'Would I were ſo neare too, and a mate fitting,
A. What think ye (Sir) to this? have at your Knight now
Bar. 'Twas ſubtilly playd: your Queen lies at my ſervice
Pre thee look off, he is ready to pop in again,
Look off I ſay, do'ſt thou not ſee how he bluſhes?
Am. I do not blaſt him:
Lean. But ye do, and burn too.
What killing looks ſhe ſteals?
Bar. I have you now cloſe,
Now for a Mate.
Lean. You are a bleſſed man that may ſo have her.
Oh that I might play with her—— *knock within*
Bar. Who's there? I come, you cannot ſcape me now wife
I come, I come, *knock*
Lean. Moſt bleſſed hand that calls him.
Bar. Play quickly wife.
Am. 'Pray ye give leave to think, Sir,
Enter Moore.
Moore An honeſt neighbour that dwells hard by (Sir)
Would fain ſpeak with your worſhip about buſineſſe.
Lean. The devil blow him off.
Bar. Play.
Am. I will ſtudy:
For if you beat me thus, you will ſtill laugh at me-- *knock*
Bar. He knocks again; I cannot ſtay. *Leandro*
'Pray thee come near.
Lean. I am well (Sir) here,
Bar. Come hither:
Be not afraid but come.
Am. Here's none will bite (Sir)
Lean. God forbid Lady.
Am. 'Pray come nearer.
Lean. Yes forſooth.
Bar. 'Pre thee obſerve theſe men: juſt as they ſtand here
And ſee this Lady, do not alter 'em,
And be not partiall, Pupill.
Lean. No indeed Sir.
Bar. Let her not move a pawn, I'le come back preſently
Nay you ſhall know I am a Conquerour.
Have an eye Pupill—— *Exit.*
Am. Can ye play at Cheſſe Sir?
Lean. A little Lady.
Am. But you cannot tell me
How to avoid this Mate & win the Game too
Ha's noble eyes: ye dare not friend me ſo farre.
Lean. I dare do any thing that's in mans power, Lady,

To be a friend to ſuch a noble beauty.
Am. This is no Lawyers language: I pray ye tell me,
Whether may I remove, Ye ſee I am ſet round?
To avoid my husband.
Lean. I ſhall tell ye happily.
But happily you will not be inſtructed.
Am. Yes, and I thank ye too, ſhall I move this man?
Lean. Thoſe are unſeemly: move one can ſerve ye
Can honour ye, can love ye.
Am. 'Pray ye tell quickly
He will return and then,
Lean. I'le tell ye inſtantly
Move me, and I wil move any way to ſerve ye
Move your heart this way (Lady)
Am. How?
Lean. 'Pray ye heare me.
Behold the ſport of Love, when he is imperious
Behold the ſlave of Love
Am. Move my Queen this way?
Sure, he's ſome worthy man: then if he hedge me
Or here to open him.
Lean. Do but behold me
If there be pity in you, do but view me,
But view the miſery I have undertaken
For you the povertie.
Am. He will come preſently.
Now play your beſt Sir, though I looſe this Rook here
Yet I get Libertie.
Lean. I'le ſeize your fair hand
And warm it with a hundred, hundred kiſſes
The God of love warm your deſires but equal
That ſhall play my game now.
Am. What do you mean Sir?
Why do you ſtop me?
Lean. That ye may intend me.
The time ha's bleſt us both: Love bids us uſe it.
I am a Gentleman nobly deſcended:
Young to invite your Love, rich to maintain it.
I bring a whole heart to ye, thus I give it,
And to thoſe burning altars thus I offer,
And thus divine lips, where perpetuall Sping grows.
Am. Take that, ye are too ſaucy.
Lean. How proud Lady?
Strike my deſerts?
Am. I was too blame.

Enter Bartolus.

Bar. What wife, there?
Heaven keep my houſe from thieves.
Lean. I am wretched:
Opened, diſcovered, loſt to my wiſhes.
I ſhall be whooted at.
Bar. What noiſe was this (wife?)
Why doſt thou ſmile?
Lean. This proud thing will betray me.
Bar. Why theſe lie here? what anger (deare?)
Am. Why none, Sir,
Onely a chance, your pupill ſaid he plaid well,
And ſo indeed he do's: he undertook for ye
Becauſe I would not ſit ſo long time idle
I made my Liberty, avoided your mate,
And he again as cunningly endangered me,
Indeed he put me ſtrangely to it. When preſently
Hearing you come, and having broke his ambuſh too
Having the ſecond time brought off my Queen fair,
I roſe o'th' ſudden ſmilingly to ſhew ye,
My apron caught the Cheſſe-board, and the men,
And there the noiſe was.
Bar. Thou art grown a Maſter,
For all this, I ſhall beat ye.
Lean. Or I, Lawyer,
For now *I* love her more, 'twas a neat anſwer,
And by it hangs a mighty hope, I thank her
She gave my pate a ſound knock that it rings yet,
But you ſhall have a ſounder if I live Lawyer,
My heart akes yet, *I* would not be in that fear--
Bar. I am glad ye are a gameſter, Sir, ſometimes
For recreation we two ſhall fight hard at it,
Am. He will prove too hard for me,
Lean. I hope he ſhall do, (good Lady,
But your Ches-board is too hard for my head, line that
Bar. I have been attoning two moſt wrangling neigh-
They had no money, therefore I made even (bours,
Come, let's go in, and eat, truly *I* am hungry.
Lean. I have eaten already, *I* muſt intreat your pardon
Bar. Do as ye pleaſe, we ſhall expect ye at ſupper.
He ha's got a little heart, now it ſeems handſomly,
Am. You'l get no little head, if *I* do not look to ye.
*Lean. I*f ever *I* do catch thee again thou vanity ——
Am. I was too blame to be ſo raſh, *I* am ſorie---*Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus Scæna Prima.

Enter Don Henrique, Violante, Aſcanio.

Hen. Heare but my reaſons,
Viol. O my patience heare 'em.
Can cunning falſhood colour an excuſe?
With any ſeeming ſhape of borrowed truth?
Extenuate this wofull wrong, not error.
Hen. You gave conſent that to defeat my brother
I ſhould take any courſe,
Viol. But not to make
The cure more loathſome then the fowle diſeaſe:
Was't not enough you took me to your bed,
Tir'd with looſe dalliance, and with emptie veines,
All thoſe abilities ſpent before and waſted,
That could conferre the name of mother on me?
But that (to perfect my account of ſorrow)
For my long barrenneſſe you muſt highten it
By ſhewing to my face, that you were fruitfull
Hug'd in the baſe embraces of another?
If Solitude that dwelt beneath my roofe,
And want of children was a torment to me
What end of my vexation to behold
A baſtard to upbraid me with my wants?
And heare the name of father paid to ye
Yet know my ſelf no mother,
What can I ſay?
Hen. ſhall I confeſſe my fault and ask your pardon?
Will that content ye?
Viol. If it could make void,
What is confirm'd in Court, No, no, *Don Henrique*,
You ſhall know that I find my ſelf abus'd,
And adde to that I have a womans anger,
And while I look upon this Baſilisk,
Whoſe envious eyes hath blaſted all my comforts
Reſt confident *I'le* ſtudy my dark ends,
And not your pleaſures,
Aſc. Noble Lady, heare me,
Not as my Fathers ſon, but as your ſervant,
Vouchſafe to heare me, for ſuch in my duty,

I ever will appeare : And far be it from
My poore ambition, ever to looke on you,
But with that reverence ; which a ſlave ſtands bound
To pay a worthy Miſtris : I have heard
That Dames of higheſt place, nay Queenes themſelves,
Diſdaine not to be ſerv'd by ſuch as are
Of meaneſt Birth: and I ſhall be moſt happie,
To be emploi'd when you pleaſe to command me
Even in the courſeſt Office, as your Page,
I can wayte on your trencher : : fill your wine
Carry your pontaſles, and be ſometimes bleſs'd
In all humilitie to touch your feete
Or if that you eſteeme that too much grace
I can run by your Coach : obſerve your lookes
And hope to gaine a fortune by my ſervice,
With your good favour, which now, as a Son,
I dare not challenge
Viol. As a Son,
Aſc. Forgive me
I will forget the name, let it be death
For me to call you Mother.
Viol. Still upbraided?
Hen. No way left to appeaſe you?
Viol. None : now heare me :
Heare what I vow before the face of heaven,
And if I breake it all plagues in this life,
And thoſe that after death are fear'd, fall on me
While that this Baſtard ſtaies under my rooffe,
Looke for no peace at home, for I renounce
All Offices of a wife,
Hen. What am I falne to? (howres
Viol. I will not eate, nor ſleepe with you and thoſe
Which I ſhould ſpend in prayers for your health
Shall be emploi'd in Curſes,
Hen. Terrible,
Viol. All the day long, i'le be as tedious to you
As lingring fevers, and i'le watch the nights,
To ring alou'd your ſhame, and breake your ſleepes
Or if you doe but ſlumber, i'le appeare
In the ſhape of all my wrongs, and like a fury
Fright you to madnes, and if all this faile
To worke out my revenge, I have friends and kinſmen,
That will not ſit downe tame with the diſgrace
That's offer'd to our noble familie
In what I ſuffer,
Hen. How am I devided
Betweene the duties I owe as a Husband,
And pietie of a Parent?
Aſc. I am taught Sir
By the inſtinct of nature that obedience
Which bids me to prefer your peace of mind,
Before thoſe pleaſures that are deareſt to me
Be wholy hers (my Lord) I quit all parts,
That I may challenge : may you grow old together
And no diſtaſt e're find you foud bere, out before
The Characters of age are printed on you
May you ſee many Images of your ſelves,
Though I, like ſome falſe Glaſſe, that's never look'd in
And caſt a ſide, and broken from this hower
(Unles invited, which I dare not hope for)
I never will ſet my forbidden feete,
Over your threſhold : onely give me leave
Though caſt off to the world, to mention you,
In my devotions 'tis all I ſue for
And ſo I take my laſt leave
Hen. Though I am
Devoted to a wife nay allmoſt ſol'd
A ſlave to ſerve her pleaſures, yet I cannot
So part with all humanity, but I muſt
Shew ſomething of a Father : thou ſhalt not goe
Unfurniſh'd and unfriended too : take that
To guard thee from neceſſities ; may thy goodnes
Meet many favours, and thine innocence
Deſerve to be the heire of greater fortunes,
Then thou wer't borne to. Scorne me not *Violante*
This baniſhment is a kind of civill death,
And now, as it were at his Funerall
To ſhed a teare or two, is not unmanly.
And ſo farewell for ever : one word more,
Though I muſt never ſee thee (my *Aſcanio*)
When this is ſpent (for ſo the Judge decreed)
Send to me for ſupply : are you pleas'd now?
Viol. Yes : I have cauſe : to ſee you howle and blubber
At the parting of my torment, & your ſhame
'Tis well: proceed: ſupply his wants: doe doe:
Bed ready win
tableStandiſh
Paper.
Let the great dowre I brought ſerve to maintain
Your Baſtards riots : ſend my Clothes and Jewells,
To your old acquaintaince, your deare dame his Mother
Now you begin to melt, I know 'twill follow,
Hen. Is all I doe miſconſtrude?
Viol. I will take
A courſe to right my ſelfe a ſpeeding one :
By the bleſs'd Saints, I will ; if I prove cruell
The ſhame to ſee thy fooliſh pitty, taught me
To looſe my naturall ſoftnes, keepe off from me
Thy flateries are infectious, and i'le fle thee
As I would doe a Leper.
Hen. Let not fury
Tranſport you ſo : you know I am your Creature;
All love, but to your ſelf, with him, hath left me
I'le ioyne with you in any thing
Viol. In vaine
I'le take mine owne waies, and will have no partners,
Hen. I will not croſſe you,
Viol. Doe not, they ſhall find
That to a Woman of her hopes beguil'd
A viper troad on, or an Aſpick's mild. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lopez Millanes Arſenio.

Lop. Sits the game there? I have you by mine order,
I love *Leandro* for't
Mil. But you muſt ſhew it
In lending him your helpe, to gain him meanes
And opportunitie.
Lop. He ſhall want nothing,
I know my Advocate to a hayre, and what
Will fetch him from his prayers, if he uſe any,
I am honyed with the project : I would have him horn'd
For a moſt pretious Beaſt.
Arſ. But you looſe time;
Lop. I am gon, inſtruct you *Diego*, you will find him
A ſharpe and ſubtle knave, give him but hints
And he will amplifie : Se all things ready
I'll fetch him with a vengeance. *Exit.*
Arſ. If ye faile now,
Wee'll give him over too,
Mil. Tuſh he is fleſh'd,
And knowes what vaine to ſtrike for his owne credit.

Arſ. All things are ready.
Mil. Then we ſhall have a merry Scene, ne're feare it.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Amaranta (with a note) and Moore.

Amar. Is thy Maſter gone out?
Moore. Even now, the Curat fetch'd him,
About a ſerious buſineſſe as it ſeem'd,
For he ſnatch'd up his Cloak and bruſh'd his hat ſtrait,
Set his Band handſomely, and out he gallop'd.
Amar. 'Tis well, 'tis very well, he went out (*Egla.*)
As luckily, as one would ſay, goe Husband,
He was call'd by providence: fling this ſhort paper
Into *Leandro*'s Cell, and waken him,
He is monſtrous vexed, and muſty, at my Cheſſe-play;
But this ſhall ſupple him, when he has read it:
Take your owne recreation for two houres,
And hinder nothing.
Moore. If I doe, I'll hang for't. *Exeunt.*

Scena quarta.

Enter Octavio, Jacintha.

Oct. If that you lov'd *Aſcanio* for himſelfe,
And not your private ends, you rather ſhould
Bleſſe the faire opportunitie, that reſtores him
To his Birth-right, and the Honours he was borne to,
Then grieve at his good Fortune.
Jac. Grieve *Octavio*?
I would reſigne my Eſſence, that he were
As happy as my love could faſhion him,
Though every bleſſing that ſhould fall on him,
Might prove a curſe to me, my ſorrow ſprings
Out of my feare, and doubt he is not ſafe.
I am acquainted with *Don Henrique*'s nature,
And I have heard too much the fiery temper
Of Madam *Violante*: can you thinke
That ſhe, that almoſt is at war with heaven
For being barren, will with equall eyes
Behold a Son of mine?
Oct. His Fathers care,
That for the want of Iſſue, tooke him home,
(Though with the forfeiture of his owne fame)
Will looke unto his ſafetie.
Jac. Step-mothers
Have many eyes, to find a way to miſchiefe,
Though blind to goodneſſe.
Enter Jamy and Aſcanio.
Oct. Here comes *Don Jamy*,
And with him our *Aſcanio*.
Jamy. Good youth leave me,
I know thou art forbid my company,
And onely to be ſeene with me, will call on
Thy Fathers anger.
Arſ. Sir, if that to ſerve you
Could looſe me any thing (as indeed it cannot)
I ſtill would follow you. Alas I was borne
To doe you hurt, but not to help my ſelfe,
I was, for ſome particular end, tooke home,
But am caſt off againe.
Jam. Is't poſſible?
Aſc. The Lady, whom my Father calls his wife
Abhors my ſight, is ſick of me, and forc'd him
To turne me out of dores.
Iac. By my beſt hopes
I thanke her crueltie, for it comes neere
A ſaving charitie.
Aſc. I am onely happy
That yet I can relieve you, 'pray you ſhare:
My Father's wondrous kind, and promiſes
That I ſhould be ſupplide: but ſure the Lady
Is a malitious woman, and I feare
Meanes me no good.
Enter Servant.
Iamy. I am turn'd a ſtone with wonder,
And know not what to thinke.
Ser. From my Lady,
Your private eare and this——
Iamy. New Miracles?
Ser. She ſayes, if you dare make your ſelfe a Fortune,
She will propoſe the meanes; My Lord *Don Henrique*
Is now from home, and ſhe alone expects you,
If you dare truſt her, ſo, if not deſpaire of
A ſecond offer, *Exit.*
Jam. Though there were an Ambuſh
Layd for my life, I,ll on, and ſound this ſecret,
Retire thee (my *Aſcanio*) with thy Mother:
But ſtir not forth, ſome great deſigne's on foot,
Fall what can fall, if e're the Sun be ſet,
I ſee you not, give me dead.
Aſc. We will expect you,
And thoſe bleſs'd Angels, that love goodneſſe, guard you.
Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Lopez and Bartolus.

Bar. Is't poſſible he ſhould be rich?
Lop. Moſt poſſible,
He hath bin long, though he had but little gettings,
Drawing together, Sir.
Bar. Accounted a poore Sexton,
Honeſt poore *Diego*,
Lop. I aſſure ye, a cloſe Fellow,
Both cloſe, and ſcraping, and that fills the bags, Sir,
Bar. A notable good Fellow too?
Lop. Sometimes, Sir, *Diego ready in Bed, wine, cup.*
When he hop'd to drink a man into a ſurfeit,
That he might gaine by his Grave.
Bar. So many thouſands?
Lop. Heaven knowes what.
Bar. 'Tis ſtrange,
'Tis very ſtrange; but we ſee by endeavour,
And honeſt labour——
Lop. *Milo*, by continuance
Grew from a ſilly Calfe (with your worſhips reverence)
To carry a Bull, from a penny, to a pound, Sir,
And from a pound, to many: 'tis the progreſſe.
Bar. Ye ſay true, but he lov'd to feed well alſo,
And that me-thinks——
Lop. From another mans Trencher, Sir,
And there he found it ſeaſon'd with ſmall charge:
There he would play the Tyrant, and would devoure ye
More then the Graves he made, at home he liv'd
Like a Camelion, ſuckt th'Ayre of miſery, *Table out, Stan-*
And grew fat by th'Brewis of an Eg-ſhel, *diſh paper ſtools.*

Would ſmell a Cooks ſhop and goe home and ſurfeit,
And be a moneth in faſting out that Fever. (ye?
Bar. Theſe are good Symptomes: do's he lye ſo ſick, ſay
Lop. Oh, very ſick.
Bar. And choſen me Executor?
Lop. Onely your Worſhip.
Bar. No hope of his amendment?
Lop. None, that we find.
Bar. He hath no kinſmen neither?
Lop. 'Truth, very few.
Bar. His mind will be the quieter,
What Doctors has he?
Lop. There's none ſir, he believes in.
Bar. They are but needleſſe things, in ſuch extremities.
Who drawes the good-man's will?
Lop. Marry that doe I, Sir.
And to my griefe.
Bar. Griefe will doe little now, Sir,
Draw it to your comfort, Friend, and as I counſell ye,
An honeſt man, but ſuch men live not alwayes
Who are about him?
Lop. Many, now he is paſſing,
That would pretend to his love, yes, and ſome gentlemen
That would faine counſell him, and be of his kindred;
Rich men can want no heires, Sir.
Bar. They doe ill,
Indeed they doe, to trouble him: very ill, Sir,
But we ſhall take a care.

Enter Diego (in a Bed) Millanes, Arſenio,
and Pariſhioners.

Lop. Will ye come neare, Sir,
'Pray ye bring him out; Now ye may ſee in what ſtate:
Give him freſh ayre. *Bed thruſt out.*
Bar. I am ſorry, Neighbour **Diego**, bulge
To find ye in ſo weake a ſtate.
Die. Ye are welcome,
But I am fleeting, Sir.
Bar. Me-thinkes he looks well,
His colour freſh, and ſtrong, his eyes are chearfull.
Lop. A glimmering before death, 'tis nothing els, Sir,
Do you ſee how he fumbles with the ſheet? do ye note that
Di. My learned Sir 'pray ye ſit: I am bold to ſend for ye,
To take a care of what I leave.
Lop. Doe you heare that?
Arſ. Play the knave finely.
Die. So I will, I warrant ye,
And carefully.
Bar. 'Pray ye doe not trouble him,
You ſee he's weake and has a wandring fancie.
Di. My honeſt Neighbours, weep not, I muſt leave ye,
I cannot alwayes beare ye company,
VVe muſt drop ſtill, there is no remedie:
'Pray ye Maſter Curat, will ye write my Teſtament,
And write it largely it may be remembred,
And be witneſſe to my Legacies, good Gentlemen;
Your worſhip, I doe make my full Executor,
You are a man of wit and underſtanding:
Give me a cup of wine to raiſe my Spirits,
For I ſpeake low: I would before theſe Neighbours
Have ye to ſweare (Sir) that you will ſee it executed,
And what I give, let equally be rendred
For my ſoules health.
Bar. I vow it truly, Neighbours,
Let not that trouble ye before all theſe,
Once more I give my Oath.
Di. Then ſet me higher,
And pray ye come neare me all.
Lop. VVe are ready for ye.
Mil. Now ſpur the Aſſe, and get our friend time.
Die. Firſt then,
After I have given my Body to the wormes
(For they muſt be ſerv'd firſt, they are ſeldome cozen'
Lop. Remember your Pariſh, Neighbour.
Di. You ſpeake truly,
I doe remember it, a lewd vile Pariſh,
And pray it may be mended: To the Poore of it,
(VVhich is to all the Pariſh) I give nothing,
For nothing, unto nothing, is moſt naturall,
Yet leave as much ſpace, as will build an Hoſpitall,
Their children may pray for me.
Bar. What doe you give to it?
Die. Set downe two thouſand Duckets,
Bar. 'Tis a good gift,
And will be long remembred.
Die. To your worſhip,
(Becauſe you muſt take paines to ſee all finiſh'd)
I give two thouſand more, it may be three, Sir,
A poore gratuitie for your paines-taking.
Bar. Theſe are large ſummes;
Lop. Nothing to him that has 'em.
Die. To my old Maſter Vicar, I give five hundred,
(Five hundred, and five hundred, are too few Sir)
But there be more to ſerve.
Bar. This fellow coynes ſure. (Boo
Di. Give me ſome more drink. Pray ye buy Books,
You have a learned head, ſtuffe it with Libraries,
And underſtand 'em, when ye have done, 'tis Juſtice,
Run not the Pariſh mad with Controverſies,
Nor preach not Abſtinence to longing women,
'Twill budge the bottoms of their conſciences:
I would give the Church new Organs, but I prophecie
The Church-wardens would quickly pipe'em out o'th'P
Two hundred Duckets more to mend the chancel, (ti
And to paint true Orthographie, as many,
They write *Sunt* with a *C* which is abominable,
'Pray you ſet that downe to poore Maidens marriage
Lo. I that's wel thought of, what's your wil in that poi
A meritorious thing.
Bar. No end of this will?
Di. I give *per annum* two hundred ells of Lockram,
That there be no ſtrait dealings in their Linnens,
But the Sayles cut according to their Burthens;
To all Bell-Ringers, I bequeath new Ropes,
And let them uſe 'em at their owne diſcretions.
Arſ. You may remember us.
Di. I doe, good Gentlemen,
And I bequeath ye both good carefull Surgeons
A Legacy, you have need of, more then money,
I know you want good Diets and good Lotions,
And in your pleaſures good take heed.
Lop. He raves now.
But 'twill be quickly off,
Di. I doe bequeath ye
Commodities of pins: browne papers: pack-threds,
Roſt porke, & puddings: Ginger-bread, & Jewes-trump
Of penny Pipes, and mouldy Pepper: take 'em,
Take 'em even where you pleaſe and be cozen'd with 'e
I ſhould bequeath ye Executions alſo,
But thoſe I'll leave to th' Law.
Lop. Now he growes temperate.
Bar. You will give no more?
Di. I am loth to give more from ye,

Becauſe I know you will have a care to execute
Onely, to pious uſes, Sir, a little.
Bar. If he be worth all theſe, I am made for ever,
Die. I give to fatall Dames, that ſpin mens threds out,
And poore diſtreſſed Damſells, that are militant
As members of our owne Afflictions,
A hundred Crowns to buy warm tubbs to worke in,
I give five hundred pounds to buy a Church-yard,
A ſpacious Church-yard, to lay Theeves and knaves in,
Rich men, and honeſt men, take all the roome up.
Lop. Are ye not weary?
Di. Never of well-doing.
Bar. Theſe are mad Legacies.
Die. They were got as madly;
My Sheep, and Oxen, and my moveables,
My Plate, and Jewells, and five hundred Acres;
I have no heires.
Bar. This cannot be, 'tis Monſtrous.
Die. Three Ships at Sea too.
Bar. You have made me full Executor.
Di. Full, full, and totall, would I had more to give ye
But theſe may ſerve an honeſt mind.
Bar. Ye ſay true,
A very honeſt mind, and make it rich too;
Rich, wondrous rich, but where ſhall I raiſe theſe monys,
About your houſe? I ſee no ſuch great promiſes;
Where ſhall I find theſe ſummes?
Die. Even where you pleaſe Sir,
You are wiſe and provident and know buſineſſe
Ev'n raiſe'em where you ſhal think good, I am reaſonable
Bar. Thinke good? will that raiſe thouſands?
What doe you make me?
Di. You have ſworn to ſee it done, that's all my comfort.
Bar. Where I pleaſe? this is pack'd ſure to diſgrace me.
Di. Ye are juſt, and honeſt, and I know you will doe it,
Ev'n where you pleaſe, for you know where the wealth is.
Bar. I am abuſed, betrayed, I am laugh'd at, ſcorn'd,
Baffel'd, and boared, it ſeemes.
Arſ. No, no, ye are fooled.
Lop. Moſt finely fooled, and handſomely, and neatly,
Such cunning Maſters muſt be fooled ſometimes, Sir,
And have their worſhips noſes wiped, 'tis healthfull,
We are but quit: you foole us of our moneys
In every Cauſe, in every Quiddit wipe us. (men,
Di. Ha, ha, ha ha, ſome more drink, for my heart, Gentle-
This merry Lawyer—— ha, ha, ha, ha, this Scholler——
I thinke this fitt will cure me: this Executor——
I ſhall laugh out my Lungs.
Bar. This is deriſion above ſufferance, villany
Plotted, and ſet againſt me.
Die. Faith 'tis knavery,
In troth I muſt confeſſe, thou art fooled indeed, Lawyer.
Mil. Did you thinke, had this man been rich ——
Bar. 'Tis well, Sir.
Mil. He would have choſen ſuch a Wolfe, a Cancker,
A Maggot-pate, to be his whole Executor.
Lop. A Lawyer, that entangles all mens honeſties,
And lives like a Spider in a Cobweb lurking,
And catching at all Flies, that paſſe his pitt-falls?
Puts powder to all States, to make em caper?
Would he truſt you?
Die. Doe you deſerve? I find, Gentlemen,
This Cataplaſme of a well cozen'd Lawyer
Laid to my ſtomach, lenifies my Fever,
Me-thinkes I could eat now and walke a little.
Bar. I am aſham'd to feele how flat I am cheated,
How groſſely, and malitiouſly made a May-game,
A damned Trick; my wife, my wife, ſome Raſcall:
My credit, and my wife, ſome luſtfull villaine,
Some Bawd, ſome Rogue,
Arſ. Some craftie Foole has found ye:
This 'tis Sir, to teach ye to be too buſie,
To covet all the gaines, and all the rumours
To have a ſtirring eare, in all mens actions.
Lop. We did this, but to vex your fine officiouſneſſe.
Bar. Good'yeild ye and go'd thank ye: I am fooled, gen-
The Lawyer is an Aſſe, I doe confeſſe it, (tlemen;
A weak dull ſhallow Aſſe: good even to your worſhips;
Vicar, remember Vicar, Raſcall remember,
Thou notable rich Raſcall.
Die. I doe remember, Sir,
'Pray ye ſtay a little, I have ev'n two Legacies
To make your mouth up, Sir.
Bar. Remember Varletts, (tocks. *Ex.*
Quake & remember, Rogues; I have brine for your But-
Lop. Oh how he frets, and fumes now like a dunghill.
Di. His gall containes fine ſtuffe now to make poyſons,
Rare damned ſtuffe.
Arſ. Let's after him, and ſtill vex him,
And take my Friend off: by this time he has proſper'd,
He cannot looſe this deere time: 'tis impoſſible.
Mil. Well *Diego*, thou haſt done.
Lop. Haſt done it daintily.
Mil. And ſhalt be as well paid, Boy——
Arſ. Goe, let's crucifie him. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Sexta.

Enter Amaranta, Leandro.

Lea. I have told ye all my ſtory, and how deſperately.
Am. I doe believe: let's walke on, time is pretious,
Not to be ſpent in words, here no more wooing,
The open Ayre's an enemy to Lovers, *Pewter ready*
Doe as I tell ye. *for noyſe.*
Lea. I'll doe any thing,
I am ſo over-joy'd, I'll fly to ſerve ye.
Am. Take your joy moderately, as it is miniſtred,
And as the cauſe invites: that man's a foole
That at the ſight o'th' Bond, dances and leapes,
Then is the true joy, when the money comes.
Lea. You cannot now deny me.
Am. Nay, you know not,
Women have crotchets, and ſtrange fits.
Lea. You ſhall not.
Am. Hold ye to that and ſweare it confidently,
Then I ſhall make a ſcruple to deny ye:
'Pray ye let's ſtep in, and ſee a friend of mine,
The weather's ſharp: we'll ſtay but halfe an houre,
We may be miſs'd els: a private fine houſe 'tis, Sir,
And we may find many good welcomes.
Lea. Doe Lady,
Doe happy Lady.
Am. All your mind's of doing,
You muſt be modeſter.
Lea. I will be any thing. —— *Exeunt.*

Scæna Septima.

Enter Bartolus.

Bar. Open the dores, and give me roome to chaſe in
Mine owne roome, and my liberty: why Maid there,

Open, I ſay, and doe not anger me,
I am ſubject to much fury : when ye diſh-clout ?
When doe ye come ? a ſleepe, ye lazie hell-hound ?
Nothing intended, but your eaſe, and eating ?
No body here ? why wife, why wife ? why jewell ?
No tongue to anſwer me ? 'pre'thee (good Pupill)
Diſpence a little with thy carefull ſtudy,
And ſtep to th' doore, and let me in; nor he neither ?
Ha ! not at's ſtudy ? nor aſleepe ? nor no-body ?
I'll make ye heare : the houſe of Ignorance,
No ſound inhabits here : I have a key yet
That commands all : I feare I am metamorphiz'd.

Enter Lopez, Arſenio, Milanes, Diego.

Lop. He keepes his fury ſtill, and may doe miſchiefe.
Mil. He ſhalbe hang'd firſt, we'll be ſticklers there, boyes
Di. The hundred thouſand Dreams now, that poſſes him
Of jealouſie, and of revenge and frailtie
Of drawing Bills againſt us, and Petitions.
Lop. And caſting what his credit ſhall recover.
Mil. Let him caſt till his Maw come up, we care not.
You ſhall be ſtill ſecured. *A great noyſe within.*
Die. We'll pay him home then;
Hark what a noyſe he keeps within ?
Lop. Certaine
H'as ſet his Chimneys o' fire, or the divell roars there.
Di. The Codixes o'th' Law are broke looſe, Gentlemen.
Arſ. He's fighting ſure,
Di I'll tell ye that immediatly —— *Exit.*
Mil. Or doing ſome ſtrange out-rage on himſelfe.
Arſ. Hang him, he dares not be ſo valiant.

Enter Diego.

Di. There's no body at home and he chafes like a Lyon,
And ſtinkes withall. *Noyſe ſtill.*
Lop. No body ?
Di. Not a creature,
Nothing within, but he and his Law-tempeſt,
The Ladles, diſhes, kettles, how they fly all?
And how the Glaſſes through the Roomes ?

Enter Bartolus.

Arſ. My friend ſure
Has got her out, and now he has made an end on't.
Lop. See where the Sea comes? how it foams, & bruſſels ?
The great Leviathan o'th' Law, how it tumbles ?
Bar. Made every way an Aſſe ? abus'd on all ſides ?
And from all quarters, people come to laugh at me ?
Riſe like a Comet, to be wonder'd at ?
A horrid Comet, for Boyes tongues, and Ballads ?
I will run from my wits.

Enter Amaranta, Leandro.

Arſ. Doe, doe, (good Lawyer)
And from thy money too, then thou wilt be quiet.
Mil. Here ſhe comes home : now mark the ſalutations;
How like an Aſſe my friend goes ?
Arſ. She has pull'd his eares downe.
Bar. Now, what ſweet voyage? to what Garden, Lady?
Or to what Coſens houſe ?
Am. Is this my welcome ?
I cannot goe to Church, but thus I am ſcandall'd,
Uſe no devotion for my ſoule, but Gentlemen——
Bar. To Church ?
Am. Yes, and ye keep ſweet youths to wait upon me,
Sweet bred-up youths, to be a credit to me.
There's your delight againe, pray take him to ye,
He never comes neare me more, to debaſe me. (ye ?
Ba. How's this? how's this? good wife, how has he wrongd
Am. I was faine to drive him like a ſheep before me,
I bluſh to thinke how people fleere, and ſcorn'd me,
Others have handſome men, that know behaviour,
Place, and obſervance: this ſilly thing knowes nothing,
Cannot tell ten; Let every Raſcall juſtle me,
And ſtill I puſh'd him on as he had bin comming.
Bar. Ha ! did ye puſh him on ? is he ſo ſtupid ?
Am. When others were attentive to the Prieſt,
Good devout Gentleman, then fell he faſt
Faſt, ſound aſleepe : then firſt began the Bag-pipes
The ſeverall ſtops on's noſe, made a rare muſick,
A rare and lowd, and thoſe plaid many an Antheme
Put out of that, he fell ſtrait into dreaming.
Arſ. As cunning, as ſhe is ſweet; I like this carriage.
Bar. What did he then ?
Am. Why then he talked in his Sleep too,
Nay, I'll divulge your morall vertues (ſheeps-face)
And talk'd aloude, that every eare was fixt to him :
Did not I ſuffer (doe you thinke) in this time ?
Talk of your bawling Law, of appellations
Of Declarations, and Excommunications :
Warrants, and Executions : and ſuch divells (ryes
That drove all the Gentlemen out o'th' Church, by hur.
With execrable oaths, they would never come there again
Thus am I ſerv'd, and man'd.
Lea. I pray ye forgive me,
I muſt confeſſe I am not fit to wait upon ye :
Alas, I was brought up ——
Am. To be an Aſſe,
A Lawyers Aſſe, to carry Bookes, and Buckrams.
Bar. But what did you at Church ?
Lop. At Church, did ye aske her ?
Doe you heare gentlemen, doe you mark that queſtion
Becauſe you are halfe an heretique your ſelfe, Sir,
Would ye breed her too ? this ſhall to the Inquiſition,
A pious Gentlewoman, reprov'd for praying ?
I'll ſee this filed, and you ſhall heare further, Sir.
Arſ. Ye have an ill heart.
Lop. It ſhall be found out Gentlemen,
There be thoſe youths will ſearch it.
Die. You are warme Signiour,
But a Faggot will warme ye better : we are witneſſes.
Lop. Enough to hang him, doe not doubt.
Mil. Nay certaine,
I doe beleeve has rather no Religion. (Church, ſir?
Lop. That muſt be knowne too, becauſe ſhee goes to
O monſtrum informe ingens!
Die. Let him goe on, ſir,
His wealth will build a Nunnery, a faire one,
And this good Lady, when he is hang'd, and rotten,
May there be Abbeſſe.
Bar. You are cozend, honeſt Gentlemen,
I doe not forbid the uſe, but the forme, marke me.
Lop. Forme ? what doe ye make of Forme ?
Bar. They will undoe me,
Sweare, as I oft have done, and ſo betray me;
I muſt make faire way, and hereafter, Wife,
You are welcome home, & henceforth take your pleaſure,
Goe, when ye ſhall thinke fit, I will not hinder ye,
My eyes are open now, and I ſee my errour,
My ſhame, as great as that, but I muſt hide it.
The whole conveyance now I ſmell, but *Baſta*,
Another time muſt ſerve : you ſee us friends, now
Heartily friends, and no more chiding (gentlemen)
I have bin too fooliſh, I confeſſe, no more words,
No more (ſweet wife.)

Am. You know my eaſie nature
Bar. Goe get ye in : you ſee ſhe has bin angry :
Forbeare her ſight a while and time will pacify.
And learne to be more bold.
Lea. I would I could,
I will doe all I am able. *Exit.*
Bar. Doe *Leandro*,
We will not part, but friends of all hands.
Lop. Well ſaid,
Now ye are reaſonable, we can looke on ye,
Bar. Ye have ierckt me : but for all that I forgive ye
Forgive ye hartily, and doe invite ye
To morrow to a Breakfaſt, I make but ſeldome
But now we will be merry.
Arſ. Now ye are friendly,
Your doggednes and nigardize flung from ye.
And now we will come to ye
Bar. Give me your hands, all ;
You ſhall be wellcome hartily.
Lop. We will be,
For wee'll eate hard
Bar. The harder the more wellcome,
And till the morning farewell ; I have buſines. *Exit.*
Mil. Farewell good bountiful *Bartolus* 'tis a brave wench
A ſudaine witty Theif and worth all ſervice :
Goe wee'll all goe, and crucifie the Lawyer,
Die. I'll clap foure tire of teeth into my mouth more
But I will grind his ſubſtance.
Arſ. Well *Leandro*,
Thou haſt had a ſtrange voyage, but I hope
Thou rid'ſt now in ſafe harbour,
Mil. Lets goe drinke, Friends,
And laugh alou'd at all our merry may-games
Lop. A match, a match 'twill whet our ſtomachs better.
Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Violante and Servant.

Ser. Madam hees come. *Chaire and ſtooles out.*
Viol. 'Tis well how did he looke, (ſtartled?
When he knew from whom you were ſent ? was he not
Or confident ? or feareful ?
Ser. As appear'd
Like one that knew his fortune at the worſt,
And car'd not what could follow.
Viol. 'Tis the better
Reach me a Chaire : So bring him in, be carefull
That none diſturb us : I will try his temper,
And if I find him apt for my employments,
Enter Iamy, Servant.
I'll worke him to my ends, if not I ſhall
Find other Engines.
Ser. Ther's my Ladie,
Viol. Leave us
Iam. You ſent for me?
Viol. I did, and do's the favour,
Your preſent ſtate conſidered, and my power,
Deſerve no greater Ceremonie ?
Iam. Ceremonie ?
I uſe to pay that, where I doe owe dutie,
Not to my Brothers wife : I cannot fawne,
If you expect it from me, you are cozen'd,
And ſo farewell.
Viol. He beares up ſtill ; I like it,
Pray you a word
Iam. Yes : I will give you hearing
On equall termes, and ſit by you as a friend,
But not ſtand as a Sutour : Now your pleaſure ?
Viol. You are very bold.
Iam. 'Tis fitt : ſince you are proud
I was not made to feed that fooliſh humour,
With flattery and obſervance
Viol. Yet, with your favour,
A little forme ioyn'd with reſpect to her,
That can add to your wants, or free you from 'em
(Nay raiſe you to a fate, beyond your hopes)
Might well become your wiſedome,
A Table ready covered with Cloath Napkins Salt Trenchers and Bread.
Iam. It would rather
Write me a Foole ſhould I but onely think
That any good to me, could flow from you,
Whom for ſo many yeares : I have found and prov'd
My greateſt Enemy : I am ſtill the ſame
My wants have not transform'd me : I dare tell you,
To your new cerviz'd face, what I have ſpoken
Freely behind your back, what I thinke of you,
You are the proudeſt thing, and have the leaſt,
Reaſon to be ſo, that I ever read of
In ſtature you are a Gianteſſe : and your Tailour
Takes meaſure of you with a Iacobs ſtaffe,
Or he can never reach you, this by the way
For your large ſize : Now, in a word, or two
To treat of your Complexion were decorum :
You are ſo far from faire, I doubt your Mother
Was too famillIar with the Moore that ſerv'd her,
Your Limbes and Features, I paſſe breifely over,
As things not worth deſcription ; and come roundly
To your ſoule, if you have any : for 'tis doubtfull
Viol. I laugh at this, proceed
Iam. This Soule, I ſpeake of
Or rather ſalt to keepe this heape of fleſh,
From being a walking ſtench like a large Inne,
Stands open for the entertainement of
All impious practiſes : but ther's no Corner
An honeſt thought can take up : and as it were not
Sufficient in your ſelf to comprehend
All wicked plots, you have taught the Foole, my Brother
By your contagion almoſt to put off
The nature of the man and turn'd him Devill
Becauſe he ſhould be like you, and I hope
Will march to hell together : I have ſpoken,
And if the limming you in your true Colours
Can make the Painter gracious, I ſtand readie
For my reward, or if my words diſtaſte you
I weigh it not, for though your Groomes were ready
To cut my throat for't, be aſſur'd I cannot
Uſe other Language
Viol. You thinke you have ſaid now,
Like a brave fellow : in this Womans War
You ever have bin train'd : ſpoke big : but ſuffer'd
Like a tame Aſſe ; and when moſt ſpur'd and gall'd
Were never Maſter of the Spleene or Spirit,
That could raiſe up the anger of a man,
And force it into action,
Iam. Yes vile Creature
Wer't thou a ſubject worthy of my Sword,
Or that thy death, this moment, could call home,
My baniſh'd hopes, thou now wer't dead : dead (woman)
But being as thou art, it is ſufficient
I ſcorne thee, and contemne thee
Viol. This ſhewes nobly :

I muſt conf eſſe it : I am taken with it
For had you kneeld, and whind and ſhew'd a baſe
And low deiected mind, I had deſpis'd you
This Bravery (in your adverſe fortune) conquers
And do's command me, and upon the ſudaine
I feele a kind of pittie, growing in me,
For your misfortunes, pittie ſome ſayes the Parent,
Of future love, and I repent my part,
So far in what you have ſuffered, that I could,
(But you are cold) doe ſomething to repaire
What your baſe Brother (ſuch *Iami* I thinke him)
Hath brought to ruine
Iam. Ha?
Viol. Be not amaz'd,
Our injuries are equall in his Baſtard
You are famillíar with what I grone for
And though the name of Husband holds a tye
Beyond a Brother, I, a poore weake Woman,
Am ſenſible, and tender of a wrong,
And to revenge it, would break through all letts,
That durſt oppoſe me.
Iam. Is it poſſible?
Viol. By this kiſſe: ſtart not: thus much, as a ſtranger
You may take from me; But, if you were pleas'd,
I ſhould ſelect you, as a boſome Friend,
I would print 'em, thus, and thus,
Iam. Keepe off.
Viol. Come neare,
Neere into the Cabinet of my Counſailes:
Simplicity and patience dwell with Fooles,
And let them beare thoſe burthens, which wiſe men
Boldly ſhake off; Be mine and ioyne with me,
And when that I have rais'd you to a fortune,
(Doe not deny your ſelfe the happie meanes)
You'l looke on me, with more iudicious eies
And ſweare I am moſt faire,
Iam. What would this Woman?
The purpoſe of theſe words? ſpeake not in ridles
And when I underſtand what you would counſell,
My anſwer ſhall be ſuddaine,
Viol. Thus then *Iami*,
The objects of our fury, are the ſame,
For young *Aſcanio*, whom you ſnake like hug'd
(Frozen with wants to death) in your warme boſome,
Lives to ſupplant you, in your certaine hopes,
And kills in me all comfort.
Iam. Now 'tis plaine,
I apprehend you: and were he remov'd —
Viol. You, once againe, were the undoubted heire.
Iam. 'Tis not to be denyed; I was ice before,
But now ye have fir'd me, —
Viol. I'l add fuell to it,
And by a nearer cut, doe you but ſteere
As I direct you bring our Bark into
The Port of happines,
Iam. How?
Viol. By *Henriques* death:
But you'l ſay hee's your Brother; in great fortunes
(Which are epitomes of States & Kingdomes)
The politicke brooke no Rivalls.
Iam. Excellent.

Diſhes cove- red with pa- pers iu each ready.

For ſure I thinke out of a ſcrupulous feare,
To feed in expectation, when I may
(Diſpenſing but a little with my conſcience)
Come into full poſſeſſion, would not argue
One that deſir'd to thrive,
Viol. Now you ſpeake like
A man that knowes the World.
Jam. I needs muſt learne
That have ſo good a Tutreſſe: And what thinke you,
(*Don Henrique* and *Aſcanio* cut off)
That none may live, that ſhall deſire to trace us
In our black pathes, if that *Octavio*
His foſter Father' and the ſad *Iacinta*,
(Faith pittie her, and free her from her Sorrowes)
Should fall Companions with 'em? When we are red
With murther, let us often bath in blood,
The collour will be ſcarlet.
Viol. And that's glorious,
And will protect the fact
Jam. Suppoſe this don:
(If undiſcovered) we may get for money,
(As that you know buyes any thing in Rome)
A diſpenſation
Viol. And be married?
Jam. True.
Or if it be knowne, truſſe up our Gold and Jewells,
And fly to ſome free State, and there with ſcorne —
Viol. Laugh at the lawes of Spaine.
'Twere admirable.
Iam. We ſhall beget rare Children. I am rap'd with
The meere imagination —
Viol. Shall it be don?
Iam. Shall? tis too tedious: furniſh me with meane
To hire the inſtruments, and to your ſelf,
Say it is done already: I will ſhew you,
'Ere the Sun ſet, how much you have wrought upon me
Your province is onely to uſe ſome meanes,
To ſend my Brother, to the Grove that's neighbour,
To the weſt Port of th' Citie; leave the reſt,
To my owne practiſe; I have talk'd too long:
But now will doe: this kiſſe, with my Confeſſion,
To worke a fell revenge: A mans a foole,
If not inſtructed in a Womans Schoole. *Exeun*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Bartolus Algazeirs and a Paratour.
The Table ſet out and ſtooles.

Bar. You are well enough diſguiz'd, furniſh the Tabl
Make no ſhew, what ye are, till I diſcover
Not a ſoule knowes ye here: be quick and dilligent,
Theſe youthes, I have invited to a Breakefaſt,
But what the Sawce will be, I am of opinion
I ſhall take off the edges of their Appetites,
And greaze their gums, for eating hartily;
This month or two they have plaid their prizes with m
And with their ſeverall flurts they have lighted dang
But ſure I ſhall be quit: I heare 'em comming (roul
Goe off, and wait the bringing in your ſervice,
And doe it handſomely: you know where to have it
Enter Millanes, Arſenio, Lopez, Diego.
Wellcome i'Faith,
Arſ. That's well ſaid, honeſt Lawyer,
Lop. Said like a Neighbour
Bar. Wellcome all: all over
And let's be merry:
Mil. To that end we came Sir,
An hower of freedomes worth an age of juglings,
Die. I am come too Sir, to ſpecifie my Stomach
A poore reteyner to your worſhips bountie,

Bar. And thou ſhalt have it fill'd, my merry *Diego*,
My liberall, and my bonney bounteous *Diego*
Even fill'd till it groane againe
Di. Let it have faire play,
And if it founder then——
I'll tell ye neighbours,
Though I were angry yeſterday, with ye all,
And very angry for me thought ye bobd me.
Lop. No, no, by no meanes.
Bar. No, when I conſidered
It was a jeſt, and carried off ſo quaintly
It made me merry : very merry, Gentlemen,
I doe confes I could not ſleepe to thinke on't
The mirth ſo tickled me, I could not ſlumber,
Lop. Good mirth do's worke ſo : honeſt mirth,
Now, ſhould we have meant in earneſt——
Bar. You ſay true Neighbour,
Lop. It might have bred ſuch a diſtaſt and ſowreneſſe,
Such fond imaginations in your Braines, Sir
For things thruſt home in earneſt——
Bar. Very certaine
But I know ye all for merry waggs, and ere long
You ſhall know me too. in another faſhion
Though y'are pamper'd ye ſhall beare part 'oth burthen.

Enter Amaranta and Leandro.

Come Wife; Come bid 'em wellcome; Come my Jewell :
And Pupill, you ſhall come too ; nere hang backward,
Come, come the womans pleas'd, her angers over,
Come, be not baſhfull,
Am. What do's he prepare here ?
Sure ther's no meate 'ith houſe at leaſt none dreſt,
Do's he meane to mock 'em? or ſome new bred Crotchet
Come o're his braines; I doe not like his kindnes?
But ſilence beſt becomes me : if he meane foule play
Sure they are enough to right themſelves and let 'em,
I'll ſit by, ſo they beat him not to powder, (Neighbour
Bar. Bring in the meate there, ha ? Sit downe deare
A little meate needs little Complement,
Sit downe I ſay :
Am. What doe you meane by this Sir ?
Bar. Convay away their weapons handſomely,
Am. You know ther's none ith' houſe to anſwer ye,
But the poore Girle; you know ther's no meat neither
Bar. Peace and be quiet ; I ſhall make you ſmoak els
Ther's men aud Meate enough, ſet it downe formally

Enter Algazeirs with diſhes.

Am. I feare ſome lew'd tricke, yet I dare not ſpeake on't
Bar. I have no dainties for ye Gentlemen,
Nor lodes of meat, to make the roome ſmell of 'em
Onely a diſh to every man I have dedicated,
And if I have pleas'd his appetite,
Lop. O, a Capon,
A Bird of grace, and be thy will, I honour it
Di. For me ſome fortie pound of lovely Beeffe,
Plac'd in a mediterranean ſea of Brewiſſe
Bar. Fall to, fall to that we may drinke and laugh after
Wait diligently knaves,
Mil. What rare bits this ?
An execution, bleſſe me !
Bar. Nay take it to ye
Ther's no avoiding it, 'tis ſomewhat tough Sir,
But a good ſtomach will endure it eaſely
The ſum is, but a thouſand duckets Sir.
Arſ. A Capias from my Surgeon, and my Silke man,
Bar. Your carefull makers, but they have mard your diet
Stir not, your Swords are gon : ther's no avoiding me
And theſe are Algazeirs, doe you heare that paſſing bell?
Lop. A ſtrong Citation, bleſſe me !
Bar. Out with your Beads, Curat,
The devills in your diſh : bell, booke, and Candell,
Lop. A warrant to appeare before the Judges ?
I muſt needs riſe, and turne to'th wall.
Bar. Ye need not,
Your feare I hope will make ye find your Breeches,
All. We are betraid
Bar. Invited, doe not wrong me,
Fall to, good Gueſts, you have dilligent men about ye,
Ye ſhall want nothing, that may perſecute ye
Theſe will not ſee ye ſtart ; Have I now found ye
Have I requited ye ? You fool'd the Lawyer,
And thought it meritorious, to abuſe him,
A thick ram headed knave : you rid, you ſpurd him,
And glorified your witts, the more ye wrongd him ;
Within this hower, ye ſhall have all your Creditours,
A ſecond diſh of new debts, come upon ye
And new invitements to the whip (*Don Diego*)
And Excommunications for the Learned Curat,
A Maſque of all your furies ſhall dance to ye,
Arſ. You dare not uſe us thus ?
Bar. You ſhall be bobd (Gentlemen)
Stir, and as I have a life, ye goe to priſon
To priſon, without pittie inſtantly
Before ye ſpeake another word to priſon.
I have a better Guard, without, that waytes;
Doe you ſee this man, *Don* Curat ? 'tis a Paratour
That comes to tell ye a delightfull ſtory.
Of an old whore, ye have and then to teach ye
What is the penaltie ; Laugh at me now Sir,
What Legacie would ye bequeath me now,
(And pay it on the naile ?) to fly my fury ?
Lop. O gentle Sir,
Bar. Do'ſt thou hope I will be gentle,
Thou fooliſh unconſiderate Curat ?
Lop. Let me goe Sir,
Bar. I'll ſee thee hang firſt,
Lop. And as I am a true Vicar,
Hark in your eare, hark ſoftly——
Bar. No, no bribery.
I'll have my ſwindge upon thee ; Sirha ? Raſcall ?
You lenten Chaps, you that lay ſick, and mockt me,
Mockt me, abhominably; abuſed me lewdly
I'll make thee ſick at heart, before I leave thee,
And groane, and dye indeed, and be worth nothing
Not worth a bleſſing, nor a Bell to knell for thee,
A ſheete to cover thee, but that thou ſtealeſt, (with
Stealeſt from the Merchant, and the Ring he was buried
Stealeſt from his Grave, doe you ſmell me now ?
Die. Have mercy on me! (thee
Bar. No Pſalme of mercy ſhall hold me from hanging
How do ye like your Breakfaſt?'tis but ſhort, Gentlemen
But ſweet and healthfull; Your puniſhment, and yours, Sir
For ſome neare reaſons, that concernes my Credit,
I will take to my ſelf.
Am. Doe Sir, and ſpare not
I have bin too good a wife, and too obedient,
But ſince ye dare provoke me to be fooliſh——
Lea. She has, yes, and too worthie of your uſage,
Before the world, I juſtifie her goodnes,
And turne that man, that dares but taint her vertues,
To my Swords point ; that lying man, that baſe man,
Turne him, but face to face, that I may know him
Bar. What have I here ?

Lea. A Gentleman, a free man,
One that made triall of this Ladies conſtancie,
And found it ſtrong as fate; Leave off your fooling,
For if you follow this courſe, you will be Chronicled

Enter Iamy and Aſſiſtant.

For a devill, whilſt a Saint ſhe is mentioned,
You know my name indeed; I am now no Lawyer.
Some comfort now, I hope, or els would I wer hanged up
Die. And yet the Judge, he makes me ſwet.
Bar. What newes now?
Iam. I will juſtiſie upon my life, and Credit
What you have heard, for truth, and will make prooffe of
Aſſiſt. I will be ready at the appointed hower there,
And ſo I leave ye.
Bar. Stay I beſeech your worſhip,
And doe but heare me,
Iam. Good Sir, intend this buſines,
And let this bawling Foole; No more words Lawyer,
And no more angers, for I gueſſe your reaſons,
This Gentleman, i'l juſtifie in all places,
And that faire Ladies worth; Let who dare croſſe it,
The Plot was caſt by me, to make thee jealous,
But not to wrong your wife, ſhe is faire and vertuous,
Die. Take us to mercy too, we beſeech your honour,
We ſhall be juſtified the way of all fleſh els,
Iam. No more talke, nor no more diſſention Lawyer,
I know your anger, 'tis a vaine and ſlight one,
For if you doe; i'll lay your whole life open
A life that all the world ſhall i'll bring witnes,
And rip before a Judge the ulcerous villanies
You know I know ye, and I can bring witnes.
Bar. Nay good Sir, noble Sir.
Iam. Be at peace then preſently,
Immediately take honeſt and faire truce (tleman;
With your good Wife, and ſhake hands with that Gen-
Has honour'd ye too much, and doe it cheerefully,
Lop. Take us along, for heaven ſake too.
Bar. I am Friends,
There is no remedie, I muſt put up all,
And like my neighbours rub it ou't by'th ſhoulders,
And perfect friends; *Leandro* now I thanke ye,
And ther's my hand, I have no more grudge to ye,
But I am too meane henceforward for your Companie,
Lea. I ſhall not trouble ye,
Arſ. We will be friends too:
Mil. Nay Lawyer, you ſhall not fright us farther,
For all your devills wee will bolt,
Bar. I grant ye.
The Gentlemans your Baile, and thank his comming,
Did not he know me too well, you ſhould ſmart for't;
Goe all in peace, but when ye Foole next, Gentlemen,
Come not to me to Breakefaſt.
Die. I'l be bak'd firſt.
Bar. And pray ye remember, when ye are bold & merry,
The Lawyers Bancker, and the Sawce he gave ye,
Iam. Come: goe along; I have employment for ye,
Employment for your lewd braynes too, to coole ye.
For all, for every one.
All. We are all your Servants.
Die. All, all for any thing, from this day forward,
I'l hate all Breakefaſts, and depend on dinners
Iam. I am glad you come off faire
Lea. The faire has bleſt me.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Octavio, Iacinta, Aſcanio.

Oct. This is the place, but why we are appointed
By *Don Iami* to ſtay here, is a depth
I cannot ſound,
Aſc. Beleev't he is too noble,
To purpoſe any thing but for our good
Had I aſſurance of a thouſand Lives,
And with them perpetuitie of pleaſure,
And ſhould looſe all, if he prov'd only falſe,
Yet I durſt run the hazard,
Iac. 'Tis our comfort,
We cannot be more wretched then we are,
And death concludes all miſery,
Oct. Undiſcovered

Enter Henrique, Iami.

We muſt attend him
Aſc. Our ſtay is not long
With him *Don Henrique*?
Iac. Now I feare;
Be ſilent.
Hen. Why do'ſt thou follow me?
Iam. To ſave your life,
A plot is laid for't, all my wrongs forgot,
I have a Brothers Love,
Hen. But thy falſe ſelf,
I feare no enemy.
Iam. You have no Friend,
But what breathes in me: If you move a ſtep
Beyond this ground you tread on: you are loſt.
Hen. 'Tis by thy practiſe then: I am ſent hither
To meete her, that prefers my life, and ſafetie
Before her owne.
Iam. That you ſhould be abus'd thus
With weake credulitie: She for whoſe ſake,
You have forgot we had one noble Father,
Or that one Mother bare us, for whoſe love,
You breake a contract, to which heaven was witnes,
To ſatisfie whoſe pride, and willfull humour,
You have expos'd a ſweet, and hopefull Son,
To all the miſeries, that want can bring him,
And ſuch a Son, though you are moſt obdurate,
To give whom entertainement Savages
Would quit their Caves themſelves, to keepe him from
Bleake cold, and hunger: This diſſembling Woman,
This Idoll, whom you worſhip: all your love
And ſervice trod under her feete, deſignes you
To fill a grave, or dead, to lye a pray,
For Wolues, and vultures.
Hen. 'Tis falſe; I defie thee,
And ſtand upon my Guard

Enter Leandro Millanes, Arſenio, Bart. Lopez, Deigo,
Octavio Iacinta Aſcanio and Servants.

Iam. Alas, 'tis weake:
Come on, ſince you will teach me to be cruell,
By having no faith, in me, take your fortune,
Bring the reſt forth, and bind them faſt.
Oct. My Lord.
Aſc. In what have we offended?

Ia.

Iam. I am deafe,
And following my will, I doe not ſtand
Accomptable to reaſon: See her Ring
(The firſt pledge of your love, and ſervice to her)
Deliverd as a Warrant for your death:
Theſe Bags of gold you gave up to her truſt,
(The uſe of which, you did deny your ſelfe)
Beſtow'd on me, and with a prodigall hand,
Whom ſhe pick'd forth to be the Architect
Of her moſt bloudy building; and to Fee
Theſe Inſtruments, to bring Materials
To raiſe it up, ſhe bad me ſpare no coſt,
And (as a ſurpluſage) offer'd her ſelfe
To be at my devotion.
Henr. O accurſ'd!
Iam. But be incredulous ſtill; think this my plot;
Faſhion excuſes to your ſelfe, and ſweare
That ſhe is innocent, that ſhe doats on ye;
Believe this, as a fearefull Dreame, and that
You lie not at my mercy, which in this
I will ſhew onely: She her ſelfe ſhall give
The dreadfull Sentence, to remove all ſcruple
Who 'tis that ſends you to the other world.

Enter Violante.

Appeares my *Violante*? ſpeake (my deareſt)
Do's not the object pleaſe you?
Viol. More then if
All Treaſure that's above the earth, with that,
That lyes conceal'd in both the Indian Mines,
Were laid downe at my feet: O bold *Iamy*
Thou onely canſt deſerve me.
Iam. I am forward,
And (as you eaſily may perceive,) I ſleepe not
On your commands.

Enter Aſſiſtant and Officers.

Viol. But yet they live: I look'd
To find them dead.
Iam. That was defer'd, that you
Might triumph in their miſery, and have the powre
To ſay they are not,
Viol. 'Twas well thought upon:
This kiſſe, and all the pleaſures of my Bed
This night, ſhall thanke thee.
Hen. Monſter!
Viol. You Sir, that
Would have me mother Baſtards, being unable
To honour me with one Child of mine owne,
That underneath my Roofe, kept your caſt-Strumpet,
And out of my Revenues, would maintaine
Her riotous iſſue: Now you find what 'tis
To tempt a woman: with as little feeling
As I turne off a ſlave, that is unfit
To doe me ſervice; or a horſe, or dog
That have out-liv'd their uſe, I ſhake thee off,
To make thy peace with heaven.
Hen. I doe deſerve this,
And never truly felt before, what ſorrow
Attends on wilfull dotage.
Viol. For you, Miſtris,
That had the pleaſure of his youth, before me,
And triumph'd in the fruit, that you had by him,
But that I thinke, to have the Baſtard ſtrangled
Before thy face, and thou with ſpeed to follow
The way he leades thee, is ſufficient torture,
I would cut off thy noſe, put out thine eyes,
And ſet my foot on theſe bewitching lips,
That had the ſtart of mine: but as thou art,
Goe to the grave unpittied.
Aſſiſt. Who would beleeve
Such rage could be in woman?
Viol. For this Fellow,
He is not worth my knowledge.
Iam. Let him live then,
Since you eſteeme him innocent.
Viol. No, *Iamy*,
He ſhall make up the meſſe: now ſtrike together
And let them fall ſo.
Aſſiſt. Unheard of crueltie!
I can endure no longer: ſeize on her.
Viol. Am I betrai'd?
Is this thy faith, *Iamy?*
Iam. Could your deſires
Challenge performance of a deed ſo horrid?
Or, though that you had ſold your ſelfe to hell,
I ſhould make up the bargaine? Live (deare Brother)
Live long, and happy: I forgive you freely;
To have done you this ſervice, is to me
A faire Inheritance: And how e're harſh language
(Call'd on, by your rough uſage) paſs'd my lipps,
In my heart, I ever lov'd you: All my labours
Were but to ſhew, how much your love was cozen'd,
When it beheld it ſelfe in this falſe Glaſſe,
That did abuſe you; and I am ſo far
From envying young *Aſcanio* his good fortune,
That if your State were mine, I would adopt him,
Theſe are the Murtherers, my noble Friends,
Which (to make triall of her bloudy purpoſe)
I won, to come diſguis'd thus.
Hen. I am too full
Of griefe, and ſhame to ſpeake: but what I'le doe,
Shall to the world proclaime my penitence;
And howſoever I have liv'd, I'le die
A much chang'd man.
Iam. Were it but poſſible
You could make ſatisfaction to this woman,
Our joyes were perfect.
Hen. That's my onely comfort,
That it is in my power: I ne're was married
To this bad woman, though I doted on her,
But daily did deferre it, ſtill expecting
When griefe would kill *Iacintha.*
Aſſiſt. All is come out,
And finds a faire ſucceſſe: take her *Don Henrique*,
And once againe embrace your Son.
Hen. Moſt gladly.
Aſſiſt. Your Brother hath deſerv'd well.
Hen. And ſhall ſhare
The moitie of my State,
Aſſiſt. I have heard, Advocate,
What an ill Inſtrument you have bin to him,
From this time ſtrengthen him, with honeſt counſells,
As you'le deſerve my pardon.
Bar. I'le change my Copy:
But I am puniſh'd, for I feare I have had
A ſmart blow, though unſeene.
Aſſiſt. Curat, and Sexton,
I have heard of you too, let me heare no more,
And what's paſt, is forgotten; For this woman,
Though her intent were bloudy, yet our Law
Calls it not death: yet that her puniſhment

May deter others from ſuch bad attempts,
The Dowry ſhe brought with her, ſhall be emploi'd
To build a Nunnery, where ſhe ſhall ſpend
The remnant of her life.
Viol. Since I have miſs'd my ends,
I ſcorne what can fall on me.
Aſſiſt. The ſtrict diſcipline
Of the Church, will teach you better thoughts. And S
You that are Batchelours, if you ever marry, (nio
In *Bartolus*, you may behold the iſſue
Of Covetouſneſſe, and Jealouſie; And of dotage,
And falſhood in *Don Henrique*, keep a meane then;
For be aſſur'd that weake man meets all ill,
That gives himſelfe up to a womans will. *Exeun*

Prologue.

To tell ye (Gentlemen,) we have a Play,
A new one too, and that 'tis launch'd to day,
The Name ye know, that's nothing to my Story;
To tell ye, 'tis familiar, void; of Glory;
Of State, of Bitterneſſe: of wit you'll ſay,
For that is now held wit, that tends that way,
Which we avoid: To tell ye to'tis merry,
And meant to make ye pleaſant, and not weary:
The Streame that guides ye, eaſie to attend:
To tell ye that 'tis good, is to no end,
If you believe not. Nay, to goe thus far,
To ſweare it, if you ſweare againſt, is war
To aſſure you any thing, unleſſe you ſee,
And ſo conceive, is vanity in me;
Therefore I leave it to it ſelfe, and pray
Like a good Barke, it may worke out to day,
And ſtem all doubts; 'twas built for ſuch a proofe,
And we hope high ly: if ſhe lye aloofe
For her owne vantage, to give wind at will,
Why let her worke, onely be you but ſtill,
And ſweet opinion'd, and we are bound to ſay,
You are worthy Judges, and you crowne the Play.

Epilogue.

The Play is done, yet our Suit never ends,
Still when you part, you would ſtil part our frie
Our nobleſt friends; if ought have falne amis,
O let it be ſufficient, that it is,
And you have pardon'd it. In Buildings great
All the whole Body, cannot be ſo neat,
But ſomething may be mended; Thoſe are faire,
And worthy love, that may deſtroy, but ſpare.

FINIS.

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Dinant and Cleremont.

Din. DIſſwade me not.
  Clere. It will breed a braule.
  Din. I care not, I weare a Sword.
  Cler. And weare diſcretion with it,
Or caſt it off, let that direct your arme,
'Tis madneſſe els, not valour, and more baſe
Then to receive a wrong.
  Din. Why would you have me
Sit downe with a diſgrace, and thanke the doer?
We are not Stoicks, and that paſſive courage
Is onely now, commendable in Lackies,
Peaſants, and Tradeſemen, not in men of ranke,
And qualitie, as I am.
  Cler. Doe not cheriſh
That daring vice, for which the whole age ſuffers
The blood of our bold youth, that heretofore
Was ſpent in honourable action,
Or to defend, or to enlarge the Kingdome,
For the honour of our Countrey, and our Prince,
Poures it ſelfe out, with prodigall expence
Upon our Mothers lap, the Earth that bred us
For every trifle, and theſe private Duells,
Which had their firſt originall from the French;
(And for which, to this day, we are juſtly cenſured)
And baniſht from all civill Governments
Scarce three in *Venice*, in as many yeares;
In *Florence*, they are rarer, and in all
The faire Dominions of the Spaniſh King,
They are never heard of: Nay, thoſe neighbour Countries,
Which gladly imitate our other follies,
And come at a deare rate to buy them of us,
Begin now to deteſt them.
  Din. Will you? and yet——
  Cler. And I have heard, that ſome of our late Kings,
For the lie, wearing of a Miſtris, feathers;
A cheate at Cards or Dice and ſuch like cauſes,
Have loſt as many gallant Gentlemen,
As might have met the great Turke in the field
With confidence of a glorious Victorie,
And ſhall we then——
  Din. No more, for ſhame no more,
Are you become a Patron to? 'tis a new one,
No more on't, burn't, give it to ſome Orator,
To help him to enlarge his exerciſe,
With ſuch a one, it might doe well, and profit
The Curat of the Pariſh, but for *Cleremont*
The bold, and under-taking *Cleremont*,
To talke thus to his friend, his friend that knowes him,
Dinant, that knowes his *Cleremont*, is abſurd,
And meere Apocripha.
  Cler. Why, what know you of me?
  Din. Why if thou haſt forgot thy ſelfe, I'll tell thee,
And not looke backe, to ſpeake of what thou wert
At fifteene, for at thoſe yeares, I have heard
Thou waſt fleſh'd, and enter'd bravely.
  Cler. Well ſir, well.
  Din. But yeſterday, thou waſt the common ſecond,
Of all that onely knew thee, thou hadſt bills
Set up on every poſt, to give thee notice,
Where any difference was, and who were parties,
And as, to ſave the charges of the Law;
Poore men ſeeke Arbitrators, thou wert choſen
By ſuch as knew thee not, to compound quarrells:
But thou wert ſo delighted with the ſport,
That if there were no juſt cauſe, thou wouldſt make one,
Or be engag'd thy ſelfe: This godly calling
Thou haſt followed five and twenty yeares, and ſtudied
The Criticiſmes of contentions, and art thou
In ſo few houres transform'd? certaine this night
Thou haſt had ſtrange dreames, or rather viſions.
  Cler. Yes, Sir,
I have ſeene fooles, and fighters, chain'd together,
And the Fighters had the upper hand, and whipt firſt,
The poore Sotts laughing at 'em. What I have bin
It skils not, what I will be is reſolv'd on.
  Din. Why then you'll fight no more?
  Cler. Such is my purpoſe.
  Din. On no occaſion?
  Cler. There you ſtagger me,
Some kind of wrongs there are, which fleſh and blood
Cannot endure.
  Din. Thou wouldſt not willingly,
Live a proteſted coward, or be call'd one?
  Cler. Words, are but words.
  Din. Nor would'ſt thou take a blow?
  Cler. Not from my friend, though drunke, and from an (enemy,
I thinke much leſſe.
  Din. There's ſome hope of thee left then,
Wouldſt thou heare me, behind my back diſgrac'd?
  Cler. Do you think I am a rogue? they that ſhould do it
Had better bin borne dumbe.
  Din. Or in thy preſence?

See me o're-charg'd with odds ?
Cler. I'd fall my ſelfe firſt.
Din. Would'ſt thou endure thy Miſtris be taken from (thee,
And thou ſit quiet ?
Cler. There you touch my honour,
No French man can endure that.
Din. Pl—— upon thee,
Why doſt thou talke of Peace then ? that dar'ſt ſuffer
Nothing, or in thy ſelfe, or in thy friend
That is unmanly?
Cler. That I grant, I cannot :
But I'll not quarrell with this Gentleman,
For wearing ſtammell Breeches, or this Gameſter,
For playing a thouſand pounds, that owes me nothing ;
For this mans taking up a common Wench
In raggs, and lowſie, then maintaining her
Caroached in cloth of Tiſſue, nor five hundred
Of ſuch like toyes, that at no part concerne me ;
Marry, where my honour, or my friend is queſtioned,
I have a Sword, and I thinke I may uſe it
To the cutting of a Raſcalls throat, or ſo,
Like a good Chriſtian.
Din. Thou art of a fine Religion,
And rather then we'll make a Schiſme in friendſhip,
I will be of it : But to be ſerious,
Thou art acquainted with my tedious love-ſuit
To faire *Lamira.*
Cler. Too well Sir, and remember
Your preſents, courtſhip, that's too good a name,
Your ſlave-like ſervices, your morning muſique ;
Your walking three houres in the raine at midnight,
To ſee her at her window, ſometimes laugh'd at,
Sometimes admitted, and vouchſaf'd to kiſſe
Her glove, her skirt, nay, I have heard, her ſlippers,
How then you triumph'd ?
Here was love forſooth.
Din. Theſe follies I deny not,
Such a contemptible thing, my dotage made me,
But my reward for this ——
Cler. As you deſerv'd,
For he that makes a goddeſſe of a Puppet,
Merits no other recompence.
Din. This day friend,
For thou art ſo——
Cler. I am no flatterer.
Din. This proud, ingratefull ſhe, is married to
Lame *Champernell.*
Cler. I know him, he has bin
As tall a Sea-man, and has thriv'd as well by't,
The loſſe of a legg and an Arme deducted, as any
That ever put from *Marſeils* : you are tame,
Pl—— on't, it mads me ; if it were my caſe,
I ſhould kill all the family.
Din. Yet but now
You did preach patience.
Cler. I then came from confeſſion,
And 't was enjoyn'd me three houres for a pennance,
To be a peaceable man, and to talke like one,
But now, all elſe being pardon'd, I begin
On a new Tally, Foot doe any thing,
I'll ſecond you.
Din. I would not willingly
Make red, my yet white conſcience, yet I purpoſe
In the open ſtreet, as they come from the Temple,
(For this way they muſt paſſe,) to ſpeake my wrongs,
And doe it boldly. *Muſick playes.*
Cler. Were thy tongue a Cannon,
I would ſtand by thee, boy, they come, upon 'em.
Din. Obſerue a little firſt.
Cler. This is fine fidling.

Enter Vertaigne, Champernell Lamira, Nurſe, Beaupre, Verdoone.

An Epithalamin Song at the Wedding.

Come away, bring on the Bride,
And place her by her Lovers ſide :
You faire troope of Maides attend her,
Pure, and holy thoughts befriend her.
Bluſh, and wiſh, you Virgins all ;
Many ſuch faire nights may fall.
Chorus,
Hymen, fill the houſe with joy,
All thy ſacred fires employ :
Bleſſe the Bed with holy love,
Now faire orbe of Beauty move.

Din. Stand by, for 'twill be heard.
Verta. This is ſtrange rudeneſſe.
Din. 'Tis courtſhip, ballanced with injuries,
You all looke pale with guilt, but I will dy
Your cheekes with bluſhes, if in your ſear'd veines,
There yet remaine ſo much of honeſt blood
To make the colour; firſt to ye my Lord,
The Father of this Bride, whom you have ſent
Alive into her grave.
Champ. How ? to her grave ?
Dina. Be patient ſir, I'll ſpeake of you anon,
You that allowed me liberall acceſſe,
To make my way with ſervice, and approv'd of
My birth, my perſon, yeares, and no baſe fortune :
You that are rich, and but in this held wiſe too,
That as a Father ſhould have look'd upon
Your Daughter in a Husband, and aim'd more
At what her youth, and heat of blood requir'd
In lawfull pleaſures, then the parting from
Your Crownes to pay her dowre : you that already
Have one foot in the grave, yet ſtudy profit,
As if you were aſſur'd, to live here ever ;
What poore end had you, in this choice? in what
Deſerve I your contempt ? my houſe, and honours,
At all parts equall yours, my fame as faire,
And not to praiſe my ſelfe, the City rankes me,
In the firſt file, of her moſt hopefull Gentry :
But *Champernell* is rich, and needs a nurſe,
And not your gold : And add to that, he's old too,
His whole eſtate in likelihood, to deſcend
Upon a Family ; Here was providence,
I grant, but in a Nobleman, baſe thrift :
No Merchants, nay, no Pirats, ſell for Bondmen,
Their Countrey-men, but you, a Gentleman,
To ſave a little gold, have ſold your Daughter
To worſe then ſlaverie.
Cler. This was ſpoke home indeed.
Beau. Sir, I ſhall take ſome other time to tell you,
That this harſh language, was delivered to
An old man, but my Father.
Din. At your pleaſure.
Cler. Proceed in your deſigne, let me alone,
To anſwer him, or any man.
Verd. You preſume
Too much upon your name, but may be couſin'd.
Din. But for you, moſt unmindfull of my ſervice,

For now I may upbraid you, and with honour,
Since all is loſt, and yet I am a gainer,
In being deliver'd from a torment in you,
For ſuch you muſt have bin, you to whom nature
Gave with a liberall hand, moſt excellent forme,
Your education, language, and diſcourſe,
And judgement to diſtinguiſh when you ſhall
With feeling ſorrow, underſtand how wretched
And miſerable, you have made your ſelfe,
And but your ſelfe, have nothing to accuſe,
Can you with hope from any beg compaſſion?
But you will ſay, you ſerv'd your Fathers pleaſure,
Forgetting that unjuſt commands of Parents
Are not to be obey'd, or that you are rich,
And that to wealth, all pleaſure els are ſervants,
Yet but conſider, how this wealth was purchas'd,
'Twill trouble the poſſeſſion.
Champ. You ſir know
I got it, and with honour.
Din. But from whom?
Remember that, and how: you'll come indeed
To houſes bravely furniſh'd, but demanding
Where it was bought, this ſouldier will not lie,
But anſwer truly, this rich cloth of Arras,
I made my prize in ſuch a Ship, this Plate
Was my ſhare in another; theſe faire Jewells,
Comming a ſhore, I got in ſuch a Village, (viſh'd,
The Maid, or Matron kill'd, from whom they were ra-
The Wines you drinke, are guilty too, for this,
This *Candie* Wine, three Merchants were undone,
Theſe Suckets breake as many more, in brieſe,
All you ſhall weare, or touch, or ſee, is purchas'd
By lawleſſe force, and you but revell in
The teares, and grones, of ſuch as were the owners.
Champ. 'Tis falſe, moſt baſely falſe.
Verta. Let looſers talke. (men
Din. Laſtly, thoſe joyes, thoſe beſt of joyes, which Hy-
Freely beſtowes on ſuch, that come to tye
The ſacred knot he bleſſes, wonne unto it
By equall love, and mutuall affection,
Not blindly led, with the deſire of riches,
Moſt miſerable you, ſhall never taſte of,
This Marriage night, you'll meet a Widowes bed,
Or failing of thoſe pleaſures, all Brides looke for,
Sinne in your wiſh it were ſo,
Champ. Thou art a Villaine,
A baſe, malitious ſlanderer.
Cler. Strike him.
Din. No, he is not worth a blow.
Champ. O that I had thee
In ſome cloſe vault, that onely would yeild roome
To me to uſe my Sword, to thee no hope
To run away, I would make thee on thy knees,
Bite out the tongue that wrong'd me.
Verta. Pray you have patience.
Lamira. This day I am to be your Soveraigne,
Let me command you.
Champ. I am loſt with rage,
And know not what I am my ſelfe, nor you:
Away, dare ſuch as you, that love the ſmoke
Of peace, more then the fire of glorious Warre,
And like unprofitable drones, feed on
Your grandſires laboures, that, as I am now,
Were gathering Bees, and fil'd their Hive, this Country
With brave triumphant ſpoiles, cenſure our Actions?
You object my prizes to me, had you ſeene
The horrour of a Sea-fight, with what danger
I made them mine; the fire I feareleſſe fought in.
And quench'd it in mine enemies blood, which ſtraight
Like Oyle pour'd out on't, made it burne anew;
My Deck blowne up, with noiſe enough to mocke
The lowdeſt thunder, and the deſperate fooles
That Boorded me, ſent to defie the tempeſt
That were againſt me to the angrie Sea,
Frighted with men throwen ore; no victory,
But in deſpight of the foure Elements,
The Fire, the Ayre, the Sea, and ſands hid in it,
To be atchiev'd, you would confeſſe poore men,
(Though hopeleſſe, ſuch an honourable way
To get or wealth, or honour) in your ſelves;
He that through all theſe dreadfull paſſages,
Purſued, and overtooke them, unafrighted,
Deſerves reward, and not to have it ſtil'd
By the baſe name of theft.
Din. This is the Courtſhip,
That you muſt looke for, Madam.
Cler. 'Twill doe well,
When nothing can be done, to ſpend the night with:
Your tongue is ſound, good Lord, I could wiſh
For this young Ladyes ſake this leg, this arme,
And there is ſomething els, I will not name,
(Though 'tis the onely thing, that muſt content her)
Had the ſame vigour.
Champ. You ſhall buy theſe ſcoffes
With your beſt blood, helpe me once noble anger,
(Nay ſtirre not, I alone muſt right my ſelfe)
And with one leg, tranſport me to correct
Theſe ſcandalous praters: ô that noble wounds *Falls.*
Should hinder juſt revenge? D'ye jeere me too?
I got theſe, not as you doe, your diſeaſes
In Brothells, or with riotous abuſe
Of wine in Tavernes; I have one leg ſhot,
One arme diſabled, and am honour'd more,
By looſing them, as I did, in the face
Of a brave enemy, then if they were
As when I put to Sea; you are French men onely,
In that you have bin laied, and cur'd, goe to:
You mock my leg, but every bone about you,
Makes you good Almanack-makers, to foretell
What wether we ſhall have.
Din. Put up your Sword.
Cler. Or turne it to a Crutch, there't may be uſefull,
And live, on the relation to your Wife,
Of what a brave man you were once.
Din. And tell her,
What a fine vertue, 'tis in a young Lady
To give an old man pap.
Cler. Or hire a Surgeon
To teach her to roule up your broken limbes.
Din. To make a Pulteſſe, and endure the ſent
Of oiles, and naſty Plaiſters.
Vert. Fie ſir, fie,
You that have ſtood all dangers of all kinds,
To yeild to a rivalls ſcoffe?
Lamira. Shed teares upon
Your Wedding day? this is unmanly Gentlemen.
Champ. They are teares of anger: ô that I ſhould live
To play the woman thus? All powerfull heaven,
Reſtore me, but one houre, that ſtrength agen,
That I had once, to chaſtiſe in theſe men,
Their follies, and ill manners, and that done,
When you pleaſe, I'll yeild up the fort of life,

And doe it gladly
Cler. We ha' the better of him,
We ha' made him crye.
Verdo. You ſhall have ſatisfaction,
And I will doe it nobly, or diſclaime me.
Beaup. I ſay no more you have a Brother, Siſter,
This is your Wedding day, we are in the ſtreete,
And howſoever, they forget their honour,
'Tis fit I looſe not mine, by their example.
Verta. If there be Lawes in *Paris* looke to anſwer
This inſolent affront
Cler. You that live by them,
Study 'em for heavens ſake; for my part I know not
Nor care not what they are, Is their ought els
That you would ſay?
Din. Nothing, I have my ends,
Lamira weepes, I have ſaid too much I feare;
So dearely once I lov'd her, that I cannot
Endure to ſee her teares. *Exiunt. Dionant and Cleremont.*
Champ. See you performe it,
And doe it like my Nephew.
Verdo. If I faile in't
Nere know me more, Couſen *Beupre*
Champ. Repent not
What thou haſt done, my life, thou ſhalt not find
I am decrepit; in my love, and ſervice,
I will be young, and conſtant, and beleeve me,
For thou ſhall find it true, in ſcorne of all
The ſcandalls theſe rude men have throwne upon me
I'le meete thy pleaſures, with a young mans ardour
And in all circumſtances, of a Husband,
Performe my parts.
Lamira. Good Sir, I am your ſervant,
And 'tis too late now, if I did repent,
(Which as I am a virgin yet, I doe not)
To undoe the knot, that by the Church is tyed
Onely I would beſeech ye, as you have,
A good opinion of me, and my vertues,
For ſo you have pleas'd to ſtile my innocent weakenes,
That what hath paſs'd beween *Dinant* and me,
Or what now in your hearing he hath ſpoken,
Beget not doubts, or feares.
Champ. I apprehend you,
You thinke I will be jealous, as I live
Thou art miſtaken ſweet; and to confirme it
Diſcourſe with whom thou wilt, ride where thou wilt,
Feaſt whom thou wilt, as often as thou wilt,
For I will have no other guards upon thee
Then thine owne thoughts,
Lamira. I'le uſe this liberty
With moderation Sir,
Beaup. I am reſolv'd
Steale off, i'le follow you,
Champ. Come Sir, you droope,
Till you find cauſe, which I ſhall never give
Diſlike not of your ſon in Law,
Verta. Sir, You teach me
The language I ſhould uſe; I am moſt happy
In being ſo neere you. *Exeunt Verdone and Beaupre.*
Lamira. O my feares good nurſe
Follow my Brother unobſerv'd and learne,
Which way he takes.
Nurſ. I will be carefull Madam. *Exit Nurſe.*
Cham. Betweene us complements are ſuperfluous,
One Gentlemen, th' affront we have met here
Wee'l thinke upon hereafter, 'twere unfit
To cheriſh any thought to breed unreſt,
Or to our ſelves, or to our Nuptiall feaſt.
Exeunt.

Enter Dinant and Cleremont.

Cler. We ſhall have ſport, ner fear't
Din. What ſport I prithee?
Cler. Why we muſt fight, I know it, and I long for't
It was apparent in the fiery eye,
Of young *Verdoone, Beaupre* look'd pale and ſhooke too,
Familiar ſignes of anger. They are both brave fellowes
Tride and approv'd, and I am prou'd to encounter.
With men, from whom no honour can be loſt
They will play up to a man, and ſet him off,
When ere I goe to the field, heaven keepe me from
The meeting of an unfleſh'd youth or Coward,
The firſt to get a name, comes on too hot,
The Coward is ſo ſwift in giving ground,
There is no overtaking him, without
A hunting Nag, well breath'd too.
Din. All this while,
You ne'r thinke on the danger,
Cler. Why 'tis no more,
Then meeting of a douſen Friends at Supper,
And drinking hard; miſcheif comes there unlook'd for,
I am ſure as ſuddaine, and ſtrikes home as often,
For this we are prepar'd
Din. *Lamira* Loves
Her Brother *Beaupre* dearely.
Cler. What of that?
Din. And ſhould he call me to account for what
But now I ſpeake, nor can I with mine honour
Recant my words, that little hope is left me,
'Ere to enjoye what (next to heaven I long for,)
Is taken from me,
Cler. Why what can you hope for,
She being now married?
Din. On my *Cleremont*,
To you all ſecrets of my heart lye open,
And I reſt moſt ſecure that whatſoer'e
I locke up there, is as a private thought,
And will no farther wrong me, I am a Frenchman,
And for the greater part, we are borne Courtiers,
She is a woman, and how ever yet,
No heat of ſervice, had the power to melt
Her frozen Chaſtity, time and opportunitie
May worke her to my ends, I confeſſe ill ones,
And yet I muſt purſue 'em: now her marriage,
In probabilitie, will no way hurt,
But rather help me,
Cler. Sits the wind there? pray you tell me
How farr off, dwells your love from luſt?
Din. Too neere,
But prithee chide me not,
Cler. Not I, goe on boye,
I have faults my ſelf, and will not reprehend
A crime I am not free from: for her Marriage,
I doe eſteeme it (and moſt batchellors are
Of my opinion) as a faire protection,
To play the wanton, without loſſe of honour.
Din. Would ſhe make riſe of't ſo, I were moſt happy.
Cler. No more of this, Judge now,
Whither I have the guift of prophecie.

Enter Beaupre and Verdoone.

Beaup. Monſieur *Dinant*.
I am glad to find you, Sir.

Din. I am at your ſervice.
Verd. Good Monſieur *Cleremont*, I have long wiſh'd
To be knowne better to you,
Cler. My deſires
Embrace your wiſhes Sir,
Beaup. Sir, I have ever
Eſteem'd you truly noble, and profeſſe.
I ſhould have bin moſt proud, to have had the honour,
To call you Brother, but my Fathers pleaſure
Denied that happineſſe, I know no man lives,
That can command his paſſions, and therefore
Dare not condemne, the late intemperate language
You were pleas'd to uſe, to my Father and my Siſter
Hee's old and ſhe a woman, I moſt ſortie,
My honour does compell me to entreat you,
To doe me the favour, with your ſword to meete me
A mile without the Citie.
Din. You much honour me.
In the demand, I'l gladly waite upon you,
Beaup. O Sir you teach me what to ſay : the time?
Din. With the next Sun, if you thinke fit.
Beaup. The place.
Din. Nere to the vineyard eaſtward from the Citie,
Beaup. I like it well, this gentleman if you pleaſe
Will keepe me company,
Cler. That is agreed on;
And in my friends behalf I will attend him
Verd. You ſhall not miſſe my ſervice.
Beaup. Good day Gentlemen. *Ex. Beaup. and Verdoone.*
Din. At your Commandement.
Cler. Prou'd to be your ſervants,
I thinke there is no Nation under heaven
That cut their enemies throates with complement,
And ſuch fine trickes as we doe : If you have
Any few Prayers to ſay, this night you may
Call 'em to mind and uſe 'em, for my ſelf,
As I have little to looſe, my care is leſſe,
So till to morrow morning, I bequeath you,
To your devotions; and thoſe payed, but uſe
That noble courage I have ſeene, and we
Shall fight, as in a Caſtle,
Din. Thou art all honour,
Thy reſoultion, would ſteele a Coward,
And I moſt fortunate, in ſuch a Friend,
All tenderneſſe, and nice reſpect of woman,
Be now far from me, reputation take
A full poſſeſſion of my heart, and prove
Honour the firſt place holds, the ſecond love. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lamira, Charlote.

Lamir. Sleepes my Lord ſtill *Carlote.*
Char. Not to be wak'd
By your Ladiſhips cheerefull lookes, I well perceive
That this night, the good Lord hath bin
At an unſuall ſervice, and no wonder
If he reſt after it
Lamir. You are very bold
Char. Your Creature Madam, and when you are pleas'd
Sadneſſe to me's a ſtranger, your good pardon
If I ſpeake like a foole, I could have wiſht,
To have taine your place to night, had bold *Dinant*
Your firſt and moſt obſequious ſervant taſted
Thoſe dedicates, which by his lethargie
As it appeares, have cloyed my Lord,
Lamira. No more.
Charl. I am ſilenc'd Madam
Lamira. Saw you my nurſe this morning?
Charl. No Madam.
Lamira. I am full of feares. *Knock within.*
Who's that?
Charl. She you enquir'd for
Lamira. Bring her iu, and leave me. *Ex. Charlote.*
Now nurſe what newes. *Enter Nurſe.*
Nurſe. O Ladie dreadfull ones,
They are to fight this morning, ther's no remedie
I ſaw my Lord your Brother, and *Verdoone.*
Take horſe as I came by,
Lamir. Wher's *Cleremont*?
Nurſe. I met him too, and mounted,
Lamir. Wher's *Dinant*?
Nurſe. There's all the hope, I have ſtaied him with a (tricke,
If I have done well ſo,
Lamir. What tricke?
Nurſe. I 'tould him,
Your Ladiſhip layed your command upon him,
To attend you preſently, and to confirme it,
Gave him the ring' he oft hath ſeene you weare,
That you beſtowed on me; he waites without
Diſguis'd, and if you have that power in him,
As I preſume you have, it is in you
To ſtay or alter him.
Lamir. Have you learnt the place,
Where they are to encounter?
Nurſe. Yes 'tis where
The Duke of *Burgundie*, met *Lewis* eleventh
Lamir. Enough I will reward thee liberally, *Ex. Nurſe.*
Goe bring him in, full deare I lov'd *Dinant*,
While it was lawfull, but thoſe fires are quenched,
I being now anothers, truth forgive me
And let diſſimulation, be no crime,
Though moſt unwillingly, I put it on
To guard a Brothers ſafetie.

Enter Dinant.

Dina. Now your pleaſure,
Though ill you have deſerv'd it, you perſev'd
I am ſtill your foole, and cannot but obey
What ever you command
Lamir. You ſpeake, as if
You did repent it, and 'tis not worth my thankes then,
But there has bin a time, in which you would
Receive this as a favour
Din. Hope was left then
Of recompence.
Lamir. Why I am ſtill *Lamira.*
And you *Dinant*, and 'tis yet in my power
I dare not ſay, i'll put it into act,
To reward your love and ſervice,
Din. Ther's ſome comfort,
Lamir. But thinke not that ſo low I praie my fame,
To give it up to any man that refuſes
To buy it, or with danger or performance
Of what I ſhall enjoine him,
Din. Name that danger
Be it of what horrid ſhape ſoever Ladie
Which I will ſhrinke at; only at this inſtant
Be ſpeedie in't
Lamir. I'll put you to the triall:
You ſhall not fight to day, doe you ſtart at that?
Not with my Brother, I have heard your difference,
Mine is no *Helens* beauty, to be purchas'd
With blood, and ſo defended if you looke for

Favours from me, deſerve them with obedience,
Ther's no way els to gain 'em
Din. You command
What with mine honour I cannot obey
Which lies at pawne againſt it and a friend
Equally deare as that, or life engag'd,
Not for himſelf, but me.
Lamir. Why, fooliſh man,
Dare you ſollicite me, to ſerve your luſt,
In which not onely, I abuſe my Lord,
My father, and my family, but write whore,
Though not upon my forhead, in my conſcience,
To be read howerly, and yet name your honours ?
Yours ſuffer but in circumſtance ; mine in ſubſtance,
If you obey me, you part with ſome credit,
From whom ; the giddy multitude ? but mankind
Will cenſure me, and juſtly
Din. I will looſe,
What moſt I doe deſire, rather then hazard
So deare a friend, or write my ſelfe a coward,
'Tis better be no man
Lamir. This will not doe ;
Why I deſire not, you ſhould be a coward,
Nor doe I weigh my Brothers life with yours,
Meete him, fight with him, doe, and kill him fairely,
Let me not ſuffer for you, I am careleſſe.
Din. Suffer for me ?
Lamir. For you, my kindneſſe to you,
Already brands me, with a ſtrumpets name,
Din. O that I knew the wretch !
Lamir. I will not name him,
Nor give you any Character to know him ;
But if you dare, and inſtantly ride foorth
At the weſt port of the City, and defend there
My reputation, againſt all you meete,
For two houres on ly, i'l not ſweare *Dinanet*,
To ſatisfie, (though ſure I thinke I ſhall)
What ever you deſire, if you denie this
Be deſperate, for willingly, by this light,
I'l never ſee thee more
Din. Two houres, doe you ſay ?
Lamir. Only two houres,
Dina. I were no Gentleman,
Shou'd I make ſcruple of it ; this favour armes me,
And boldly il' performe it. *Exit.*
Lamir. I am glad on't.
This will prevent their meeting yet, and keepe
My Brother ſafe, which was the marke I ſhott at. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleremont, as in the field.

Cler. I am firſt i't a field that honours gain'd of our ſide
Pray Heaven I may get of as honourablie,
The houre is paſt, I wonder *Dinant* comes not,
This is the place, I cannot ſee him yet ;
It is his quarrell too, that brought me hither,
And I ne'r knew him yet, but to this honour,
A firme and worthy Friend, yet I ſee nothing,
Nor Horſe nor man ; 'twould vex me, to be left here,
To th mercy of two ſwords, and two approved ones
I never knew him laſt.
Enter Beaupre and Verdoone.
Beaup. You are well met *Cleremont*. (Sir
Verdo. You are a faire Gentleman, & love your friend
What are you ready the time has over tane us?
Beaup. And this you know the place.
Cler. No *Dinant* yet ?
Beaup. We come not now to argue, but to doe ;
We waite you Sir,
Cler. Ther's no time paſt yet. Gentlemen,
We have day enough : i'ſt poſſible he comes not ?
You ſee I am ready here, and doe but ſtay,
Till my Friend come, walke but a turne or two,
'Twill not be long.
Verd. We came to fight.
Cler. Yee ſhall fight Gentlemen,
And fight enough, but a ſhort turne or two
I thinke I ſee him, ſet up your watch, wee'l fight by it.
Beau. That is not hee ; we will not be deluded.
Cler. Am I bobd thus, pray take a pipe of tobacco?
Or ſing but ſome new ayre ; by that time, Gentlemen
Verd. Come draw your ſword, you know the cuſtome here
Firſt come, firſt ſerv'd (Sir
Cler. Though it be held a cuſtome,
And practiſed ſo, I doe not hold it honeſt;
What honour can you both win on me ſingle ?
Beaup. Yeild up you ſword ther.
Cler. Yeild my Sword ? that's Hebrew ;
I'll be firſt cut a peices ; hold but a while,
I'll take the next that comes,
Enter an old Gentleman.
You are an old Gentleman.
Gent. Yes indeed am I, Sir,
Cler. And weare no Sword?
Gent. I need none ; Sir,
Cler. I would you did, and had one ;
I want now ſuch a fooliſh courteſie
You ſee theſe Gentlemen ;
Gent. You want a ſecond.
In good Faith Sir, I was never handſome at it,
I would you had my Son, but hee's in *Italy*,
A proper Gentleman ; you may doe well gallants
If you quarrell be not capitall, to have more mercy,
The Gentleman may doe his Country —
Cler. Now I beſeech you, Sir,
If you dare not fight, doe not ſtay to beg my pardon,
There lies your way.
Gent. Good morrow Gentlemen. *Exit.*
Verd. You ſee your fortune,
You had better yeild your ſword.
Cler. Pray yee ſtay a little.
Enter two Gentlemen.
Upon mine honeſtie, you ſhall be fought with ;
Well, *Dinant*, well, theſe weare ſwords and ſeeme brave
As you are Gentlemen, one of you ſupply me (fellowes
I want a ſecond now to meete theſe gallants,
You know what honour is,
1 *Gent.* Sir you muſt pardon us,
We goe about the ſame worke, you are ready for ;
And muſt fight preſently, els we were your ſervants,
2 *Gent.* God ſpeed you, and good day. *Exit Gent.*
Cler. Am I thus Colted?
Beaup. Come either yeild —
Cler. As you are honeſt Gentlemen,
Stay but the next, and then i'll take my fortune,
And if I fight not like a man ? Fy *Dinant*, —
Cold now and treacherous,
Enter Monſieur la Writ within.
La Writ. I underſtand your cauſes.
Yours about corne, yours about pinnes and glaſſes,
Will

Will you make me mad, have I not all the parcells?
And his Petition too, about Bell-founding?
Send in your witneſſes, what will you have me doe?
Will you have me break my heart?my brains are melted;
And tell your Maſter, as I am a gentleman,
His Cauſe ſhall be the firſt, commend me to your Miſtris,
And tell her, if there be an extraordinary feather,
And tall enough for her: I ſhall diſpatch you too,
I know your Cauſe, for tranſporting of Farthingales
Trouble me no more, I ſay, againe to you,
No more vexation: bid my wife ſend me ſome puddings;
I have a Cauſe to run through, requires puddings,
Puddings enough. Farewell.
Cler. God ſpeed you, ſir.
Beaup. Would he would take this fellow.
Verd. A rare Youth.
Cler. If you be not haſtie, ſir.
La-writ. Yes, I am haſtie,
Exceeding haſtie, ſir, I am going to the Parliament,
You underſtand this bag, if you have any buſineſſe
Depending there, be ſhort, and let me heare it,
And pay your Fees.
Cler. 'Faith, ſir, I have a buſineſſe,
But it depends upon no Parliament.
La-writ. I have no skill in't then.
Cler. I muſt deſire you,
'Tis a Sword matter, ſir.
La-writ. I am no Cutler,
I am an Advocate, ſir.
Beau. How the thing lookes?
Verd. When he brings him to fight.
Cler. Be not ſo haſtie,
You weare a good Sword.
La-writ, I know not that,
I never drew it yet, or whether it be a Sword——
Cler. I muſt entreat you try, ſir, and beare a part
Againſt theſe Gentlemen, I want a ſecond;
Yee ſeeme a man, and 'tis a noble office.
La-writ. I am a Lawyer, ſir, I am no fighter.
Cler. You that breed quarrells, ſir, know beſt to ſatisfie.
Beau. This is ſome ſport yet.
Verd. If this fellow ſhould fight. (ward,
La-writ. And for any thing I know, I am an arrant co-
Doe not truſt me, I thinke I am a coward.
Cler. Try, try, you are miſtaken: walke on gentlemen,
The man ſhall follow preſently.
La-writ. Are ye mad gentleman?
My buſineſſe is within this halfe houre,
Cler. That's all one,
We'll diſpatch within this quarter, there in that bottome,
'Tis moſt convenient gentlemen.
Beau. Well, we'll wait, ſir.
Verd. Why this will be a comick fight, you'll follow.
La-w. As I am a true man, I cannot fight. *Ex. Beaup.*
Cler. Away, away, *Verdone.*
I know you can: I like your modeſty,
I know you will fight and ſo fight, with ſuch mettall,
And with ſuch judgement, meet your enemies fury;
I ſee it in your eye, ſir.
La-writ. I'le be hang'd then; (ting.
And I charge you in the Kings name, name no more figh-
Cler. I charge you in the Kings name, play the man,
Which if you doe not quickly, I begin with you,
Ile make you dance, doe you ſee your fiddle ſticke?
Sweet Advocate, thou ſhalt fight.
La-writ. Stand farther gentleman.
Or I'le give you ſuch a duſt o'th' chapps——
Cler. Spoke bravely,
And like thy ſelfe, a noble Advocate:
Come, to thy tooles.
La-writ. I doe not ſay I'le fight.
Cler. I ſay thou ſhalt, and bravely.
La-writ. If I doe fight;
I ſay, if I doe, but doe not depend upon't,
And yet I have a fooliſh itch upon me,
What ſhall become of my Writings?
Cler. Let 'em ly by,
They will not run away, man.
La-writ. I may be kil'd too,
And where are all my cauſes then? my buſineſſe?
I will not fight, I cannot fight, my Cauſes——
Cler. Thou ſhalt fight, if thou hadſt a thouſand cauſes,
Thou art a man to fight for any cauſe,
And carry it with honour.
La-writ. Hum I ſay you ſo? if I ſhould
Be ſuch a coxcombe to prove valiant now——
Cler. I know thou art moſt valiant.
La-writ. Doe you thinke ſo?
I am undone for ever, if it prove ſo,
I tell you that, my honeſt friend, for ever;
For I ſhall ne're leave quarrelling.
How long muſt we fight? for I cannot ſtay,
Nor will not ſtay, I have buſineſſe.
Cler. We'll do't in a minute in a moment. (belly
La-writ. Here will I hang my bag then, it may ſave my
I never lov'd cold iron there.
Cler. You doe wiſely. (quickly,
La-writ. Help me to pluck my ſword out then, quickly,
'T has not ſeen Sun theſe ten yeares.
Cler. How it grumbles?
This Sword is vengeance angry.
La-writ. Now I'le put my hat up,
And ſay my prayers as I goe; away boy,
If I be kill'd, remember the little Lawyer. *Exeunt.*

Enter Beaupre. (raſcall,

Beaup. They are both come on, that may be a ſtubborne
Take you that ground, *Enter La-writ.*
Ile ſtay here, fight bravely. (play,
La-wr. To't chearfully my boyes, you'll let's have faire
None of your foyning tricks.
Beau. Come forward Monſieur; *Fight.*
What haſt thou there? a pudding in thy belly?
I ſhall ſee what it holds.
La-writ. Put your ſpoone home then:
Nay, ſince I muſt fight, have at you without wit, ſir:
God a mercy bagg.
Beau. Nothing but bumbaſt in yee?
The rogue winkes and fights.
La-wr. Now your fine fencing, ſir: *Beau. loſes his ſword*
Stand off, thou dieſt on point elſe, *La. writ treads on it.*
I have it, I have it: yet further off:
I have his Sword.
Beau. Then keep it, be ſure you keep it.
La-writ. I'le put it in my mouth elſe.
Stand further off yet, and ſtand quietly,
And looke another way, or I'le be with you.
Is this all? I'le undertake within theſe two dayes
To furniſh any Cutler in this Kingdome.
Beau. Pox, what a fortune's this? diſarm'd by a puppie?
A ſnaile? a dog?
La-Writ. No more o'theſe words Gentleman,
Sweet gentleman no more, doe not provoke me,

Goe walk i'th' horſe faire;whiſtle gentleman,
What muſt I doe now?
Enter Cleremont, purſued by Verdoone.
Cler. Help me, I am almoſt breathleſſe.
La-writ. With all my heart,there's a cold py for you,ſir.
Cler. Thou ſtrik'ſt me, foole.
La-writ. Thou foole, ſtand further off then,
Deliver, deliver.
Cler. Hold faſt. *He ſtrikes up the others heeles,*
La-writ. I never faile in't *and takes his Sword too.*
There's twelve pence, go buy you two leaden Daggers,
Have I done well?
Cler. Moſt like a gentleman.
Beau. And we two baſely loſt.
Verd. 'Tis but a fortune,
We ſhall yet find an houre. *Ex.Beau. Verdoone ſad.*
Cler. I ſhall be glad on't.
La-writ. Where's my cloake, and my trinkets?
Or will you fight any longer, for a craſh or two?
Cler. I am your noble friend, ſir.
La-writ. It may be ſo.
Cler. What honour ſhall I doe you,
For this great courteſie?
La-writ. All I deſire of ye, (more on't
Is to take the quarrell to your ſelfe, and let me heare no
I have no liking to't, 'tis a fooliſh matter,
And help me to put up my Sword.
Cler. Moſt willingly,
But I am bound to gratifie you,and I muſt not leave you.
La-writ. I tell you I will not be gratified,
Nor I will heare no more on't: take the Swords too,
And doe not anger me but leave me quietly
For the matter of honour, 'tis at your owne diſpoſure,
And ſo, and ſo,
Cler. This is a moſt rare Lawyer:
I am ſure moſt valiant. Well *Dinant*, as you ſatisfie me,
I ſay no more: I am loden like an Armorer. *Exit.Cler.*
Enter Dinant.
Din. To be diſpatcht upon a ſleeveleſſe errand?
To leave my friend engag'd, mine honour tainted?
Theſe are trim things. I am ſet here like a Perdue,
To watch a fellow, that has wrong'd my Miſtris,
A ſcurvy fellow, that muſt paſſe this way,
But what this ſcurvy fellow is, or whence,
Or whether his name be *William* or *John*,
Or *Anthony* or *Dick* or any thing, I know not;
A ſcurvy raſcally fellow. I muſt aime at,
And there's the office of an Aſſe flung on me.
Sure *Cleremont* has fought,but how come off,
And what the world ſhall thinke of me hereafter:
Well, woman, woman, I muſt looke your raſcalls,
And looſe my reputation: ye have a fine power over us.
Theſe two long houres I have trotted here and curiouſly
Survei'd all goers by, yet find no raſcall,
Nor any face to quarrell with: *La-writ ſings within*
What's that? *then Enters.*
This is a raſcally voice ſure it comes this way.
La-writ. He ſtrooke ſo hard the Baſon broke,
And Tarcuin *heard the ſound.*
Din. What maſter thing is this? let me ſurvey it.
La-writ. And then he ſtrooke his necke in two.
Din. This may be a raſcall, but 'tis a mad raſcall,
What an Alphabet of faces he puts on?
Hey how it fences? if this ſhould be the rogue,
As 'tis the likelieſt rogue I ſee this day——
Lawr. Was ever man for Ladies ſake? down, down.
Di. And what are you good ſir? down, down, down, dow
La-wr. What's that to you good ſir? downe, downe.
Din. A pox on you good, ſir, downe, downe, downe
You with your Buckram bag, what make you here? (no
And from whence come you? I could fight with my ſhad
La-w. Thou fierce man, that like ſir *Lancelot* doſt appe
I need not tell thee what I am, nor eke what I make he
Din. This is a pretious knave, ſtay, ſtay, good *Triſtra*
And let me aske thy mightineſſe a queſtion,
Did ye never abuſe a Lady?
La-writ. Not; to abuſe a Lady, is very hard, ſir,
Din. Say you ſo, ſir?
Didſt thou never abuſe her honour?
La-writ. Not; to abuſe her honour, is impoſſible.
Din. Certaine this is the raſcall: What's thy nam
La-writ. My name is *Cock a two*, uſe me reſpective
I will be Cocke of three elſe.
Din. What's all this?
You ſay, you did abuſe a Lady;
La-writ. You ly.
Din. And that you wrong'd her honour.
La-writ. That's two lyes,
Speake ſuddenly, for I am full of buſineſſe. (go
Din. What art thou, or what canſt thou be, thou
That dar'ſt give me the ly thus? thou mak'ſt me won
Law. And wonder on till time makes all this plain
Din. You muſt not part ſo, ſir, art thou a gentlema
La-w. Aske thoſe, upon whoſe ruines, I am mount
Din. This is ſome Cavellero Knight o'th' Sun.
La-w. I tell thee I am as good a gentleman as the D
I have atchieved —— goe follow thy buſineſſe.
Din. But for this Lady, ſir——
La-writ. Why, hang this Lady, ſir, (d
And the Lady Mother too, ſir, what have I to do with
Enter Cleremont.
Cler. 'Tis the little Lawyers voice: has he got my
It ſhould be here abouts.
Din. Ye dry bisket rogue,
I wil ſo ſwinge you for this blaſphemie——
Have I found you out?
Cler. That ſhould be *Dinants* tongue too. (
La-w. And I defy thee do thy worſt: *ô ho quoth* Lanc
And that thou ſhalt know, I am a true gentleman,
And ſpeake according to the phraſe triumphant;
Thy Lady, is a ſcurvy Lady, and a ſhitten Lady,
And though I never heard of her, a deboſhed Lady,
And thou, a ſquire of low degree; will that content
Doſt thou way-lay me with Ladies? A pretty ſword,
A very pretty ſword I haue a great mind to't.
Din. You ſhall not looſe your longing, rogue.
Cler. Hold, hold,
Hold *Dinant*, as thou art a gentleman.
La-writ. As much as you will, my hand is in now.
Cler. I am your friend, ſir: *Dinant* you draw your ſw
Upon the gentleman, preſerv'd your honour:
This was my ſecond and did back me nobly,
For ſhame forbeare.
Din. I aske your mercy, ſir, and am your ſervant
La-writ. May we not fight then?
Cler. I am ſure you ſhall not now.
La-w. I am ſorry for't I am ſure I'le ſtay no longer
Not a jot longer: are there any more on ye afore?
I will ſing ſtill, ſir. *Exit La-writ.*
Din. I looke now you ſhould chide me, and 'Tis fit,
And with much bitterneſſe expreſſe your anger,
I have deſerv,d: yet when you know——.
C

Cler. I thanke ye,
Doe you thinke, that the wrong you have offred me,
The moſt unmanly wrong, unfriendly wrong——
Din. I doe confeſſe ——
Cler. That boyiſh ſleight——
Din. Not ſo, ſir.
Cler. That poore and baſe renouncing of your honour,
Can be allaied with words?
Din. I give you way ſtill. (part,
Cler. Coloured with ſmooth excuſes? Was it a friends
A Gentlemans, a mans that weares a Sword,
And ſtands upon the point of reputation,
To hide his head, then, when his honour call'd him?
Call'd him alowd, and lead him to his fortune?
To halt and ſlip the coller? by my life,
I would have given my life, I had never knowne thee,
Thou haſt eaten Canker-like into my judgement
With this diſgrace, my whole life, cannot heale againe.
Din. This I can ſuffer too, I find it honeſt.
Cler. Can you pretend an excuſe now may abſolve you,
Or any thing like honeſt, to bring you off?
Ingage me like an Aſſe?
Din. Will you but heare me?
Cler. Expoſe me like a Jade, to tug, and hale through,
Laugh'd at, and almoſt hooted? your diſgraces,
Invite mens Swords, and angers to diſpatch me.
Din. If you will be patient. (friend,
Cler. And be abus'd ſtill; But that I have call'd thee
And to that name, allow a Sanctuary,
You ſhould heare further from me, I would not talk thus:
But henceforth ſtand upon your owne bottome, ſir,
And beare your owne abuſes, I ſcorne my ſword
Should travell in ſo poore and empty quarrells.
Din. Ha, you done yet? take your whole ſwinge of anger,
I'le beare all with content.
Cler. Why were you abſent?
Din. You know I am no Coward, you have ſeene that,
And therefore, out of feare, forſooke you not:
You know I am not falſe, of a treacherous nature,
Apt to betray my friend I have fought for you too;
You know no buſineſſe, that concern'd my ſtate,
My kindred, or my life.
Cler. Where was the fault then?
Din. The honour of that Lady I adore
Her credit, and her name: ye know ſhe ſent for me,
And with what haſt.
Cler. What was he that traduc'd?
Din. The man i'th' Moone, I think, hither I was ſent,
But to what end——

Enter old Lady.

Cler. This is a pretty flim-flam.
O.La. I am glad I have met you ſir, I have bin ſeeking,
And ſeeking every where.
Cler. And now you have found him,
Declare that buſineſſe, our Embaſſadour. (Lady.
O.Lady. What's that to ye good man flouter? O ſir, my
Din. Prethee no more of thy Lady, I have too much on't.
Cler. Let me have a little, ſpeake to me.
Old Lady. To you ſir?
'Tis more then time: All occaſions ſet aſide ſir,
Or whatſoever may be thought a buſineſſe——
Din. What then?
Old Lady. Repaire to me within this houre.
Cler. Where? (ſent for.
O.Lady. What's that to you? come you, ſir, when y'are
Cler. God a mercy *Mumpſimus*,
You may goe *Dinant*, and follow this old Fairie,
Till you have loſt your ſelfe, your friends, your credit,
And hunny out your youth, in rare adventures,
I can but grieve, I have knowne you.
Old Lady. Will ye goe ſir?
I come not often to you with theſe bleſſings,
You may believe that thing there, and repent it,
That dogged thing,
Cler. Peace touchwood.
Din. I will not goe:
Goe bid your Lady ſeeke ſome foole, to fawne on her
Some unexperienc'd puppie, to make ſport with,
I have bin her mirth too long, thus I ſhake from me
The fetters ſhe put on; thus her enchantments
I blow away like wind, no more her beauty.
Old Lady. Take heed ſir what you ſay.
Cler. Goe forward, *Dinant*.
Din. The charmes ſhot from her eyes——
O.Lady. Be wiſe.
Cler. Be Valiant. (ctions
Din. That tongue that tells faire tales to mens deſtru-
Shall never rack me more.
Old Lady. Stay there.
Cler. Goe forward.
Din. I will now heare her, ſee her as a woman,
Survey her, and the power man has allowed, ſir,
As I would doe the courſe of common things,
Unmov'd, unſtruck.
Cler. Hold there, and I forgive thee.
Din. She is not faire, and that that makes her proud,
Is not her owne, our eies beſtow it on her,
To touch and kiſſe her is no bleſſedneſſe,
A Sun-burnt Ethiopes lip's as ſoft as hers.
Goe bid her ſtick ſome other triumph up,
And take into her favour ſome dull foole,
That has no pretious time to looſe, no friends,
No honour, nor no life, like a bold Merchant,
A bold and banquerupt man, I have ventur'd all theſe,
And ſplit my bottome: returne this anſwer to her,
I am awake againe, and ſee her miſchiefes,
And am not now, on every idle errand,
And new coyn'd anger, to be hurried,
And then deſpis'd againe, I have forgot her.
Cler. If this be true——
O.Lady. I am ſorry, I have troubled you,
More ſorrie, that my Lady has adventur'd
So great a favour, in ſo weake a mind: (it,
This houre you have refus'd, that when you come to know
Will run you mad, and make you curſe that fellow,
She is not faire, nor handſome, ſo I leave you.
Cler. Stay Lady, ſtay, but is there ſuch a buſineſſe?
O.Lady. You would breake your neck 'twere yours.
Cler. My back, you would ſay.
O.La. But play the friends part ſtill, ſir, and undoe him,
'Tis a faire office.
Din. I have ſpoke too liberally.
O.Lady. I ſhall deliver what you ſay.
Cler. You ſhall be hang'd firſt,
You would faine be prating now; take the man with you.
O.Lady. Not I, I have no power.
Cler. You may goe *Dinant*.
O.Lady. 'Tis in's own will. I had no further charge, ſir,
Then to tell him what I did, which if I had thought
It ſhould have bin receiv'd ſo——
Cler. 'Faith you may,
You doe not know, how far it may concerne you.

If I perceiv'd any trick in't.
Din. 'Twill end there.
Cler. 'Tis my fault then, there is an houre in fortune,
That muſt be ſtill obſerv'd : you thinke I'll chide you,
When things muſt be, nay ſee. an he will hold his head up?
Would ſuch a Lady ſend, with ſuch a charge too ?
Say ſhe has plaid the foole, play the foole with her againe,
The great foole, the greater ſtill the better,
He ſhall goe with you woman.
Old Lady. As it pleaſe him,
I know the way alone elſe.
Din. Where is your Lady ?
O. Lady. I ſhall direct you quickly.
Din. Well, I'll goe,
But what her wrongs, will give me leave to ſay. (you.
Cler. We'll leave that to your ſelves : I ſhall heare from
Din. As ſoone as I come off——
Cler. Come on then bravely ;
Farewell till then, and play the man.
Din. You are merry ;
All I expect is ſcorne : Ile lead you Lady.
Exeunt ſeverally.

Actus tertius. Scena prima.

Enter Champernell, Lamira, Beaupré,
Verdoone, Chailote.

Beaup. We'll venture on him.
Cham. Out of my dores I charge thee, ſee me no more.
Lam. Your Nephew ?
Cham. I diſclaime him.
He has no part in me, nor in my blood,
My Brother that kept fortune bound, and left
Conqueſt hereditary to his Iſſue
Could not beget a coward.
Verd. I fought, ſir,
Like a good fellow, and a ſouldier too,
But men are men, and cannot make their fates :
Aſcribe you to my Father, what you pleaſe,
I am borne to ſuffer.
Cham. All diſgraces wretch.
Lam. Good ſir be patient.
Cham. Was there no tree,
(For to fall by a noble enemies ſword,
A Coward is unworthy) nor no River,
To force thy life out backward, or to drowne it,
But that thou muſt ſurvive thy infamie ?
And kill me, with the ſight of one I hate ?
And gladly would forget ?
Beaup. Sir, his misfortune
Deſerves not this reproofe.
Cham. In your opinion,
'Tis fit you two ſhould be of one beliefe,
You are indeed, fine gallants, and fight bravely
I'th' City with your tongues, but in the field
Have neither ſpirit to dare, nor power to doe,
Your ſwords, are all ledd there.
Beaup. I know no duty,
(How ever you may wreake your ſpleene on him,)
That bindes me to endure this.
Cham. From *Dinant*
You'll ſuffer more; that ever curſed I,
Should give my honour up, to the defence
Of ſuch a thing as he is, or my Lady
That is all Innocent, for whom a dove would
Aſſume the courage of a daring Eagle,
Repoſe her confidence in one that can
No better guard her. In contempt of you
I love *Dinant*, mine enemy, nay admire him,
His valour claimes it from me, and with juſtice,
He that could fight thus, in a cauſe not honeſt,
His ſword edg'd with defence, of right and honour,
Would pierce as deep as lightning, with that ſpeed too,
And kill as deadly.
Verd. You are as far from Juſtice,
In him you praiſe, as equitie in the cenſure,
You load me with.
Beaup. *Dinant*? he durſt not meet us.
Lam. How ? durſt not brother ?
Beaup. Durſt not, I repeat it ;
Verdo. Nor was it *Cleremont*'s valour that diſarm'd us,
I had the better of him ; for *Dinant*,
If that might make my peace with you, I dare
Write him a Coward, upon every poſt,
And with the hazard of my life defend it.
Lam. If 'twere laied at the ſtake, you'd looſe it, Nephew
Cham. Came he not, ſay you ?
Verd. No, but in his roome,
There was a divell, hir'd from ſome Magician
I'th' ſhape of an Atturney.
Beau. 'Twas he did it.
Verd. And his the honour.
Beau. I could wiſh *Dinant*——
But what talke I of one that ſtept aſide,
And durſt not come ?
Lam. I am ſuch a friend to truth,
I cannot heare this : why doe you detract
Thus poorely (I ſhould ſay to others baſely)
From one, of ſuch approv'd worth ?
Cham. Ha ! how's this ?
Lam. From one ſo excellent, in all that's noble,
Whoſe onely weakneſſe, is exceſſe of courage ?
That knowes no enemies, that he cannot maſter,
But his affections, and in them, the worſt
His love to me.
Cham. To you ?
Lam. Yes, ſir to me,
I dare (for what is that, which Innocence dares not)
To you profeſſe it, and he ſhun'd the Combat not
For feare, or doubt of theſe : bluſh and repent,
That you in thought, ere did that wrong to valour.
Beau. Why, this is rare.
Cham. 'Fore heaven, exceeding rare ;
Why, modeſt Lady, you that ſing ſuch Encomiums
Of your firſt Suiter——
Verd. How can ye convince us
In our reports ?
Lam. VVith what you cannot anſwer,
'Twas my command that ſtaied him.
Cham. Your command ?
Lam. Mine, ſir, and had my will rank'd with my powe
And his obedience, I could have ſent him
VVith more eaſe, weaponleſſe to you, and bound,
Then have kept him back, ſo well he loves his honour
Beyond his life.
Cham. Better, and better ſtill,
Lam. I wrought with him in private to divert him
From your aſſur'd deſtruction, had he met you.
Cham. In private ?
Lam. Yes, and us'd all Arts, all Charmes,

O

Of one that knew her ſelfe the abſolute Miſtris
Of all his faculties.
Cham. Gave all rewards too
His ſervice could deſerve; did not he take
The meaſure of my ſheets?
Lam. Doe not looke yellow,
I have cauſe to ſpeake; frownes cannot fright me,
By all my hopes, as I am ſpotleſſe to you,
If I reſt once aſſur'd, you doe but doubt me,
Or curbe me of that freedome, you once gave me——
Cham. VVhat then?
Lam. I'll not alone, abuſe your bed, that's nothing,
But to your more vexation, 'tis reſov'd on,
I'll run away, and then try if *Dinant*
Have courage to defend me.
Champ. Impudent!
Verdo. And on the ſudden——
Beau. How are ye transform'd,
From what you were?
Lam. I was an innocent Virgin,
And I can truly ſweare, a Wife as pure
As ever lay by Husband, and will dy ſo,
Let me live unſuſpected, I am no ſervant,
Nor will be us'd like one: If you deſire
To keep me conſtant, as I would be, let
Truſt and beliefe in you, beget, and nurſe it;
Unneceſſary jealouſies, make more whores
Then all baites els, laied to entrap our frailties.
Beau. There's no conteſting with her, from a child
Once mov'd, ſhe hardly was to be appeas'd,
Yet I dare ſweare her honeſt.
Cham. So I thinke too,
On better judgement: I am no Italian
To lock her up; nor would *I* be a Dutchman,
To have my Wife, my ſoveraigne, to command me:
I'll try the gentler way, but if that faile,
Believe it, Sir, there's nothing but extreames,
VVhich ſhe muſt feele from me.
Beau. That, as you pleaſe ſir. (ſweetly,
Charl. You have won the breeches, Madam, looke up
My Lord limpes toward you.
Lam. You will learne more manners.
Charl. This is a fee, for counſell that's unask'd for.
Cham. Come, I miſtook thee ſweet, prethee forgive me,
I never will be jealous :ere I cheriſh
Such a mechanick humour; I'll be nothing;
I'll ſay *Dinant*, is all that thou wouldſt have him,
VVill that ſuffice?
Lam. 'Tis well, ſir.
Champ. Uſe thy freedome
Uncheck'd, and unobſerv'd, if thou wilt have it,
Theſe ſhall forget their honour, I my wrongs
We'll all dote on him, hell be my reward
If I diſſemble.
Lam. And that hell take me
If I affect him, he's a luſtfull villaine,
(But yet no coward) and ſollicites me
To my diſhonour, that's indeed a quarrell,
And truly mine, which I will ſo revenge,
As it ſhall fright, ſuch as dare onely thinke
To be adulterers.
Cham. Uſe thine owne waies,
I give up all to thee.
Beau. O women, women!
When you are pleas'd, you are the leaſt of evils.
Verd. I'll rime to't, but provokt, the worſt of divells.
Exeunt.

Enter Monſier Sampſon, and three Clients.

Samp. I know Monſier *La-writ.*
1 *Cly.* VVould he knew himſelfe, Sir. (yer.
Samp. He was a pretty Lawyer, a kind of pretty Law-
Of a kind, of unable thing.
2 *Cly.* A fine Lawyer, Sir,
And would have firk'd you up a buſineſſe,
And out of this Court into that.
Samp. Ye are too forward,
Not ſo fine my friends, ſomething he could have done,
But ſhort, ſhort.
1 *Cly.* I know your worſhips favour,
You are Nephew to the Judge, Sir.
Samp. It may be ſo, (friends;
And ſomething may be done, without trotting i'th' durt,
It may be I can take him in his Chamber,
And have an houres talke, it may be ſo,
And tell him that in's eare, there are ſuch courteſies:
I will not ſay, I can.
3 *Cly.* VVe know you can, ſir. (writ?
Sam. Peradventure I, peradventure no: but where's La-
VVhere's your ſufficient Lawyer?
1 *Cly.* He's blowne up, Sir.
2 *Cly.* Run mad, and quarrells, with the dog he meets;
He is no Lawyer, of this world now.
Samp. Your reaſon?
Is he defunct? is he dead?
2 *Cly.* No, he's not dead yet, ſir; (houres:
But I would be loth to take a leaſe on's life for two
Alas, he is poſſeſt ſir, with the ſpirit of fighting,
And quarrells with all people; but how he came to it——
Samp. If he fight well, and like a Gentleman,
The man may fight, for 'tis a lawfull calling.
Looke you my friends, I am a civill Gentleman,
And my Lord my Uncle loves me.
3 *Cly.* We all know it, ſir. (buſineſſe,
Sam. I thinke he does, ſir, I have buſineſs too, much
Turn you ſome forty or fifty Cauſes in a weeke;
Yet when I get an houre of vacancie,
I can fight too my friends, a little does well,
I would be loth to learne to fight.
1 *Cly.* But and't pleaſe you, ſir,
His fighting has neglected all our buſineſſe,
We are undone, our cauſes caſt away, ſir,
His not appearance.
Sam. There he fought too long
A little, & fight well, he fought too long indeed friends;
But ne'r the leſſe, things muſt be, as they may,
And there be wayes——
1 *Cly.* We know, ſir, if you pleaſe——
Sam. Something I'll doe; goe rally up your Cauſes.

Enter La-writ, and a Gentleman at the dore.

2 *Cly.* Now you may behold ſir,
And be a witneſſe, whether we lie or no. (men,
La-writ. I'll meet you at the Ordinary, ſweet Gentle-
And if there be a wench or two——
Gent. We'll have 'em.
La-wr. No handling any Duells before I come,
We'll have no going leſſe, I hate a coward.
Gent. There ſhall be nothing done.
La-wr. Make all the quarrells
You can deviſe before I come, and let's all fight,
There is no ſport els.
Gent. We'll ſee what may be done, ſir,
1 *Cly.* Ha? Monſier *La-writ?*

La-Wr. Baffled in way of buſineſſe,
My cauſes caſt away, Judgement againſt us?
Why there it goes
2Cli. What ſhall we do the whilſt Sir?
La-Wr. Breed new diſſentions, goe hang your ſelves
'Tis all one to me; I have a new trade of living.
1 Cli. Doe you heare what he ſaies Sir?
Sam. The Gentleman, ſpeakes finely (tion
La Wr. Will any of you fight? Fightings my occupa-
If you find your ſelves agreev'd;
Sam. A compleate Gentleman.
La-Wr. Avant thou buckrom budget of petitions,
Thou ſpittle of lame cauſes; I lament for thee,
And till revenge be taken ——
Sam. 'Tis moſt excellent. (place.
La-Wr. There every man chuſe his paper, and his
I'll anſwer ye all, I will neglect no mans buſines
But he ſhall have ſatisfaction like a Gentleman,
The Judge may doe and not doe, hee's but a Monſieur
Sam. You have nothing of mine in your bag, Sir,
La-Wr. I know not Sir,
But you may put any thing in, any fighting thing
Sam. It is ſufficient, you may heare hereafter.
La-Wr. I reſt your ſervant Sir,
Sam. No more words Gentlemen
But follow me, no more words as you love me,
The Gentlemans, a noble Gentleman.
I ſhall doe what I can, and then ——
Cli. We thanke you Sir, ***Exit Sam. and Clients.***
Sam. Not a word to diſturb him, hee's a Gentleman.
La-Wr. No cauſe goe o my ſide? the judge caſt all?
And becauſe I was honourably employed in action,
And not appear'd, pronounce? 'tis very well,
'Tis well faith, 'tis well, Judge.

Enter Cleremont.

Cler. Who have we here?
My little furious Lawyer?
La-Wr. I ſay 'tis well,
But marke the end.
Cler. How he is metamorphis'd?
Nothing of Lawyer left not a bit of buckrum,
No ſolliciting face now,
This is no ſimple converſion
Your ſervant Sir, and Friend.
La-Wr. You come in time, Sir,
Cler. The happier man, to be at your command then.
La-Wr. You may wonder to ſee me thus; but tha'ts all
Time ſhall declare; 'tis true I was a Lawyer, (one
But I have mewd that coat I hate a Lawyer,
I talk'd much in the Court, now I hate talking
I did you the office of a man.
Cler. I muſt confeſſe it,
La-wr. And budg'd not, no I budg'd not
Cler. No, ye did not,
La-wr. Ther's it then, one good turne requires another
Cler. Moſt willing Sir, I am ready at your ſervice
La-wr. There read, and underſtand, & then deliver it
Cler. This is a challenge Sir,
La-wr. 'Tis very like Sir,
I ſeldome now write Sonnets
Cler. O admirantis,
To Monſieur *Vertaigne* the preſident,
La-wr. I chooſe no foole ſir,
Cler. Why hee's no ſword man Sir,
La-wr. Let him learne, let him learne,
Time that traines Chickens up, will teach him quickly
Cler. Why hee's a Judge, an old man.
La-wr. Never too old.
To be a Gentleman; and he that is a judge
Can judge beſt what belongs to wounded honour;
There are my griefes he has caſt away my cauſes,
In which he has bowed my reputation.
And therefore Judge, or no Judge,
Cler. Pray be rul'd Sir,
This is the maddeſt thing ——
La-wr. You will not carry it,
Cler. I doe not tell you ſo, but if you may be perſwad
La-wr. You know how you us'd me, when I would n
Doe you remember Gentleman? (figh
Cler. The Divells in him.
La-wr. I ſee it in your eyes, that you dare it
You have a carrying face, and you ſhall carry it,
Cler. The leaſt is baniſhment
La-wr. Be baniſh'd then;
'Tis a friends part, wee'll meete in *Africa*;
Or any corner of the earth.
Cler. Say he will not fight,
La-wr. I know then what to ſay take you no care, Sir
Cler. Well, I will carry it, and deliver it,
And to morrow morning meete you in the louer,
Till when, my ſervice,
La.Wr. A Judge, or no Judge, no Judge. ***Exit La-***
Cler. This is the prettieſt Rogue, that 'ere I read of,
None to provoke tot'h field, but the old preſident;
What face ſhall I put on? if I come in earneſt,
I am ſure to weare a paire of braceletts;
This may make ſome ſport yet, I will deliver it
Here comes the preſident.

Enter Vertaigne with two Gentlemen.

Vert. I ſhall find time Gentlemen,
To doe your cauſes good, is not that *Cleremont.*
1 Gent. 'Tis he my Lord?
Vert. Why does he ſmile upon me?
Am I become ridiculous? has your fortune Sir
Upon my ſon made you contemne his Father?
The glory of a Gentleman, is faire bearing,
Cler. Miſtake me not my Lord, you ſhall not find tha
I come with no blowen ſpirit to abuſe you,
I know your place, and honour due unto it;
The reverence to your ſilver age and vertue,
Vert. Your face is merry ſtill.
Cler. So is my buſſineſſe,
And I beſeech your honour, miſtake me not
I have brought you from a wild, or rather mad man
As mad a peice —— of you were wont to love mirth,
In your young dayes, I have knowne your honour woo
This may be made no little one, 'tis a challenge Sir,——
Nay ſtart not I beſeech you, it meanes you no harme
Nor any man of honour, or underſtanding
'Tis to ſteale from your ſerious houres a little laughte
I am bold to bring it to your Lordſhip,
Vert. 'Tis to me indeed.
Doe they take me for a ſword man, at theſe yeares? (Sir
Cler. 'Tis onely worth your honours mirth thats al
'Tad bin in me elſe a ſawcie rudeneſſe.
Vert. From one *La-Writ*, a very punctuall challenge,
Cler. But if your Lordſhip marke it, no great matte
Vert. I have knowne ſuch a wrangling advocate,
Such a little figent thing; Oh I remember him,
A notable talking knave, now out upon him,
Has challeng'd me downe right, defied me mortally
I doe remember too, I caſt his cauſes

Cler. Why ther's the quarrell Sir, the mortall quarrell
Vert. Why what a knave is this? as y'are? Gentleman
Is there no further purpoſe but meere mirth?
What a bold man of warre, he invites me roundly
Cler. If there ſhould be, I were no Gentleman.
Nor worthy of the honour of my kindred,
And though I am ſure your Lordſhip hate my perſon,
Which time may bring againe into your favour,
Yet for my manners ——
Vert. I am ſatisfied,
You ſee Sir, I have out li'v'd thoſe daies of fighting,
And therfore cannot do him the honour to beate him my
But I have a kinsman, much of his abilitie (ſeiſe
His wit and carriage, for this calls him foole,
One that will ſpit as ſenſeleſſe fire, as this fellow
Cler. And ſuch a man to undertake, my Lord, (gether
Verta. Nay hees too forward, theſe two pitch barrells to-
Cler. Upon my ſoule no harme.
Vert. It makes me ſmile,
Why what a ſtinking ſmother will they utter?
Yes he ſhall undertake Sir, as my Champion,
Since you propound it mirth, i'll venture on it
And ſhall defend my cauſe, but as y'ar honeſt
Sport not with blood.
Cler. Thinke not ſo baſely, good Sir,
Vert. A ſquire ſhall waite upon you from my kinsman,
To morrow morning, make your ſport at full,
You want no ſubject, but no wounds.
Cler. That's my care
Vert. And ſo good day. *Exit Vertaine and Gentlemen.*
Cler. Many unto your honour,
This is a noble fellow of a ſweet ſpirit,
Now muſt I thinke how to contrive this matter,
For together they ſhall goe. *Enter Dinant.*
Din. O *Cleremont*
I am glad I have found thee,
Cler. I can tell thee rare things,
Din. O I can tell thee rarer,
Doſt thou love me?
Cler. Love thee?
Din. Doeſt thou love me dearely
Dar'ſt thou for my ſake?
Cler. Any thing that's honeſt
Din. Though it be dangerous
Cler. Pox o dangerous
Din. Nay wonderous dangerous.
Cler. Wilt thou breake my hearte?
Din. Along with me then.
Cler. I muſt part to morrow.
Din. You ſhall, you ſhall, be faithfull for this night
And thou haſt made thy freind.
Cler. Away and talke not *Exeunt.*

Enter Lamira and Nurſe.

Lam. O Nurſe welcome, where's *Dinant*?
Nurſe. Hee is at my back
'Tis the moſt liberall Gentleman this gold,
He gave me for my paines, nor can I blame you,
If you yeild up the for't
Lam. How? yeild it up?
Nurſe. I know not, he that loves, and gives ſo largely,
And a young Lord to boote, or I am couſend
May enter every where,
Lam. Thou't make me angry.

Enter Dinant and Cleremont.

Nurſe. Why if you are I hope heres on will pleaſe you,
Looke on him with my eyes, good luck goe with you
Were I young for your ſake. ——
Din. I thanke thee Nurſe,
Nurſe. I would be tractable, and as I am ——
Lam. Leave the roome,
So old and ſo immodeſt? and be carefull,
Since whiſpers will make ſleeping jealouſies.
That none diſturb my Lord. *Exit Nurſe.*
Cler. Will you diſpatch?
Till you come to the matter be not rapt thus,
Walk in, walk in, I am your ſcout for once,
You owe me the like ſervice,
Din. And will pay it,
Lam. As you reſpect our lives, ſpeake not ſo loud
Cler. Why, to it in dumb ſhew then, I am ſilenc'd
Lam. Be not ſo haſty Sir, the golden apples,
Had a fell dragon for their guard, your pleaſures
Are to be attempted with Herculean danger,
Or never to be gotten
Din. Speake the meanes,
Lam. Thus briefely my Lord ſleepes now, and alas,
Each night he only ſleepes.
Cler. Goe keepe her ſtirring,
Lam. Now if he wake, as ſometimes he does,
He only ſtretches out his hand and feeles,
Whether I am a bed, which being aſſur'd of
He ſleepes againe; But ſhould he miſſe me, valour
Could not defend our lives,
Din. Wha'ts to be done then?
Lam. Servants have ſervile Faiths, nor have I any
That I dare truſt; on noble *Cleremont*
We ſafely may rely
Cler. What man can doe,
Command and boldly,
Lam. Thus then in my place,
You muſt lye with my Lord,
Cler. With an old man?
Two beards together? that's prepoſtrous.
Lam. There is no other way, and though 'tis dangerous
He having ſervants within call, and arm'd too,
Slaves feed to act, all that his jealouſy,
And rage commands them, yet a true friend ſhould not
Checke at the hazard of a life,
Cler. I thanke you,
I love my friend, but know no reaſon why
To hate my ſelf, to be a kind of pander,
You ſee I am willing,
But to betray mine owne throat you muſt pardon,
Din. Then I am loſt, and all my hopes defeated
Were I to hazard ten times more for you,
You ſhould find, *Cleremont* ——
Cler. You ſhall not out doe me,
Fall what may fall, i'll do't
Din. But for his beard ——
Lam. To cover that you ſhall have my night Linnen,
And you diſpos'd of, my *Dinant* and I,
Will have ſome private conference.

Enter Champ. privately.

Cler. Private doing,
Or i'll not venture,
Lam. That's as we agree. *Exeunt.*

Enter Nurſe and Charloth, paſs ore the ſtage with pillowes night Cloaths and ſuch things.

Cham. What can this Woman do, preſerving her honour?
I have given her all the liberty that may be (lous
I will not be far off though, nor I will not be jea-
Nor truſt too much, I think ſhe is vertuous,

Yet when I hold her beſt, ſhe's but a woman,
As full of frailty as of Faith, a poore ſleight woman,
And her beſt thoughts, but weake fortifications,
There may be a meane wrought. Well, let'em work then,
I ſhall meet with it: till the ſignes be monſtrous,
And ſtick upon my head, I will not believe it, *Stands pri-*
She may be, & ſhe may not: now to my obſervation. *vate.*

Enter Dinant and Lamira.

Din: VVhy do you make me ſtay ſo? if you love me——
Lam. You are too hot, and violent.
Din. Why doe you ſhift thus
From one chamber to another?
Lam. A little delay, ſir,
Like fire, a little ſprinckled ore with water,
Makes the deſires burne cleare, and ten times hotter.
Din. Why doe you ſpeake ſo lowd? I pray'e goe in
Sweet Miſtris I am mad, time ſteales away,
And when we would enjoy——
Lam. Now fy, fy ſervant, *Wine.*
Like ſenſuall beaſts, ſhall we enjoy our pleaſures?
Din. Pray doe but kiſſe me then.
Lam. Why, that I will, and you ſhall find anon, ſervant.
Di. Softly for heavens ſake, you know my friend's engag'd,
A little now, now; Will you goe in againe?
Lam. Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Din. Why doe you laugh ſo lowd? pretious,
Will you betray me? ha my friends throat cut?
Lam. Come, come, I'le kiſſe thee again.
Cham. Will you ſo? you are liberall,
If you doe cozen me——

Enter Nurſe with Wine.

Din. What's this?
Lam. Wine, wine, a draught or two.
Din. What does this woman here?
Lam. She ſhall not hinder you.
Din. This might have bin ſpar'd,
'Tis but delay, and time loſt: pray ſend her ſoftly off.
Lam. Sit downe, and mix your ſpirits with VVine,
I will make you another *Hercules.*
Din. I dare not drinke;
Fy, what delayes you make? I dare not, *Recorders.*
I ſhall be drunke preſently and do ſtrange things then.
Lam. Not drink a cup with your Miſtris? ô the pleaſure.
Din. Lady, why this? *Muſicke.*
Lam. We muſt have mirth to our wine, man.
Din. Pl—— o'th' Muſick.
Cham. God-a-mercy VVench,
If thou doſt Cuckold me, I ſhall forgive thee.
Din. The houſe will all riſe now, this will diſturb all.
Did you doe this?
Lam. Peace, and ſit quiet, foole,
You love me, come, ſit downe and drinke.

Enter Cleremont above.

Cler, VVhat a divell aile you?
How cold I ſweat? a hogs pox, ſtop your pipes, *Muſick.*
The thing will wake: now, now me thinks I find
His Sword juſt gliding through my throte: VVhat's that?
A vengeance choke your pipes. Are you there Lady?
Stop, ſtop thoſe raſcalls; doe you bring me hither
To be cut into minced meate? VVhy *Dinant*?
Din. I cannot doe withall;
I have ſpoke, and ſpoke: I am betraied and loſt too.
Cler. Doe you heare me? do you underſtand me?
Plague dam your whiſtles. *Muſicke ends.*
Lam. 'Twas but an over-ſight, they have done, ly down.
Cler. VVould you had done too.
You know not
In what a miſery, and feare I ly.
You have a Lady in your armes.
Din. I would have—— *The Recorder*
Cham. I'le watch you, goodman wood have. *againe.*
Cler. Remove for heavens ſake,
And fall to that you come for.
Lam. Ly you downe,
'Tis but an houres endurance now.
Cler. I dare not, ſoftly ſweet Lady,——heart?
Lam. 'Tis nothing but your feare, he ſleeps ſtill ſoundly
Ly gently downe.
Cler. 'Pray make an end.
Din. Come, Madam.
Lam. Theſe Chambers are too neare. *Ex. Din. La*
Cham. I ſhall be nearer;
Well, goe thy wayes. I'le truſt thee through the world,
Deale how thou wilt: that that I never feele,
I'le never feare. Yet by the honour of a Souldiour,
I hold thee truly Noble. How theſe things will looke,
And how their bloods will curdle? play on children,
You ſhall have pap anon. O thou grand foole,
That thou knoweſt, but thy fortune—— *Muſick do*
Cler. Peace, good Madam,
Stop her mouth *Dinant*, it ſleeps yet, 'pray' be wary,
Diſpatch, I cannot endure this miſery,
I can heare nothing more; I'le ſay my praiers,
And downe againe—— *Whiſtle within.*
A thouſand larums, fall upon my quarter,
Heaven ſend me off; When I ly keeping courſes.
Pl—— o' your fumbling *Dinant*; how I ſhake?
'Tis ſtill againe. Would I were in the Indies. *Exit Cle*

Enter Dinant, and Lamira. A light within.

Din. Why doe ye uſe me thus? thus poorely? baſely
Worke me into a hope, and then deſtroy me?
Why did you ſend for me? this new way traine me?
Lam. Madman, a fool, & falſ man, now Ile ſhew thee ma
Din. 'Pray' put your light out.
Lam. No I'le hold it thus,
That all chaſt eyes, may ſee thy luſt, and ſcorne it,
Tell me but this, when you firſt doted on me,
And made ſuite to enjoy me, as your wife,
Did you not hold me honeſt?
Din. Yes, moſt vertuous.
Lam. And did not that appeare, the onely luſtre
That made me worth your love, and admiration?
Din. I muſt confeſſe——
Lam. Why would you deale ſo baſely?
So like a thiefe? a villaine?
Din. Peace good Madam.
Lam. I'le ſpeake aloud too; thus maliciouſly,
Thus breaking all the rules of honeſtie,
Of honour, and of truth, for which I lov'd you,
For which, I call'd you ſervant, and admir'd you,
To ſteale that jewell, purchas'd by another
Piouſly ſet in Wedlock, even that Jewell,
Becauſe it had no flame, you held unvaluable:
Can he that has lov'd good, doat on the divell?
For he that ſeekes a whore, ſeeks but his agent:
Or am I of ſo wild, and low of blood,
So nurs'd in infamies?
Din. I doe not thinke ſo,
And I repent.
Lam. That will not ſerve your turne, ſir.

Di

Din. It was your treaty drew me on.
Lam. But it was your villany,
Made you purſue it: I drew you but to try
How much a man, and nobly you durſt ſtand,
How well you had deſerv'd the name of vertuous;
But you, like a wild torrent, mix'd with all
Beaſtly and baſe affections came floating on,
Swelling your poiſon'd billowes——
Din. Will you betray me?
Lam. To all the miſeries, a vext woman may.
Din. Let me but out,
Give me but roome, to toſſe my ſword about me,
And I will tell you, y'are a treacherous woman,
O that I had but words!
Lam. They will not ſerve you.
Din. But two-edg'd words to cut thee; a Lady traytor?
Periſh by a proud puppet? I did you too much honour,
To tender you my love, too much reſpected you,
To thinke you worthy of my worſt embraces.
Goe, take your groome, and let him daily with you,
Your greaſie groome; I ſcorne to impe your lame ſtock,
You are not faire, nor handſome, I lyed loudly.
This tongue abus'd you, when it ſpoke you beauteous.
Lam. 'Tis very well, 'tis brave.
Din. Put out your light,
Your laſcivious eyes, are flames enough
For fooles to find you out: a Lady plotter?
Muſt I begin, your ſacrifice of miſchiefe?
I and my friend, the firſt fruits of that blood,
You, and your honourable Husband aime at?
Crooked, and wretched you are both.
Lam. To you, ſir,
Yet to the eye of Juſtice, ſtreight as Truth.
Din. Is this a womans love? a womans mercy?
Do you profeſſe this ſeriouſly? doe you laugh at me?
Lam. Ha, ha.
Din. Pl—— light upon your ſcornes, upon your flatteries
Upon your tempting faces, all deſtructions:
A bedrid Winter hang upon your cheekes,
And blaſt, blaſt, blaſt, thoſe buds of pride that point you;
Death in your eyes, to fright men from theſe dangers.
Raiſe up your trophy *Cleremont.*
Cler. What a vengeance ayle you?
Din. What diſmall noiſe, is there, no honour in you?
Cleremont, we are betraied, betraied, ſold by a woman,
Deale bravely for thy ſelfe.
Cler. This comes of rutting:
Are we made ſtales to one another?
Din. Yes, we are undone, loſt.
Cler. You ſhall pay for't grey-beard:
Vp, up, you ſleep your laſt elſe.
Lights above, two Servants and Anabell.
1 Serv. No, not yet, ſir,
Lady, looke up: would you have wrong'd this beauty?
Wake ſo tender a Virgin, with rough tearmes?
You weare a ſword; we muſt entreat you leave it.
2 Serv. Fy ſir, ſo ſweet a Lady?
Cle. Was this my bed-fellow? pray give me leave to look,
I am not mad yet, I may be, by and by.
Did this ly by me?
Did I feare this? is this a cauſe to ſhake at?
Away with me for ſhame, I am a raſcall.

Enter Champernell, Beaupre Verdoone, Laimra,
Anabel, Cleremont, and two Servants.

Din. I am amaz'd too.
Beau. We'll recover you.
Verd. You walk like *Robin-good-fellow*, all the houſe over
And every man afraid of you.
Din. 'Tis well Lady.
The honour of this deed, will be your owne,
The world ſhall know your bounty.
Beaup. What ſhall we doe with 'em?
Cler. Geld me,
For 'tis not fit I ſhould be a man againe,
I am an Aſſe, a Dog.
Lam. Take your revenges,
You know my Husbands wrongs, and your owne loſſes.
Anab. A brave man, an admirable brave man;
Well, well, I would not be ſo tried again;
A very handſome proper gentleman.
Cler. Will you let me ly by her, but one houre more,
And then hang me?
Din. Wee wait your malice, put your ſwords home (bravely,
You have reaſon to ſeeke blood.
Lam. Not as you are Noble.
Cham. Hands off, and give them liberty, onely diſarm'em.
Beaup. We have done that already.
Champ. You are welcome gentlemen,
I am glad my houſe, has any pleaſure for you,
I keep a couple of Ladies here, they ſay faire,
And you are young, and handſome gentlemen;
Have you any more mind to Wenches?
Cler. To be abus'd too? Lady, you might have help'd this,
Ana. Sir now 'tis paſt, but, 't may be I may ſtand,
Your friend hereafter, in a greater matter.
Cler. Never whilſt you live.
Ana. You cannot tell——now ſir a parting hand;
Cler. Downe and Roſes:
Well, I may live to ſee you again. A dull rogue,
No revelation in thee.
Lam. Were you well frighted?
Were your fitts, from the heart, of all colds and colours?
That's all your puniſhment.
Cler. It might have bin all yours,
Had not a blockhead undertaken it.
Cham. Your ſwords, you muſt leave to theſe gentlemen.
Verd. And now, when you dare fight,
We are on even Ice againe.
Din. 'Tis well:
To be a Miſtris, is to be a monſter,
And ſo I leave your houſe, and you for ever.
Lam. Leave your wild luſts, and then you are a maſter.
Cham. You may depart too.
Cler. I had rather ſtay here.
Cham. Faith we ſhall fright you worſe.
Cler. Not in that manner,
There's five hundred crownes, fright me but ſo againe.
Din. Come *Cleremont*, this is the houre of foole.
Cler. Wiſer the next ſhall be, or we'll to ſchoole. *Exeunt.*
Champ. How coolely theſe hot gallants are departed?
Faith couſin 'twas unconſcionably done,
To ly ſo ſtill, and ſo long.
Anab. 'Twas your pleaſure,
If 'twere a fault, I may hereafter mend.
Champ. O, My beſt Wife.
Take now what courſe thou wilt, and lead what life.
Lam. The more truſt you commit, the more care ſtill,
Goodneſſe and vertue, ſhall attend my will.
Cham. Let's laugh this night out now & countour gains,
We have our honours home, and they their paines.
Exeunt omnes.

Actus quarti. Scena Prima.

Enter Cleremont, Dinant.

Din. It holds, they will goe thither.
Cler. To their Summer houſe?
Din. Thither i'th' evening and which is the moſt infliction,
Onely to inſult upon our miſeries.
Cler. Are you provided?
Din. Yes, yes.
Cler. Throughly?
Din. Throughly.
Cler. Baſta, enough, I have your mind, I wil not faile you.
Din. At ſuch an houre.
Cler. Have I a memorie?
A Cauſe, and Will to doe? thou art ſo ſullen——
Din. And ſhall be, till I have a faire reparation.
Cler. I have more reaſon for I ſcaped a fortune,
Which if I come ſo neare againe: I ſay nothing;
But if I ſweat not in another faſhion——
O, a delicate Wench.
Din. 'Tis certaine a moſt handſome one.
Cle. And me thought the thing was angry with it ſelf too
It lay ſo long conceal'd, but I muſt part with you,
I have a ſcene of mirth, to drive this from my heart,
And my houre is come.
Din. Miſſe not your time.
Cler. I dare not. *Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Sampſon, and a Gentleman.

Gent. I preſume, ſir, you now need no inſtruction,
But fairely know, what belongs to a Gentleman;
You beare your Uncles cauſe.
Sam. Doe not diſturbe me,
I underſtand my cauſe, and the right carriage.
Gent. Be not too bloody.
Sam. As I find my enemy; if his ſword bite,
If it bite, ſir, you muſt pardon me.
Gent. No doubt he is valiant,
He durſt not undertake elſe,
Sam. Hee's moſt welcome,
As he is moſt valiant, he were no man for me elſe.
Gent. But ſay he ſhould relent.
Sam. Hee dies relenting,
I cannot helpe it, he muſt die relenting,
If he pray, praying, *ipſo facto*, praying,
Your honourable way, admits no prayer,
And if he fight, he falls, there's his quietus.
Gent. Y'are nobly punctuall, let's retire and meet 'em,
But ſtill, I ſay, have mercy.
Samp. I ſay, honour. *Exeunt.*

Enter Champernell, Lamira, Anabell, Beaupre, Verdoone, Charlote and a ſervant.

Lam. Will not you goe ſweet-heart?
Cham. Goe? I'le fly with thee,
I ſtay behind?
Lam. My Father will be there too,
And all our beſt friends;
Beaup. And if we be not merry,
We have hard lucke, Lady.
Verd. Faith let's have a kind of play.
Cham. What ſhall it be?
Verd. The ſtory of *Dinant*.
Lam. With the merry conceits of *Cleremont*,
His fitts and Fevers.
Ana. But I'le lie ſtill no more.
Lam. That, as you make the Play, 'twill be rare ſpo
And how 'twill vex my gallants, when they heare it?
Have you given order for the Coach?
Charl. Yes, Madam.
Cham. My eaſie Nag, and padd.
Serv. 'Tis making ready.
Champ. Where are your horſes?
Beau. Ready at an houre, ſir: we'll not be laſt.
Cham. Fy, what a night ſhall we have?
A roaring, merry night.
Lam. We'll fly at all, ſir.
Cham. I'le fly at thee too, finely, and ſo ruffle thee,
I'le try your Art, upon a Country pallet.
Lam. Brag not too much, for feare I ſhould expect
Then if you faile——
Cham. Thou ſaieſt too true, we all talke,
But let's in, and prepare, and after dinner
Begin our mirthfull pilgrimage.
Lam. He that's ſad,
A crab-fac'd Miſtris cleave to him for this yeare. *Ex*

Enter Cleremont. and La-writ.

La-writ. Since it cannot be the Judge——
Cler. 'Tis a great deale better.
La-writ. You are ſure, he is his kinſman? a gentlem
Cler. As arrant a gentleman, and a brave fellow,
And ſo neare to his blood——
La-writ. It ſhall ſuffice,
I'le ſet him further off, I'le give a remove
Shall quit his kindred, I'le lopp him.
Cler. Will ye kill him?
La-w. And there were no more coſins in the world
I do mean, ſir to kill all my Lotds kindred. (ſ
For every Cauſe a couſin.
Cler. How if he have no more couſins.
La-writ. The next a kin then, to his Lordſhips fav
The man he ſmiles upon.
Cler. Why this is vengeance, horrid, and dire.
La-writ. I love a dire revenge:
Give me the man, that will all others kill,
And laſt himſelfe,
Cler. You ſtole that reſolution.
La-writ. I had it in a Play, but that's all one,
I woo'd ſee it done.
Cler. Come, you muſt be more mercifull.
La-writ. To no Lords coſins in the world, I hate
A Lords coſin to me is a kind of Cocatrice,
If I ſee him firſt, he dies.
A ſtrange Antipathy.
Cler. What think you of their Neeces?
La-writ. If I like 'em,
They may live, and multiply; 'tis a cold morning.
Cler. 'Tis ſharpe indeed; you have broke your fa
La-writ. No verily.
Cler. Your valour would have ask'd a good foundat
La-writ. Hang him, I'le kill him faſting.

Enter Sampſon and the Gent.

Cler. Here they come,
Beare your ſelfe in your language, ſmooth and gently,
When your ſwords argue.
La-writ. 'Pray ſir ſpare your precepts.
Gent. I have brought you ſir——
La-writ. 'Tis very well, no words,

You are welcome, ſir.
Sam. I thanke you, ſir, few words.
La-writ. I'le kill you for your Uncles ſake.
Sam. I love you,
I'le cut your throat, for your owne ſake.
La-writ. I eſteeme of you.
Cler. Let's render 'em honeſt, and faire, gentlemen,
Search my friend, I'le ſearch yours.
Gent. That's quickly done.
Cler. You come with no ſpells, nor witchcrafts?
Sam. I come fairely, to kill him honeſtly.
La-writ. Hang Spells, and Witchcrafts,
I come to kill my Lords Nephew like a gentleman,
And ſo I kiſſe his hand.
Gent. This doublet is too ſtiffe.
La-writ. Off woo't, I hate it,
And all ſuch fortifications, feele my skin,
If that be ſtiffe, flea that off too.
Gent. 'Tis no ſoft one.
La-wr. Off, woo't, I ſay:
I'le fight with him, like a flead Catt.
Gent. You are well, you are well. *Put off.*
Cler. You muſt uncaſe too.
Sam. Yes, ſir.
But tell me this, why ſhould I mix mine honour
With a fellow, that has ne'r a lace in's ſhirt?
Gent. That's a maine point, my friend has two.
Cler. That's true, ſir.
La-w. Baſe and degenerate couſin, doeſt not thou know
An old, and tatter'd colours, to the enemy,
Is of more honour, and ſhewes more ominous?
This ſhirt, five times, victorious I have fought under,
And cut through ſquadrons, of your curious Cut-workes,
As I will doe through thine, ſhake, and be ſatisfied.
Cler. This is unanſwerable.
Sam. But may I fight, with a foule ſhirt?
Gent. Moſt certaine, ſo it be a fighting ſhirt,
Let it be ne'r ſo foule, or lowſie, *Cæſar* wore ſuch a one.
Sam. Saint *Denis* then: I accept your ſhirt.
Cler. Not ſo forward, firſt you muſt talke,
'Tis a maine point, of the French method,
Talke civilly, and make your cauſe Authentique.
Gent. No weapon muſt be neare you, nor no anger.
Cler. When you have done, then ſtir your reſolutions,
Take to your Weapons bravely.
La-writ. 'Tis too cold;
This for a Summer fight.
Cler. Not for a world you ſhould tranſgreſſe the rules.
Sam. 'Tis peeviſh weather,
I had rather fight without.
Gent. An 'twere in a river.
Cler. Where both ſtood up to th' chins.
La-writ. Then let's talke quickly,
Pl—— o' this circumſtance.
Cler. Are the Horſes come yet?
Gent. Yes certaine: give your ſwords to us, now civilly.
Cler. We'll ſtand a while off; take the things, & leave 'em,
You know when, and let the children play:
This is a dainty time of yeare for puppies,
Would the old Lord were here.
Gent. He would dy with laughter.
Cler. I am ſorry I have no time, to ſee this game out,
Away, away.
Gent. Here's like to be a hot fight,
Call when y'are fit. *Ex. Cler. and Gent.*
La-writ. Why look you ſir, you ſeem to be a gentleman,
And you come in honour of your Uncle, boh, boh, 'tis very (cold;
Your Uncle has offer'd me ſome few affronts,
Paſt fleſh and blood to beare: boh, boh, wondrous cold.
Sam. My Lord, mine Uncle, is an honourable man,
And what he offers, boh, boh, cold indeed,
Having made choice of me, an unworthy kinſman,
Yet, take me with you: boh, boh, peſtlence cold,
Not altogether.
La-wr. Boh, boh, I ſay altogether.
Sam. You ſay you know not what then: boh, boh, ſir.
La-w. Sir me with your ſword in your hand;
You have a ſcurvy Uncle, you have a moſt ſcurvy cauſe,
And you are —— boh, boh.
Sam. Boh, boh, what?
La-writ. A ſhitten ſcurvy Couſin.
Samp. Our Swords? our ſwords?
Thou art a dog, and like a dog: our ſwords?
La-w. Our weapons gentlemen: ha? wher's your ſecond?
Sam. Where's yours?
La-writ. Soho? our weapons?
Sam. Wa, ha, ho, our weapons?
Our Doublets, and our weapons, I am dead.
La-w. Firſt? ſecond? third? a p——be woo'you gentlemen
Sam. Are theſe the rules of honour? I am ſtarv'd.
La-w. They are gone, and we are here; what ſhall we do?
Sam. O for a couple of faggots.
La-writ. Hang a couple of faggots;
Dar'ſt thou take a killing cold with me?
Sam. I have it already. (Doublets?
La-writ. Rogues, theeves, boh boh, run away with our
To fight at Buffets now, 'twere ſuch a May-game.
Sam. There were no honour in't, p—— on't, 'tis ſcurvy.
La-wr. Or to revenge my wrongs at fiſty-cuffes.
Sam. My Lord, mine Uncles cauſe, depend on Boxes?
La-wr. Let's goe in queſt, if ever we recover 'em.
Sam. I, come, our colds together, and our doublets.
La-w. Give me thy hand; thou art a valiant gentleman.
I ſay, if ever we recover 'em——
Sam. Let's get into a houſe, and warme our hearts.
La-writ. There's ne'r a houſe within this mile, beat me,
Kick me, and beat me as I goe, and I'le beat thee too,
To keepe us warme; if ever we recover 'em——
Kick hard, I am frozen: ſo, ſo, now I feele it.
Sam. I am dull yet.
La-w. I'le warme thee I'le warme thee.——Gentlemen,
Rogues, theeves, theeves: run now I'le follow thee. *Exeu͂t.*

Enter Vertaigne, Champernell, Beaupre, Verdoone,
Lamira, Annabell, Charlote, Nurſe.

Verta. Uſe legs, and have legs.
Cham. You that have legs ſay ſo,
I put my one to too much ſtreſſe.
Verdo. Your herſe, ſir,
Will meet you within halfe a mile,
Lam. I like
The walke ſo well, I ſhould not miſſe my Coach,
Though it were further. *Annabell* thou art ſad:
What ayles my Niece?
Beau. Shee's ſtill deviſing, ſiſter,
How quietly her late bed-fellow lay by her.
Nurſe. Old as I am, he would have ſtartled me,
Nor can you blame her.
Charl. Had I ta'ne her place,
I know not, but I feare, I ſhould ha' ſhreek'd,
Though he had never offer'd——
Ana. Out upon thee,
Thou wouldſt have taught him.

Charlo.

Charlote. I thinke, with your pardon,
That you wiſh now you had.
Ana. I am glad, I yeild you *Cornet.*
Such ample ſcope of mirth. *Muſicke within.*
Verta. Nay, be not angrie,
There's no ill meant : ha ? Muſique, and choice muſique ?
Cham. 'Tis near us in the Grove what courteous bounty
Beſtowes it on us ? my dancing daies are done ;
Yet I would thanke the giver, did I know him.
Verdo. 'Tis queſtionleſſe, ſome one of your own Village.
That hearing of your purpos'd journey thither,
Prepares it for your entertainment, and
The honour of my Lady.
Lam. I thinke rather,
Some of your Lordſhips Clyents.
Beaup. What ſay you Couſin?
If they ſhould prove your Suitors?
Verd. That's moſt likely.
Nurſe. I ſay, if you are noble, be't who will ;
Goe preſently and thanke 'em : I can jump yet,
Or tread a meaſure.
Lam. Like a Millers Mare.
Nurſ. I warrant you, well enough to ſerve the Country,
I'le make one, and lead the way. *Exit.*
Charl. Doe you note,
How zealous the old Crone is?
Lam. And you titter
As eagerly as ſhe : come ſweet, we'll follow.
No ill can be intended. *Muſ. ends.*
Cham. I ne'r fear'd yet. *Exeunt.*

Song in the Wood.

This way, this way come and heare,
You that hold, theſe pleaſures deare,
Fill your eares with our ſweet ſound,
Whilſt we melt the frozen ground :
This way come, make haſt ô faire,
Let your cleare eyes gild the ayer;
Come and bleſſe us with your ſight,
This way, this way ſeeke delight.

Enter a company of Gentlemen, like Ruffians.

1 *Gent.* They are ours, but draw them on a little further
From the foot-path into the neighbouring thicket,
And we may do't, as ſafe, as in a Caſtle.
2 *Gent.* They follow ſtill ; the Preſident, *Vertaigne*
Comes on a-pace, and *Champernell* limps after ;
The women, as if they had wings, and walk't
Upon the ayre, fly to us.
1 *Gent.* They are welcome,
We'll make 'em ſport ; make a ſtand here, all know
How we are to proceed.
2 *Gen.* We are inſtructed. *Still Muſick within.*
1 *Gent.* One ſtraine or two more. *Gent. off.*

Enter Vertaigne, Champernell, Beaupre, Verdoone,
Lamira, Anabell, Nurſe, Charlote.

Excellent, they are come,
Nurſe. We cannot miſſe, in ſuch a buſineſſe. yet
Mine eare ne'r fail'd me. *Muſick for the Dance.*
Charl. Would we were at it once,
I doe not walke, but dance.
1 *Gen.* You ſhall have dancing.
Lam. Begin and when I give the word——
2 *Gent.* No more.
We are inſtructed. *Dance.*

Beaupre. But win us fairely—— *Now.*
1 *Gent.* O ſir, We do not come to try your valour,
But to poſſeſs you, yet we uſe you kindly
In that, like Engliſh theeves, wee kill you not,
But are contented with the ſpoile.
Verta. Oh heaven!
How hath mine age deſerv'd this?
Cham. Hell confound it,
This comes of walking ; had I kept my legs,
My legs in my good houſe, my Armour on,
My Staffe in my reſt, and this good ſword too, friend,
How I would breake and ſcatter theſe.
All Gent. Ha, ha, ha.
Cham. Doe you ſcorne me rogues?
Nurſ. Nay, Gentlemen, kind gentlemen,
Or honeſt keepers of theſe woods, but heare me,
Be not ſo rough ; if you are taken with
My beauty, as it hath bin worth the ſeeking,
Some one or two of you, try me in private,
You ſhall not find me ſqueamiſh.
Charl. Doe not kill me,
And doe your worſt, I'le ſuffer.
Lam. Peace vile creatures.
Vert. Do you know me, or my place that you preſume
To touch my perſon?
1 *Gent.* If you are well, reſt ſo,
Provoke not angry waſpes.
Verta. You are Waſpes indeed,
Never created to yeild VVax, or honey,
But for your Countries torment, yet are, if men,
As you ſeeme ſuch in ſhape, if true borne French-men,
How ever want compells you to theſe courſes,
Reſt ſatisfied with what you can take from us,
(These Ladies honours, and our liberties ſafe)
VVe freely give it.
1 *Gent.* You give but our owne.
Verta. Looke on theſe grey haires, as you would be
Their teares, as you would have yours to find mercy,
VVhen Juſtice ſhall o'retake you.
Cham. Looke on me,,
Looke on me raſcalls, and learne of me too,
That have bin in ſome part of your profeſſion,
Before that moſt of you ere ſuck'd I know it,
I have rode hard, and late too.
Verta. Take heed, ſir.
Cham. Then uſe me, like a brother of the trade,
For I have been at Sea, as you on land are,
Reſtore my Matrimony undefil'd,
VVrong not my Neece. and for our gold or ſilver,
If I purſue you, hang me.
Nurſ. 'Tis well offer'd,
And as I ſaid, ſweet gentlemen, with ſowre faces,
If you are high, and want ſome ſport, or ſo,
(As living without action here, you may doe)
Forbeare their tender griſſells, they are meate
VVill waſh away, there is no ſubſtance in it,
VVe that are expert in the game, and tough to,
VVill hold you play.

Enter Dinant and Cleremont.

1 *Gent.* This hen longs to be troden.
Din. Lackey, my horſe.
Cler. This way, I heard the cries
Of diſtreſs'd women.
2 *Gent.* Stand upon your guard.
Din. VVho's here? my witty, ſcornfull Lady-plot?

In the hands of ruffians,
Cler. And my fine cold virgin,
That was inſenſible of man, and woman ?
Din. Juſtice too,
Without a ſword to guard it ſelf?
Cler. And valour with its hands bound ?
Din. And the great Souldier dull?
Why this is ſtrange;
Lam. *Dinant* as thou art noble ——
Ana. As thou art valiant *Cleremont.* ——
Lam. As ever I appear'd lovely ——
Ana. As you ever hope,
For what I would give gladly ——
Cler. Pretty conjurations,
Lam. All injuries, a little laied behind you
Ana. Shew your ſelves men, and help us
Din. Though your many
And groſſe abuſes of me, ſhould more move me
To triumph in your miſeries then releive you, ——
Yet that hereafter, you may know that I
The ſcorne and deſpis'd *Dinant*, knows what does.
Belong to honour, thus ——
Cler. I will ſay little, *Fight.*
Speake thou for me,
Cham. 'Tis bravely fought,
Verta. Brave tempers,
To doe thus for their enemies.
Cham. They are loſt yet,
1 *Gen.* You that would reſcue others, ſhall now feele
What they were borne to,
2 *Gen.* Hurry them away. *Exit. Manent Vertaigne,*
Cham. That I could follow them, *and Champernell.*
Verta. I only can lament my fortune, and deſire of heaven
A little life for my revenge.
Cham. The provoſt,
Sha ll fire the woods, but I will find e'm out,
No cave, no rocke, nor hell ſhall keepe them from
My ſearching vengeance.

Enter La-writ and Sampſon.

La-wr. O cold ! o fearfull cold ! plague of all ſeconds,
Sam. O for a pint of burnt wine, or a ſip
Of *aqua fortis.*
Cham. The rogues have met with theſe two
Upon my life and robd 'em
La.Wr. As you are honourable Gentlemen,
Impart unto a couple of cold combatants,
Sam. My Lord, mine uncle as I live,
La-wr. Pox take him.
How that word, has warm,d my mouth?
Verta. Why how now Couſen?
Why, why ? and where man, bave you bin ? at a Poulters
That you are caſs'd thus like a rabbet? I could laugh now,
And I ſhall laugh, for all I have loſt my Children,
Laugh monſtruouſly
Cham. What are they ?
Verta. Give me leave Sir,
Laugh more and more, never leave laughing,
Cham. Why Sir ?
Verta. Why 'tis ſuch a thing I ſmell it Sir, I ſmell it,
Such a ridiculous thing, ——
La-wr. Do you laugh at me my Lord ?
I am very cold, but that ſhould not be laught at,
Cham. What art thou ?
La-wr. What art thou ?
Sam. If he had his doublet. ——
And his ſword by his ſide, as a Gentleman ought to have
Ver. Peace Mounſier *Sampſon.*
Cham. Come hither little Gentleman,
La wr. Baſe is the ſlave commanded : come to me
Verta. This is the little advocate
Cham. What advocate ?
Verta. The little advocate that ſent me a challenge,
I told you that my Nephew under tooke it,
And what t'was like to prove : now you ſee the iſſue.
Cham. Is this the little Lawyer ?
La.wr. You have a ſword Sir,
And I have none, you have a doublet too,
That keepes you warme, and makes you merry,
Sam. If your Lordſhip knew.
The nature, and the nobleneſſe of the Gentleman,
Though he ſhew ſleight here, & at what guſts of danger
His manhood has arrived,
La-wr. Bee't then.
Mens fates are fooliſh,
And often head long, over run their fortunes,
Sam. That little Lawyer, would ſo pricke his eares up,
And bite your honour by the noſe.
Cham. Say you ſo Sir ? (too
La-wr. So niggle about your grave ſhins Lord *Vertaigne*
Sam. No more ſweet Gentleman, no more of that Sir,
La-wr. I will have more, I muſt have more.
Verta. Out with it.
Sam. Nay he is as brave a fellow. ——
Cham. Have I caught you? *Strike him downe.*
Verta. Doe not kill him, doe not kill him.
No no, no, I will not (heart
Cham. Doe you peepe againe, downe downe proud
Sam. O valour,
Looke up brave friend, I have no meanes to reſcue thee,
My Kingdome for a ſword,
Cham. I'll ſword you preſently,
I'll claw your skin-coate too.
Verta. Away good *Samſon*,
You goe to graſſe els inſtantly,
Sam. But doe not murder my brave friend
Vert. Not one word,
Cham. If you doe ſirra, ——
Sam. Muſt I goe off diſhonour'd?
Adverſity tries valour, ſo I leave thee. *Exit.*
Cham. Are you a Lawyer Sir ?
La-Wr. I was, I was Sir,
Cham. Nay never looke, your Lawyers pate is broken
And your litigious blood, about your eares ſirra,
Why doe you fight and ſnarle ?
La.Wr. I was poſſeſt.
Cham. Ile diſpoſeſſe you.
Vert. Ha ha ha.
La-Wr. Et tu Brute.
Vert. Beate him no more.
Cham. Alas Sir I muſt beate him,
Beate him into his buſineſſe agen, he will be loſt els.
Vert. Then take your way,
Cham. Ly ſtill, and doe not ſtruggle,
La-Wr. I am patient,
I never ſaw my blood before, it jades me,
I have no more heart now then a gooſe. (of living,
Cham. Why ſirra, why do you leave your trade, your trade
And ſend your challenges like thunderbolts,
To men of honour'd place?
La-wr. I underſtand Sir,
I never underſtood, before your beating,

Cham. Does this worke on you?
La-wr. Yes.
Cham. Doe you thanke me for't?
La-wr. As well as a beaten man can,
Cham. And doe you promiſe me,
To fall cloſe to your trade againe? leave brawling
La-wr. If you will give me leave and life,
Cham. And aske this noble man forgiveneſſe?
La-Wr. Hartily. (you
Cham. Riſe then, and get you gone, and let me heare of
As of an Advocate new vampt; no more words,
Get you off quickly, and make no murmurs
I ſhall purſue you elſe,
La-Wr. I have done ſweet Gentlemen. *Exit.*
Vert. But we forget our ſelves, our Friends and Children
Cham. Wee'l raiſe the coũtry firſt, then take our fortunes.
Exeunt.

Enter one Gent. and Lamira.

1 *Gent.* Shall I entereate for what I may command?
Lam. Thinke on my birth,
1 *Gent.* Here I am only Noble.
A King, and thou in my dominions foole,
A ſubject and a ſlave.
Lam. Be not a Tyrant;
A raviſher of honour, gentle Sir,
And I will thinke ye ſuch, and on my knees,
As to my Soveraigne, pay a Subjects duty,
With prayers and teares,
1 *Gent.* I like this humble carriage.
I will walke by, but kneele you ſtill and weepe too,
It ſhewes well, while I meditate on the prey,
Before I ſeize it.
Lam. Is there no mercie, heaven?

Enter ſecond Gent. and Anabell.

2 *Gent.* Not kiſſe you?
I will kiſſe and kiſſe againe,
Ana. Savage villaine!
My Innocence be my ſtrength, I doe defie thee,
Thus ſcorne and ſpit at thee; will you come on Sir,
You are hot, there is a cooler,
2 *Gen.* A virago? (deſſe,
Ana. No, lothſome Goate, more, more I am that God-
That here with whippes of ſteele in hell hereafter
Scourge rape and theft,
2 *Gen.* I'll try your deity,
Ana. My chaſtity, and this knife held by a Virgin,
Againſt thy luſt, thy ſword and thee a Beaſt.
Call on for the encounter.
2 *Gen.* Now what thinke you? *Throwes her and takes.*
Are you a Goddeſſe? *her Knife.*
Ana. In me their power ſuffers,
That ſhould protect the Innocent,
1 *Gent.* I am all fire,
And thou ſhall quench it, and ſerve my pleaſures,
Come partner in the ſpoile and the reward,
Let us enjoy our purchaſe
Lam. O *Dinant*!
O Heaven! o Husband!
Ana. O my *Cleremont*!
1 *Gent.* Two are our ſlaves they call on, bring 'em forth
As they are chaind together let them ſee
And ſuffer in the object.
Enter Dinant and Cleremont bound. By the reſt of the Gent.
2 *Gen.* While we ſit
And without pitty heare 'em
Cler. By my life,
I ſuffer more for thee then for my ſelf,
Din. Be a man *Cleremont*, and looke upon 'em,
As ſuch that not alone abus'd our ſervice,
Fed us with hopes moſt bitter indigeſtion,
But when love faild, to draw on further miſcheif,
The baites they laied for us; were our owne honours,
Which thus hath made us ſlaves too, worſe then ſlaves
2 *Gen.* He dies
1 *Gen.* Pray hold, give him a little reſpite,
Din. I ſee you now beyond expreſſion wretched,
The wit you bragd of, foold, that boaſted honour,
As you beleev'd compaſs'd with walls of braſſe,
To guard it ſure, Subject to be o're throwne
With the leaſt blaſt of luſt.
Lam. A moſt ſad truth.
Din. That confidence which was not to be ſhaken
In a perpetuall fever, and thoſe favours,
Which with ſo ſtrong, and Ceremonious duty
Your lover and a Gentleman long ſought for,
Sought, ſued, and kneeld in vaine for, muſt you yeild up
To a licentious villaine, that will hardly,
Allow you thanks for't
Cler. Something I muſt ſay too,
And to you pretty one, though crying one;
To be hangd now, when theſe worſhipful benchers pleaſe
Though I know not their faces that condemne me,
A little ſtartles me, but a man is nothing,
A Maydenhead is the thing, the thing all aime at;
Doe not you wiſh now, and wiſh from your heart too,
When ſcarce ſweet with my feares, I long lay by you
Thoſe feares you and your good Aunt put upon me,
To make you ſport you had giuen a little hint,
A touch or ſo, to tell me I was mortall,
And by a mortall woman?
Ana. Pray you no more
Cler. If I had loos'd that virgin Zone, obſerve me,
I would have hired the beſt of all our Poets
To have ſung ſo much, and ſo well in the honour
Of that nights joye, that *Ovids* afternoone,
Nor his Corvina ſhould againe be mentioned, Corinna
Ana. I doe repent, and wiſh I had,
Cler. That's comfort,
But now. —
2 *Gent.* Another that will have it offer'd,
Compell it to be offer'd, ſhall enjoye it.
Cler. A rogue, a ruffian.
2 *Gen.* As you love your throat, —
1 *Gen.* Away with them.
Ana. O *Cleremont*!
Lam. O *Dinant*!
Din. I can but add your ſorrowes to my ſorrowes,
Your feares to my feares,
Cler. To your wiſhes mine.
This ſlave may prove unable to performe,
Till I performe the taske thar I was borne for,
Ana. Amen, amen.
1 *Gent.* Drag the ſlaves hence, for you
A while i'll locke you up here ſtudy all wayes
You can to pleaſe me, or the deed being done,
You are but dead.
2 *Gen.* This ſtrong vault ſhall conteine you
There thinke how many for your maydenhead
Have pin'd away, and be prepared to looſe it
With penitence.
1 *Gent.* No humane help can ſave you.
Ladyes. Helpe, helpe?

2 *Gent.* You cry in vaine, rockes cannot heare you.

Actus Quinti. Scena Prima.

A Horrid noiſe of Muſique within,
Enter one and opens the Chamber doore, in which Lamira and Anabell were ſhut, they in all feare.

Lam. O Couſen how I ſhake, all this long night,
What frights and noiſes we have heard ſtill they encreaſe
The villaines put on ſhapes to torture us,
And to their Divells forme ſuch preparations
As if they were a hatching new diſhonours,
And fatall ruine, paſt dull mans invention
Goe not too far, and pray good Couſen *Anabell*
Harke a new noiſe. *A ſtrange Muſick.*
Ana. They are exquiſite in miſcheif. *Sackbut & Troup mu-*
I will goe on, this roome gives no protection, *(ſick.*
More then the next, what's that? how ſad and hollow,
The ſound comes to us. *Theeves peeping.*
Lam. Groning? or ſinging is it? *Lowder.*
Ana. The wind I think, murmuriug amongſt old rooms
Lam. Now it growes lowder ſure ſome ſad pteſage
Of our fowle loſſe — peepe —, looke now they peepe,
Ana. Pox peepe 'em.
Lam. O give them gentle language,
Ana. Give 'em rats-bane. *Peepe above.*
Lam. Now they are above
Ana. I would they were i th Center,
Lam. Thou art ſo fooliſh deſperate,
Ana. Since we muſt looſe.
Lam. Call 'em brave fellowes, Gentlemen,
Ana. Call '*em* rogues,
Rogues as they are, rude rogues, uncivill villaines (ger?
Lam. Look an thou woot, beware, doſt thou feele the dan-
Ana. Till the danger feele me, this will I talke ſtill,
And worſe when that comes too; they cannot eate me
This is a puniſhment, upon our owne prides,
Moſt juſtly laied; we muſt abuſe brave Gentlemen,
Make 'em tame fooles, & hobby-horſes, laugh & jeere at
Such men too, and ſo handſome and ſo Noble,
That howſoere we ſeem'd to carry it
Woo'd 'twer to doe againe,
Lam. I doe confeſſe couſen,
It was too harſh, too fooliſh.
Ana. Doe you feele it?
Doe you find it now? take heed ot'h puniſhment,
We might have had two gallant Gentlemen,
Proper young, o how it tortures me
Two Divells now, two raſcalls two and twenty
Lam. O thinke not ſo
Ana. Nay an we ſcape ſo modeſtly —
Lam. May we be worthy any eyes, or knowledge,
When we are uſed thus?
Ana. Why not? why doe you cry!
Are we not women ſtill? what were we made for?
Lam. But thus, thus baſely —
Ana. 'Tis againſt our wills,
And if there come a thouſand ſo, —
Lam. Out on thee,
Ana. You are a foole, what we cannot reſiſt,
Why ſhould we greive and bluſh for? there be women,
And they that beare the name of excellent women
Would give their whole eſtates, to meete this fortune
Lam. Harke, a new noiſe. *New ſound within.*
Ana. Let 'em goe on, I feare not,
If wrangling, fighting and ſcratching cannot preſerve me
Why ſo be it Couſen; if I be ordain'd
To breed a race of rogues. —

Enter foure over the ſtage with Beaupre and Verdoone bound and halters about their necks.

Lam. They come
Ana. Be firme,
They are welcom. (ther
Lam. What mask of death is this? O my deare Bro-
Ana. My cooſe to; why now y'are glorious villaines
Lam. O ſhall we looſe our honours?
Ana. Let 'em goe,
When death prepares the way, they are but Pageants
Why muſt theſe dye?
Beau. Lament your owne misfortunes
We periſh happily before your ruines,
Ana. Has miſcheif ne'r a tongue?
1 *Gent.* Yes fooliſh woman,
Our Captaines will is death.
Ana. You dare not doe it
Tell thy baſe boiſterous Captaine what I ſay,
Thy lawleſſe Captaine that he dares not;
Doe you laugh you rogue? you pamperd rogue?
Lam. Good Sir,
Good Couſen gently, as y'are a Gentleman, —
Ana. A gentleman? a ſlave, a dog, the devills harbinger
Lam. Sir as you had a mother,
Ana. He a Mother?
Shame not the name of mother, a ſhe Beare
A bloody old woolf bitch, a woman Mother?
Lookes that rude lumpe, as if he had a mother?
Intreat him? hang him, do thy worſt thou darſt not,
Thou dar'ſt not wrong their lives, thy Captain dares not
They are perſons of more price
Ver. What ere we ſuffer
Let not your angers wrong you,
Ana. You cannot ſuffer.
The men that doe this deed, muſt live i'th moone
Free from the gripe of Juſtice.
Lam. Is it not better?
Ann. Is it not better? let 'em goe on like raſcalls
And put falſe faces on; they dare not doe it;
Flatter ſuch ſcabbs of nature,
Gent. Woman, woman
The next worke is with you,
Ana. Unbind thoſe Gentlemen,
And put their fatall fortunes, on our neckes.
Lam. As you have mercy doe;
Ana. As you are monſters. (nours
Lam. Fright us no more with ſhipwrack of our ho-
Nor if there be a guilt by us committed
Let it endanger thoſe,
Ana. I ſay they dare not,
There be a thouſand gallouſes, yee rogues,
Tortures, ye bloody rogues wheeles,
Gent. Away.
Lam. Stay.
Ana. Stay,
Stay and i'll flatter too: good ſweet fac'd Gentlemen
You excellent in honeſty; o kinſmen!
O Noble kinſmen!
Gen. Away with 'em. *Exit Verta. Beaup. and Gent.*
Ana. Stay yet
The Devill and his lovely dam walke with you,
Come fortify your ſelf, if they doe dy,

Which all their ruggedneſſe, cannot rack into me
They cannot find an houre more Innocent,
Nor more friends to revenge 'em.

Enter Cleremont diſguis'd.

Lam. Now ſtand conſtant,
For now our tryalls come,
Cler. This beauties mine
Your minute moves not yet,
Lam. She ſinkes if Chriſtian,
If any ſparke of noble heate.—
Cler. Riſe Lady
And feareleſſe riſe, there's no diſhonour meant you,
Doe you know my tongue?
Ana, I have heard it,
Cler. Marke it better
I am one that loves you, fairely, nobly loves you
Looke on my face?
Ana. O Sir?
Cler. No more words, ſoftly
Hearke, but hearke wiſely how, underſtand well,
Suſpect not, feare not
Ana. You have brought me comfort
Cler. If you thinke me worthy of your Husband,
I am no rogue, nor Begger if you dare doe thus —
Ana. You are Mounſier *Cleremont*,
Cler. I am the ſame
If you dare venture, ſpeake, if not I leave you,
And leave you to the mercy of theſe villaines
That will not wooe ye much,
Ana. Save my reputation,
And free me from theſe ſlaves.
Cler. By this kiſſe i'll doe it
And from the leaſt diſhonour they dare aime at you
I have a prieſt too, ſhall be ready.
Ana. You are forward,
Lam. Is this my conſtant Couſen? how ſhe whiſpers,
Kiſſes and huggs the theif.
Ana. You ll offer nothing
Cler. Till all be tyed
Not as I am a Gentleman
Ana. Can you releive my Aunt too?
Cler. Not yet Miſtris.
But feare nothing all ſhall be well away quickly
It muſt be done i'th moment or
Ana. I am with yee
Cler. I'll know now who ſleepes by me, keepe your ſtanding

Exit Cler. and Anabell.

Lam. Well, go thy wayes, & thine own ſhame dwell with thee?
Is this the conſtancy ſhe ſhewed the bravery
The deare love and the life, ſhe owed her kinsmen?
O brave tongue, valiant glorious woman?
Is this the noble anger you arriv'd at?
Are theſe the theeves you ſcornd, the rogues you rayld at?
The ſcabs and ſcums of nature? o faire modeſty,
Excellent vertue, whither art thou fled?
What hand of heaven is over us, when ſtrong virgins
Yeild to their feares, and to their feares their fortunes?
Never beleef come neare me more, farewell wench,
A long farewell from all that ever knew thee
My turne is next,
I am reſolved it comes
But in a nobler ſhape, ha?

Enter Dinant.

Din. Bleſſe yee Lady
Lam. Indeed Sir, I had need of many bleſſings,
For all the houres I have had ſince I came here,
Have bin ſo many curſes. How got you liberty?
For I preſume you come to comfort me
Din. To comfort you, and love you, 'tis moſt true,
My bondage was as yours, as full of bitterneſſe
And every hower my death.
Lam. Heaven was your comfort.
Din. Till the laſt evening, ſitting full of ſadneſſe
Wailing, ſweet Miſtris, your unhappy fortunes
Mine owne, I had the leaſt care of, round about me,
The Captaine, and the company ſtood gaping,
When I began the ſtory of my love,
To you faire Saint, and with ſo full a ſorrow,
Followed each point, that even from thoſe rude eyes,
That never knew what pitty meant or mercy
Ther ſtole downe ſoft relentings, take heed Miſtris,
And let not ſuch unholy hearts out doe you,
The ſoft plum'd god will ſee againe, thus taken,
As men transform'd with the ſtrange tale I told
They ſtood amaz'd then bid me riſe and live,
Take liberty and meanes to ſee your perſon,
And wiſht me proſperous in your love, wiſh you ſo,
Be wiſe and loving Lady, ſhew but you ſo
Lam. O Sir, are theſe fit houres, to talke of love in?
Shall we make fooles of our afflictions?
Can any thing ſound ſweetly in mine eares,
Where all the noiſe of bloody horrour?
My Brother, and my Couſen, they are dead Sir,
Dead, baſely dead, is this an age to foole in?
And I my ſelf, I know not what I ſhall be
Yet I muſt thanke you, and if happily
You had asked me yeſterday, when theſe were living,
And my feares leſſe, I might have hearkned to you,
Din. Peace to your grief, I bind you to your word.

Enter Cleremont Anabell, Beaupre, Verdoone, Charlott
Nurſe, the two Gentlemen.

Lam. How? doe you conjure?
Din. Not to raiſe dreadfull apparitions, Madam,
But ſuch as you would gladly ſee.
Lam. My Brother, and nephew living?
Beap. And both owe their lives,
To the favour of theſe Gentlemen,
Verd. Who deſerve
Our ſervice, and for us, your gracious thankes.
Lam. Which I give freely, and become a ſuitour,
To be hereafter more familiar. *Kiſſe.*
With ſuch great worth and vertue,
1 Gen. Ever thinke us,
Your ſervants Madam.
Cler. Why if thou wilt needs know
How we are freed, I will diſcover it,
And with laconick brevity, theſe Gentlemen
This night incountring with thoſe out lawes that
Yeſterday made us priſoners, and as we were
Attempted by 'em they with greater courage,
(I am ſure with better fortune not alone,
Guarded themſelves, but forc'd the bloody thieves,
Being got betweene them, and this helliſh Cave,
For ſafety of their lives, to fly up higher
Into the woods, all left to their poſſeſſion
This ſave your Brother, and your nephew from
The gibbet, this redeem'd me from my Chaines,
And gave my friend his liberty this preſerv'd
Your honour ready to be loſt,
Din. But that
I know this for a ly, and that the thieves

And gentlemen, are the ſame men, by my practiſe,
Suborn'd to this he does deliver it
With ſuch a conſtant brow, that I am doubtfull,
I ſhould believe him too.
1 *Gent.* If we did well,
We are rewarded.
2 *Gent.* Thankes but takes away
From what was freely purpos'd.
Cler. Now by this hand,
You have ſo cunningly diſcharg'd your parts,
That while we live, reſt confident you ſhall
Command *Dinant* and *Cleremont*, nor *Beaupre*,
Nor *Verdoone* ſents it : for the Ladyes, they
Were eaſie to be gul'd.
1 *Gent.* 'Twas but a jeſt,
And yet the jeſt, may chance to breake our neckes
Should it be knowne.
Cler. Feare nothing.
Din. *Cleremont.*
Say, what ſucceſſe?
Cler. As thou wouldſt wiſh, 'tis done Lad,
The grove will witneſſe with me, that this night,
I lay not like a blocke : but how ſpeed you?
Din. I yet am in ſuſpence, deviſe ſome meanes
To get theſe off, and ſpeedily.
Cler. I have it,
Come, we are dull, I thinke that the good fellowes,
Our predeceſſors in this place, were not
So fooliſh, and improvident husbands, but
'Twill yeild us meat, and wine.
1 *Gent.* Let's ranſack it,
'Tis ours now, by the Law.
Cler. How ſay you ſweet one,
Have you an appetite?
Ana. To walke againe
I'th' Woods, if you thinke fit, rather then eate.
Cler. A little reſpite prithee; nay bluſh not,
You aske but whats your owne, and warrantable :
Monſier, *Beaupre*, *Verdoone*,
What thinke you of the motion?
Verd. Lead the way. *Ex.*
Beau. We follow willingly. *Manent Din.*
Cler. When you ſhall thinke fit, *and Lamira.*
We will expect you.
Din. Now be miſtris of
Your promiſe Lady.
Lam. 'Twas to give you hearing.
Din. But that word hearing, did include a grant,
And you muſt make it good.
Lam. Muſt?
Din. Muſt and ſhall,
I will be fool'd no more, you had your tricks;
Made properties, of me, and of my friend;
Preſum'd upon your power, and whip'd me with
The rod of mine owne dotage : doe not flatter
Your ſelfe, with hope, that any humane helpe
Can free you, and for ayde by miracle;
A baſe unthankfull woman is unworthy.
Lam. You will not force me?
Rather then enjury you
With your conſent, becauſe I will torment you;
I'le make you feele the effects of abus'd love,
And glory in your torture.
Lam. Brother, Nephew,
Helpe, helpe, for heavens ſake.
Din. Teare your throat, cry lowder,
Though every leafe, theſe trees beare, were an Eccho,
And ſummond in your beſt friends to redeeme you,
It ſhould be fruitleſſe : 'tis not that I love you,
Or value thoſe delights you prize ſo high,
That I'le enjoy you, a French crowne will buy
More ſport, and a companion, to whom,
You in your beſt trim. are an Ethiope.
Lam. Forbeare me then.
Din. Not ſo, I'll do't in ſpite,
And breake that ſtubborne diſobedient will,
That hath ſo long held out, that boaſted honour,
I will make equall with a common VVhores;
The ſpring of Chaſtity, that fed your pride,
And grew into a River of vaine glory,
I will defile with mudd, the mudd of luſt,
And make it lothſome even to goats.
Lam. O heaven!
No pitty ſir?
Din. You taught me to be cruell,
And dare you thinke of mercy? I'le tell thee foole,
Thoſe that ſurpriz'd thee, were my inſtruments,
I can plot too, good Madam, you ſhall find it :
And in the ſtead of licking of my fingers,
Kneeling, and whining like a boy new breech'd,
To get a toy forſooth, not worth an apple,
Thus make my way, and with Authority,
Command what I would have.
Lam. I am loſt for ever :
Good ſir, I doe confeſſe my fault, my groſſe fault,
And yeild my ſelfe up, miſerable guilty;
Thus kneeling, I confeſſe, you cannot ſtudy
Sufficient puniſhments, to load me with;
I am in your power, and I confeſſe againe,
You cannot be too cruell : if there be,
Beſides the loſſe of my long guarded honour,
Any thing elſe to make the ballance even :
Pray put it in, all hopes, all helpes have left me;
I am girt round with ſorrow, hell's about me,
And raviſhment, the leaſt that I can looke for,
Doe what you pleaſe.
Din. Indeed I will doe nothing,
Nor touch, nor hurt you Lady, nor had ever
Such a lewd purpoſe.
Lam. Can there be ſuch goodneſſe,
And in a man ſo injur'd?
Din. Be confirmed in't.
I ſeale it thus : I muſt confeſſe you vex'd me,
In fooling me ſo often, and thoſe feares,
You threw upon me, call'd for a requitall,
Which now I have return'd, all unchaſt love
Dinant thus throwes away; live to man-kind,
As you have done to me, and I will honour
Your vertue, and no more thinke of your beauty.
Lam. All I poſſeſſe, comes ſhort of ſatisfaction.
Din. No complements : the terrours of this night
Imagine, but a fearfull dreame, and ſo
With eaſe forget it : for *Dinant*, that labour'd
To blaſt your honour, is a Champion for it,
And will protect and guard it.
Lam. 'Tis as ſafe then,
As if a compleat Army undertooke it. *Exeunt.*

Enter La-writ, Sampſon, Clyents.

La-writ. Do not perſwade me gentle Monſier *Sampſon*,
I am a mortall man againe, a Lawyer,
My mortall part, I have put off.

Sam. Sweet Monſier,
Let but our honours teach us.
La-writ. Monſier *Sampſon*,
My honourable friend, my valiant friend,
Be but ſo beaten-forward my brave Clyents,
I am yours, and you are mine againe, be but ſo thraſht,
Receive that Caſtigation with a cudgell.
Sam. Which calls upon us for a Reparation.
La-wr. I have, it coſt me halfe a crowne, I beare it
All over me, I beare it Monſier *Sampſon*;
The oyles, and the old woman, that repaires to me,
To noint my beaten body.
Sam. It concernes you,
You have bin ſwing'd.
La-writ. Let it concerne thee too;
Goe and be beaten, ſpeake ſcurvy words, as I did,
Speake to that Lion Lord, waken his anger,
And have a hundred Baſtinado's, doe;
Three broken pates, thy teeth knockt out, doe *Sampſon*,
Thy valiant armes and leggs beaten to Poulteſſes,
Doe ſilly *Sampſon*, doe.
1 *Cly.* You wrong the gentleman,
To put him out of his right minde thus:
You wrong us, and our Cauſes.
La-writ. Downe with him gentlemen,
Turne him, and beat him, if he breake our peace,
Then when thou haſt bin Lam'd, thy ſmall guts periſht,
Then talke to me, before I ſcorne thy counſell,
Feele what I feele, and let my Lord repaire thee.
Sam. And can the brave *La-writ* ——
2 *Cly.* Tempt him no further,
Be warn'd and ſay no more.
La-writ. If thou doeſt, *Sampſon*,
Thou ſeeſt my Mirmidons, I'le let 'em looſe,
That in a moment——
Sam. I ſay nothing, ſir, but I could wiſh——
La-wr. They ſhall deſtroy thee wiſhing;
There's ne'r a man of theſe, but have loſt ten Cauſes,
Dearer then ten mens lives; tempt, and thou dieſt:
Goe home, and ſmile upon my Lord, mine Uncle,
Take Money of the men thou meaneſt to Cozen,
Drinke Wine, and eat good meat, and live diſcreetly,
Talke little, 'tis an Antidote againſt a beating; (placket,
Keep thy hand from thy ſword, and from thy Laundreſſe
And thou wilt live long.
1 *Cly.* Give eare, and be inſtructed.
La-writ. I find I am wiſer then a Juſtice of Peace now,
Give me the wiſdome that's beaten into a man
That ſticks ſtill by him: art thou a new man?
Sam. Yes, yes,
Thy learned precepts have inchanted me,
La-writ. Goe my ſon *Sampſon*, I have now begot thee,
I'le ſend thee cauſes; ſpeake to thy Lord, and live.
And lay my ſhare by, goe and live in peace,
Put on new ſuites, and ſhew fit for thy place;
That man neglects his living, is an Aſſe: *Exit. Samp.*
Farewell; come chearly boyes, about our buſineſſe,
Now welcome tongue againe, hang Swords.
1 *Cly.* Sweet Advocate. *Exeunt.*

Enter Nurſe and Charlote.

Nur. I know not wench, they may call'em what they wil,
Outlawes, or theeves, but I am ſure, to me
One was an honeſt man, he us'd me well,
What I did, 'tis no matter, he complain'd not.
Char. I muſt confeſſe, there was one bold with me too,
Some coy thing, would ſay rude, but 'tis no matter,
I was to pay a Waiting womans ranſome,
And I have don't, and I would pay't againe,
Were I taine to morrow
Nur. Alas, there was no hurt,
If't be a ſin, for ſuch as live at hard meat,
And keepe a long Lent, in the woods as they doe,
To taſt a little fleſh,
Char. God help the Courtiers,
That ly at racke and manger
Nurſe. I ſhall love
A theefe the better for this while I live,
They are men of a charitable vocation,
And give where there is need, and with diſcretion,
And put a good ſpeed penny in my purſe,
That has bin empty twenty yeares,
Char. Peace Nurſe,
Farewell, and cry not roſt meate, me thinkes *Cleremon*
And my Lady *Anabell* are in one night,
Familliarly acquainted.
Nurſe. I obſerve it,
If ſhe have got a penny too.

Enter Vertaigne Champernell and Provoſt.

Charl. No more,
My Lord Mounſier *Vertaigne* the provoſt too,
Haſt and acquaint my Lady, *Exit Nurſe and Cha*
Pro. Wonderous ſtrainge,
Vert. 'Tis true Sir, on my credit,
Cham. On mine honour,
Pro. I have bin provoſt-Marſhall twenty yeares,
And have truſſed up a thouſand of theſe raſcalls,
But ſo nere *Paris* yet, I never met with,
One of that Brotherhood.
Cham. We to our coſt have,
But will you ſearch the wood
Pro. It is beſet,
They cannot ſcape us, Nothing makes me wonder,
So much as having you within their power
They let you goe; it was a Courteſy,
That French theeves uſe not often, I much pitty
The Gentle Ladyes, yet I know not how,
I rather hope then feare

Enter Dinant, Cleremont, Verdoone, Beaupre, Lamira,
Anabell, Charlote, Nurſe.

Are theſe the priſoners?
Din. We were ſuch
Verta. Kill me not, exceſſe of joy,
Cham. I ſee thou liveſt, but haſt thou had no fowle play
Lam. No on my ſoule, my uſage hath bin noble,
Far from all violence,
Cham. How were you freed,
But kiſſe me firſt, wee'll talk of that at leaſure,
I am glad I have thee; Neice how you keepe off,
As you knew me not?
Ana. Sir, I am where
I owe moſt duty
Cler. 'Tis indeed moſt true Sir,
The man that ſhould have bin your bed fellow
Your Lordſhips Bedfellow, that could not ſmell out
A Virgin of ſixteene, that was your foole,
To make you merry, this poore ſimple fellow
Has met the maid agen, and now ſhe knowes,
He is a man,
Cham. How! is ſhe diſhonoured?
Cler. Not unleſſe marriage be diſhonourable,
Heaven is a witneſſe of our happy contract
And the next Prieſt we meete ſhall warrant it

To all the world : I lay with her in jeaſt,
'Tis turn'd to earneſt now.
Cham. Is this true Neice
Din. Her bluſhing ſilence grants it ;nay Sir ſtorme not
He is my friend, and I can make this good,
His birth and fortunes equall hers, your Lordſhip
Might have ſought out a worſe we are all friends too,
All differences end thus. Now Sir, unleſſe
You would raiſe new diſſentions make perfect
What is ſo well begun
Verta. That were not manly,
Lam. Let me perſwade you,
Cham. Well God give you joy,
She ſhall not come a Begger to you Sir,
For you Monſieur *Dinant* 'ere long i'll ſhew you,
Another Neice, to this not much inferiour,
As you ſhall like proceed
Din. I thanke you Sir,
Cham. Backe then to *Paris*, well that travell ends
That makes of deadly enemies perfect friends.
Exeunt omnes.

Prologue.

TO promiſe much, before a play begin,
And when'tis done, aske pardon, were a ſinne
Wee'll not be guilty of: and to excuſe
Before we know a fault were to abuſe
The writers and our ſelves, for I dare ſay
We all are foold if this be not a Playe
And ſuch a play as ſhall, (ſo ſhould playes doe)
Impe times dull wings, and make you merry too
'Twas to that purpoſe writ, ſo we intend it
And we have our wiſht ends, if you commend it.

Epilogue.

Gentlemen,
I Am ſent forth to enquire what you decree
Of us and our Poets, they will be
This night exceeding merry, ſo will we
If you approve their labours. They profeſſe
You are their patrons, and we ſay no leſſe,
Reſolve us then, for you can onely tell
Whither we have done id'ly or done well.

FINIS.

The Cuſtome of the Countrey.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Rutillio, and Arnoldo.

Rut. WHy doe you grieve thus ſtill?
Arn. ’Twold melt a Marble
And tame a ſavage man, to feele my fortune.
Rut. What fortune? I have liv’d this 30. yeares
And run through all theſe follies you call fortunes
Yet never fixt on any good, and conſtant,
But what I made my ſelfe: why ſhould I grieve then,
And that I may mould any way?
Arn. You are wide ſtill.
Rut. You love a gentlewoman, a young handſome woman,
I have lov’d a thouſand, not ſo few.
Arn. You are diſpos’d.
Rut. You hope to marry her; ’tis a lawfull calling
And prettily eſteem’d of, but take heed then,
Take heed dear brother of a ſtranger fortune
Then ere you felt yet; fortune my foe is a friend to it.
Arn. ’Tis true I love, dearly, and truly love,
A noble, vertuous, and moſt beauteous maid,
And am belov’d againe.
Rut. That’s too much a conſcience
To love all theſe would run me out ô my wits.
Arn. Prethee give eare, I am to marry her
Rut. Diſpatch it then, and I’le goe call the Piper.
Arn. But ô the wicked Cuſtomes of this countrey
The barbarous, moſt inhumane, damned Cuſtome
Rut. ’Tis true, to marry is a cuſtome
In the world; for looke you brother,
Woo’d any man, ſtand plucking for the Ace of Harts,
With one packe of cards all dayes on’s life?
Arn. You doe not
Or elſe you purpoſe not to underſtand me
Rut. Proceed, I will give eare.
Arn. They have a Cuſtome
In this moſt beaſtly countrey, out upon’t.
Rut. Lets heare it firſt.
Arn. That when a maid is contracted
And ready for the tye o’th Church, the Governour,
He that commands in chiefe, muſt have her maiden-head
Or ranſome it for mony at his pleaſure.
Rut. How might a man atchieve that place? a rare cuſtome?
An admirable rare cuſtome: and none excepted?
Arn. None, none.
Rut. The rarer ſtill: how could I lay about me?
In this rare office? are they born to it, or choſen?
Arn. Both equall damnable.
Rut. Me thinks both excellent
Would I were the next heire
Arn. To this mad fortune
Am I now come, my marriage is proclaim’d.
And nothing can redeem me from this miſchief,
Rut. Shees very young;
Arn. Yes.
Rut. And faire I dare proclaime her
Elſe mine eyes faile,
Arn. Faire as the bud unblaſted.
Rut. I cannot blame him then if ’twere mine own caſe.
I would not goe an ace leſſe
Arn. Fye *Rutillio*
Why do you make your brothers miſery
Your ſport and game?
Rut. There is no paſtime like it
Arn. I look’d for your advice, your timely counſell,
How to avoid this blow, not to be mockt at,
And my afflictions jeer’d.
Rut. I tell thee *Arnoldo*,
An thou wert my Father, as thou art but my brother,
My younger brother too, I muſt be merry
And where there is a wench it can, a young wench,
A handſome wench, and ſooner a good turne too,
An I were to be hangd, thus muſt I handle it.
But you ſhal ſee Sir, I can change this habit
To doe you any ſervice; adviſe what you pleaſe,
And ſee with what devotion I’le attend it?
But yet me thinks, I am taken with this cuſtome.

Ent: Charino and Zenocia.

And could pretend to’th place.
Arn. Draw off a little?
Here comes my Miſtris and her Father.
Rut. IA dainty wench;
Woo’d I might farme his Cuſtome
Char. My deare daughter,
Now to bethink your ſelfe of new advice
Will be too late, later this timeleſſe ſorrow,
No price, nor prayers, can infringe the fate
Your beauty hath caſt on you, my beſt *Zenocia*,
Be rul’d by me, a Fathers care directs yee,
Looke on the Count, looke cheerfully and ſweetly;
What though he have the power to poſſeſſe yee,
To plucke your maiden honour, and then ſlight yee
By cuſtome, unreſiſtable to enjoy you;
Yet my ſweet childe, ſo much your youth and goodneſs,

The beauty of your ſoule, and Saint-like modeſty, (him
Have wonne upon his wilde minde, ſo much charm'd
That all power laid aſide, what Law allows him,
Or ſuddain fires, kindled from thoſe bright eyes,
He ſues to be your ſervant, fairly, nobly
For ever to be tyed your faithfull Husband:
Conſider my beſt childe:
Zeno. I have conſidered
Char. The bleſſedneſſe that this breeds too, conſider
Beſides your Fathers Honour, your own peace,
The baniſhment for ever of this cuſtome
This baſe and barbarous uſe, for after once
He has found the happineſſe of holy marriage
And what it is to grow up with one beauty,
How he will ſcorne and kicke at ſuch a heritage
Left him by luſt and lewd progenitors.
All Virgins too, ſhall bleſſe your name, ſhall Saint it,
And like ſo many Pilgrims goe to your ſhrine,
When time has turn'd your beauty into aſhes,
Filld with your pious memory.
Zeno. Good Father
Hide not that bitter pill, I loth to ſwallow
In ſuch ſweet words:
Char. The Count's a handſome Gentleman,
And having him, y'are certaine of a fortune,
A high and noble fortune to attend you:
Where if you fling your love upon this ſtranger
This young *Arnoldo*, not knowing from what place
Or honourable ſtrain of blood he is ſprung, you ventur
All your owne ſweets, and my long cares to nothing,
Nor are you certaine of his faith; why may not that
Wander as he does, every where?
Zen. No more Sir;
I muſt not heare, I dare not heare him wrongd thus,
Vertue is never wounded, but I ſuffer.
'Tis an ill office in your age, a poore one,
To judge thus weakly: and believe your ſelfe too,
A weaker to betray your innocent daughter,
To his intemp'rate, rude, and wilde embraces,
She hates as Heaven hates falſhood.
Rut. A good wench,
She ſticks cloſe to you Sir.
Zeno. His faith uncertaine?
The nobleneſſe his vertue ſprings from, doubted?
De'e doubt tis day now? or when your body's perfect,
Your ſtomacks well diſpos'd, your pulſes temperate,
De'e doubt you are in health? I tell you Father,
One houre of this mans goodneſſe, this mans Nobleneſſe
Put in the ſcale, againſt the Counts whole being,
Forgive his luſts too, which are halfe his life,
He could no more endure to hold weight with him;
Arnoldoes very looks, are faire examples;
His common and indifferent actions,
Rules and ſtrong ties of vertue: he has my firſt love,
To him in ſacred vow I have given this body,
In him my mind inhabits.
Rut. Good wench ſtill
Zen. And till he fling me off, as undeſerving
Which I confeſſe I am, of ſuch a bleſſing,
But would be loth to finde it ſo——
Arn. O never;
Never my happy Miſtris, never, never,
When your poor ſervant lives but in your favour,
One foote it'h grave, the other ſhall not linger,
What ſacrifice of thanks, what age of ſervice,
What danger, of more dreadfull looke then death,
What willing martyrdome to crown me conſtant
May merit ſuch a goodneſſe, ſuch a ſweetneſſe?
A love ſo Nobly great, no power can ruine;
Moſt bleſſed maid goe on, the gods that gave this,
This pure unſpotted love, the child of Heaven,
In their own goodneſſe, muſt preſerve and ſave it
And raiſe you a reward, beyond our recompēce;
Zen. I aske but you, a pure maid to poſſeſſe,
And then they have crownd my wiſhes: If I fall then
Goe ſeek ſome better love, mine will debaſe you.
Rut. A pretty innocent foole; well Governour, (ſelfe
Though I think well of your cuſtome, & could wiſh my
For this night in your place, heartily wiſh it:
Yet if you play not faire play, and above boord too,
I have a fooliſh gin here, I ſay no more; (inchanted
I'le tell you what & if your honours guts are not
Arn. I ſhould now chide you Sir, for ſo declining
The goodneſſe and the grace you have ever ſhewed me,
And your own vertue too, in ſeeking raſhly
To violate that love heaven has appointed,
To wreſt your daughters thoughts, part that affection
That both our hearts have tyed & ſeek to give it,
Rut. To a wild fellow, that would weary her; worry
A Canniball, that feedes on the heads of maides,
Then flings their bones and bodies to the Devil,
Would any man of diſcretion venture ſuch a griſtle,
To the rude clawes of ſuch a Cat-a-mountain?
You had better teare her between 2 Oaks, a Town bull
Is a meer Stoick to this fellow, a grave Philoſopher,
And a Spaniſh Jennet, a moſt vertuous Gentleman.
Arn. Does this ſeem handſome Sir?
Rut. Though I confeſſe
Any man would deſire to have her, and by any meanes,
At any rate too, yet that this common hang-man,
That hath whipt off the heads of a 1000. maids already
That he ſhould gleane the harveſt, ſticks in my ſtomack:
This rogue that breaks young wenches to the ſaddle,
And teaches them to ſtumble ever after;
That he ſhould have her? for my brother now
That is a handſome young fellow; and well thought on,
And will deale tenderly in the buſineſſe;
Or for my ſelfe that have a reputation,
And have ſtudied the concluſions of theſe cauſes
And know the perfect mannage, I'le tel you old Sir,
If I ſhould call you wiſe Sir, I ſhould bely you,
This thing you ſtudy to betray your child to.
This Maiden-monger. When you have done your beſt
And think you have fixt her in the point of honour
Who do you think you have tyed her too? a Surgeon,
I muſt confeſſe an excellent deſector,
One that has cut up more young tender Lamb-pies——
Char. What I ſpeake Gentlemen, was meer compulſion
No Fathers free-will, nor did I touch your perſon,
With any edge of ſpight; or ſtraine your loves
With any baſe, or hired perſwaſions; *Exit.*
Witneſſe thſee tears, how well I wiſht your fortunes.
Rut. Theres ſome grace in thee yet, you are determined,
To marry this Count Lady,
Zen. Marry him *Rutillio*?
Rut. Marry him, and lye with him I meane,
Zeno. You cannot meane that,
If you be a true Gentleman, you dare not,
The brother to this man, and one that loves him;
I'le marry the Devill firſt
Rut. A better choice
And lay his hornes by a hanſomer bedfellow,
A cooler o' my conſcience
Arn. Pray let me aske you;
And my deare Miſtris, be not angry with me
For what I ſhall propound, I am confident,

No promiſe, nor no power, can force your love,
I meane in way of marriage, never ſtirr you,
Nor to forget my faith, no ſtate can wound you.
But for this cuſtome, which this wretched country
Hath wrought into a law, and muſt be ſatisfied;
Where all the pleas of honour, are but laughed at,
And modeſty regarded as a may-game,
What ſhall be here conſidered? power we have none,
To make reſiſtance, nor policie to croſſe it:
'Tis held religion too, to pay this duty.
Zeno. I'le dye an *Atheiſt* then.
Arn. My nobleſt Miſtris
Not that I wiſh it ſo, but ſay it were ſo,
Say you did render up, part of your honour,
For whilſt your will is cleare, all cannot periſh;
Say for one night, you entertained this monſter
Should I eſteeme you worſe, forc'd to this render?
Your minde I know is pure, and full as beauteous;
After this ſhort eclipſe, you would riſe againe
And ſhaking of that cloud, ſpred all your luſtre
Zeno. Who made you witty, to undoe your ſelfe, Sir?
Or are you loden, with the love I bring you,
And faine would fling that burthen on another?
Am I growne common in your eyes Arnoldo?
Old, or unworthy of your fellowſhip?
Dee thinke becauſe a woman, I muſt err,
And therefore rather wiſh that fall before hand
Coloured with cuſtome, not to be reſiſted?
Dee love as painters doe, onely ſome peices
Some certaine handſome touches of your Miſtris,
And let the minde paſſe by you, unexamined?
Be not abuſd; with what the maiden veſſell
Is ſeaſond firſt, you underſtand the proverbe.
Rut. I am afraid, this thing will make me vertuous,
Zeno. Should you lay by the leaſt part of that love
Y'aue ſworne is mine, your youth & faith has given me,
To entertaine another, nay a fairer,
And make the caſe thus deſp'rate, ſhe muſt dye elſe;
D'ee thinke I would give way, or count this honeſt?
Be not deceiv'd, theſe eyes ſhould never ſee you more,
This tongue forget to name you, and this heart
Hate you, as if you were borne, my full *Antipathie*.
Empire and more imperious love, alone
Rule, and admit no rivalls, the pureſt ſprings
When they are courted by laſcivious land-floods,
Their maiden pureneſſe, and their cooleneſſe periſh.
And though they purge againe to their firſt beauty,
The ſweetneſſe of their taſte, is cleane departed.
I muſt have all or none; and am not worthy
Longer the noble name of wife, *Arnoldo*,
Then I can bring a whole hart pure & handſom.
Arnol. I never ſhall deſerve you: not to thanke you;
You are ſo heavenly good, no man can reach you:
I am ſorrie I ſpake ſo raſhly, t'was but to try you.
Rut. You might have tryed a thouſind women ſo, (ſell
And 900, fourſcore & 19 ſhould ha'followedy our coun-
Take heed o' clapping ſpurrs to ſuch free cattell,
Arn. We muſt bethinke us ſuddenly and conſtantly,
And wiſely too, we expect no common danger.
Zen. Be moſt aſſur'd, I'le dye firſt.
Enter Clodio and guard:
Rut. An't come to that once,
The Devill picke his bones, that dyes a coward
I'le jog along with you, here comes the Stallion
How ſmug he lookes upon the imagination
Of what he hopes to act? pox on your kidnes,
How they begin to melt? how big he beares
Sure he will leape before us all: what a ſweete company
Of rogues and panders, wait upon his lewdneſſe?
Plague of your chops, you ha' more handſome bitts,
Then a hundred honeſter men, and more deſerving
How the dogg leeres.
Clod. You need not now be jealous (done
I ſpeake at diſtance to your wife, but when the Preiſt has
We ſhall grow nearer, and more familiar.
Rut. I'le watch you for that tricke, baboone, I'le
Smoke you: the rogue ſwets, as if he had eaten
Graines, hee broyles, if I doe come to the
Baſting of you.
Arno. Your Lordſhip.
May happily ſpeake this, to fright a ſtranger,
But 'tis not in your honour, to performe it;
The cuſtome of this place, if ſuch there be,
At beſt moſt damnable, may vrge you to it,
But if you be an honeſt man you hate it,
How ever I will preſently prepare
To make her mine, and moſt undovbtedlye;
Beleeve you are abus'd, this cuſtome fain'd to,
And what you now pretend, moſt faire and vertuous.
Clod. Goe and beleeve, a good beleife does well Sir;
And you Sir, cleare the place, but leave her here.
Arn. Your Lordſhips pleaſure
Clod. That anon *Arnoldo*,
This is but talke
Rut Shall we goe off?
Arn. By any meanes
I know ſhe has pious thoughts enough to guard her:
Beſides, heres nothing due to him till the tye be done
Nor dare he offer.
Rut. Now doe I long to worry him:
Pray have a care to the main chance. *Ex. Arn. and Rut.*
Zen. Pray Sir feare not
Clod. Now, what ſay you to me?
Zen. Sir it becomes
The modeſtie, that maides are ever borne with,
To uſe few words.
Clod. Doe you ſee nothing in me
Nothing to catch your eyes nothing of wonder,
The common mould of men, come ſhort, and want in?
Doe you read no future fortune for your ſelfe here?
And what a happineſſe, it may be to you,
To have him honour you, all women aime at?
To have him love you Lady, that man love you,
The beſt, and the moſt beauteous, have run mad for?
Looke and be wiſe, you have a favour offerd you
I doe not euery day propound to women;
You are a prettie one: and though each hower,
I am glutted, with the ſacriſice of beautie,
I may be brought, as you may handle it,
To caſt ſo good a grace and likeing on you,
You underſtand, come kiſſe me, and be joyfull,
I giue you leave.
Zen. Faith Sir, twill not ſhew handſome;
Our ſex his bluſhing, full of feare, unskild too,
In theſe alarums.
Clod. Learne then and be perfect
Zen. I doe beſeech your honour pardon me,
And take ſome skilfull one, can hold you play,
I am a foole.
Clod. I tell thee maide I love thee,
Let that word make thee happie, ſo farr love thee,
That though I may enjoy thee without ceremony,
I will deſcend ſo lowe, to marry thee,
Me thinkes I ſee the race, that ſhall ſpring from us,
Some Princes, ſome great Souldiers
Zen. I am afraid.

Your honours couzen'd in this calculation ;
For certaine, I ſhall nere haue a child by you.
Clod. Why ?
Zen. Becauſe I muſt not thinke to marry you,
I dare not Sir, the ſtep betwixt your honour,
And my poore humble State.
Clod. I will deſcend to thee,
And buoye thee up.
Zen. I'le ſinke to th' Center firſt, (ſure,
Why would your Lordſhip marry, and confine that plea-
You ever have had freely caſt upon you ?
Take heed my Lord this marring is a mad matter,
Lighter a paire of ſheckles will hang on you,
And quieter a quartaine feaver finde you
If you wed me I muſt enjoy you onely,
Your eyes muſt be cald home, your thoughs in cages,
To ſing to no eares then but mine; your hart bound
The cuſtome, that your youth was euer nurſt in,
Muſt be forgot, I ſhall forget my duty elſe,
And how that will appeare,
Clod. Wee'le talke of that more
Zen. Beſides I tell yee, I am naturally,
As all young women are, that ſhew like handſome,
Exceeding proud, being cõmended, monſtrous. *Boy ready*
Of an unquiet temper, ſeldome pleaſ'd. *for the*
Unleſſe it be with infinite obſervance. *Songs*
Which you were never bred to; once well angerd,
As every croſſe in us, provokes that paſſion,
And like a Sea, I roule, toſſe, and chafe a weeke after.
And then all miſcheiſe I can think upon,
Abuſing of your bed the leaſt and pooreſt,
I tell you what you'le finde, and in theſe fitts,
This little beauty, you are pleaſed to honour,
Will be ſo chang'd, ſo alterd to an uglineſſe,
To ſuch a vizard, ten to one, I dye too,
Take't then upon my death you murderd me,
Clod. Away, away fool, why doſt thou proclaime theſe
To prevent that in me, thou haſt choſen in another
Zen. Him I have choſen, I can rule and maſter,
Temper to what I pleaſe, you are a great one
Of a ſtrong will to bend, I dare not venture,
Be wiſe my Lord, and ſay you were well counſeld,
Take mony for my ranſome, and forget me,
Twill be both ſafe, and noble for your honour,
And whereſoever my fortunes ſhall conduct me,
So worthy mentions I ſhall render of you
So vertuous and ſo faire.
Clod. You will not marry me :
Zen. I doe beſeech your honour, be not angry
At what I ſay, I cannot love yee, dare not ;
But ſuch a ranſome, for the flowre you covet
Clod. No money, nor no prayers, ſhall redeeme that,
Not all the art you have
Zen. Set your owne price Sir.
Clod. Goe to your wedding, neuer kneel to me
When that's done, you are mine, I will enjoy you :
Your teares do nothing, I will not looſe my cuſtome
To caſt upon my ſelfe an Empires fortune (*Exit.*
Zen. My minde ſhall not pay this cuſtome, cruel man
Clod. Your body wil content me: I'le look for you, *Ex.*
Enter Charino and ſervants in blackes. Covering
the place with blackes. (ſweets
Char. Strew all your withered flowers, your Autumn
By the hot Sun raviſht of bud and beauty
Thus round about her Bride-bed hang thoſe blacks ther
The emblemes of her honour loſt ; all joy *Bowle of*
That leades a Virgin to receive her Lover, *wine ready.*
Keepe from this place all fellow-maides that bleſſe her,
And bluſhing and unlooſe her Zone, keep from her :
No merry noiſe nor luſty ſongs be heard here,
Nor ful cups crownd with wine, make the rooms giddy
This is no maſque of mirth, but murdered honour.
Sing mournfully that ſad Epithalamion,
I gave thee now : and prethee let thy Lute weepe.
Song, Dance. Enter Rutillio. (a wedding
Rut. How now, what livery's this ? doe you call thi
This is more like a funerall.
Char. It is one,
And my poor Daughter going to her grave,
To his moſt loth'd embraces that gapes for her.
Make the Earles bed ready, is the marriage done Sir?
Rut. Yes they are knit ; but muſt this ſlubberdegullio
Have her maiden-head now ?
Arn. Theres no avoyding it ?
Rut. And there's the ſcaffold where ſhe muſt looſe it.
Arn. The bed ſir ?
Rut. No way to wipe his mouldy chaps?
Char. That we know
Rut. To any honeſt wel-deſerving fellow,
And 'twere but to a merry Cobler, I could ſit ſtill now,
I love the game ſo well, but that this puckfiſt,
This univerſall rutter, fare ye well Sir ;
And if you have any good prayers, put 'em forward,
There may be yet a remedy.
Char. I wiſh it, *Exit Ru*
And all my beſt devotions offer to it.
Enter Clodio and Guard.
Clod. Now is this tye diſpathc'd?
Char. I thinke it be Sir :
Clod. And my bed ready? *win*
Char. There you may quickly find Sir,
Such a loth'd preparation.
Clod. Never grumble,
Nor fling a diſcontent upon my pleaſure
It muſt and ſhall be done : give me ſome wine,
And fill it till it leape upon my lips :
Here's to the fooliſh maidenhead you wot of,
The toy I muſt take paines for Cha
Char. I beſeech your Lord-ſhip
Load not a Fathers love,
Clod. Pledge it *Charino*,
Or by my life I'le make thee pledge thy laſt
And be ſure ſhe be a maid, a perfect Virgin,
(I will not have my expectation dul'd)
Or your old pate goes off. I am hot and fiery
And my bloud beates alarums through my body
And fancie high. You of my guard retire,
And let me heare no noyſe about the lodging
But muſick and ſweet ayres, now fetch your daughter,
And bid the coy wench put on all her beauties,
All her enticements, out-bluſh damask roſes,
And dim the breaking Eaſt with her bright Chriſtalls.
I am all on fire, away
Char. And I am frozen. *Exit.*
Enter Zenocia with Bow and Quiver, an Arrow bent,
Arnoldo and Rutillio after her, arm'd.
Zen. Come feareleſſe on
Rut. Nay an I budge from thee
Beate me with durty ſticks.
Clod. What Maſque is this ?
What pretty fancy to provoke me high?
The beauteous Huntreſſe, fairer far, and ſweeter;
Diana ſhewes an *Ethiop* to this beauty
Protected by two Virgin Knights.
Rut. That's a lye,
A loud one, if you knew as much as I doe

The guard's diſpers'd
Arn. Fortune I hope invites us
Clod. I can no longer hold, ſhe puls my heart from me
Zen. Stand,& ſtand fixt, move not a foote, nor ſpeak not,
For if thou doeſt' upon this point thy death ſits.
Thou miſerable, baſe, and ſordid lecher,
Thou ſcum of noble blood, repent and ſpeedily,
Repent thy thouſand thefts, from helpleſſe virgins,
Their innocence betrayed to thy embraces.
Arn. The baſe diſhonour, that thou doeſt to ſtrangers,
In glorying to abuſe the lawes of marriage,
Thy Infamy thou haſt flung upon thy countrey,
In nouriſhing this black and barbarous cuſtome
Clod. My guard,
Arn. One word more, and thou dieſt.
Rut. One ſillable
That tends to any thing, but I beſeech you,
And as y'are Gentlemen tender my caſe,
And I'le thruſt my javeling downe thy throate
Thou Dogg-whelpe, thou, pox upon thee, what
Should I call the ? Pompean,
Thou kiſſe my Lady ? thou ſcowr her chamber pot:
Thou have a mayden head ? a mottly coate,
You great blinde foole, farewell and be hanged to yee,
Looſe no time Lady.
Arn. Pray take your pleaſure Sir,
And ſo wee'l take our leaves
Zen. We are determined,
Dye, before yield
Arn. Honour, and a faire grave
Zen. Before a luſtfull bed, ſo for our fortunes.
Rut. *Du cat a whee*, good count, cry, preethe cry,
O what a wench haſt thou loſt? cry you great booby. *Exeunt*

Enter Charino.

Clod. And is ſhe gone then, am I diſhonoured thus
Cozend and baffuld? my guard there no man anſwer?
My guard I ſay, Sirra you knew of this plott.
Where are my guard? Ile ha' your life you villaine.
Char. You politique old thiefe.
Cha Heaven ſend her far enough *Enter Guard.*
And let me paye the ranſome.
Guard. Did your honour call us ?
Clod. Poſt every way, and preſently recover,
The two ſtrange Gentlemen, and the faire Lady,
Guard. This day was married Sir.
Clod. The ſame.
Guard. We ſaw e'm
Making with all maine ſpeed to'th port.
Clod. Away villains. *Ex. Gard:*
Recover her, or I ſhall dye; deale truely,
Didſt not thou know,
Char. By all thats good, I did not
If your honour meane their flight, to ſay I grieve for that,
Will be to lye; you may handle me as you pleaſe.
Clod. Be ſure, with all the cruelty, with all the rigor,
For thou haſt robd mee villaine of a treaſure.

Enter Guard.

How now ?
Guard. They'r all aboord, a bark rode ready for 'em,
And now are under ſayle and paſt recovery
Clod. Rig me a ſhip with all the ſpeed that may be,
I will not looſe her: thou her moſt falſe Father,
Shalt go along; and if I miſſe her, heare me,
Whole day will I ſtudie to deſtroy thee.
Char. I ſhall be joyfull of it; and ſo you'll finde me.
Ex. omnes.

Actus Secundus. Scæna prima.

Enter Manuell du ſoſa. and Guiomar.

Man. I heare, and ſee, too much of him, and that
Compells me Madam, though unwillingly,
To wiſh I had no uncles part in him,
And much I feare, the comfort of a Son
You will not long enjoy.
Gui. 'Tis not my fault,
And therefore from his guilt my innocence
Cannot be taynted, ſince his Fathers death
(Peace to his ſoule) a Mothers prayers and care,
Were never wanting, in his education.
His child-hood I paſſe, as being brought up
Under my wing; and growing ripe for ſtudy,
I overcame the tenderneſſe, and joye
I had to looke upon him, and provided
The choiceſt Maſters, and of greateſt name
Of *Salamanca*, in all liberall Arts.
Man. To train his youth up.
I muſt witneſſe that.
Guio. How there he proſpered, to the admiration,
Of all that knew him, for a generall ſcholler,
Being one of note, before he was a man,
Is ſtill remembred in that *Academy*,
From thence I ſent him to the Emperours court,
Attended like his Fathers Sonne and there
Maintaind him, in ſuch bravery and height,
As did become a courtier. hapy
Man. 'Twas that ſpoild him, my Nephew had beene
The court's a ſchoole indeed, in which ſome few
Learne vertuous principles, but moſt forget,
What ever they brought thither good and honeſt.
Trifling is there in practice, ſerious actions,
Are obſolete and out of uſe, my Nephew
Had beene a happy man, had he ne're knowne
What's there in grace, and faſhion.
Guio. I have heard yet,
That while he liv'd in court, the Emperour
Tooke notice of his carriage and good parts,
The grandees did not ſcorne his company,
And of the greateſt Ladies he was held,
A compleate Gentleman.
Man. He indeed daunc'd well,
A turne o'th toe, with a loftie tricke or two,
To argue nimbleneſſe, and a ſtrong backe,
Will go farr with a Madam: 'tis moſt true,
That hee's an excellent ſcholler, and he knowes it;
An exact courtier, and he knowes that too;
He has fought thrice, and come off ſtill with honour,
Which he forgets not
Guio. Nor I have much reaſon.
To greive his fortune that way,
Man. You are miſtaken,
Proſperity does ſearch a Gentlemans temper,
More then his adverſe fortune: I have knowen
Many, and of rare parts from their ſucceſſe
In private duells, raiſ'd up to ſuch a pride,
And ſo transformed from what they were, that all
That lov'd them truely, wiſh'd they had fallen in them.
I need not write examples, in your ſone,
'Tis too apparent; for ere *Don Duarte,*
Made tryall of his valour, he indeed was
Admired for civill courteſy, but now
Hee's ſwolne ſo high, out of his owne aſſurance,
Of what he dares do, that he ſeekes occaſions,

Unjuſt occaſions, grounded on blinde paſſion,
Ever to be in quarrels, and this makes him
Shund of all faire ſocieties.
Guio. Would it were
In my weake power to help it: I will uſe
With my entreaties th' authority of a mother,
As you may of an Vncle, and enlarge it
With your command, as being a governor
To the great King in Lisborne.
Enter Duarte and his Page.
Man. Here he comes.
We are unſeene, obſerve him.
Dua. Boye
Page. My Lord.
Dua. What ſaith the ſpaniſh captaine that I ſtrooke,
To my bold challenge?
Page. He refuſ'd to read it.
Dua. Why didſt not leave it there?
Page. I did my Lord,
But to no purpoſe, for he ſeemes more willing
To ſit downe with the wrongs, then to repaire
His honour by the ſword; he knowes too well,
That from your Lordſhip nothing can be got
But more blowes, and diſgraces.
Dua. Hee's a wretch,
A miſerable wretch, and all my furie
Is loſt upon him; holds the maſque, appointed
Ith' honour of Hippolita:
Page. 'Tis broke off.
Dua. The reaſon?
Page. This was one, they heard your Lordſhip
Was by the Ladies choiſe to lead the dance,
And therefore they, too well aſſur'd how farr
You would out ſhine e'm, gave it ore and ſaied
They would not ſerve for foiles to ſet you off.
Dua. They at their beſt are ſuch, and ever ſhall be
Where I appeare.
Man. Doe you note his modeſtie?
Dua. But was there nothing elſe pretended?
Page. Yes,
Young Don *Alonzo*, the great Captaines Nephew,
Stood on compariſons.
Dua. With whom?
Page. With you,
And openly profeſs'd, that all precedence,
His birth and ſtate conſidered, was due to him
Nor were your Lordſhip to contend with one
So farr above you.
Dua. I looke downe upon him
With ſuch contempt and ſcorne, as on my ſlave,
Hee's a name onely, and all good in him,
He muſt derive, from his great grandſires aſhes,
For had not their victorious acts bequeath'd,
His titles to him, and wrot on his forehead,
This is a Lord, he had liv'd unobſerv'd
By any man of marke, and died as one
Among the common route, compaire with me?
'Tis giant-like ambition; I know him,
And know my ſelfe, that man is truely noble,
And he may juſtly call that worth his owne,
Which his deſerts have purchac'd, I could wiſh
My birth were more obſcure, my freinds and kinſmen
Of leſſer power, or that my provident Father,
Had been like to that riotous Emperour
That choſe his belly for his onely heire;
For being of no family then, and poore
My vertues whereſo'er I liv'd, ſhould make
That kingedome my inheritance.
Guio. Strange ſelfe love
Dua. For if I ſtudied the countries lawes,
I ſhould ſo eaſily, ſound all their depth,
And riſe up ſuch a wonder, that the pleaders,
That now are in moſt practice, and eſteeme
Should ſtarve for want of clients: If I traveld,
Like wiſe *Vlyſſes* to ſee men and manners,
I would returne in act, more knowing, then
Homer could fancie him; If a Phyſitian,
So oft I would reſtore death wounded men,
That where I liv'd, Gallen ſhould not be nam'd,
And he that joyn'd againe the ſcatterd limbs
Of torne *Hippolitus* ſhould be forgotten.
I could teach *Ovid* courtſhip, how to win,
A Julia, and enjoy her, though her dower
Were all the Sun gives light to: and for armes
Were the Perſian hoſt that drank up Rivers, added
To the Turkes preſent powers, I could direct,
Command, and marſhall them.
Man. And yet you know not
To rule your ſelfe, you would not to a boy elſe
Like *Plautus* Braggart boaſt thus.
Dua. All I ſpeake,
In act I can make good,
Guio. Why then being Maſter,
Of ſuch and ſo good parts doe you deſtroy them,
With ſelfe opinion or like a rich miſer,
Hoard up the treaſures you poſſeſs, imparting,
Nor to your ſelfe nor others, the uſe of them?
They are to you, but like inchanted viands,
On which you ſeeme to feed, yet pine with hunger;
And thoſe ſo rare perfections in my ſon
Which would make others happy, renders me
A wretched Mother.
Man. You are too inſolent.
And thoſe too many excellencies, that feed
Your pride, turne to a pluriſy, and kill
That which ſhould nouriſh vertue; dare you think
All bleſſings are conferd on you alone.
Ya're groſly couſend; there's no good in you,
Which others have not: are you a Scholler? ſo
Are many, and as knowing: are you valiant?
Waſte not that courage then in braules, but ſpend it
In the warres, in ſervice of your King and Countrey.
Duarte. Yes, ſo I might be generall, no man lives,
That's worthy to command me
Man. Sir, in Lisborne
I am: and you ſhall know it; every hower
I am troubled with complaints of your behaviour
From men of all conditions, and all ſexes.
And my authority, which you preſume
Will beare you out, in that you are my Nephew,
No longer ſhall protect you, for I vowe
Though all that's paſt I pardon, I will puniſh
The next fault with as much ſeverity
As if you were a ſtranger, reſt aſſur'd on't..
Guio. And by that love you ſhould beare, or that duty
You owe a Mother, once more I command you
To caſt this hautineſſe off; which if you doe,
All that is mine, is yours, if not, expect
My prayers, and vowes, for your converſion onely,
But never meanes nor favour. *Exit. Manuell and Guiomar.*
Dua. I am tutord
As I if I were a child ſtill, the baſe peaſants
That feare, and envy my great worth, have done this;
But I will finde them out, I will aboord
Yet my diſguiſe, I have too long been idle
Nor will I curbe my ſpirit, I was borne free,

And will purſue the courſe beſt liketh me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leopold, Sailors, and Zenocia.

Leop. Devide the ſpoile amongſt you, this fair captive
I only challenge for my ſelfe.
Sail. You have wonne her
And well deſerve her: twenty yeares I have liv'd
A Burgeſſe of the Sea, and have been preſent
At many a deſperate fight, but never ſaw
So ſmall a barque with ſuch incredible valour
So long defended, and againſt ſuch odds,
And by two men ſcarce arm'd too.
Leop. 'Twas a wonder.
And yet the courage they expreſt being taken
And the contempt of death wan more upon me
Then all they did, when they were free: me-thinkes
I ſee them yet when they were brought aboord us,
Diſarm'd and ready to be put in fetters
How on the ſuddain, as if they had ſworn,
Never to taſte the bread of ſervitude,
Both ſnatching up their ſwords, and from this Virgin,
Taking a farewell only with their eyes,
They leapt into the Sea.
Sail. Indeed 'twas rare.
Leop. It wrought ſo much on me, that but I feard,
The great ſhip that purſued us, our own ſafety
Hindring my charitable purpoſe to 'em,
I would have took 'em up, and with their lives
They ſhould have had their liberties.
Zen. O too late
For they are loſt, for ever loſt
Leop. Take comfort
'Tis not impoſſible, but that they live yet,
For when they left the ſhips they were within
A league o'th ſhore, and with ſuɔh ſtrength and cunning
They ſwimming, did delude the riſing billows,
With one hand making way, and with the other,
Their bloudy ſwords advanc'ſt, threatning the Sea-gods
With war, unleſſe they brought them ſafely off,
That I am almoſt confident they live
And you again may ſee them.
Zen. In that hope
I brook a wretched being, till I am
Made certaine of their fortunes, but they dead
Death hath ſo many doores to let out life,
I will not long ſurvive them.
Leop. Hope the beſt,
And let the courteous uſage you have found,
Not uſuall in men of Warre perſwade you
To tell me your condition.
Zen. You know it,
A Captive, my fate and your power have made me,
Such I am now, but what I was it skills not:
For they being dead, in whom I only live
I dare not challenge family, or country
And therefore Sir enquire not, let it ſuffice,
I am your ſervant, and a thankfull ſervant,
(If you will call that ſo, which is but duty)
I ever will be, and my honour ſafe,
Which nobly hitherto ye have preſerv'd
No ſlavery can appear in ſuch a forme,
Which with a maſculine conſtancy, I will not
Boldly looke on and ſuffer.
Leop. You miſtake me:
That you are made my priſoner, may prove
The birth of your good fortune. I doe finde
A winning language in your tongue and looks;
Nor can a ſuite by you mov'd be deni'd,
And therefore of a priſoner you muſt be
The Victors advocate
Zen. To whom?
Leop. A Lady.
In whom all graces that can perfect beauty
Are friendly met, I grant that you are faire:
And had I not ſeen her before, perhaps
I might have ſought to you
Zen. This I heare gladly,
Leop. To this incomparable Lady I will give you,
(Yet being mine, you are already hers)
And to ſerve her is more then to be free,
At leaſt I think ſo: and when you live with her,
If you will pleaſe to think on him that brought you
To ſuch a happineſſe, for ſo her bountie
Will make you think her ſeruice, you ſhall euer
Make me at your devotion
Zen. All I can doe,
Reſt you aſſur'd of.
Leop. At night I'le preſent you,
Till when I am your guard
Zen. Ever your ſervant. *Exeunt.*

Enter Arnoldo and Rutillio.

Arn. To what are we reſerv'd?
Rut. Troth tis uncertaine,
Drowning we have ſcap'd miraculouſly, and
Stand faire for ought I know for hanging; money
We have none, nor ere are like to have; 'tis
To be doubted: beſides we are ſtrangers,
Wondrous hungry ſtrangers; and charity
Growing cold, and miracles ceaſing,
Without a Conjurers help, cannot finde
When we ſhall eate agen.
Arn. Theſe are no wants
If put in ballance, with *Zenocias* loſſe;
In that alone, all miſeries are ſpoken:
O my *Rutillio*, when I think on her,
And that which ſhe may ſuffer, being a captive,
Then I could curſe my ſelfe, almoſt thoſe powers
That ſend me from the fury of the Ocean.
Rut. You have loſt a wife indeed, a faire and chaſt one,
Two bleſſings, not found often in one woman;
But ſhe may be recovered, queſtionleſſe
The ſhip that took us was of *Portugall*
And he in *Lisbon*, by ſome meanes or other
We may heare of her.
Arn. In that hope I live.
Rut. And ſo do I, but hope is a poor ſallad
To dine and ſup with, after a two dayes faſt too,
Have you no money left?
Arn. Not a Denier,
Rut. Nor any thing to pawn? 'tis now in faſhion,
Having a Miſtris, ſure you ſhould not be
Without a neate hiſtoricall ſhirt.
Arn. For ſhame
Talke not ſo poorly.
Rut- I muſt talke of that
Neceſſity prompts us to, for beg I cannot,
Nor am I made to creep in at a window,
To filch to feed me, ſomething muſt be done,
And ſuddenly reſolve on't.

Enter Zabulon and a ſervant.

Arn. What are theſe?
Rut. One by his habite is a Jew
Zab. No more:
Thou art ſure that's he.
Ser. Moſt certaine.
Zab. How long is it
Since firſt ſhe ſaw him?

Ser. Some two hours. *Exit Ser.*
Zab. Be gone——let me alone to work him.
Rut. How he eyes you,
Now he moves, towards us, in the Devills name
What would he with us?
Arn. Innocence is bold:
Nor can I feare
Zab. That you are poore and ſtrangers,
I eaſily perceive
Rut. But that you'le help us,
Or any of your tribe, we dare not hope Sir.
Zab. Why think you ſo?
Rut. Becauſe you are a Jew Sir,
And courteſies come ſooner from the Devill
Then any of your Nation.
Zab. We are men,
And have like you, compaſſion when we finde
Fit ſubjects for our bounty, and for proofe
That we dare give, and freely, not to you Sir,
Pray ſpare your paines, there's gold, ſtand not amaz'd,
'Tis current I aſſure you
Rut. Take it man.
Sure thy good Angel is a Jew, and comes *Tapers*
In his own ſhape to help thee: I could wiſh now, *ready.*
Mine would appeare ſo, like a Turke.
Arn. I thank you,
But yet muſt tell you, if this be the prologue
To any bad act, you would have me practice
I muſt not take it.
Zab. This is but the earneſt
Of that which is to follow, and the bond
Which you muſt ſeale to for't, is your advancement,
Fortune with all that's in her power to give,
Offers her ſelfe up to you; entertaine her,
And that which Princes have kneel'd for in vaine
Preſents it ſelfe to you.
Arn. 'Tis above wonder
But far beneath the truth, in my relation
Of what you ſhall poſſeſſe, if you embrace it.
There is an hour in each mans life appointed
To make his happineſſe if then he ſeize it,
And this, (in which, beyond all expectation,
You are invited to your good) is yours,
If you dare follow me, ſo, if not, hereafter
Expect not the like offer. *Exit.*
Arn. 'Tis no viſion.
Rut. 'Tis gold I'm ſure. We muſt like brothers ſhare,
There's for you; by this light I'me glad I have it.
There are few gallants, (for men may be ſuch
And yet want gold, yea and ſometimes ſilver,)
But would receive ſuch favours from the Divel,
Though he appeared like a broker, and demanded
Sixty ith' hundred.
Arn. Wherefore ſhould I feare,
Some plot upon my life? 'tis now to me
Not worth the keeping. I will follow him,
Farewell, wiſh me good fortune, we ſhall meete
Againe I doubt not.
Rut. Or I'le ne're truſt Jew more. *Exit Arnoldo.*
Nor Chriſtian for his ſake—plague o' my ſtars,
How long might I have walkt without a cloake,
Before I ſhould have met with ſuch a fortune?
We elder Brothers, though we are proper men, *Ha not*
Ha' too much beard, that ſpoiles us; *the luck.*
The ſmooth chin carries all? whats here to do now?
Manet Rutillio.

Enter Duart, Alonſo, and a Page.

Dua. I'le take you as I finde you:
Alon. That were baſe—you ſee I am unarm'd.
Dua. Out with your bodkin
Your pocket dagger, your ſteletto, out with it,
Or by this hand i'le kill you: ſuch as you are
Have ſtudied the undoing of poore Cutlers,
And made all manly weapons out of faſhion:
You carry Poniards to murder men,
Yet dare not wear a ſword to guard your Honour.
Rut. that's true indeed: upon my life this gallant
Is brib'd to repeale baniſht ſwords.
Dua. I'le ſhew you
The difference now, between a Spaniſh rapier
And your pure piſa.
Alon. Let me fetch a ſword,
Upon mine honour I'le returne.
Dua. Not ſo Sir.
Alon. Or lend me yours I pray you, and take this,
Rut. To be diſgrac'd as you are, no I thank you
Spight of the faſhion, while I live, I am *Lig*
Inſtructed to goe arm'd: what folly 'tis *rea*
For you that are a man, to put your ſelfe
Into your enemies mercie.
Dua. Yield it quickly
Or I'le cut off your hand, and now diſgrace you,
Thus kicke and baffle you: as you like this
You may again prefer complaints againſt me
To my Uncle and my Mother, and then think
To make it good with a poniard.
Alon. I am paid
For being of the faſhion.
Dua. Get a ſword,
Then if you dare, redeeme your reputation:
You know I am eaſily found: Ile adde this to it
To put you in mind.
Rut. You are too inſolent,
And do inſult too much on the advantage,
Of that which your unequall weapon gave you,
More then your valour.
Dua. This to me you peaſant?
Thou art not worthy of my foote poore fellow,
Tis ſcorne, not pitty, makes me give thee life:
Kneele down and thank me for't: how, do you ſtare?
Rut. I have a ſword Sir, you ſhall find, a good one;
This is no ſtabbing guard.
Dua. Wert thou thrice arm'd,
Thus yet I durſt attempt thee.
Rut. Then have at you,
I ſcorne to take blows.
Dua. O I am ſlaine.
Page. Help! murther, murther!
Alon. Shift for your ſelfe you are dead elſe,
You have kill'd the Governours Nephew.
Page. Raiſe the ſtreetes there.
Alon. If once you are beſet you cannot ſcape,
Will you betray your ſelfe?
Rut. Undone for ever. *Exit Rut. & Alon*

Enter Officers.

Off. Who makes this out-cry,
Page. O my Lord is murdered;
This way he tooke, make after him,
Help help there. *Exit P*
2. *Off.* 'Tis *Don Duart.*
1. *Off.* Pride has got a fall
He was ſtill in quarrels, ſcorn'd us Peace-makers,
And all our bill-authority, now ha's paid for't.
You ha' met with your match Sir now, bring off his bo
And beare it to the Governour. Some purſue
The murderer; yet if he ſcape, it skills not;

Were I a Prince, I would reward him for't,
He ha's ridde the City of a turbulent beaſt,
There's few will pitty him : but for his Mother
I truly grieve indeed, ſhee's a good Lady. *Exeunt.*

Enter Guiomar and Servants.

Guio. Hee's not i'th houſe,
Ser. No madam :
Guio. Haſte and ſeek him,
Goe all and every where, I'le not to bed
Till you returne him, take away the lights too,
The Moone lends me too much, to finde my feares,
And thoſe devotions I am to pay
Are written in my heart, not in this booke, *Kneele.*
And I ſhall reade them there without a taper, *Exit Serv.*

Enter Rutillio.

Rut. I am purſued ; all the Ports are ſtopt too ;
Not any hope to eſcape, behind, before me,
On either ſide I am beſet, curſed fortune
My enemie on the Sea, and on the Land too,
Redeem'd from one affliction to another :
Would I had made the greedy waves my tombe
And dyed obſcure, and innocent, not as *Neroe* (me ?
Smear'd ore with blood. Whither have my fears brought
I am got into a houſe, the doors all open,
This, by the largeneſſe of the roome, the hangings,
And other rich adornments, gliſtring through
The ſable maſque of night, ſayes it belongs
To one of meanes and ranke : no ſervant ſtirring ?
Murmur nor whiſper?
Guio. Who's that ?
Rut. By the voice,
This is a woman.
Guio. *Stephano, Jaſpe, Julia,*
Who waites there ?
Rut. 'Tis the Lady of the houſe
I'le flie to her protection.
Guio. Speak, what are you ?
Rut. Of all that ever breath'd, a man moſt wretched.
Guio. I am ſure you are a man of moſt ill manners,
You could not with ſo little reverence elſe
Preſſe to my private chamber. Whither would you,
Or what do you ſeeke for ?
Rut. Gracious woman heare me ;
I am a ſtranger, and in that I anſwer
All your demands, a moſt unfortunate ſtranger,
That cald unto it by my enemies pride,
Have left him dead it'h ſtreets, Juſtice purſues me,
And for that life, I tooke unwillingly,
And in a faire defence, I muſt loſe mine,
Unleſſe you in your charity protect me.
Your houſe is now my ſanctuary, and the Altar,
I gladly would take hold of your ſweet mercy.
By all that's deare unto you, by your vertues,
And by your innocence, that needs no forgiveneſſe
Take pitty on me.
Guio. Are you a *Caſtillian* :
Rut. No Madam, *Italy* claims my birth.
Guio. I ask not
With purpoſe to betray you, if you were
Ten thouſand times a Spaniard, the nation
We Portugals moſt hate, I yet would ſave you
If it lay in my power : lift up theſe hangings ;
Behind my Beds head theres a hollow place,
Into which enter ; ſo, but from this ſtir not
If the Officers come, as you expect they will doe,
I know they owe ſuch reverence to my lodgings
That they will eaſily give credit to me
And ſearch no further.
Rut. The bleſt Saints pay for me
The infinite debt I owe you.
Guio. How he quakes ?
Thus far I feele his heart beate, be of comfort,
Once more I give my promiſe for your ſafety,
All men are ſubject to ſuch accidents,
Eſpecially the valiant ; and who knows not,
But that the charity I afford this ſtranger
My only Son elſe-where may ſtand in neede of?

Enter Officers and ſervants with the body of Duart—Page.

1 *Ser.* Now Madam, if your wiſedome ever could
Raiſe up defences againſt floods of ſorrow
That haſt to overwhelme you, make true uſe of
Your great diſcretion.
2 *Ser.* Your only ſonne
My Lord *Duart's* ſlaine.
1 *Off.* His murtherer, purſued by us
Was by a boy diſcovered
Entring your houſe, and that induced us
To preſſe into it for his apprhenſion.
Guio. Oh ?
1 *Ser.* Sure her heart is broke.
Off. Madam.
Guio. Stand off,
My ſorrow is ſo deare and pretious to me,
That you muſt not partake it, ſuffer it *Hold a purſe*
Like wounds that do breed inward to diſpatch me. *ready.*
O my *Duart*, ſuch an end as this
Thy pride long ſince did propheſie ; thou art dead,
And to encreaſe my miſery, thy ſad mother?
Muſt make a wilfull ſhipwrack of her vow
Or thou fall unreveng'd. My ſoule's divided
And piety to a ſon, and true performance
Of hoſpitable duties to my gueſt,
That are to others Angels, are my furies.
Vengeance knocks at my heart, but my word given
Denies the entrance, is no medium left,
But that I muſt protect the murderer
Or ſuffer in that faith he made his Altar?
Motherly love give place, the fault made this way,
To keep a vow, to which high heaven is witneſſe,
Heaven may be pleas'd to pardon.

Enter Manuel, Doctors, Surgeons.

Man. 'Tis too late
Hee's gone, paſt all recovery : now reproofe
Were but unſeaſonable when I ſhould give comfort,
And yet remember Siſter.
Guio. O forbeare,
Search for the murtherer, and remove the body,
And as you thinke fit, give it buriall.
Wretch that I am, uncapable of all comfort,
And therefore I intreate my friends and kinsfolk,
And you my Lord, for ſome ſpare to forbeare ſpace
Your courteous viſitations.
Man. We obey you. *Exeunt omnes with the body.*

Manet Guiomar.

Rut. My ſpirits come back, and now deſpaire reſignes
Her place againe to hope.
Guio. What ere thou art
To whom I have given meanes of life, to witneſſe
With what religion I have kept my promiſe,
Come fearleſſe forth, but let thy face be cover'd,
That I hereafter be not forct to know thee,
For motherly affection may returne
My vow once paid to heaven. Thou haſt taken from me,
The reſpiration of my heart, the light
Of my ſwoln eyes, in his life that ſuſtain'd me :
Yet my word given to ſave you, I make good,

Becauſe what you did, was not done with malice,
You are not knowne, there is no marke about you
That can diſcover you; let not feare betray you.
With all convenient ſpeed you can, flie from me
That I may never ſee you; and that want
Of meanes may be no let unto your journie,
There are a hundred Crownes: you are at the doore now,
And ſo farewell for ever.
Rut. Let me firſt fall
Before your feete, and on them pay the duty
I owe your goodneſſe; next all bleſſings to you,
And heaven reſtore the joyes I have bereft you,
With full increaſe hereafter, living be
The Goddeſſe ſtil'd of Hoſpitalitie.

Actus Tertius. Scæna Prima.

Enter Leopold. and Zenocia.

Leo. Fling off theſe ſullen cloudes, you are enterd now
Into a houſe of joy and hapineſſe,
I have prepar'd a bleſſing for ye.
Zen. Thanke ye
Leo. You are peeviſh
And know not whẽ ye are freinded, I have uſ'd thoſe means
My ſtate would rather aske a curſe,.
The Lady of this houſe, the noble Lady,
Will take ye as her owne, and uſe ye graciouſly:
Make much of what you are, Miſtris of that beautie,
And expoſe it not to ſuch betraying ſorrowes:
When ye are old, and all thoſe ſweets hang witherd,
Enter Servant.
Then ſit and ſigh.
Zen My Autum is not farr off,
Leo. Have you told your Lady
Ser. Yes Sir, I have told her
Both of your noble ſervice, and your preſent,
Which ſhe accepts,
Leo. I ſhould be bleſt to ſee her.
Ser. That now you cannot doe: ſhe keeps her Chamber
Not well diſpoſ'd; and has denied all viſits,
The maid I have in charge to receive from ye,
So pleaſe you render her.
Leo. With all my ſervice,
But faine I would have ſeene,
Ser. 'Tis but your patience;
No doubt ſhe cannot but remember nobely.
Leo. Theſe three yeares I have lov'd this ſcornfull Lady,
And followed her with all the truth of ſervice,
In all which time, but twice ſhe has honoured me
With ſight of her bleſt beauty: when you pleaſe Sir,
You may receive your charge, and tell your Lady;
A Gentleman whoſe life is onely dedicated,
To her commands, kiſſes her beauteous hands;
And Faire-one, now your helpe, you may remember
The honeſt courteſies, ſince you are mine
I ever did your modeſty: you ſhall be neare her,
And if ſometimes you name my ſervice to her
And tell her with what nobleneſſe I love her,
'Twill be a gratitude I ſhall remember.
Zen. What in my poore power lyes, ſo it be honeſt.
Leo. I aske no more.
Ser. You muſt along with me (Faire)
Leo. And ſo I leave you two: but to a fortune
Too happy for my fate: you ſhall enjoy her.
Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Zabulon and Servants.

Zab. Be quick, be quick, Out with the bucket there,
Theſe ſents are dull; caſt richer on, and fuller;
Sente every place, where have you plas'd the muſicke?
Ser. Here they ſtand ready Sir.
Zab. 'Tis well, be ſure
The wines be luſty, high, and full of ſpirit,
And Amberd all.
Ser. They are
Zab. Give faire attendance.
In the beſt trim, and ſtate, make ready all. (*Banquet ſet forth*
I ſhall come preſently againe. *Exit.*
2. *Ser*. We ſhall Sir,
What preperation's this?
Some new deviſe
My Lady has in hand,
1. *Ser*. ô, proſper it
As long as it carries good wine in the mouth?
And good meate with it, where are all the reſt
2. *Ser*. They are ready to attend.
Ser. Sure ſome great perſon, *Muſick*
They would not make this hurry elſe.
2. *Ser*. Harke the Muſicke.
Enter Zabulon and Arnoldo.
It will appeare now certaine, here it comes.
Now to our places.
Ar. Whether will he lead me?
What invitations this? to what new end,
Are theſe faire preperations? a rich Banquet,
Muſicke, and every place ſtuck with adornment,
Fit for a Princes welcome; what new game
Has Fortune now prepared to ſhew me happie?
And then againe to ſink me? 'tis no illuſion.
Mine eyes are not deceiv'd, all theſe are reall;
What wealth and State?
Zab. Will you ſit downe and eate Sir?
Theſe carry little wonder, they are uſuall;
But you ſhall ſee, if you be wiſe to obſerve it,
That that will ſtrike indeed: ſtrike with amazement,
Then if you be a man: this faire health to you.
Ar. What ſhall I ſee? I pledge ye Sir, I was never
So buried in amazement—
Zab. You are ſo ſtill
Drinke freely.
Ar. The very wines are admirable:
Good Sir, give me leave to aske this queſtion,
For what great worthy man, are theſe prepard?
And why do you bring me hither?
Zab. They are for you, Sir;
And under-vallve not the worth you carry,
You are that worthy man: thinke well of theſe.
They ſhall be more, and greater.
Ar. Well, blinde fortune
Thou haſt the prettieſt changes when thou art pleas'd,
To play thy game out wantonly—
Zab. Come be luſty
And awake your Spirits. *Ceaſe Muſick*
Ar. Good Sir, do not wake me. (Servants
For willingly I would dye in this dreame, pray whoſe
Are all theſe that attend her?
Zab. They are yours;
They wait on you,
Ar. I never yet remember
I kept ſuch faces, nor that I was ever able
To maintaine ſo many.
Zab. Now you are, and ſhall be,
Ar. You'l ſay this houſe is mine too?
Zab. Say it? ſweare it.

Ar. And all this wealth ?
Zab. This is the leaſt you ſee Sir.
Ar. Why, where has this been hid theſe thirtie yeares ?
For certainely I never found I was wealthie
Till this hower, never dream'd of houſe, and Servants,
I had thought I had been a younger brother, a poore Gent.
I may eat boldly then.
Zab. 'Tis prepared for ye.
Ar. The taſte is perfect, and moſt delicate :
But why for me ? give me ſome wine, I do drink;
I feele it ſenſibly, and I am here,
Here in this glorious place : I am bravely uſed too,
Good Gentle Sir, give me leave to thinke a little
For either I am much abus'd——
Zab. Strike Muſick
And ſing that luſty Song. *Muſick Song.*
Ar. Bewitching harmony !
Sure I am turn'd into another Creature.
Enter Hyppolita.
Happy and bleſt, *Arnoldo* was unfortunate;
Ha ? bleſſe mine eyes; what pretious piece of nature
To poze the world ?
Zab. I told you, you would ſee that,
Would darken theſe poore preparations;
What think ye now ? nay riſe not, 'tis no viſion.
Ar. Tis more: 'tis miracle.
Hyp. You are welcome Sir.
Ar. It ſpeakes, and entertaines me ſtill more glorious;
She is warme, and this is fleſh here: how ſhe ſtirrs me.
Bleſſe me what ſtars are there ?
Hyp. May I ſit neere ye ?
Ar. No, you are too pure an object to behold,
Too excellent to looke upon, and live;
I muſt remove.
Zab. She is a woman Sir,
Fy, what faint hart is this
Ar. The houſe of wonder.
Zab. Do not you thinke your ſelfe now truely happie?
You have the abſtract of all ſweetneſſe by ye,
The pretious wealth youth Labors to arrive at
Nor is ſhe leſſe in honour, then in beauty,
Ferraras, roiall Duke, is proud to call her
His beſt, his nobleſt, and moſt happie Siſter,
Fortune has made her Miſtris of herſelfe,
Wealthy, and wiſe, without a power to ſway her,
Wonder of *Italy*, of all harts Miſtris.
Arn. And all this is—
Zab. *Hyppolita* the beauteous.
Hyp. You are a poore relator of my fortunes,
Too weake a Chronicle to ſpeak my bleſſings,
And leave out that eſſentiall part of Story
I am moſt high and happy in, moſt fortunate,
The acquaintance, and the noble fellowſhip
Of this faire Gentleman: pray ye do not wonder,
Nor hold it ſtrange to heare a handſome Lady
Speak freely to ye: with your fair leave & courteſie
I will ſit by ye.
Arn. I know not what to anſwer,
Nor where I am, nor to what end conſider;
Why do you uſe me thus?
Hyp. are ye angry Sir,
Becauſe ye are entertain'd with all humanity ?
Freely and nobly us'd ?
Arn. No gentle Lady
That were uncivill, but it much amazes me
A ſtranger, and a man of no deſert
Should finde ſuch floods of courteſie.
Hyp. I love ye,
I honour ye, the firſt and beſt of all men,
And where that faire opinion leads, 'tis uſuall
Theſe trifles that but ſerve to ſet off, follow,
I would not have you proud now, nor diſdainful
Becauſe I ſay I love ye, though I ſweare it,
Nor thinke it a ſtale favour I fling on ye,
Though ye be handſome, and the only man
I muſt confeſſe I ever fixt mine eye on,
And bring along all promiſes that pleaſe us,
Yet I ſhould hate ye then, deſpiſe ye, ſcorne ye,
And with as much contempt purſue your perſon,
As now I doe with love. But you are wiſer,
At leaſt I think, more maſter of your fortune,
And ſo I drink your health.
Arn. Hold faſt good honeſty,
I am a loſt man elſe.
Hyp. Now you may kiſſe me,
'Tis the firſt kiſſe, I ever aske, I ſweare to ye.
Arn. That I dare doe ſweet Lady.
Hyp. You doe it well too ;
You are a Maſter Sir, that makes you coy.
Arn. Would you would ſend your people off.
Hyp. Well thought on.
Wait all without. *Exit. Zab. and ſervants*
Zab. I hope ſhe is pleaſ'd throughly.
Hyp. Why ſtand ye ſtill ? her'es no man to detect ye,
My people are gon off: come, come, leave conjuring
The Spirit you would raiſe, is here already
Looke boldly on me.
Ar. What would you have me doe ?
Hyp. O moſt unmanly queſtion! have you do?
Is't poſſible your yeares ſhould want a Tutor?
I'le teach ye: come, embrace me.
Ar. Fy ſtand off;
And give me leave, more now, then ere, to wonder,
A building of ſo goodly a proportion,
Outwardly all exact, the frame of Heaven,
Should hide within ſo baſe Inhabitants?
You are as faire, as if the morning bare ye,
Imagination never made a ſweeter;
Can it be poſſible this frame ſhould ſuffer,
And built on ſlight affections, fright the vewer ?
Be excellent in all, as you are outward,
The worthy Miſtris of thoſe many bleſſings
Heaven has beſtowed, make 'em appeare ſtill nobler,
Becauſe they are truſted to a weaker keeper.
Would ye have me love ye ?
Hyp. Yes,
Ar. Not for your beautie;
Though I confeſſe, it blowes the firſt fire in us,
Time as he paſſes by, puts out that ſparkle,
Nor for your wealth, although the world kneele to it,
And make it all addition to a woman,
Fortune that ruines all, makes that his conqueſt;
Be honeſt, and be vertuous, i'le admire ye,
At leaſt be wiſe, and where ye lay theſe nets,
Strow over 'em a little modeſty,
'Twill well become your cauſe, and catch more Fooles.
Hyp. Could any one that lov'd this wholſome counſell
But love the giver more ? you make me fonder :
You have a vertuous minde, I want that ornament;
Is it a ſin I covet to enjoy ye ?
If ye imagine I am too free a Lover,
And act that part belongs to you I am ſilent;
Mine eyes ſhall ſpeake my bluſhes, parly with ye,
I will not touch your hand, but with a tremble
Fitting a veſtall Nun ; not long to kiſſe ye,
But gently as the aire, and undiſcerned too,

I'le ſteale it thus: I'le walke your ſhadow by ye,
So ſtill and ſilent that it ſhall be equall,
To put me off, as that, and when I covet,
To give ſuch toyes as theſe ——
Ar. A new temptation,
Hyp. Thus like the lazie minuts will I drop 'em,
Which paſt once are forgotten.
Ar. Excellent vice!
Hyp. Will ye be won? looke ſtedfaſtly upon me,
Looke manly, take a mans affections to you;
Young women, in the old world were not wont, Sir,
To hang out gaudy buſhes for their beauties,
To talke themſelues into young-mens affections;
How cold and dull you are?
Ar. How I ſtagger?
She is wiſe, as faire; but 'tis a wicked wiſedome;
I'le choake before I yield.
Hyp. who waites within there *Zabulon within.*
Make ready the greene chamber,
Zab. It ſhall be Madam.
Ar. I am a fraid ſhe will injoy me indeed,
Hyp. What Muſicke do ye love?
Ar. A modeſt tongue.
Hyp. Wee'll have enough of that: fy, fy, how lumpiſh?
In a young Ladies armes, thus dull?
Ar. For heaven ſake
Profeſs a little goodneſſe.
Hyp. Of what Countrey?
Ar. I am of *Rome.*
Hyp. Nay then I know you mock me,
The *Italians* are not frighted with ſuch bug-bears,
Prethee go in.
Ar. I am not well;
Hyp. I'le make thee,
I'le kiſſe thee well:
Ar. I am not ſicke of that ſore.
Hyp. upon my conſcience, I muſt raviſh thee,
I ſhall be famous for the firſt example:
With this I'le tye ye firſt, then trye your ſtrength Sir,
Ar. My ſtrength, away baſe woman? I abhor thee.
I am not caught with ſtales, diſeaſe dwell with thee. *Exit.*
Hyp. Are ye ſo quicke? and have I loſt my wiſhes?
Hoe, *Zabulon*; my Seruants.

Enter Zabulon and Servants.

Call'd ye Madam?
Hyp. Is all that beautie ſcorned, ſo many ſude for?
So many Princes? by a ſtranger too?
Muſt I endure this?
Zab. Wher's the Gentleman?
Hyp. Go preſently, purſue the ſtranger, *Zabulon.*
He has broke from me, Jewels I have given him:
Charge him with theft: hee has ſtolne my love, my freedome,
Draw him before the Governour, impriſon him,
Why doſt thou ſtay?
Zab. I'le teach him a new daunce,
For playing faſt and looſe with ſuch a Lady.
Come fellowes, come: I'le execute your anger,
And to the full.
Hyp. His ſcorne ſhall feele my vengeance.—— *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Sulpicia and Jaques.

Sul. Shall I never ſee a luſty man againe?
Ja. Faith Miſtris
You do ſo over-labour 'em when you have 'em,
And ſo dry-founder 'em, they cannot laſt.
Sul. Wher's the French-man?
Ja Alas, he's all to fitters,
And lyes, taking the height of his fortune with a Sirreng.
Hee's chin'd, he's chin'd good man, he is a mourner.
Sul. What's become of the *Dane?*
Ja. Who? goldy-locks?
Hee's foule i'th touch-hole; and recoiles againe,
The main Spring's weakned that holds up his cock,
He lies at the ſigne of the *Sun*, to be new breech'd.
Sul. The Rutter too, is gone.
Ja. O that was a brave raſcall,
He would labour like a threſher: but alas
What thing can ever laſt? he has been ill mewd,
And drawne too ſoon; I have ſeene him in the Hoſpitall
Sul. There was an *Engliſh-man.*
Ja. I there was an *Engliſh-man*;
You'le ſcant finde any now, to make that name good.
There was thoſe *Engliſh* that were men indeed,
And would performe like men, but now they are vaniſh
They are ſo taken up in their own Countrey,
And ſo beaten off their ſpeed, by their own women,
When they come here, they draw their legs like hackneys
Drinke, and their owne devices has undone 'em.
Sul. I muſt have one that's ſtrong, no life in *Lisbon* elſe,
Perfect and young: my cuſtome with young Ladies,
And high-fed Citie dames, will fall, and breake elſe.
I want my ſelfe too, in mine age to nouriſh me: (neſſe
They are are all ſunk I maintain'd: now what's this buſi-
What goodly fellow's that?

Enter Rutillio and Officers

Rut. Why do you drag me?
Pox ô your Juſtice; let me looſe.
1 *Off.* Not ſo Sir. (lers
Rut. Cannot a man fall into one of your drunken Cel-
And ventur the breaking on's neck, your trap-dores ope
But he muſt be us'd thus raſcally,
1 *Off.* What made you wandring
So late i'th night? you know that is impriſonment.
Rut. May be I walke in my ſleep.
2 *Off.* May be wee'l walk ye.
What made ye wandring Sir, into that vault
Where all the Citie ſtore, and the Munition lay?
Rut. I fell into't by chance, I broke my ſhins for't.
Your Worſhips feele not that: I knockt my head
Againſt a hundred poſts, would you had had it.
Cannot I breake my necke in mine own defence?
2 *Off.* This will not ſerve: you cannot put it off ſo,
Your comming thither was to play the villaine,
To fire the powder, to blow that part oth' City.
Rut. Yes, with my noſe: why were the trap-doors open
Might not you fall, or you? had you gone that way?
I thought your Citie had ſunke.
1 *Off.* You did your beſt Sir,
We muſt preſume to help it into'th aire.
If you call that ſinking: we have told you what's the law,
He that is taken there, unleſſe a Magiſtrate,
And have command in that place, preſently
If there be nothing found apparent, neare him
Worthie his torture, or his preſent death,
Muſt either pay his fine for his preſumption,
(Which is ſixe hundred Duckets) or for ſix yeares
Tug at an Oare i'th Gallies: will ye walke Sir,
For we preſume you cannot pay the penalty.
Rut. Row in the Gallies, after all this miſchief? (there
2 *Off.* May be you were drunke, they'le keepe you ſober
Rut. Tug at an Oare? you are not arrant raſcals,
To catch me in a pit-fall, and betray me,
Sul. A luſty minded man.
Ja. A wondrous able.
Sul. Pray Gentlemen, allow me but that liberty
To ſpeake a few words with your priſoner

And I ſhall thanke you.
1 Off. Take your pleaſure, Lady. (ye,
Sul. What would you give that woman ſhould redeem
Redeem ye from this ſlavery ?
Rut. Beſides my ſervice
I would give her my whole ſelfe, I would be her vaſſall.
Sul. Shee has reaſon to expect as much, conſidering
The great ſumme ſhe payes for't, yet take comfort
What ye ſhall doe to merit this, is eaſie
And I will be the woman ſhall befriend ye,
'Tis but to entertaine ſome handſome Ladies,
And young faire Gentlewomen : you gheſſe the way :
But giving of your mind—
Rut. I am excellent at it :
You cannot picke out ſuch another living.
I underſtand ye : is't not thus ?
Sul. Ye have it.
Rut. Bring me a hundred of em : I'le diſpatch 'em,
I will be none but yours : ſhould another offer
Another way to redeem me, I ſhould ſcorne it.
What women you ſhall pleaſe : I am monſtrous luſty :
Not to be taken downe : would you have Children ?
I'le get you thoſe as faſt, and thicke as flie-blows.
Sul. I admire him : wonder at him.
Rut. Harke ye Lady,
You may require ſometimes—
Sul. I by my faith.
Rut. And you ſhall have it by my faith, & handſomly :
This old Cat wil ſuck ſhrewdly:you have no daughters ?
I flye at all : now am I iu my Kingdome,
Tug at an Oare ? no, tug in a feather-bed,
With good warme Caudles ; hang your bread and water,
I'le make you young againe, beleeve that Lady.
I will ſo frubbiſh you.
Sul. Come, follow Officers,
This Gentleman is free : I'le pay the Duckets. (tub
Rut. And when you catch me in your City-powdring-
Againe, boile me with Cabbidge.
1 Off. You are both warn'd and arm'd Sir. *Exeunt.*

Scæna quarta, Enter Leopold, Hypolita, Zenocia.

Zen. Will your Ladiſhip weare this dreſſing ?
Hyp. Leave thy prating :
I care not what I weare.
Zen. Yet 'tis my duty
To know your pleaſure, and my worſt affection
To ſee you diſcontented.
Hyp. Weeping too?
Prethee forgive me : I am much diſtemperd,
And ſpeake I know not what : to make thee amends
The gowne that I wore yeſterday, is thine;
Let it alone a while.
Leo. Now you perceive,
And taſte her bounty.
Zen. Much above my merit.
Leo. But have you not yet found a happy time
To move for me.
Zen. I have watched all occaſions,
But hitherto, without ſucceſſe : yet doubt not
But I'le embrace the firſt meanes.
Leo. Do, and proſper ;
Excellent creature, whoſe perfections make
Even ſorrow lovely, if your frowns thus take me
What would your ſmiles doe ?
Hyp. Pox ô this ſtale Courtſhip :
If I have any power.
Leo. I am commanded,
Obedience is the Lovers ſacrifice
Which I pay gladly.
Hyp. To be forc'd to wooe,
Being a woman, could not but torment me,
But bringing for my Advocates, youth and beauty,
Set off with wealth : and then to be deni'd too
Do's comprehend all tortures. They flatterd me,
That ſaid my lookes were charmes, my touches fetters,
My locks ſoft chaines, to binde the armes of Princes,
And make them in that wiſh'd for bondage, happy,
I am like others of a courſer feature,
As weake to allure, but in my dotage, ſtronger :
I am no *Circe* ; he, more then *Vlyſſes*,
Scornes all my offerd bounties, ſlights my favours,
And, as I were ſome new Egyptian, flyes me,
Leaving no pawne, but my own ſhame behind him.
But he ſhall finde, that in my fell revenge,
I am a woman : one that never pardons
The rude contemner of her profferd ſweetneſſe.

Enter Zabulon.

Zab. Madam, 'tis done ;
Hyp. What's done ?
Zab. The uncivill ſtranger
Is at your ſuite arreſted.
Hyp. 'Tis well handled.
Zab. And under guard ſent to the Governour,
With whom my teſtimony, and the favour,
He beares your Ladiſhip, have ſo prevail'd
That he is ſentenc'd.
Hyp. How?
Zab. To looſe his head.
Hyp. Is that the meanes to quench the ſcorching heate
Of my inrag'd deſires ? muſt innocence ſuffer,
'Cauſe I am faulty ? or is my Love ſo fatall
That of neceſſity it muſt deſtroy
The object it moſt longs for ? dull *Hypollita*,
To thinke that injuries could make way for love,
When courteſies were deſpis'd : that by his death
Thou ſhouldſt give that, which only thou canſt hope for
While he is living : My honours at the ſtake now,
And cannot be preſerv'd, unleſſe he periſh
The enjoying of the thing I love, I ever
Have priz'd above my fame : why doubt I now then ?
One only way is left me, to redeeme all :
Make ready my Caroch.
Leo. What will you Madam.
Hyp. And yet I am impatient of ſuch ſtay :
Bind up my haire : fy, fy, while that is doing
The Law may ceaſe his life : thus, as I am then,
Not like *Hypollita*, but a *Bachanall*
My frantique Love tranſports me. *Exit.*
Leo. Sure ſhee's diſtracted.
Zab. Pray you follow her : I will along with you :
I more then gheſſe the cauſe : women that love
Are moſt uncertaine, and one minute crave,
What, in another they refuſe to have. *Exit.*

Scæna 5^{a}. *Enter Clodio, Charino.*

Clo. Aſſure thy ſelfe *Charino*, I am alter'd
From what I was ; the tempeſts we have met with
In our uncertaine voyage, were ſmooth gales
Compar'd to thoſe, the memory of my luſts
Raiſ'd in my conſcience : and if ere againe
I live to ſee *Zenocia*, I will ſue,
And ſeeek to her as a Lover, and a Servant,
And not command affection, like a Tyrant.
Char. In hearing this ; you make me young againe,
And heaven, it ſeemes, favouring this good change in you
In ſetting of a period to our dangers
Gives us faire hopes, to find that here in *Lisbon*
Which hitherto in vain we long have ſought for.

I have receiv'd aſſur'd intelligence;
Such ſtrangers have bin ſeen here: and though yet
I cannot learn their fortunes, nor the place
Of their abode, I have a ſoule preſages
A fortunate event here.
Clo. There have paſs'd
A mutuall enterchange of courteſies
Between me, and the Governour; therfore boldly
We may preſume of him, and of his power
If we finde cauſe to uſe them, otherwiſe
I Would not be known here, and theſe diſguiſes
Will keep us from diſcovery.
Enter Manuel, Doctor, Arnoldo, Guard.
Char. What are theſe?
Clo. The Governour: with him my Rivall, bound.
Char. For certaine 'tis *Arnoldo.*
Clo. Let's attend
What the ſucceſſe will be.
Man. Is't poſſible
There ſhould be hope of his recovery,
His wounds ſo many and ſo deadly?
Doct. So they appear'd at firſt, but the blood ſtop'd,
His trance forſook him, and on better ſearch
We found they were not mortall;
Man. Uſe all care
To perfect this unhop'd for cure: that done
Propoſe your own rewards; and till you ſhall
Heare farther from me, for ſome ends I have,
Conceal'd it from his Mother.
Doct. Wee'l not faile Sir. *Exit.*
Man. You ſtil ſtand confident on your innocence.
Arn. It is my beſt and laſt guard, which I will not
Leave, to relye on your uncertaine mercy.
Enter Hypolita, Zabulon, Leopold, Zenocia, 2 Servants.
Hyp. Who bade you follow me! Goe home, & you Sir,
As you reſpect me, goe with her.
Arn. Zenocia?
And in her houſe a Servant?
Cha. 'Tis my daughter.
Clo. My love? Contain your joy, obſerve the ſequel. *Zen.*
Man. Fye Madam, how undecent 'tis for you. *paſſes*
So far, unlike your ſelfe to bee ſeene thus
In th'open ſtreets? why do you kneele? pray you riſe,
I am acquainted with the wrong, and loſſe
You have ſuſtain'd, and the Delinquent now
Stands ready for his puniſhment.
Hyp. Let it fall Sir,
On the offender: he is innocent
And moſt unworthy of theſe bonds he weares,
But I made up of guilt.
Man. VVhat ſtrange turne's this?
Leo. This was my priſoner once.
Hyp. If chaſtity
In a young man, and tempted to the height too
Did ere deſerve reward, or admiration,
He juſtly may claim both. Love to his perſon
(Or if you pleaſe give it a fowler name)
Compel'd me firſt to train him to my houſe,
All engines I rais'd there to ſhake his vertue,
Which in the aſſault were uſeleſſe; he unmov'd ſtil
As if he had no part of humane frailty,
Againſt the nature of my Sex, almoſt
I plaid the Raviſher. You might have ſeen
In our contention, young *Apollo* fly
And love-ſicke *Daphne* follow, all arts failing,
By flight he wan the victory, breaking from
My ſcorn'd embraces: the repulſe (in women
Unſufferable) invited me to practiſe
A meanes to be reveng'd: and from this grew
His Accuſation, and the abuſe
Of your ſtill equall juſtice: My rage ever
Thanks heaven, though wanton, I found not my ſelfe
So far engag'd to hell, to proſecute
To the death what I had plotted, for that love
That made me firſt deſire him, then accuſe him,
Commands me with the hazard of my ſelfe
Firſt to entreate his pardon, then acquit him.
Man. What ere you are, ſo much I love your vertue
That I deſire your friendſhip: doe you unlooſe him
From thoſe bonds, you are worthy of, your repentance
Makes part of ſatisfaction; yet I muſt
Severely reprehend you.
Leo. I am made
A ſtale on all parts: But this fellow ſhall
Pay dearely for her favour.
Arn. My life's ſo full
Of various changes, that I now deſpaire
Of any certaine port; one trouble ending,
A new, and worſe ſucceeds it: what ſhould *Zenocia*
Doe in this womans houſe? Can chaſtity
And hot Luſt dwell together without infection?
I would not be or jealous, or ſecure,
Yet ſomething muſt be done, to ſound the depth on't:
That ſhe lives is my bliſſe, but living there,
A hell of torments; there's no way to her
In whom I live, but by this door, through which
To me, 'tis death to enter, yet I muſt,
And will make tryall.
Man. Let me hear no more
Of theſe devices, Lady: this I pardon,
And at your interceſſion I forgive
Your inſtrument the Jew too: get you home.
The hundred thouſand crowns you lent the City
Towards the ſetting forth of the laſt Navy
Bound for the Iſlands, was a good then, which
I ballance with your ill now.
Char. Now Sir, to him,
You know my daughter needs it.
Hyp. Let me take
A farewell with mine ey, Sir, though my lip,
Be barr'd the Ceremonie, courteſie
And cuſtome too allowes of.
Arn. Gentle Madam,
I neither am ſo cold, nor ſo ill bred
But that I dare receive it: you are unguarded,
And let me tell you that I am aſham'd
Of my late rudeneſs, and would gladly therefore
If you pleaſe to accept my ready ſervice
Waite on you to your houſe.
Hyp. Above my hope:
Sir, if an Angel were to be my convoy
He ſhould not be more welcome. ——*Exit Arn. and Hy*
Clo. Now you know me.
Man. Yes Sir, and honour you: ever remembring
Your many bounties, being ambitious only
To give you cauſe to ſay by ſome one ſervice
That I am not ungratefull.
Clo. 'Tis now offer'd:
I have a ſuite to you, and an eaſie one,
Which e're long you ſhall know.
Man. When you think fit Sir,
And then as a command, I will receive it,
Till when, moſt welcome: you are welcome too Sir,
'Tis ſpoken from the heart, and therefore needs not
Much proteſtation: at your better leyſure
I will enquire the cauſe that brought you hither:

In the meane time ſerve you.
Clo. You out-doe me Sir. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Duarte, Doctor.

Duart. You have beſtowed on me a ſecond life
For which I live your creature, and have better'd
What nature fram'd unperfect, my firſt being
Inſolent pride made monſtrous ; but this later
In learning me to know my ſelfe, hath taught me
Not to wrong others.
Doct. Then we live indeed.
When we can goe to reſt without a larum
Given every minute to a guilt-ſick conſcience
To keep us waking, and riſe in the morniug
Secure in being innocent : but when
In the remembrance of our worſer actions
We ever beare about us whips and furies,
To make the day a night of ſorrow to us,
Even life's a burthen.
Dua. I have found and felt it ;
But will endeavour having firſt made peace
With thoſe inteſtine enemies my rude paſſions
To be ſo with man-kinde : but worthy Doctor,
Pray if you can reſolve me ; was the Gentleman
That left me dead, ere brought unto his tryall ?
Doct. Nor known, nor apprehended.
Dua. Thats my griefe.
Doct. Why doe you wiſh he had been puniſhed ?
Dua. No,
The ſtreame of my ſwoln ſorrow runs not that way :
For could I finde him, as I vow to heaven
It ſhall be my firſt care to ſeek him out,
I would with thankes acknowledge that his ſword,
In opening my veines, which proud bloud poiſon'd,
Gave the firſt ſymptomes of true health.
Doct. 'Tis in you
A Chriſtian reſolution : that you live
Is by the Governours, your Uncles charge
As yet conceal'd. And though a ſons loſſe never
Was ſolemniz'd with more teares of true ſorrow
Then have been paid by your unequald Mother
For your ſuppoſed death , ſhee's not acquainted
With your recovery.
Dua. For ſome few dayes
Pray let her ſo continue : thus diſguis'd
I may abroad unknown.
Doct. Without ſuſpition
Of being diſcovered
Dua. I am confident
No moiſture ſooner dies then womens teares,
And therefore though I know my Mother vertuous,
Yet being one of that fraile ſex I purpoſe
Her farther tryall.
Doct. That as you thinke fit—I'le not betray you
Dua. To finde out this ſtranger
This true Phiſician of my mind and manners
Were ſuch a bleſſing. He ſeem'd poore, and may
Perhaps be now in want ; would I could finde him.
The Innes I'le ſearch firſt, then the publique Stewes
He was of *Italy*, and that Countrey breeds not
Preciſians that way, but hot Libertines ;
And ſuch the moſt are : 'tis but a little travaile :
I am unfurniſht too, pray Mr. Doctor,
Can you ſupply me ?
Doct. With what ſumme you pleaſe.
Dua. I will not be long abſent.
Doct. That I wiſh too ;
For till you have more ſtrength, I would not have you
To be too bold.
Dua. Feare not, I will be carefull. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leopold, Zabulon, Bravo.

Zab. I have brought him Sir, a fellow that will do it
Though Hell ſtood in his way, ever provided
You pay him for't.
Leop. He had a ſtrange aſpect
And lookes much like the figure of a hang-man
In a table of the Paſſion.
Zab. He tranſcends,
All preſidents beleeve it, a fleſh'd ruffian,
That hath ſo often taken the Strappado,
That 'tis to him, but as a lofty tricke
Is to a tumbler : he hath peruſed too,
All Dungeons in Portugall, thrice ſeven yeares
Rowed in the Galleys for three ſeverall murthers,
Though I preſume that he has done a hundred,
And ſcapt unpuniſht.
Leop. He is much indebt to you,
You ſet him off ſo well. What will you take Sir
To beate a fellow for me, that thus wrongd me?
Bra. To beate him ſay you ?
Leop. Yes, beate him to lameneſſe,
To cut his lips or noſe off ; any thing,
That may disfigure him.
Bra. Let me conſider ?
Five hundred piſtollets for ſuch a ſervice
I thinke were no deare penniworth.
Zab. Five hundred !
Why there are of your brother-hood in the Citie,
Ile undertake ſhall kill a man for twenty.
Bra. Kill him ? I think ſo;Ile kill any man
For halfe the money.
Leop. And will you aske more
For a ſound beating then a murther?
Bra. I Sir,
And with good reaſon, for a dog that's dead
The Spaniſh proverb ſaies, will never bite :
But ſhould I beate or hurt him only, he may
Recover, and kill me.
Leop. A good concluſion,
The obduracie of this raſcall makes me tender.
I'le runne ſome other courſe, there's your reward,
Without the employment.
Bra. For that as you pleaſe Sir ;
When you have need to kill a man, pray uſe me,
But I am out at beating. *Exit.*
Zab. What's to be done then ?
Leop. I'le tell thee *Zabulon*, and make thee privy
To my moſt neare deſignes : this ſtranger, which
Hyppolita ſo doates on, was my priſoner
When the laſt Virgin, I beſtowed upon her,
Was made my prize ? how he eſcap'd, hereafter
J'le let thee know ; and it may be the love
He beares the ſervant, makes him ſcorne the Miſtris.
Zab. 'Tis not unlike ; for the firſt time he ſaw her
His lookes expreſt ſo much, and for more proofe
Since he came to my Ladies houſe, though yet
He never knew her , he hath practiz'd with me
To help him to a conference, without
The knowledge of *Hyppolita* ; which I promis'd.
Leop. And by all meanes performe it, for their meeting,
But worke it ſo,that my diſdainfull Miſtris

(Whom, notwithſtanding all her injuries
'Tis my hard fate to love) may ſee and heare them.
Zab. To what end Sir?
Leop. This *Zabulon*: when ſhe ſees
Who is her rivall, and her Lovers baſeneſſe
To leave a Princeſſe for her bondwoman,
The ſight make her ſcorne, what now ſhe doates on,
I'le double thy reward.
Zab. You are like to ſpeed then:
For I confeſſe what you will ſoone beleeve,
We ſerve them beſt that are moſt apt to give. (unobſerv'd.
For you I'le place you where you ſhall ſee all, and yet be
Leop. Tat I deſire too. *Exit.*

Enter Arnoldo.

Arn. I cannot ſee her yet, how it afflicts me:
The poyſon of this place, ſhould mixe it ſelfe
With her pure thoughts? 'Twas ſhe that was commanded
Or my eyes failed me groſly; that youth, that face
And all that noble ſweetneſſe. May ſhee not live here,
And yet be honeſt ſtill?

Enter Zenocia.

Zen. It is *Arnoldo*,
From all his dangers free; fortune I bleſſe thee,
My noble husband! how my joy ſwells in me,
But why in this place? what buſineſſe hath he here?
He cannot heare of me, I am not known here.
I left him vertuous; how I ſhake to thinke now?
And how that joy I had, cooles, and forſakes me?

Enter above Hyppolita and Zabulon.

This Lady is but faire, I have beene thought ſo
Without compare admired; Shee has bewitched him
And he forgot——
Arn. 'Tis ſhe againe, the ſame—— the ſame *Zenocia.*
Zab. There they are together. —— Now you may mark
Hyp. Peace let 'em parly.
Arn. That you are well *Zenocia*; and once more,
Bleſſe my deſpairing eyes, with your wiſht preſence,
I thanke the gods; but that I meete you here——
Hip. They are acquainted,
Zab. I found that ſecret Madam,
When you commanded her goe home: pray heare 'em.
Zen. That you meet me here, ne're bluſh at that *Arnoldo.*
Your comming comes too late: I am a woman,
And one woman with another may be truſted;
Do you feare the houſe?
Arn. More then a feare, I know it,
Know it not good, not honeſt.
Zen. What do you here then?
I'th name of vertue why doe you approach it?
Will you confeſſe the doubt and yet purſue it?
Where have your eyes been wandring my *Arnoldo*?
What conſtancy, what faith do you call this? Fie,
Aime at one wanton marke, and wound another?
I doe confeſſe, the Lady faire, moſt beauteous,
And able to betray a ſtrong mans liberty,
But you that have a love, a wife——you do well
To deale thus wiſely with me: yet *Arnoldo*,
Leopold places himſelf unſeen below.
Since you are pleas'd to ſtudie a new beauty,
And think this old and ill, beaten with miſery.
Studie a nobler way for ſhame to love me,
Wrong not her honeſty.
Arn. You have confirm'd me.
Zen. Who though ſhee be your wife, will never hinder (you,
So much I reſt a ſervant to your wiſhes,
And love your Loves, though they be my deſtructions,
No man ſhall know me, nor the ſhare I have in thee,
No eye ſuſpect, I am able to prevent you,
For ſince I am a ſlave to this great Lady,
Whom I perceive you follow
Arn. Be not blinded.
Zen. Fortune ſhall make me uſeful to your ſervice,
I will ſpeake for you.
Arn. Speake for me? you wrong me.
Zen. I will endeavour all the wayes I am able
To make her think well of you; will that pleaſe,
To make her dote upon you, dote to madneſſe,
So far againſt my ſelfe I will obey you.
But when that's done, and I have ſhewed this duty
This great obedience, few will buy it at my price,
Thus will I ſhake hands with you, wiſh you well,
Bnt never ſee you more, nor receive comfort
From any thing, *Arnoldo.*
Arn. You are too tender;
I neither doubt you, nor deſire longer
To be a man, and live, then I am honeſt
And only yours; our infinite affections
Abus'd us both.
Zab. Where are your favours now?
The courteſies you ſhew'd this ſtranger, Madam?
Hip. Have I now found the cauſe?
Zab. Attend it further.
Zen. Did ſhe invite you doe you ſay?
Arn. Moſt cunningly,
And with a preparation of that ſtate
I was brought in and welcom'd.
Zen. Seem'd to love you?
Arn. Moſt infinitly, at firſt ſight, moſt dotingly.
Zen. Shee is a goodly Lady;
Arn. Wondrous handſome;
At firſt view, being taken unprepar'd,
Your memory, not preſent then to aſſiſt me,
Shee ſeem'd ſo glorious ſweet, and ſo far ſtird me,
Nay be not jealous, there's no harme done.
Zen. Prethee—didſt thou not kiſſe *Arnoldo*?
Arn. Yes faith did I.
Zen. And then——
Arn. I durſt not, did not——
Zen. I forgive you,
Come tell the truth.
Arn. May be I lay with her.
Hip. He mocks me too, moſt baſely.
Zen. Did yee faith? did ye forget ſo far?
Arn. Come, come, no weeping;
I would have lyen firſt in my grave, beleeve that.
Why will you aske thoſe things you would not hea
Shee is too untemperate to betray my vertues
Too openly laſcivious: had ſhe dealt
But with that ſeeming modeſty ſhe might,
And flung a little Art upon her ardor,
But 'twas forgot, and I forgot to like her,
And glad I was deceiv'd. No my *Zenocia*,
My firſt love here begun, reſts here unreapt yet,
And here for ever.
Zen. You have made me happy,
Even in the midſt of bondage bleſt.
Zab. You ſee now
What rubs are in your way.
Hipo. And quickly *Zabulon*
I'le roote 'em out. —— Be ſure you do this preſently.
Zab. Doe not you alter then.
Hipo. I am reſolute. *Exit Z*
Arn. To ſee you only I came hither laſt,
Drawne by no love of hers, nor baſe allurements,
For by this holy light I hate her heartily.
Leop. I am glad of that you have ſav'd me ſo much
And ſo much feare (gea

From this hour, faire befall you.
Arn. Some meanes I ſhall make ſhortly to redeem you,
Till when, obſerve her well, and fit her temper,
Only her luſt contemn.
Zen. When ſhal I ſee you?
Arn. I will live here abouts, and bear her faire ſtil,
Till I can finde a fit houre to redeeme you.
Hyp. Shut all the dores;
Arn. Who's that?
Zen. We are betray'd,
The Lady of the houſe has heard our parley,
Seene us, and ſeen our Loves.
Hyp. You courteous Gallant,
You that ſcorn all I can beſtow, that laugh at
The afflictions, and the grones I ſuffer for you,
That ſlight and jeere my love, contemn the fortune,
My favours can fling on you, have I caught you?
Have I now found the cauſe? yee foole my wiſhes?
Is mine own ſlave, my bane? I nouriſh that
That ſucks up my content. I'le pray no more,
Nor wooe no more; thou ſhalt ſee fooliſh man,
And to thy bitter paine and anguiſh, looke on
The vengeance I ſhall take, provok'd and ſleighted;
Redeem her then, and ſteale her hence: ho *Zabulon*
Now to your worke.
Enter Zabulon and ſervants, ſome holding Arnoldo, ſome ready with a cord to ſtrangle Zenocia.
Arn. Lady, but heare me ſpeake firſt,
As you have pitty.
Hyp. I have none. You taught me,
When I even hung about your necke, you ſcorn'd me.
Zab. Shall we pluck yet?
Hyp. No, hold a little *Zabulon*,
I'le pluck his heart-ſtrings firſt: now am I worthy
A little of your love?
Arn. I'le be your ſervant,
Command me through what danger you ſhall aime at,
Let it be death.
Hyp. Be ſure Sir, I ſhall fit you.
Arn. But ſpare this Virgin;
Hyp. I would ſpare that villain firſt,
Had cut my Fathers throate.
Arn. Bounteous Lady,
If in your ſexe there be that noble ſoftneſſe,
That tenderneſſe of heart, women are crown'd for——
Zen. Kneele not *Arnoldo*, doe her not that honour,
She is not worthy ſuch ſubmiſſion,
I ſcorne a life depends upon her pitty.
Proud woman do thy worſt, and arme thy anger,
With thoughts as blacke as hell, as hot and bloody,
I bring a patience here, ſhall make 'em bluſh,
An innocence, ſhall outlook thee, and death too.
Arn. Make me your ſlave, I give my freedome to ye,
For ever to be fetterd to your ſervice;
'Twas I offended, be not ſo unjuſt then,
To ſtrike the innocent, this gentle maid,
Never intended feare and doubt againſt you:
Shee is your ſervant, pay not her obſervance
With cruell looks, her duteous faith with death.
Hyp. Am I faire now? now am I worth your liking?
Zen. Not faire, not to be liked, thou glorious Divell,
Thou verniſht piece of luſt, thou painted fury.
Arn. Speake gently ſweet, ſpeak gently;
Zen. I'le ſpeak nobly.
'Tis not the ſaving of a life I aime at,
Marke me laſcivious woman, mark me truly,
And then conſider, how I weigh thy angers.
Life is no longer mine, nor deare unto me,
Then uſefull to his honour, I preſerve it
If thou hadſt ſtudied all the courteſies
Humanity and noble blood, ar linkt too,
Thou couldſt not have propounded ſuch a benefit,
Nor heapt upon me ſuch unlookt for honour
As dying for his ſake, to be his Martyr,
'Tis ſuch a grace.
Hyp. You ſhall not want that favour,
Let your bones worke miracles.
Arn. Dear Lady
By thoſe faire eyes——
Hyp. There is but this way left ye
To ſave her life.——
Arn. Speake it, and I embrace it.
Hyp. Come to my private chamber preſently
And there, what love and I command——
Arn. I'le doe it,
Be comforted *Zenocia.*
Zen. Do not do this,
To ſave me, do not looſe your ſelfe I charge you,
I charge you by your love, that love you beare me;
That love, that conſtant love you have twin'd to me,
By all your promiſes, take heed you keep 'em,
Now is your conſtant tryall. If thou doſt this,
Or mov'ſt one foote, to guide thee to her luſt,
My curſes and eternall hate purſue thee.
Redeem me at the baſe price of diſloyalty?
Muſt my undoubted honeſty be thy bawd too?
Goe and intwine thy ſelfe about that body?
Tell her, for my life thou haſt loſt thine honour,
Pulld all thy vowes from heaven, baſely, moſt baſely
To add an hour to me that hate thee for it,
Stoop'd to the ſervile flames of that foule woman
Know thee againe, nor name thee for a husband.
Arn. What ſhall I doe to ſave her?
Hyp. How now, what haſt there?
Enter a Servant.
Ser. The Governour, attended with ſome Gentlemen,
Are newly entered, to ſpeake with your Ladiſhip.
Hyp. Poxe ô their buſineſſe, reprieve her for this hour,
I ſhall have other time.
Arn. Now fortune help us.
Hyp. I'le meete 'em preſently: retire a while all. *Exit.*
Zab. You riſe to day upon your right ſide Lady;
You know the danger too, and may prevent it,
And if you ſuffer her to periſh thus,
As ſhe muſt doe, and ſuddenly beleeve it,
Unleſſe you ſtand her friend; you know the way on't,
I gheſſe you poorely love her, leſſe your fortune.
Let her know nothing, and performe this matter,
There are hours ordained for ſeverall buſineſſes,
You underſtand.
Arn. I underſtand you bawd Sir,
And ſuch a Councellour I never car'd for.
Enter the Governour, Clodio, Leopold, Charino and Attendants at one doore, Hyppolita at the other.
Hyp. Your Lordſhip does me honour.
Gover. Faire *Hyppolita*,
I am come to eaſe you of a charge.
Hyp. I keepe none,
I count a burthen Sir: and yet I lye too.
Gover. Which is the maide; is ſhe here?
Clod. Yes Sir,
This is ſhe, this is *Zenocia*,
The very ſame I ſued to your Lordſhip for.
Zen. *Clodio* againe? more miſery? more ruine?
Under what angry ſtarre is my life govern'd.
Gover. Come hither maid, you are once more a free wo'(man

Here I diſcharge your bonds.
Arn. Another ſmile,
Another tricke of fortune to betray us!
Hyp. Why do's your Lordſhip uſe me ſo unnobly?
Againſt my will, to take away my bond-woman? (man:
Gov. She was no lawfull prize, therefore no bond-wo-
She's of that Countrey we hold friendſhip with,
And ever did, and therefore to be uſed
With entertainment, faire and courteous.
The breach of league in us gives foule example,
Therefore you muſt be pleas'd to think this honeſt;
Did you know what ſhe was?
Leop. Not till this inſtant;
For had I known her, ſhe had been no priſoner. (now,
Gover. There, take the maid, ſhe is at her owne diſpoſe
And if there be ought elſe to do your honour
Any poore ſervice in——
Clod. I am vowed your ſervant;
Arn. Your Father's here too, that's our only comfort,
And in a Countrey now, we ſtand free people,
Where *Clodio* has no power, be comforted.
Zen. I feare ſome trick yet.
Arn. Be not ſo dejected.
Gover. You muſt not be diſpleas'd; ſo farewell Lady.
Come Gentlemen; Captain, you muſt with me too,
I have a little buſineſſe.
Leop. I attend your Lordſhip:
Now my way's free, and my hopes. Lords againe.
Exeunt all but Hyp. & Zab.
Hyp. Dy'e jeere me now ye are going?
I may live yet ——to make you howle both.
Zab. You might have done; you had power then,
But now the chaines are off, the command loſt,
And ſuch a ſtory they will make of this
To laugh out lazie time.
Hyp. No meanes yet left me?
For now I burſt with anger: none to ſatisfie me?
No comfort? no revenge?
Zab. You ſpeake too late;
You might have had all theſe, your uſefull ſervants
Had you been wiſe, and ſuddain; What power, or will
Over her beauty, have you now? by violence
To conſtrain his love; ſhe is as free as you are,
And no law can impeach her liberty,
And whilſt ſhe is ſo, *Arnoldo* will deſpiſe you.
Hyp. Either my love or anger muſt be ſatisfied,
Or I muſt dye.
Zab. I have a way woo'd do it,
Woo'd do it yet, protect me from the Law.
Hyp. From any thing; thou knoweſt what power I have
What money, and what friends.
Zab. 'Tis a divelliſh one:
But ſuch muſt now be us'd: walke in, I'le tell you;
And if you like it, if the Divell can doe any thing.
Hyp. Divell, or what thou wilt, ſo I be ſatisfied. *Exeunt.*
Enter Sulpitia, Jaques.
Sulp. This is the rareſt, and the luſtieſt fellow,
And ſo beſtirs himſelfe—
Jaq. Give him breath Miſtris
You'l melt him elſe.
Sulp. He does perform ſuch wonders—
The women are mad on him.
Jaq. Give him breath I ſay;
The man is but a man, he muſt have breath.
Sulp. How many had he yeſterday?
And they paid bravely too.
Jaq. About fourteene.
But ſtill I cry give breath, ſpare him and have him.
Sulp. Five Dames to day; this was a ſmall ſtage
He may endure five more.
Jaq. Breath, breath I cry ſtill;
Body ô me give breath, the man's a loſt man elſe.
Feede him and give him breath. *Enter 2. Gentlewome*
Sulp. Welcome Gentlewomen,
Y'are very welcome. (fello
1 *Gen.* We heare you have a luſty & wel-complexion
That does rare tricks, my ſiſter and my ſelfe here,
Would trifle out an houre or two ſo, pleaſe you.
Sulp. *Jaques*, conduct 'em in.
Both. There's for your courteſie. *Exeunt Jaqu. and Ge*
Sulp. Good pay ſtil, good round pay, this happy fello
Will ſet me up againe; he brings in gold
Faſter then I have leiſure to receive it.
O that his body were not fleſh and fading;
But I'le ſo papp him up —nothing too deare for him;
What a ſweee ſent he has?—Now what newes *Jaques?*
Jaq. He cannot laſt, I pitty the poor man
I ſuffer for him; two coaches of young City dames,
And they drive as the Divell were in the wheeles,
Are ready now to enter: and behind theſe
An old dead-palſied Lady in a litter,
And ſhe makes all the haſt ſhe can: the man's loſt,
You may gather up his dry bones to make nine-pins,
But for his fleſh.
Sulp. Theſe are but eaſie labours,
Yet, for I know he muſt have reſt. (ſent
Jaq. He muſt:—you'l beate him off his leggs elſe p
Sulp. Goe in, and bid him pleaſe himſelfe, I am plea
To morrow's a new day; but if he can (to
I would have him take pity ô the old Lady.
Alas 'tis charity.
Jaq. I'le tell him all this
And if he be not too fool-hardy.
Enter Zabulon.
Sulp. How now?
What newes with you?
Zab. You muſt preſently
Shew all the art you have, and for my Lady.
Sulp. She may command.
Zab. You muſt not dream nor trifle.
Sulp. Which way?
Zab. A ſpell you muſt prepare, a powerfull one,
Peruſe but theſe directions, you ſhall find all;
There is the picture too, be quicke, and Faithfull,
And do it with that ſtrength ——When 'tis perform'd
Pitch your reward at what you pleaſe, you have it.
Sulp. Ile do my beſt, and ſuddainly: but hark ye,
Will you never lye at home againe?
Zab. Excuſe me,
I have too much buſineſſe yet.
Sulp. I am right glad on't.
Zab. Think on your buſineſſe, ſo farewell.
Sulp. I'le do it.
Zab. Within this houre I'le viſit you againe
And give you greater lights.
Sulp. I ſhall obſerve ye;
This brings a brave reward, bravely I'le do it
And all the hidden art I have, expreſs in't. *Ex. at both do*
Enter Rutillio with a night-cap.
Rut. Now do I look as if I were Crow-trodden,
Fy how my hams ſhrinke under me; ô me,
I am broken-winded too; Is this a life?
Is this the recreation I have aim'd at,
I had a body once, a handſome body,
And wholſome too. Now I appeare like a raſcall
That had been hung a yeare or two in gibbets.

Fye how I faint; Women? keep me from women;
Place me before a Cannon, 'tis a pleaſure;
Stretch me upon a rack, a recreation;
But women? women? ô the Divell! women?
Curtius gulfe was never halfe ſo dangerous.
Is there no way to finde the trap-dore againe,
And fall into the Cellar, and be taken?
No lucky fortune to direct me that way?
No galleys to be got, nor yet no gallows?
For I feare nothing now, no earthly thing
But theſe unſatisfied Men-leeches, women.
How divelliſhly my bones ake: ô the old Lady!
I have a kind of waiting-woman, lyes croſſe my back too,
O how ſhe ſtings! no treaſon to deliver me?
Now what are you? do you mock me?
Enter 3. with night-caps very faintly.
1. No Sir, no,
We were your Predeceſſors in this place,
2. And come to ſee you beare up.
Rut. Good Gentlemen;
You ſeem to have a ſnuffing in your head Sir,
A parlous ſnuffing, but this ſame dampiſh aire——
2. A dampiſh aire indeed.
Rut. Blow your face tenderly,
Your noſe will ne're endure it: mercy ô me,
What are men change'd to here? is my noſe faſt yet?
Mee thinks it ſhakes it'h hilts: pray tell me Gentlemen,
How long is't ſince you flouriſht here?
3. Not long ſince.
Rut. Move your ſelfe eaſily, I ſee you are tender,
Nor long endured.
2. The labour was ſo much Sir
And ſo few to perform it.——
Rut. Muſt I come to this?
And draw my legs after me like a lame dog?
I cannot run away, I am too feeble:
Will you ſue for this place againe Gentlemen? (plexions.
1. No truly ſir, the place has been too warm for our com-
2. We have enough on't, reſt you merry ſir,
We came but to congratulate your fortune,
You have abundance.
3. Beare your fortune ſoberly,
And ſo we leave you to the next faire Lady. *Exit the 3.*
Rut. Stay but a little, and I'le meet you Gentlemen,
At the next Hoſpitall: ther's no living thus,
Nor am I able to endure it longer,
With all the helps and heates that can be given me,
I am at my trot already; they are faire and young
Moſt of the women that repaire unto me,
But they ſtick on like burs, ſhake me like feathers.
Enter Sulpitia.
More women yet?
Would I were honeſtly married,
To any thing that had but halfe a face,
And not a groate to keep her, nor a ſmocke,
That I might be civilly merry when I pleaſed,
Rather then labouring in theſe fulling mills.
Sulp. By this the ſpell begins to worke: you are luſty,
I ſee you beare up bravely yet.
Rut. Doe you heare Lady,
Do not make a game-beare of me, to play me hourly,
And fling on all your whelps; it will not hold;
Play me with ſome diſcretion; to day one courſe,
And two dayes hence another.
Sulp. If you be ſo angry
Pay backe the money I redeem'd you at
And take your courſe; I can have men enough: (hither,
You have loſt me an hundred crowns ſince you came
In broths and ſtrengthning caudles; till you do pay me,
If you will eate and live, you ſhall endeavour,
I'le chain you to't elſe.
Rut. Make me a dog-kennel,
I'le keep your houſe and bark, and feed on bare bones,
And be whipt out a dores,
Doe you mark me Lady? whipt,
I'le eate old ſhoes. *Enter Duart.*
Dua. In this houſe, I am told
There is a ſtranger, of a goodly perſon,
And ſuch a one there was; if I could ſee him,
I yet remember him.
Sulp. Your buſineſſe Sir,
If it be for a woman, ye are cozend,
I keepe none here. *Exit.*
Dua. Certain this is the Gentleman,
The very ſame.
Rut. Death, if I had but money,
Or any friend to bring me from this bondage,
I would thraſh, ſet up a Coblers ſhop, keepe hogs,
And feede with 'em, ſell tinder boxes,
And Knights of Ginger-bread, thatch for three
Halfe pence a day, and thinke it Lordly,
From this baſe ſtallion trade: Why does he ey me,
Eye me ſo narrowly?
Dua. It ſeemes you are troubled Sir,
I heard you ſpeak of want;
Rut. 'Tis better hearing
Far, then releiving Sir.
Dua. I do not think ſo, you know me not.
Rut. Not yet that I remember.
Dua. You ſhall, and for your friend: I am beholding to
Greatly beholding Sir, If you remember, (yee
You fought with ſuch a man, they cal'd *Duart*,
A proud diſtemper'd man: he was my enemie,
My mortall foe, you ſlew him fairly, nobly.
Rut. Speake ſoftly Sir, you do not meane to betray me
I wiſht the Gallows, now th'are comming fairely.
Dua. Be confident, for as I live, I love you,
And now you ſhall perceive it: for that ſervice
Me, and my purſe command: there, take it to ye,
'Tis gold, and no ſmall ſum, a thouſaud duckets,
Supply your want.
Rut. But do you do this faithfully?
Dua. If I mean ill, ſpit in my face and kicke me,
In what elſe I may ſerve you, Sir——
Rut. I thanke you,
This is as ſtrange to me as Knights adventure.
I have a project, 'tis an honeſt one,
And now I'le tempt my fortune.
Dua. Truſt me with it.
Rut. You are ſo good and honeſt I muſt truſt ye,
'Tis but to carry a letter to a Lady
That ſav'd my life once.
Dua. That will be moſt thankfull,
I will do't with all care.
Rut. Where are you, white-broth?
Now luſty blood,
Come in, and tell your money:
'Tis ready here, no threats, nor no orations,
Nor prayers now.
Sulp. You do not meane to leave me——
Rut. I'le live in hell ſooner then here, and cooler.
Come quickly come, diſpatch, this ayers unwholſome:
Quickly good Lady, quickly to't.
Sulp. Well, ſince it muſt be,
The next, I'le fetter faſter ſure, and cloſer. (take ye.
Rut. And picke his bones, as y'ave done mine, poxe

Dua. At my lodging for a while, you ſhall be quarterd,
And there take phyſick for your health.
Rut. I thanke ye
I have found my Angel now too, if I can keepe him.
Exeunt omnes.

Actus quinti, Scæna Prima.

Enter Rutillio and Duart.

Rut. You like the Letter.
Dua. Yes, but I muſt tell you,
You tempt a deſperate hazard, to ſollicite
The mother, (and the grieved one too, 'tis rumord)
Of him you ſlew ſo lately.
Rut. I have told you
Some proofes of her affection, and I know not
A neerer way to make her ſatisfaction
For a loſt Sonne, then ſpeedily to help her
To a good husband; one that will beget
Both ſons and daughters, if ſhe be not barren.
I have had a breathing now, and have recovered
What I loſt in my late ſervice, 'twas a hot one:
It fir'd and fir'd me; but all thanks to you Sir,
You have both freed and cool'd me.
Dua. What is done Sir
I thought well done, and was in that rewarded,
And therefore ſpare your thanks.
Rut. I'le no more whoring:
This fencing twixt a paire of ſheets, more weares one
Then all the exerciſe in the world beſides.
To be drunk with good Canary, a meere Julip
Or like gourd-water to't; twenty ſurfets
Come ſhort of one nights work there. If I get this Lady
As ten to one I ſhall; I was ne're denied yet,
I will live wondrous honeſtly; walk before her
Gravely, and demurely
And then inſtruct my family; you are ſad,
What do you muſe on Sir?
Dua. Truth I was thinking
What courſe to take for the delivery of your letter,
And now I have it: but faith did this Lady
(For do not gull your ſelfe) for certain know,
You kild her ſonne?
Rut. Give me a booke, I'le ſwear't;
Denyed me to the Officers, that purſued me,
Brought me her ſelfe to'th dore, then gave me gold
To beare my charges, and ſhall I make doubt then
But that ſhe lov'd me? I am confident
Time having tane her griefe off, that I ſhall be
Moſt welcome to her: for then to have wooed her
Had been unſeaſonable.
Dua. well Sir, there's more money,
To make you handſome; I'le about your buſineſſe:
You know where you muſt ſtay.
Rut. There you ſhall finde me:
Would I could meete my brother now, to know,
Whither the Jew, his Genius, or my Chriſtian,
Has prov'd the better friend. *Exit.*
Dua. O who would truſt
Deceiving woman! or beleeve that one
The beſt, and moſt canoniz'd ever was
More then a ſeeming goodneſſe! I could raile now
Againſt the ſexe, and curſe it; but the theame
And way's too common: yet that *Guiomar*
My mother; (nor let that forbid her to be
The wonder of our nation) ſhe that was
Mark'd out the great example, for all Matrons
Both wife and Widow; ſhee that in my breeding
Expreſt the utmoſt of a mothers care,
And tenderneſſe to a ſonne; ſhe that yet faines
Such ſorrow for me; good God, that this mother,
After all this, ſhould give up to a ſtranger,
The wreake ſhe owed her ſonne; I feare her honour.
That he was ſav'd, much joyes me, and grieve only
That ſhe was his preſerver. I'le try further,
And by this Engine, find whether the teares,
Of which, ſhe is ſo prodigall, are for me,
Or us'd to cloake her baſe hypocriſy. *Exi*

Enter Hypolita and Sulpitia.

Hyp. Are you aſſur'd the charme prevailes?
Sulp. Do I live?
Or you ſpeake to me? Now, this very inſtant
Health takes its laſt leave of her; maugre paleneſſe
Like winter, nips the Roſes and the lillies,
The Spring that youth, and love adorn'd her face with,
To force affection, is beyond our art,
For I have prov'd all meanes that hell has taught me,
Or the malice of a woman, which exceeds it,
To change *Arnoldoe's* love, but to no purpoſe:
But for your bond-woman.
Hyp. Let her pine and dye;
She remov'd; which like a brighter ſun,
Obſcures my beames, I may ſhine out againe,
And as I have been, be admir'd and ſought to:
How long has ſhe to live?
Sulp. Lady, before
The Sun twice riſe and ſet, be confident,
She is but dead; I know my Charme hath found her
Nor can the Governours guard; her lovers teares;
Her Fathers ſorrow, or his power that freed her,
Defend her from it.

Enter Zabulon.

Zab. All things have ſucceeded,
As you could wiſh; I ſaw her brought ſick home;
The image of pale death, ſtampt on her fore-head.
Let me adore this ſecond Hecate,
This great Commandreſſe, of the fatall ſiſters,
That as ſhe pleaſes, can cut ſhort, or lengthen
The threed of life.
Hip. Where was ſhe, when the inchantment
Firſt ceas'd upon her.
Zab. Taking the freſh aire,
In the company of the Governour, and Count *Clodio*
Arnoldo too, was preſent with her Father,
When, in a moment (ſo the ſervants told me)
As ſhe was giving thanks to the Governour,
And *Clodio*, for her unexpected freedome,
As if ſhe had been blaſted, ſhe ſunk down,
To their amazement.
Hyp. 'Tis thy maſter-piece
Which I will ſo reward, that thou ſhalt fixe here,
And with the hazard of thy life, no more
Make tryall of thy powerfull Art; which known
Our Lawes call death: off with this Magicall robe,
And be thy ſelfe.

Enter Governour, Clodio, and Charino.

Sulp. Stand cloſe, you ſhall heare more.
Go: Man. You muſt have patience; all rage is vain now,
And piety forbids, that we ſhould queſtion
What is decreed above, or aske a reaſon
Why heaven determines this or that way of us.
Clod. Heaven has no hand in't; 'tis a work of hell.
Her life hath been ſo innocent, all her actions

So free from the ſuſpition of crime,
As rather ſhe deſerves a Saints place here,
Then to endure, what now her ſweetененeſſe ſuffers.
Charin. Not for her fault, but mine Sir; *Zenocia* ſuffers,
The ſin I made, when I ſought to raſe downe
Arnoldos love, built, on a Rock of truth,
Now to the height is puniſh'd. I profeſſe,
Had he no birth, nor parts, the preſent ſorrowes
He now expreſſes for her, does deſerve her
Above all Kings, though ſuch had been his riuals.
Clod. All Ancient ſtories, of the love of husbands
To vertuous wives, be now no more remembred.
Char. The tales of *Turtles*, ever be forgotten,
Or, for his ſake beleev'd.
Man. I have heard, there has been
Betweene ſome married paires, ſuch ſympathy,
That th' husband, has felt really, the throwes
His wife then teeming ſuffers, this true griefe,
Confirms, 'tis not impoſſible.
Clod. Wee ſhall finde
Fit time for this hereafter; lets' uſe now
All poſſible meanes to help her.
Man. Care, nor coſt,
Nor what Phyſitians can do, ſhall be wanting;
Make uſe of any meanes, or men.
Char. You are noble. *Exeunt. Man. Clod. Charino.*
Sulp. Ten Colledges of Doctors ſhall not ſave her.
Her fate is in your hand.
Hipo. Can I reſtore her ?
Sulp. If you command my Art.
Hip. I'le dye my ſelfe firſt.
And yet I'le goe viſit her, and ſee
This miracle of ſorrow in *Arnoldo* :
And 'twere for me, I ſhould change places with her,
And dye moſt happy, ſuch a lovers teares,
Were a rich monument, but too good for her;
Whoſe miſery I glory in: come *Sulpitia*,
You ſhall a long with me, good *Zabulon*
Be not farr off.
Zab. I will attend you Madam. *Exeunt*
Enter Duarte. and a Servant
Ser. I have ſerv'd you, from my youth, and ever
You have found me faithfull: that you lives a treaſure
I'le locke up here; nor ſhall it be let forth,
But when you give me warrant.
Dua. I rely,
Vpon thy faith; nay, no more proteſtations,
Too many of them, will call that in queſtion,
Which now I doubt not, ſhe is there.
Ser. Alone too
But take it on my life your entertainment,
Appearing as you are, will bee but courſe
For the diſpleaſure, I ſhall undergoe;
I am prepar'd.
Dua. Leave me, I'le ſtand the hazard. *Exit Servant.*
The ſilence that's obſerv'd, her cloſe retirements
No viſitance admitted, not the day;
Theſe ſable colours, all ſignes of true ſorrow,
Or hers is deeply counterfeit. I'le looke neerer,
Manners give leave—ſhe ſits upon the ground;
By heaven ſhe weepes; my picture in her hand too;
She kiſſes it and weepes againe.
Enter Guiomart.
Guio. Whoſe there?
Dua. There is no ſtarting back now Madam.
Guio. Ha, another murderer, I'le not protect thee,
Though I have no more Sonnes.
Dua. Your pardon Lady,
Ther's no ſuch foule fact taints me
Guio. What makes thou here then ?
Where are my Servants, do none but my ſorrowes
Attend upon me ? ſpeake, what brought thee hither ?
Dua. A will, to give you comfort.
Guio. Thou art but a man.
And 'tis beyond a humane reach to do it
If thou could raiſe the dead out of their graues.
Bid time run back, make me now what I was,
A happy Mother: gladly I would heare thee,
But that's impoſſible.
Dua. Pleaſe you but to read this;
You ſhall know better there, why I am ſent
Then if I ſhould deliver it
Guio. From whom comes it?
Dua. That will inſtruct you; I ſuſpect this ſtranger,
Yet ſhe ſpake ſomething, that holds ſuch alliance,
With his reports I know not what to thinke on't;
What a frown was ther?ſhe looks me through, & through,
Now reades againe, now pauſes, and now ſmiles;
And yet there's more of anger in't then mirth,
Theſe are ſtrange changes; oh I underſtand it
She's full of ſerious thoughts.
Guio. You are juſt you Heavens,
And never do forget to heare their prayers,
That truly pay their vowes, the defer'd vengeance,
For you, and my words ſake ſo long defer'd,
Under which as a mountaine, my heart groanes yet
When 'twas diſpair'd of, now is offerd to me;
And if I looſe it, I am both wayes guilty,
The womans maske, diſſimulation help me;
Come hither freind, I am ſure you know the Gentleman,
That ſent theſe charms.
Duar. Charms Lady?
Guio. Theſe charms;
I well may call them ſo, th'ave won upon me,
More then ere letter did; thou art his freind,
(The confidence he has in thee, confirmes it)
And therefore I'le be open breaſted to thee,
To heare of him, though yet, I never ſaw him,
Was moſt deſir'd of all men; let me bluſh,
And then I'le ſay I love him.
Dua. All men ſee,
In this a womans vertue.
Guio. I expected
For the courteſie I did, long ſince to have ſeene him,
And though I then forbad it, you men know,
Betweene our harts and tongues, there's a large diſtance;
But I'le excuſe him, may be hitherto,
He has forborne it, in reſpect my Sonne
Fell by his hand.
Dua. And reaſon Lady.
Guio. No, he did me a pleaſure in't, a riotous fellow,
And with that inſolent, not worth the owning;
I have indeed kept a long ſolemne ſorrow,
For my freinds ſake partly; but eſpecially
For his long abſence.
Dua. O the Devill!
Guio. Therefore,
Bid him bee ſpeedy; a Preiſt ſhall be ready
To tye the holy knot; this kiſſe I ſend him,
Deliver that and bring him.
Dua. I am dumbe:
A good cauſe I have now, and a good ſword,
And ſomething I ſhall do, I wait upon you. *Exeunt.*
Enter Mannuel. Charino. Arnoldo. Zenocia, borne in a chaire.
2. *Doctors. Clodio.*
Doct. Give her more ayre ſhee dyes elſe.

Arn. O thou dread power,
That mad'ſt this all, and of thy workemanſhip,
This virgin wife, the Maſter peice, looke downe on her;
Let her minds virtues, cloth'd in this faire garment,
That worthily deſerves, a better name
Then fleſh and bloud, now ſue, and prevaile for her.
Or if thoſe are denyed, let innocence,
To which, all paſſages in heaven ſtand open,
Appeare in her white robe, before thy throne;
And mediate for her: or If this age of ſinne,
Be worthy of a miracle, the Sun
In his diurnall progreſſe never ſaw,
So ſweete a ſubject to imploy it on. (meanes,
Man. Wonders are ceaſ'd Sir, we muſt worke by
Arno. 'Tis true and ſuch reverend Phyſitians are;
To you——thus low I fall then; ſo may you ever
Be ſtil'd the hands of heaven, natures reſtorers;
Get wealth and honours.; and by your ſucceſſe,
In all your undertakings, propagate
Your great opinion in the world, as now
You uſe your ſaving Art; for know good Gentlemen:
Beſides the fame, and all that I poſſeſs,
For a reward, poſterity ſhall ſtand
Indebted to you, for(as heaven forbid it)
Should my *Zenocia* dye, robbing this age,
Of all that's good or gracefull, times ſucceeding,
The ſtory of her pure life not yet perfect,
Will ſuffer in the want of her example.
Doct. Were all the world to periſh with her, wee
Can do no more; then what art and experience
Gives us aſſurance of, we have uſ'd all meanes
To finde the cauſe of her diſeaſe, yet cannot;
How ſhould we then, promiſe the cure?
Arn. Away,
I did bely you, when I charg'd you with
The power of doing; yee are meere names only,
And even your beſt perfection, accidentall;
What ever malady thou art, or ſpirit,
As ſome hold, all diſeaſes that afflict us,
As love, already makes me ſenſible
Of halfe her ſufferings, eaſe her of her part,
And let me ſtand the butt, of thy fell malice,
And I will ſweare th'art mercifull.
Doct. Your hand Lady;
What a ſtrange heat is heare? bring ſome warme water.
Arn. She ſhall uſe nothing that is yours; my ſorrow,
Provides her of a better bath, my teares,
Shall do that office.
Zeno. O my beſt *Arnoldo!*
The trueſt of all lovers! I would live
Were heaven ſo pleaſ'd, but to reward your ſorrow,
With my true ſervice; but ſince that's denied me,
May you live long and happy: do not ſuffer,
(By your affection to me I conjure you)
My ſickneſſe to infect you; though much love
Makes you too ſubject to it.
Arn. In this onely
Zenocia Wrongs her ſervant; can the body
Subſiſt, the ſoule departed? 'tis as eaſy
As I to live without you; I am your husband,
And long have been ſo, though our adverſe fortune,
Banding us, from one hazard to another,
Would never grant me ſo much happineſſe,
As to pay a husbands debt; deſpite of fortune,
In death I'le follow you, and guarde mine owne;
And there enjoy what heere my fate forbids me.
Clod. So true a ſorrow, and ſo feelingly
Expreſt, I never read of.
Man. I am ſtrooke
With wonder to behold it, as with pitty
Char. If you that are a ſtranger, ſuffer for them,
Being tied no further then humanity
Leades you to ſoft compaſſion; thinke great Sir,
What of neceſſity I muſt endure,
That am a Father?
Hypolita. Zabulon and Sulpitia at the dore.
Hyp *Zab.* Waite me there, I hold it
Unfit to have you ſeene; as I finde cauſe,
You ſhall proceed,
Man. You are welcome Lady.
Hypo. Sir, I come to do a charitable office,
How does the patient?
Clod. You may enquire
Of more then one; for two are ſick, and deadly,
He languiſhes in her, her healths, deſpaird of,
And in hers, his.
Hypo. 'Tis a ſtrange ſpectacle,
With what a patience, they ſit unmov'd?
Are they not dead already?
Doct. By her pulſe,
She cannot laſt a day.
Arn. Oh by that ſummons,
I know my time too!
Hypo. Looke to the man.
Clod. Apply
Your Art, to ſave the Lady, preſerve her,
A towne is your reward.
Hypo. I'le treble it,
In ready gold, if you reſtore *Arnoldo*;
For in his death I dye too.
Clod. without her,
I am no more.
Arn. Are you there Madam? now
You may feaſt on my miſeries; my coldneſſe
In anſwering your affections; or hardneſſe,
Give it what name you pleaſe, you are reveng'd of;
For now you may perceive, our thred of life
Was ſpun together, and the poore *Arnoldo*,
Made only to enjoy the beſt *Zenocia*,
And not to ſerve the uſe of any other;
And in that ſhe may equall, my Lord *Clodio*,
Had long ſince elſe enjoyed her, nor could I
Have been ſo blinde, as not to ſee your great
And many excellencies farr, farr beyond
Or my deſervings, or my hopes; we are now
Going our lateſt journey, and together,
Our onely comfort we deſire, pray give it
Your charitie to our aſhes, ſuch wee muſt be,
And not to curſe our memoryes.
Hypo. I am much mov'd.
Clod. I am wholly overcome, all love to women,
Farewell for ever, ere you dye, your pardon;
And yours Sir; had ſhe many yeares to live,
Perhaps I might looke on her, as a Brother,
But as a lover never; and ſince all
Your ſad misfortunes, had originall
From the barbarous cuſtome practiz'd in my Countrey;
Heaven witneſſe, for your ſake I here releaſe it;
So to your memory, chaſt Wives and Virgins
Shall ever pay their vowes. I give her to you;
And wiſh, ſhe were ſo now, as when my luſt
Forc'd you; to quite the Countrey.
Hypo. It is in vaine,
To ſtrive with deſtiny, here my dotage ends,
Looke up *Zenocia*, health in me ſpeakes to you;
She giues him to you, that by divers wayes,

So long has kept him from you: and repent not,
That you were once my ſervant,for which health
In recompence of what I made you ſuffer,
The hundred thouſand Crownes, the Citie owes me,
Shall be your dower.
Man. 'Tis a magnificent guift,
Had it beene timely given.
Hypo. It is beleeve it *Sulpitia*?

Enter. a Servant. and Sulpitia.

Sulp. Madam
Hyp. Quicke, undoe the charme;
Aske not a reaſon why; let it ſuffice,
It is my will.
Sulp. Which I obey and gladly. *Exit.*
Man. Is to be married ſayeſt thou?
Ser. So ſhe ſayes ſir,
And does deſire your preſence.
Man. And tell her I'le come.
They are borne off in chaires
Hyp. Pray carry them to their reſt;for though already,
They do appeare as dead, let my life pay for't,
If they recover not.
Man. What you have warranted,
Aſſure your ſelfe, will be expected from you;
Looke to them carefully; and till the tryall,
Hypo. Which ſhall not be above foure howers.
Man. Let me
Intreate your companies: there is ſomething
Of waight, invites me hence.
All. weell waite upon you. *Exeunt.*

Enter. Guiomar. and Servants.

Guio. You underſtand what my directions are,
And what they guide you to; the faithfull promiſe,
You have made me all.
All. We do and will performe it.
Guio. The Governour will not faile to be here preſently
Retire a while,till you ſhall finde occaſion,
And bring me word, when they arrive.
All. Wee ſhall Madam.
Guio. Onely ſtay you to entertaine;
1. *Ser.* I am ready
Guio. I wonder at the bold, and practis'd malice,
Men ever haue a foote, againſt our honours,
That nothing we can do,never ſo verteous,
No ſhape put on ſo pious, no not thinke
What a good is, be that good ne're ſo noble,
Never ſo Laden with admir'd example,
But ſtill we end in luſt;our aimes our actions,
Nay, even our charities, with luſt are branded;
Why ſhould this ſtranger elſe, this wretched ſtranger,
Whoſe life I ſav'd at what deare price, ſtick here yet?
Why ſhould he hope, he was not here an hower,
And certainly in that time, I may ſweare it
I gave him no looſe looke, I had no reaſon;
Unleſſe my teares were flames, my curſes courtſhips;
The killing of my Sonne, a kindneſſe to me,
Why ſhould he ſend to me, or with what ſafety
(Examining the ruine he had wrought me)
Though at that time, my pious pitty found him,
And my word fixt; I am troubled, ſtrongly troubled.

Enter. a Servant.

Ser. The Gentlemen are come,
Guio. Then bid 'em welcome——I muſt retire. *Exit.*

Enter. Rutillio. and Duarte.

You are welcome home Gentlemen.
Rut. I thank you freind, I would ſpeak with your Lady.
Ser. I'le let her underſtand. *Exit.*
Rut. It ſhall befit you,
How do I looke Sir,in this handſome trim? *Exit. Servant.*
Me thinks I am woundrous brave.
Duar. You are very decent.
Rut. Theſe by themſelves, without more helps of nature,
Would ſet a woman hard; I know 'em all,
And where their firſt aimes light; I'le lay my head on't,
I'le take her eye, as ſoone as ſhe lookes on me,
And if I come to ſpeake once, woe be to her,
I have her in a nooze, ſhe cannot ſcape me;
I have their ſeverall laſts.
Dua. You are throughly ſtudied,
But tel me Sir, being unacquainted with her,
As you confeſſe you are——
Rut. That's not an howers worke,
I'le make a nun forget her beades in two houres.
Dua. She being ſet in yeares next, none of thoſe luſters
Appearing in her eye,, that warme the fancy;
Nor nothing in her face, but handſome ruines.
Rut. I love old ſtoryes;thoſe live beleev'd,Authentique,
When 20. of your moderne faces, are cald in,
For new opinion paintings, and corruptions,
Give me an old confirm'd face; beſides ſhe ſav'd me,
She ſav'd my life, have I not cauſe to love her?
Shee's rich and of a conſtant ſtate, a faire one
Have I not cauſe to wooe her? I have tryed ſufficient,
All your young Phillies, I thinke this back has tryed 'em,
And ſmarted for it too: they run away with me,
Take bitt betweene the teeth,and play the Divels;
A ſtaied pace now becomes my yeares; a ſure one,
Where I may ſit and cracke no girthes.
Dua. How miſerable,
If my Mother ſhould confirme, what I ſuſpect now,
Beyond all humane cure were my condition?
Then I ſhall wiſh, this body had been ſo too,
Here comes the Lady Sir.

Enter. Guiomar.

Rut. Excellent Lady,
To ſhew I am a creature, bound to your ſervice,
And onely yours——
Guio. Keepe at that diſtance Sir;
For if you ſtirr——
Rut. I am obedient,
She has found already, I am for her turne;
With what a greedy hawkes eye ſhe beholds me?
Marke how ſhe muſters all my parts.
Guio. A goodly Gentleman,
Of a more manly ſet, I never look'd on.
Rut. Marke, marke her eye ſtill; marke but the carriage of 'em
Guio. How happy am I now; ſince my Sonne fell,
He fell not, by a baſe unnoble hand?
As that ſtill troubled me; how farr more happy
Shall my revenge be, ſince the ſacrifice,
I offer to his grave, ſhall be both worthy,
A Sonnes untimely loſſe, and a Mothers ſorrow?
Rut. Sir, I am made beleeve it; ſhe is mine owne,
I told you what a ſpell I carried with me,
All this time does ſhe ſpend, in contemplation,
Of that unmatch'd delight: I ſhall be thankfull to yee;
And if you pleaſe to know my houſe, to uſe it;
To take it for your owne.
Guio. Who waites without there?

Enter. Guard. and Servants. they ſeize upon Rut. & bind him.

Rut. How now? what meanes this, Lady?
Guio. Binde him faſt.
Rut. Are theſe the bride-laſes you prepare for me?
The colours that you give?
Dua. Fy gentle Lady,
This is not noble dealing.
Guio. Be you ſatiſfied,

It ſeemes you are a ſtranger to this meaning,
You ſhall not be ſo long.
Rut. Do you call this wooing——Is there no end of womens perſecutions?
Muſt I needs foole into mine owne deſtruction?
Have I not had faire warnings, and enough too?
Still pick the Divells teeth? you are not mad Lady;
Do I come fairely, and like a Gentleman,
To offer you that honour?
Guio. You are deceiv'd Sir
You come beſotted, to your owne deſtruction:
I ſent not for you; what honour can ye add to me,
That brake that ſtaffe of honour, my age lean'd on?
That robd me of that right, made me a Mother?
Heare me thou wretched man, heare me with terrour,
And let thine owne bold folly ſhake thy ſoule,
Heare me pronounce thy death, that now hangs o're thee,
Thou deſperate foole; who bad thee ſeeke this ruine?
What mad unmanly fate, made thee diſcover
Thy curſed face to me againe? waſt not enough
To have the faire protection of my houſe,
When miſery and juſtice, clooſe perſued thee?
When thine owne bloudy ſword, cryed out againſt thee,
Hatcht in the life of him? yet I forgave thee;
My hoſpitable word, even when I ſaw
The goodlieſt branch of all my blood, lopt from me,
Did I not Seale ſtill to thee?
Rut. I am gon.
Guio. And when thou went'ſt to Impe thy miſerie,
Did I not give thee meanes? but harke ungratefull,
Was it not thus? to hide thy face and fly me?
To keep thy name for ever from my memory?
Thy curſed blood and kindred; did I not ſweare then
If ever, (in this wretched life thou haſt left me,
Short and unfortunate,) I ſaw thee againe,
Or came but to the knowledge, where thou wanderdſt,
To call my vowe back, and purſue with vengance
With all the miſeryes a Mother ſuffers?
Rut. I was borne to be hang'd, there's no auoyding it. (here?
Guio. And dar'ſt thou with this impudence appeare
Walke like the winding ſheete my Sonne was put in,
Stand with thoſe wounds?
Dua. I am happy now againe;
Happy the hower I fell, to finde a Mother,
So pious good, and excellent in ſorrowes.

Enter. a Servant.

Ser. The Governours come in.
Guio. O let him enter.
Rut. I have fool'd my ſelfe a faire thred of all my fortunes,
This ſtrikes me moſt; not that I feare to periſh,
But that this unmanerly boldneſſe, has brought me to it.

Enter. Governour. Clodio. Charino.

Gov. Are theſe fit preparaions for a wedding Lady?
I came prepar'd a gueſt.
Guio. O give me juſtice;
As ever you will leave a vertuous name,
Do juſtice, juſtice, Sir.
Gou. You need not aske it,
I am bound to it.
Guio. Iuſtice upon this man
That kild my Sonne.
Gove. Do you confeſſe the act?
Rut. Yes Sir.
Clod. *Rutillio?*
Char. 'Tis the ſame.
Clod. How fell he thus?
Here will be ſorrow for the good *Arnoldo*.
Gover. Take heed Sir what you ſay.
Rut. I have weigh'd it well,
I am the man, nor is it life I ſtart at;
Onely I am unhappy I am poore,
Doore in expence of lives, there I am wretched,
That I have not two lives lent me for his ſacrifice;
One for her Sonne, another for her ſorrowes.
Excellent Lady, now rejoyce againe,
For though I cannot thinke, y'are pleas'd in blood,
Nor with that greedy thirſt purſue your vengeance;
The tenderneſſe, even in thoſe teares denies that;
Yet let the world beleeve, you lov'd *Duarte*;
The unmatcht courteſies you have done my miſeries,
Without this forfeite to the law, would charge me
To tender you this life, and proudt'would pleaſe you.
Guio. Shall I have juſtice?
Gou. Yes.
Rut. I'le aske it for ye,
I'le follow it my ſelfe, againſt my ſelfe.
Sir, 'Tis moſt fit I dye; diſpatch it quickly,
The monſtrous burthen of that griefe ſhe labours with
Will kill her elſe, then blood on blood lyes on me;
Had I a thouſand liues, I'd give e'm all,
Before I would draw one teare more from that vertue.
Guio. Be not too cruell Sir, and yet his bold ſword—
But his life cannot reſtore that he's a man too—
Of a faire promiſe, but alas my Sonnes dead;
If I have juſtice, muſt it kill him?
Gov. Yes.
Guio. If I have not, it kills me, ſtrong and go odly!
Why ſhould he periſh too?
Gou. It lies in your power,
You onely may accuſe him, or may quitt him.
Clod. Be there no other witneſſes?
Guio. Not any.
And if I ſave him, will not the world proclaime,
I have forgot a Sonne, to ſave a murderer?
And yet he lookes not like one, he lookes manly.
Clo ~~*Hyp*.~~ Pitty ſo brave a Gentleman ſhould periſh.
She cannot be ſo hard, ſo cruell harted.
Guio. Will you pronounce? yet ſtay a little Sir.
Rut. Rid your ſelfe Lady, of this miſery;
And let me go, I do but breed more tempeſts,
With which you are already, to much ſhaken.
Guio. Do now, pronounce; I will not heare.
Duar. You ſhall not,
Yet turne and ſee good Madam.
Gov. Do not wonder.
'Tis he, reſtor'd againe, thanke the good Doctor,
Pray do not ſtand amaz'd, it is *Duarte*;
Is well, is ſafe againe.
Guio. O my ſweete Sonne.
I will not preſſe my wonder now with queſtions—
Sir, I am ſorry for that cruelty,
I urg'd againſt you.
Rut. Madam it was but juſtice.
Duar. 'Tis true, the Doctor heald this body againe,
But this man heald my ſoule, made my minde perfect,
The good ſharp leſſons his ſword read to me, ſav'd me;
For which, if you lov'd me deare Mother,
Honour and love this man.
Guio. You ſent this letter,
Rut. My boldneſſe makes me bluſh now.
Guio. I'le wipe of that,
And with this kiſſe, I take you for my husband,
Your woings done Sir; I beleeve you love me,
And that's the wealth I looke for now.
Rut. You have it.
Duar. You have ended my deſire to all my wiſhes.
Gover. Now 'tis a wedding againe. And if *Hypollita*,

Ma

Make good, what with the hazard of her life,
She undertooke, the evening will ſett cleare.

Enter. Hypollita. leading Leopold. Arnoldo. Zenocia. in either hand. Zabulon. Sulpitia.

After a ſtormy day.
Char. Here comes the Lady.
Clod. With faire *Zenocia*,
Health with life againe,
Reſtor'd unto her.
Zen. The guift of her goodneſſe.
Rut. Let us embrace, I am of your order too,
And though I once deſpair'd of women, now,
I finde they relliſh much of Scorpions,
For both have ſtings, and both can hurt, and cure too;
But what have been your fortunes?
Arn. Wee'le defer
Our ſtory, and at time more fit, relate it.
Now all that reverence vertue, and in that
Zenocias conſtancy, and perfect love,
Or for her ſake *Arnoldo*, joyne with us
In th' honour of this Lady.
Char. She deſerves it.
Hypo. Hypollitas life, ſhall make that good hereafter,
Nor will I alone, better my ſelfe but others:
For theſe whoſe wants perhaps, have made their actions
Not altogether innocent, ſhall from me
Be ſo ſupplied; that need ſhould not compell them,
To any courſe of life, but what the law
Shall give allowance to.
Zab. Sulp. Your Ladiſhipps creatures.
Rut. Be ſo and no more, you man-huckſter.
Hypo. And worthy *Leopold*, you that with ſuch fervour,
So long have ſought me, and in that deſerv'd me,
Shall now finde full reward, for all your travelles,
Which you have made more deare, by patient ſufferance.
And though my violent dotage did tranſport me,
Beyond thoſe bounds, my modeſty ſhould have kept in,
Though my deſires were looſe, from unchaſt art,
Heaven knows I am free.
Leop. The thought of that's dead to me;
I gladly take your offer.
Rut. Do ſo Sir,
A peice of crackt gold, ever will weigh downe
Siluer that's whole.
Gov. You ſhall be all my gueſts,
I muſt not be denyed.
Arno. Come my *Zenocia*.
Our barke at length has found a quiet harbour;
And the unſpotted progreſſe of our loves
Ends not alone in ſafety but reward,
To inſtruct others, by our faire example;
That though good purpoſes, are long withſtood,
The hand of Heaven ſtill guides ſuch as are good.

Ex. omnes.

The Prologue.

So free this worke is, Gentlemen, from offence,
That we are confident, it needes no defence
From us, or from the Poets——wee dare looke.
On any man, that brings his Table-booke
To write downe, what againe he may repeate
At ſome greate Table, to deſerve his meate.
Let ſuch come ſweld with malice, to apply
What is mirth here, there for an injurie.
Nor Lord, nor Lady we have tax'd; nor State,
Nor any private perſon, their poore hate
Will be ſtarv'd heere, for envy ſhall not finde,
One touch that may be wreſted to her minde.
And yet deſpaire not Gentlemen, The play
Is quicke and witty; ſo the Poets ſay,
And we believe them; the plott neate, and new,
Faſhiond like thoſe, that are approv'd by you.
Onely 'twill crave attention, in the moſt;
Becauſe one point unmark'd, the whole is loſt
Heare firſt then, and judge after, and be free,
And as our cauſe is, let our cenſure be.

Epilogue.

Why there ſhould be an Epilogue to a Play.
I know no cauſe, the old and uſuall way,
For which they were made, was to entreat the grace
Of ſuch as were ſpectators in this place,
And time, 'tis to no purpoſe; for I know
What you reſolve already to beſtow,
Will not be alterd, what ſo ere I ſay,
In the behalfe of us, and of the Play:
Onely to quitt our doubts, if you thinke fit,
You may, or cry it up; or ſilence it.

Another Prologue for the Cuſtome of the Countrey.

For my Sonne Clarke.

Wee wiſh, if it were poſſible, you knew
What we would give for this nights looke, if new?
It being our ambition to delight
Our kinde ſpectators with what's good, and right.
Yet ſo farre know, and credite me, 'twas made
By ſuch, as were held work-men in their Trade,
At a time too, when they as I divine,
Were truly merrie, and dranke luſty wine.
The nectar of the Muſes; Some are here
I dare preſume, to whom it did appeare.
A well-drawne piece, which gave a lawfull birth
To paſſionate Scœnes mixt with no vulgar mirth.
But unto ſuch to whom 'tis knowne by fame
From others, perhaps only by the name.
I am a ſuitor, that they would prepare
Sound palats, and then judge their bill of fare.
It were injuſtice to decry this now
For being like'd before, you may allow
(Your candor ſafe) what's taught in the olde ſchooles,
All ſuch as liv'd before you, were not fooles.

The Epilogue.

I Spake much in the Prologue for the Play,
To its deſert I hope, yet you might ſay
Should I change now from that, which then was meant,
Or in a ſyllable grow leſſe confident.
I were weake-hearted. I am ſtill the ſame
In my opinion, and forbeare to frame
Qualification, or excuſe: If you
Concur with me, and hold my judgement true.
Shew it with any ſigne, and from this place,
Or ſend me off exploded, or with grace.

THE NOBLE GENTLEMAN.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Gentleman and Jaques.

Gent. WHat happineſs waits on the life at Court,
What dear content, greatneſs, delight & eaſe?
What ever-ſpringing hopes, what tides of honour,
That raiſe their fortunes to the height of wiſhes?
What can be more in man, what more in nature,
Then to be great and fear'd? A Courtier,
A noble Courtier, 'Tis a name that drawes
Wonder, and dutie, from all eyes and knees.

Jaq. And ſo your Worſhips land within the walls,
Where you ſhall have it all inclos'd and ſure.

Gent. Peace knave; dull creature, bred of ſweate and ſmoke,
Theſe myſteries are far above thy faith:
But thou ſhalt ſee——

Jaq. And then I ſhall believe;
Your faire revenues, turn'd into faire ſuites,
I ſhall believe your Tenants bruis'd and rent
Under the weight of Coaches, all your ſtate
Drawn through the ſtreets in triumph, ſuits for places
Plied with a mine of gold, and being got
Fed with a great ſtreame, I ſhall believe all this.

Gent. You ſhall believe, and know me glorious.
Cozin good day and health. *Enter Cozen.*

Couzen. The ſame to you Sir,
And more, without my wiſhes, could you know
What calm content dwels in a private houſe:
Yet looke into your ſelfe, retire: this place
Of promiſes, and proteſtations, fits
Minds only bent to ruine, you ſhould know this,
You have their language perfect, you have tutors
I doe not doubt ſufficient: but beware.

Gent. You are merry Couzin:

Cozen. Yet your patience,
You ſhall learn that too, but not like it ſelfe
Where it is held a vertue; tell me Sir,
Have you caſt up your ſtate, rated your land,
And finde it able to endure the change
Of time and faſhion? is it alwayes harveſt?
Alwayes vintage? have you ſhips at Sea
To bring you gold, and ſtone from rich Peru
Monthly returning treaſure? doth the King
Open his large Exchequer to your hands
And bid you be a great man? can your wife
Coyne off her beauty? or the weeke allow
Suites to each day? and know no ebb in honour?
If theſe be poſſible, and can hold out,
Then be a Courtier ſtill, and ſtill be waſting,

Gen. Cozen, pray give me leave:

Couſ. I have done.

Gen. I could requite your gall, and in a ſtraine
As bitter, and as full of Rubarb, preacht
Againſt your Countrey life, but 'tis below me
And only ſubject to my pitty, know
The eminent court, to them that can be wiſe,
And faſten on her bleſſings, is a ſunne
That drawes men up from courſe and earthly being,
I meane theſe men of merit that have power
And reaſon to make good her benefits,
Learns them a manly boldneſſe, gives their tongues
Sweetneſſe of language, makes them apt to pleaſe;
Files of all rudeneſſe, and uncivill haviour,
Shews them as neat in carriage as in cloaths;
Cozen have you ever ſeen the Court?

Couſ. No Sir,
Nor am I yet in travaile with that longing.

Gent. O the ſtate, and greatneſſe of that place
Where men are found
Only to give the firſt creation glory!
Thoſe are the models of the ancient world
Left like the Roman ſtatues to ſtir up
Our following hopes, the place it ſelfe puts on
The brow of Majeſtie, and flings her luſtre
Like the aire newly lightned, forme, and order,
Are only there themſelues, unforc't, and ſound,
As they were firſt created to this place.

Couſ. You nobly came, but wil goe from thence baſe.

Gent. 'Twas very pretty, and a good conceite;
You have a wit good Cozen, I do joy in't,
Keep it for Court: but to my ſelfe againe,
When I have view'd theſe pieces, turn'd theſe eyes,
And with ſome taſte of ſuperſtition,
Lookt on the wealth of Nature, the faire dames,
Beauties, that lights the Court, and makes it ſhew
Like a faire heaven, in a froſty night:
And mongſt theſe mine, not pooreſt, 'tis for tongues
Of bleſſed Poets, ſuch as *Orpheus* was,
To give their worth and praiſes; O deare Cozen:
You have a wife, and faire, bring her hither,
Let her not live to be the Miſtris of a Farmers heir
And be confined ever to a ſerge,
Farre courſer then my horſe-cloath.
Let her have Velvets, Tiffinies, Jewels, Pearls,
A Coach, an Uſher, and her two Lacquies,
And I will ſend my Wife to give her rules,
And reade the rudiments of Court to her.

Couſ. Sir I had rather ſend her to Virginia
To help to propagate the Engliſh nation. *Enter Servant.*

Gen. Sirra, how ſlept your Miſtris, and what viſitants
Are to pay ſervice?

Ser. Sir as I came out,
Two Counts were newly entered.

Gent. This is greatneſſe,
But few ſuch ſervants waite a Countrey beauty.

Couſ. They are the more to thank their modeſty,
God keep my wife, and all my Iſſue female
From ſuch upriſings. *Enter a Doctor.*

Gent. What? my learned Doctor?
You will be welcome, give her health and youth
And I will give you gold. *Exit Doctor.*
Cozen, how ſavours this? is it not ſweet?
And very great, taſts it not of Nobleneſſe?

Couſ. Faith Sir my pallat is too dull and lazie
I cannot taſte it, 'tis not for my reliſh,
But be ſo ſtill.
Since your own miſery muſt firſt reclaime ye,
To which I leave you Sir,
If you will yet be happy, leave the humour
And baſe ſubjection to your Wife, be wiſe,
And let her know with ſpeed you are her husband,
I ſhall be glad to heare it.
My horſe is ſent for. *Exit.*

Even ſuch another countrey thing as this
Was I, ſuch a piece of durt, ſo heavy,
So provident to heap up ignorance,
And be an aſſe: ſuch muſty cloaths wore I,
So old and threed-bare: I do yet remember
Divers young Gallants lighting at my gate,
To ſee my honoured wife, have offered pence,
And bid me walk their horſes, ſuch a ſlave
Was I in ſhew then: but my eyes are open'd.

Enter Gent. Wife.

Many ſweet morrows to my worthy Wife.
Wife. 'Tis well, and aptly given, as much for you,
But to my preſent buſineſſe, which is money——
Gent. Lady I have none left.
Wife. I hope you dare not ſay ſo, nor imagin ſo baſe and lowe,
A thought: I have none left.
Are theſe words fitting for a man of worth,
And one of your full credite? Do you know
The place you live in? me, and what I labour
For, you? and your advancement?
Gent. Yes my deareſt.
Wife. And do you pop me off with this ſlight anſwer,
In troth I have none left? in troth you muſt have;
Nay ſtare not, 'tis moſt true, ſend ſpeedily
To all that love you, let your people flye
Like thunder through the Citie,
And not return under five thouſand crownes.
Try all, take all, let not a wealthy merchant be untempted
Or any that hath the name of money,
Take up at any uſe, give band, or land,
Or mighty ſtatutes able by their ſtrength
To tye up *Sampſon* were he now alive,
There muſt be money gotten; for be perſwaded,
If we fall now, or be but ſeen to ſhrinke,
Under our faire beginnings, 'tis our ruine,
And then good-night to all, (but our diſgrace)
Farewell the hope of comming happineſſe,
And all the aimes we levied at ſo long.
Are ye not mov'd at this? no ſenſe of want,
Towards your ſelfe yet breeding? be old,
And common; jaded to the eyes
Of groomes, and pages, chamber-maides, and garders,
And when you have done, put your poor houſe in order
And hang your ſelfe, for ſuch muſt be the end
Of him that willingly forſakes his hopes
And hath a joy to tumble to his ruine.
All that I ſay is certaine, if ye faile
Do not impute me with it, I am cleare.
Gent. Now heaven forbid I ſhould do wrong to you
My deareſt Wife, and Madam; yet give leave
To your poore creature to unfold himſelfe.
You know my debts are many more then meanes,
My bands not taken in, my friends at home
Drawn dry with theſe expences, my poore Tenants
More full of want then we, then what new courſe
Can I beget to raiſe thoſe crowns by? ſpeake,
And I ſhall execute.
Wife. Pray tell me true,
Have you not land in the Countrey?
Gent. Pardon me, I had forgot it.
Wife. Sir, you muſt remember it,
There is no remedy, this land muſt be
In Paris ere to morrow night.
Gent. It ſhall; let me conſider, ſome 300. acres
Will ſerve the turne.
Wife. 'Twill furniſh at all points,
Now you ſpeak like your ſelfe, and know like him,
That meanes to be man, ſuſpect no leſſe
For the return will give ye five for one,
You ſhall be great to morrow, I have ſaid it.
Farewell, and ſee this buſineſſe be a-foote
With expedition. *Exit Wi*
Gent. Health, all joy, and honour
Waite on my lovely wife. What? *Jaques, Iaques.*

Enter Jaques.

Ja. Sir did you call?
Gent. I did ſo, hie the *Iaques.*
Downe to the Bancke, and there to ſome good Merchan
(Conceive me well good *Iaques*, and be private)
Offer 300. acres of my land:
Say it is choiſe, and fertile, aske upon it
Five thouſand Crowns, this is the buſineſſe
I muſt employ thee in, be wiſe and ſpeedy.
Ja. Sir do not do this.
Gent. Knave I muſt have money.
Ia. If you have money thus, your knave muſt tell ye
You will not have a foote of land left, be more warie
And more friend to your ſelfe, this honeſt land
Your Worſhip has diſcarded, has been true,
And done you loyall ſervice.
Gent. Gentle *Iaques*,
You have a merry wit, employ it well
About the buſineſſe you have now in hand.
When ye come backe, enquire me in the preſence,
If not, in the Tennis-Court, or at my houſe. *Ex*
Ia. If this vaine hold, I know where to enquire ye.
Five thouſand crowns, this with good husbandry
May hold a month out, then 5000. more,
And more land a bleeding for't, as many more
And more land laid aſide. God and St. *Dennis*
Keep honeſt minded young men Bachellers.
'Tis ſtrange My M^r^. ſhould be yet ſo young
A puppy, that he cannot ſee his fall
And got ſo neare the ſun. I'le to his Cozen
And once more tell him on't, if he faile,
Then to my mortgage, next unto my ſale. *Ex*

Enter Longovile, Bewford, and the Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, hold on diſcourſe a while,
I ſhall return with knowledge how, and where
We ſhall have beſt acceſſe unto my Miſtris
To Tender your devotions. *Ex*
Long. Be it ſo:
Now to our firſt diſcourſe.
Bew. I prethee peace;
Thou canſt not be ſo bad, or make me know
Such things are living, doe not give thy ſelfe
So common and ſo idle, ſo open vile,
So great a wronger of thy worth, ſo low,
I cannot, nor I muſt not credite thee.
Lon. Now by this light I am a Whore-maſter,
An open and an excellent Whore-maſter,
And take a ſpeciall glory that I am ſo:
I thank my ſtars I am a Whore-maſter,
And ſuch a one as dare be known and ſeen,
And pointed at to be a noble wencher.
Bew. Do not let all eares heare this, harke ye Sir,
I am my ſelfe a Whore-maſter, I am
Believe it Sir (In private be it ſpoken)
I love a VVhore directly, moſt men are Wenchers,
And have profeſt the ſcience, few men
That looks upon ye now, but Whore-maſters,
Or have a full deſire to be ſo.
Lon. This is noble.
Bew. It is without all queſtion, being private,
And held as needfull as intelligence,
But being once diſcover'd, blown abroad,

An

And known to common ſenſes, 'tis no more
Then geometrical rules in Carpenters
That only know ſome meaſure of an art,
But are not grounded: be no more deceived,
I have a conſcience to reclaim you, Sir.
Miſtake me not: I do not bid you leave your whore
Or leſſe to love her; forbid it
I ſhould be ſuch a villain to my friend,
Or ſo unnaturall: 'twas never harbor'd here,
Learn to be ſecret firſt, then ſtrike your Deere.
Long. Your faire inſtructions *Monſieur* I ſhall learn.
Bew. And you ſhall have them: I deſire your care.
Long. They are your ſervants.
Bew. You muſt not love.
Long. How Sir?
Bew. I meane a Lady, theres danger
Shee hath an Uſher and a Waiting-Gentlewoman,
A page, a Coach-man, theſe are feed, and fee'd
And yet for all that will be prating.
Long. So.
Bew. You underſtand me Sir, they will diſcover't,
And there is a loſſe of credite: table talke
Will be the end of this, or worſe, then that;
Will this be worthy of a Gentleman?
Long. Proceed good Sir.
Bew. Next leave your City Dame;
The beſt of that tribe are moſt meerly coy,
Or moſt extreamely fooliſh, both which vices
Are no great ſtirrers up, unleſſe in husbands
That owe this Cattle, fearing her thats coy
To be but ſeeming, her that's foole too forward.
Long. This is the rareſt fellow, and the ſoundeſt
I meane in knowledge, that ere wore a Codpiece,
H'as found out that will paſſe all Italy,
All *France* and *England*, to their ſhames I ſpeake
And to the griefes of all their Gentlemen
The noble theory of luxury.
Bew. Your patience,
And I will lay before your eyes a courſe
That I my ſelfe found out, 'tis excellent,
Eaſy, and full of freedome.
Long. O good Sir,
You rack me till I know it.
Bew. This it is,
When your deſire is up, your blood well heated
And apt for ſweet encounter, chuſe the night
And with the night your wench the ſtreets have ſtore,
There ſeize upon her, get her to your chamber,
Give her a cardecew, 'tis royall payment
When ye are dull, diſmiſſe her, no man knows
Nor ſhe her ſelfe, who hath encountred her.
Lon. O but their faces.
Bew. Nere talke of faces:
The night allows her equall with a Dutches,
Imagination doth all think her faire,
And great, clapt in velvet, ſhe is ſo
Sir, I have tryed thoſe, and do find it certaine
It never failes me, 'tis but twelve nights ſince
My laſt experience.
Lon. O my meiching varlet, I'le fit ye as I live.
'Tis excellent, I'le be your Scholler Sir.
Enter Lady and Servant.
Wife. You are fairly welcome both: troth Gentlemen
You have been ſtrangers, I could chide you for't,
And taske ye with unkindneſs, what's the news?
The towne was never empty of ſome novelty;
Servant, what's your intelligence?
Ser. Faith nothing.
I have not heard of any worth relating
Bew. Nor I ſweet Lady.
Lon. Then give me attention,
Monſieur Shattillion's mad.
Wife. Mad?
Lon. Mad as May-butter,
And which is more, mad for a wench.
Lady. 'Tis ſtrange, and full of pitty.
Lon. All that comes neare him
He thinks are come of purpoſe to betray him,
Being full of ſtrange conceite: the wench he loved
Stood very near the Crowne.
Lady. Alas good *Monſieur*;
A' was a proper man, and faire demean'd,
A perſon worthy of a better temper.
Lon. He is ſtrong opinion'd that the wench he loved
Remaines cloſe priſoner by the Kings command:
Fearing her title, when the poore grieved Gentlewoman
Follows him much lamenting, and much loving
In hope to make him well, he knows her not,
Nor any elſe that comes to viſite him.
Lady. Let's walk in Gentlemen, and there diſcourſe
His further miſeries, you ſhall ſtay dinner,
In truth you muſt obey.
Om. We are your ſervants. *Exeunt.*
Enter Couzen.
Couſ. Ther's no good to be done, no cure to be wrought
Upon my deſperate kinſman: I'le to horſe
And leave him to the fooles whip, miſery.
I ſhall recover twenty miles this night,
My horſe ſtands ready, I'le away with ſpeed.
Enter Shattillion.
Shat. Sir, may I crave your name?
Couſ. Yes Sir you may:
My name is *Cleremon.*
Shat. 'Tis wel, your faction?
What party knit you with?
Couſ. I know no parties,
Nor no factions Sir.
Shat. Then weare this croſſe of white:
And where you ſee the like they are my friends,
Obſerve them well, the time is dangerous. (fellow
Couſ. Sir keep your croſſe, I'le wear none, ſure this
Is much beſide himſelfe, grown mad.
Shat. A word Sir;
You can pick nothing out of this, this croſſe
Is nothing but a croſſe, a very croſſe,
Plaine without ſpell or witch-craft, ſearch it,
You may ſuſpect, and well, there's poyſon in't,
Powder, or wild-fire, but 'tis nothing ſo.
Couſ. I do beleeve you Sir, 'tis a plain croſſe.
Shat. Then do your worſt, I care not, tell the King,
Let him know all this, as I am ſure he ſhall;
When you have ſpit your venome, then will I
Stand up a faithfull, and a loyall ſubject,
And ſo God ſave His Grace, this is no Treaſon.
Couſ. He is March mad, farewell *Monſieur.* *Exit Couzen.*
Shat. Farewell;
I ſhall be here attending, 'tis my life
They aime at, there's no way to ſave it, well
Let 'em ſpread all their nets: they ſhall not draw me
Into any open Treaſon, I can ſee,
And can beware, I have my wits about me,
I thanke heaven for't.
Enter Love.
Love. There he goes,
That was the faireſt hope the *French* Court bred,
The worthieſt and the ſweeteſt temper'd ſpirit,

The trueſt, and the valianteſt, the beſt of judgment,
Till moſt unhappy I: ſever'd thoſe vertues
And turn'd his wit wild with a coy deniall,
Which heaven forgive me, and be pleas'd, O heaven
To give againe his ſenſes: that my love
May ſtrike off all my follies.
Shat. Lady.
Lov. I Sis
Shat. Your will with me ſweete Lady.
Lov. Sir I come.
Shat. From the dread ſouraigne King, I know it Lady,
He is a gracious Prince, long may he live,
Pertaine you to his chamber?
Lov. No indeed Sir,
That place is not for women, do you know me?
Shat. Yes, I do know you.
Lov. Whats my name? pray you ſpeake.
Shat. Thats all one, I do know you and your buſineſſe,
You are diſcovered Lady, I am warie,
It ſtands upon my life; pray excuſe me,
The beſt man of this kingdome ſent you hither,
To dive into me, have I toucht you? ha?
Lov. You are deceiv'd Sir, I come from your love,
That ſends you faire commends, and many kiſſes.
Shat. Alas poore ſoule how does ſhe? is ſhe living?
Keepes ſhe her bed ſtill?
Lov. Still Sir, She is living,
And well, and ſhall do ſo.
Shat. Are ye in counſell?
Lov. No Sir, nor any of my ſex.
Shat. Why ſo,
If you had been in counſell, you would know,
Her time to be but ſlender; ſhe muſt die.
Lov. I do believe it Sir.
Shat. And ſuddainely,
She ſtands too neare a fortune.
Lov. Sir?
Shat. 'Tis ſo,
There is no jeſting with a Princes title,
Would we had both been borne of common parents
And liv'd a private and retired life,
In homely cottage, we had then enjoyed,
Our loves, and our embraces, theſe are things,
That cannot tend to treaſon—
Lov. I am wretched.
Shat. O I pray as often for the King as any,
And with as true a hart, for's continuance,
And do moreover pray his heires may live;
And their faire iſſues, then as I am bound
For all the ſtates and commons, if theſe prayers
Be any wayes ambitious, I ſubmit,
And lay my head downe let 'em take it off;
You may informe againſt me, but withall
Remember my obedience to the crowne,
And ſervice to the ſtate.
Lov. Good Sir, I love yee.
Shat. Then love the gratious King, and ſay with me
Lov. Heaven ſave his grace.
Shat. This is ſtrange——
A woman ſhould be ſent to undermine me,
And buz love into me to try my ſpirit;
Offer me kiſſes and enticing follies,
To make me open and betray my ſelfe;
It was a ſubtle and a dangerous plot,
And very ſoundly followed, farewell Lady,
Let me have equall hearing, and relate
I am an honeſt man. Heaven ſave the King. *Exit.*
Love. I'le never leave him, till by art or prayer
I have reſtorde his ſenſes, If I make
Him perfect man againe, he's mine ſtill, when
I here abjure all loves of other men. *Exi*

Enter. Cozen, and Jaques.

Jaques. Nay, good Sir be perſwaded, go but back,
And tell him hee's undone, ſay nothing elſe;
And you ſhall ſee how things will worke upon't.
Cozen. Not ſo good *Jaques*, I am held an aſſe
A countrey foole, good to converſe with durte
And eate courſe bread, weare the worſt wooll,
Know nothing but the high way to *Paris*,
And wouldſt thou have me bring theſe ſtaynes,
And imperfections to the riſing veiw
Of the right worſhipfull thy worthy Maſter?
They muſt be bright and ſhine, their cloathes
Soft velvet and the trojan purple
Like the Arabian gums, hung like the Sun,
Their golden beames on all ſides;
Such as theſe may come and know,
Thy Maſter, I am baſe and dare not ſpeake unto him,
Hee's above me.
Ja. If ever you did love him, or his ſtate,
His name, his iſſue, or your ſelfe, go backe:
'Twill be an honeſt and a noble part
Worthy a kinſman, ſave 300 acres
From preſent execution; they have had ſentence,
And cannot be repriev'd, be mercifull.
Co. Have I not urg'd already all the reaſons,
I had to draw him from his will? his ruine?
But all in vaine, no counſell will prevaile,
Has fixt himſelfe, ther's no removing *Jaques*,
'Twil prove but breath and labour ſpent in vaine,
I'le to my horſe, farewell.
Ja.. For Gods ſake Sir,
As ever you have hope of joy turne backe;
I'le be your ſlave for ever, do but go,
And I will lay ſuch faire directions to you
That if hee be not doting on his fall,
He ſhall recover ſight, and ſee his danger,
And ye ſhall tell him of his wives abuſes,
I feare, to foule againſt him; how ſhe plots,
With our young Mounſiers, to milke dry her husband,
And lay it on their backs, the next her pride,
Then what his debts are, and how infinite
The curſes of his tenants, this will worke
I'le pawne my life and head, he cryes away,
I'le to my houſe in the Countrey.
Co. Come I'le go, and once more try him,
If he yeild not, ſo,
The next that tryes him ſhall be want and woe. *Exe*

Actus ſecundus.

Enter. Gentleman Solus.

Gent. *Jaques*.
Jaq. Sir. within.
Gent. Riſe *Jaques* 'tis growne day,
The country life is beſt, where quietly
Free from the clamour of the troubled Court,
We may enjoy our own greene ſhadowed walkes,
And keepe a moderate diet without art.
Why did I leave my houſe and bring my wife,
To know the manner of this ſubtile place?
I would when firſt the luſt to fame an honour,
Poſſeſt me, I had met with any evill.

But that, had I been tyed to ſtay at home
And earn the bread for the whole family
With my own hand happy had I been.

Enter Jaques.

Ja. Sir this is from your wonted courſe at home,
When did ye there keep ſuch inordinate hours?
Goe to bed late? ſtart thrice? and call on me?
Would you were from this place; our Countrey ſleepes,
Although they were but of that moderate length
That might maintain us in our daily worke,
Yet were they ſound and ſweet.
(lay together;
Gent. I *Jaques,* there we dreamt not of our wives, wee
And needed not; now at length my Cozins words,
So truly ment, mixt with thy timely prayers
So often urged, to keepe me at my home,
Condemne me quite.

Ja. 'Twas not your fathers courſe:
He liv'd and dy'd in *Orleance*, where he had
His Vines as fruitfull as experience
(Which is the art of husbandry) could make;
He had his preſſes for 'em, and his wines
Were held the beſt, and out-ſold other mens,
His corne and cattell ſerv'd the neighbour Townes
With plentifull proviſion, yet his thrift
Could miſſe one beaſt amongſt the heard,
He rul'd more where he liv'd, then ever you will here.

Gent. 'Tis true, why ſhould my wife then 'gainſt my
Perſwade me to continue in this courſe?
(good,

Ja. Why did you bring her hither at the firſt,
Before you warm'd her blood with new delights!
Our countrey ſports could have contented her,
When you firſt married her; a puppet-play
Pleas'd her as well as now the tilting doth.
She thought her ſelfe brave in a bugle chaine,
Where Orient pearle will ſcarce content her now.

Gent. Sure *Jaques*, ſhe ſees ſomething for my good
More then I doe, ſhe oft will talk to me
Of offices, and that ſhe ſhortly hopes
By her acquaintance with the friends ſhe hath
To get a place ſhall many times outway
Our great expences, and if this be ſo——

Ja. Think better of her words, ſhe doth deceive you,
And only for her vaine and ſenſuall ends
Perſwade ye thus. Let me be ſet to dwell
For ever naked in the bareſt ſoile
So you will dwell from hence.

Gent. I ſee my folly,
Packe up my ſtuffe, I will away this morne.
Haſte—haſte.

Ja. I, Now I ſee your Fathers honours
Trebling upon you, and the many prayers
The countrey ſpent for him, which almoſt now
Begun to turn to curſes, turning backe,
And falling like a timely ſhower
Upon ye.

Gent. Goe, call up my wife.

Ja. But ſhall ſhe not prevaile,
And ſway you, as ſhe oft hath done before?

Gent. I will not heare her, but raile on her
Till I be ten miles off.

Ja. If you be forty,
'Twill not be worſe Sir:

Gent. Call her up,

Ja. I will Sir. *Exit.*

Gent. Why what an Aſſe was I that ſuch a thing
As a wife is could rule me?
Know not I that woman was created for the man,
That her deſires, nay all her thoughts ſhould be
As his are? is my ſenſe reſtor'd at length?
Now ſhe ſhall know, that which ſhe ſhould deſire,
She hath a husband that can govern her,

Enter Wife.

If her deſires leades me againſt my will;
Are you come?

Wife. What ſad unwonted courſe
Makes you raiſe me ſo ſoone, that went to bed
So late laſt-night.

Gent. O you ſhall goe to bed ſooner hereafter,
And be rais'd againe at thriftie hours,
In Summer-time wee'l walke
An houre after our ſupper, and to bed,
In winter you ſhall have a ſet at Cards,
And ſet your maids to worke.

Wife. What do you meane?

Gent. I wil no more of your new tricks, your honours,
Your offices, and all your large preferments,
Which ſtill you beate into my eares, hang ore me.
I'le leave behind for others, the great ſway
Which I ſhall beare at Court: my living here
With countenance of your honoured friends
I'le be content to looſe: for you ſpeake this
Only that you may ſtill continue here
In wanton eaſe: and draw me to conſume
In cloaths and other things idle for ſhew
That which my Father got with honeſt thrift.

Wife. Why, who hath been with you Sir,
That you talke thus out of Frame.

Gent. You make a foole of me:
You provide one to bid me forth to ſupper
And make me promiſe; then muſt ſome one or other
Invite you forth, if you have borne your ſelfe
Looſely to any Gentleman in my ſight
At home, you ask me how I like the carriage,
Whether it were not rarely for my good,
And open'd not a way to my preferment?
Come I perceive all: talke not, we'le away.

Wife. Why Sir, you'le ſtay till the next triumph
Day be paſt?

Gent. I, you have kept me here triumphing
This ſeven yeares, and I have ridden through the ſtreetes,
And bought embroyderd hoſe and foote-cloths too,
To ſhew a ſubjects zeale, I rode before
In this moſt gorgeous habit, and ſaluted
All the acquaintance I could eſpie
From any window, theſe were wayes ye told me
To raiſe me; I ſee all: make you ready ſtraight,
And in that gowne which you came firſt to Town in,
Your ſafe-guard, cloake, and your hood ſutable:
Thus on a duble gelding ſhall you amble,
And my man *Jaques* ſhall be ſet before you.

Wife. But will you goe?

Gent. I will.

Wife. And ſhall I too?

Gen. And you ſhall too.

Wife. But ſhall I by this light?

Gen. Why by this light you ſhall.

Wife. Then by this light
You have no care of your eſtate, and mine.
Have we been ſeven years venturing in a ſhip,
And now upon return with a faire winde
And a calme ſea, full fraught with our own wiſhes
Laden with wealth and honour to the brim,
And ſhall we flye away and not receive it?
Have we been tilling, ſowing, labouring
With paine and charge a long and tedious winter,
And when we ſee the corne above the gronnd,

Youthfull as is the morne and fnll eare
That promiſes to ſtuffe our ſpatious garners,
Shall we then let it rot, and never reap it?
I *Gent*. Wife talke no more, your Retoricke comes too late,
am inflixable; and how dere you
Adventure to direct my courſe of life?
Was not the husband mad to rule the wife?
Wife. 'Tis true but where the man doth miſſe his way,
It is the womans part to ſet him right;
So Fathers have a power to guide their Sonnes
In all their courſes, yet you oft have ſeene
Poore litle children that have both their eyes
Lead their blind Fathers.
Gen. She has a plaguy witt,
I ſay you'r but a little piece of man.
Wife. But ſuch a peice, as being tane away
Man cannot laſt: the faireſt and talleſt ſhip,
That ever ſaild, is by a little peice of the ſame
Wood, ſteerd right, and turnd about.
Gen. 'Tis true ſhe ſayes, her anſwers ſtand with reaſon.
Wife. But Sir, your Cozin put this in your head
Who is an enemie to your preferment,
Becauſe I ſhould not take place of his wife;
Come by this kiſſe thou ſhalt not go ſweete heart.
Gen. Come, by this kiſſe I will goe Sweet-heart,
On with your riding ſtuffe; I know your tricks,
And if preferment fall ere you be ready,
'Tis welcome, elſe adue the Citie life.
Wife. Well Sir I will obey.
Gent. About it then,
Wife. To pleaſe your humour I would dreſſe my ſelfe,
In the moſt loathſome habit you could name
Or travell any whether ore the world
If you command me, it ſhall neere be ſaid
The fraylty of a woman whoſe weake minde,
Is often ſet on looſe delights and ſhewes,
Hath drawne her husband to conſume his ſtate,
In the vaine hope of that which never fell.
Gen. About it then, women are pleaſant creatures,
When once a man begins to know himſelfe.
Wife But harke you Sir becauſe I wilbe ſure,
You ſhall have no excuſe, no word to ſay
In your defence hereafter; when you ſee
What honours were preparde for you and me
Which you thus willingly have throwne away,
I tell you I did looke for preſent honour,
This morning for you, which I know had come
But if they do not come ere I am ready
(Which I will be the ſooner leaſt they ſhould)
When I am once ſet in a countrey life,
Not all the power of earth ſhall alter me,
Not all your prayers or threats ſhall make me ſpeak
The Leaſt words to my honourable freinds
To do you any grace.
Gent. I will not wiſh it.
Wife. And never more hope to be honourable,
Gent My hopes are lower.
Wife. As I live you ſhall not,
You ſhall be ſo farr from the name of noble
That you ſhall never ſee a Lord againe;
You ſhall not ſee a maske, or Barriers,
Or tilting or a ſolemn chriſtning,
Or a great marriage, or new fire-works,
Or any bravery; but you ſhall live
At home beſpotted with your owne loved durt
In ſcurvy cloathes as you were wont to doe,
And to content you I will live ſo too.
Gen. 'Tis all I wiſh, make haſt the day drawes on,
It ſhall be my care to ſee your ſtuffe pact up.
Wife. It ſhal be my care to gul you: you ſhal ſtay. *Ex. Ge*
And more then ſo intreat me humbly too
You ſhall have honours preſently; *Maria*.

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam.
Wife. Bring hither, pen, inke, and paper.
Ma. 'Tis here.
Wife. Your Maſter Will not ſtay,
Unleſſe preferment come within an houre.
Mar. Let him commande one of the Citie gates
In time of mutiny, or you may provide him,
To be one of the counſell for invading,
Some ſavage countrey to plant chriſtian faith.
Wife. No, no, I have it for him, call my page
Now my deare husband there it is will fit you. *Exit .Mar*
And when the world ſhall ſee what I have done,
Let it not move the ſpleene of any wife,
To make an aſſe of her beloved husband
Without good ground, but if they will be drawne
To any reaſon by you, do not gull them;
But if they grow conceited of themſelves,
And be fine Gentlemen, have no mercie,
Publiſh them to the world, 'twill do them good
When they ſhall ſee their follies underſtood,
Go beare theſe letters to my ſervant,
And bid him make haſt, I will dreſſe my ſelfe,
In all the journey cloathes I uſed before
Not to ride but to make the laughter more. *Exi*

Enter. Gentleman. and Jaques.

Gent. Is all pact up?
Ja. All, all Sir, there is no tumbler,
Runs throw his hoop with more dexteritie
Then I aboute this buſineſſe: tis a day
That I have long longd to ſee.
Gent. Come wheres my ſpurs?
Ja. Here Sir, and now 'tis come.
Gent. I *Jaques* now
I thanke my fates, I can command my wife.
Ja. I am glad to ſee it Sir.
Gent. I do not love alwayes,
To be made a puppie, Iaques.
Ja. But yet me thinkes your worſhip does not looke,
Right like a countrey Gentleman.
Gent. I will, give me my tother hat.
Ja. Here.
Gen. So, my Ierkin.
Ja. Yes Sir.
Gent. On with it *Jaques*, thou and I
Will live ſo finely in the countrey, *Jaques*,
And have ſuch pleaſant walks into the woods
A mornings, and then bring whom riding rods,
And walking ſtaves——
Ja. And I will beare them Sir,
And skurdge-ſticks for the children.
Gen. So thou ſhalt,
And thou ſhalt do all, over ſee my worke folkes
And at the weekes end pay them all their wages.
Ja. I will Sir, ſo your worſhip give me mony.
Gent, Thou ſhalt receive all too: give me my drawers
Ja. They are ready Sir.
Gent. And I will make thy Miſtriſs,
My wife, looke to her landrie and her dayry,
That we may have our linnen cleane on Sundayes.
Ja. And holy dayes.
Gent. I and ere we walke about the grounds
Provide our breake-faſt,
Or ſhe ſhall ſmoke, I'le have her a good huswife

She ſhall not make a voyage to her ſiſters,
But ſhe ſhall live at home,
And feed her pullen fat, and ſee her maides
In bed before her, and locke all the doores
Ja. Why that will be a life for Kings and Queenes.
Gen. Give me my Scarfe with the great button quickly.
Ia. 'Tis done Sir.
Gen. Now my Mittens.
Ia. Here they are Sir.
Gen. 'Tis well ? now my great dagger.
Ia. There.
Gen. Why ſo ; thus it ſhould be, now my riding rod.
Iaq. There's nothing wanting Sir.
Gen. Another, man, to ſticke under my girdle.
Ia. There it is.
Gen. All is well.
Ia. Why now me thinks your Worſhip looks
Like to your ſelfe, a man of meanes and credit,
So did your grave and famous Anceſtors,
Ride up and down to faires, and cheapen cattell.
Gent. Goe, haſten your Miſtriſſe, Sirra.
Ia. It ſhall be done. *Exit Iaques.*

Enter ſervant and Page.

Ser. Who's that ? who's that boy ?
Page. I thinke it be my Maſter.
Ser. Who, he that walkes in gray whisking his riding rod?
Page. Yes Sir, 'tis he.
Ser. 'Tis he indeed ; he is prepar'd
For his new journey ; when I wink upon you
Runne out and tell the Gentleman 'tis time——
Monſieur good day.
Gen. Monſieur your Miſtriſſe is within, but yet not ready.
Ser. My buſineſſe is with you Sir ; 'tis reported,
I know not whether by ſome enemie
Maliciouſly that envies your great hopes,
And would be ready to ſow diſcontents
Betwixt his Majeſty and you, or truly,
Which on my faith I would be ſorry for,
That you intend to leave the Court in haſt.
Gen. Faith Sir within this halfe houre. *Iaques ?*
Iaques within : Sir ?
Gen. Is my wife ready ?
Ia. Preſently.
Ser. But Sir,
I needs muſt tell you as I am your friend,
You ſhould have tane your journey privater
For 'tis already blaz'd about the Court.
Gen. Why Sir, I hope it is no Treaſon, is it ?
Ser. 'Tis true Sir, but 'tis grown the common talk,
There's no diſcovery elſe held, and in the preſence
All the Nobility and Gentry
Have nothing in their mouths but only this,
Monſieur Marine that noble Gentleman,
Is now departing hence, every mans face
Looks ghaſtly on his fellows, ſuch a ſadneſſe
(Before this day) I nere beheld in Court,
Mens hearts begin to faile them when they heare it,
In expectation of the great event
That needs muſt follow it, pray heaven it be good !
Gen. Why I had rather all their hearts ſhould faile
Then I ſtay here untill my purſe faile me.
Ser. But yet you are a Subject, and beware
I charge you by the love I beare to you
How you doe venture raſhly on a courſe
To make your ſoveraign jealous of your deeds
For Princes jealouſies where they love moſt,
Are eaſily found, but they be hardly loſt.
Gen. Come theſe are tricks, I ſmell 'em, I will goe.
Ser. Have I not ſtill profeſt my ſelfe your friend ?
Gen. Yes, but you never ſhewd it to me yet.
Ser. But now I will, becauſe I ſee you wiſe,
And give ye thus much light into a buſineſſe
That came to me but now, be reſolute,
Stand ſtifly to it that you will depart,
And preſently.
Gen. Why ſo I meane to doe.
Ser. And by this light you may be what you will ;
Will you be ſecret Sir ?
Gen. Why ? what's the matter ?
Ser. The King does feare you.
Gent. How ?
Ser. And is now in Counſell ;
Gent. About me ;
Ser. About you, and you be wiſe,
You'l finde hee's in Counſell about you ?
His Councellours have told him all the truth.
Gent. What truth?
Ser. Why ? that which now he knows too well.
Gent. What is't ?
Ser. That you have followed him ſeven years
With a great traine : and though he have not grac't you,
Yet you have div'd into the hearts of thouſands,
With liberality and noble carriage ;
And if you ſhould depart home unprefer'd
All diſcontented, and ſeditious ſpirits
Would flocke to you and thruſt you into action :
With whoſe help, & your Tenants, who doth not know
(If you were ſo diſpos'd :)
How great a part of this yet fertile peaceful realm of *Fran.*
You might make deſolate ? but when the King
Heard this ——
Gent. what ſaid he ?
Ser. Nothing, but ſhook,
As never Chriſtian Prince did ſhake before.
And to be ſhort you may be what you will ?
But be not ambitious Sir, ſit downe
With moderate honours, leaſt you make your ſelfe
More feard.
Gent. I know Sir what I have to doe
In mine own buſineſſe. *Enter Longavile.*
Long. Where's *Monſieur Mount Marine.*
Ser. Why there he ſtands, will you ought with him?
Long. Yes : Good day *Monſieur Marine.*
Gent. Good day to you.
Long. His Majeſty doth commend himſelfe,
Moſt kindly to you Sir, and hath by me,
Sent you this favour : kneele downe, riſe a Knight.
Gent. I thank his Majeſty.
Long. And he doth further requeſt you,
Not to leave the Court ſo ſoone,
For though your former merits have been ſlighted,
After this time there ſhall no Office fall;
Worthy your ſpirit, as he doth confeſſe
There's none ſo great, but you ſhall ſurely have it.
Ser. Do you heare, if you yield yet you are an aſſe.
Gent. I'le ſhew my ſervice to his Majeſty
In greater things then theſe, but for this ſmall one
I muſt intreat his Highneſſe to excuſe me.
Long. I'le beare your Knightly words unto the King,
And bring his Princely anſwer backe againe. *Exit Long.*
Ser. VVell ſaid, be reſolute a while, I know
There is a tide of honours comming on.
I warrant you.

Enter Bewford.

Bew. VVhere is this new made Knight ?
Gent. Here Sir.

Bew. Let me enfold you in my arms,
Then call you Lord, the King will have it ſo,
Who doth entreat your Lordſhip to remember
His meſſage ſent to you by *Longavile.*
Ser. If ye be durty, and dare not mount aloft;
You may yield now, I know what I would do.
Gent. Peace, I will fit him; tell his Majeſty
I am a Subject, and I do confeſſe
I ſerve a gracious Prince, that thus hath heapt
Honours on me without deſert, but yet
As for the meſſage, buſineſſe urgeth me,
I muſt be gone, and he muſt pardon me,
Were he ten thouſand Kings and Emperours.
Bew. I'le tell him ſo.
Ser. Why, this was like your ſelfe.
Bew. As he hath wrought him, 'tis the fineſt fellow
That ere was Chriſtmas Lord, he carries it
So truly to the life, as though he were
One of the plot to gull himſelfe. *Exit Bewf.*
Ser. Why ſo, you ſent the wiſeſt and the ſhrewdeſt
Unto the King, I ſwear, my honoured friend
That ever any Subject ſent his Liege.
Gent. Nay now I know I have him on the hip,
I'le follow it.

Enter Longavile.

Long. My honourable Lord,
Give me your noble hand right courteous Peer,
And from henceforth be a courtly Earl;
The King ſo wills, and Subjects muſt obey:
Only he doth deſire you to conſider
Of his requeſt.
Ser. Why faith you'r well my Lord, yield to him.
Gent. Yield? why 'twas my plot.
Ser. Nay 'twas your wives plot.
Gent. To get preferment by it,
And thinks he now to pop me ith mouth
But with an Earldome, Ile be one ſtep higher.
Ser. 'Tis the fineſt Lord, I am afraid anon
He will ſtand upon't to ſhare the Kingdome with him.

Enter Bewford.

Bew. Wher's this Courtly Earle?
His Majeſty commends his love unto you;
And will you but now grant to his requeſt,
He bids you be a Duke, and chuſe of whence.
Ser. Why if you yield not now, you are undone,
What can you wiſh to have more, but the Kingdome?
Gent. So pleaſe his Majeſty, I would be Du. of *Burgundy*
Becauſe I like the place.
Bew. I Know the King is pleas'd.
Gen. Then will I ſtay and kiſſe his Highneſſe hand.
Bew. His Majeſty wil be a glad man when he hears it.
Lon. But how ſhall we keep this from the worlds eare
That ſome one tell him not, he is no Duke?
Ser. Wee'l think of that anon.
Why Gentlemen, is this a gracious habit for a Duke?
Each gentle body ſet a finger to
To pluck the clouds of this his riding weeds
From off the orient ſunne of his beſt cloths;
I'le pluck one boot and ſpur off.
Long. I another.
Bew. Ile pluck his Jerkin off.
Ser. Sit down my Lord;
Both his ſpurs off at once good *Longavile*
And *Bewford* take that ſcarfe off, and that hat
Doth not become his largely ſprouting fore-head.
Now ſet your gracious foot to this of mine,
One pluck will do it, ſo, off with the other.
Lon. Loe thus your ſervant *Longavile* doth pluck
The trophy of your former gentry off,
Off with his Jerkin *Bewford.*
Ser. Didſt thou never ſee
A nimble footed Taylor ſtand ſo in his ſtockings,
Whilſt ſome friend help to pluck his Jerkin off,
To dance a Jigg?

Enter Jaques.

Lon. Here's his man *Jaques* come
Booted and ready ſtill.
Ja. My Miſtris ſtayes;
Why how now Sir? what do your Worſhip mean,
To plucke your grave and thrifty habit off?
Gent. My ſlippers, *Jaques.*
Lon. O thou mighty Duke
Pardon this man,
That thus hath treſpaſſed in ignorance.
Gent. I pardon him.
Lon. His Graces ſlippers, *Jaques.*
Ia. Why what's the matter?
Lon. Foot-man, hee's a Duke:
The King hath rais'd him above all his land.
Ja. I'le to his Couzen preſently, and tell him ſo;
O what a dung-hill countrey rogue was I! *Exit Iaqu*

Enter Wife.

Ser. See, ſee, my Miſtriſſe.
Lon. Let's obſerve their greeting.
Wife. Unto your will as every good wife ought,
I have turnd all my thoughts, and now am ready.
Gent. O Wife I am not worthy to kiſſe the leaſt
Of all thy toes, much leſſe thy thumb,
Which yet I would be bold with; all thy counſell
Hath been to me Angelicall, but mine to thee
Hath been moſt durty like my mind:
Deare Ducheſſe I muſt ſtay.
Wife. What are you mad to make me
Dreſſe, and undreſſe, turne and winde me,
Becauſe you find me plyant? ſaid I not
The whole world ſhould not alter me, if once
I were reſolv'd? and now you call me Ducheſſe:
Why what's the matter?
Gent. Loe a Knight doth kneel.
Wife. A Knight?
Gent. A Lord.
Wife. A foole.
Gent. I ſay doth kneele an Earle, a Duke.
Long. In drawers.
Bew. Without ſhoes.
Wife. Sure you are lunatick.
Ser. No honoured Ducheſſe
If you dare but believe your ſervants truth,
I know he is a Duke.
Long. God ſave his Grace.
Wife. I aske your Graces pardon.
Gent. Then I riſe,
And here in token that all ſtrife ſhall end
'Twixt thee and me, I let my drawers fall
And to thy hands I do deliver them:
Which ſignifies, that in all acts and ſpeeches,
From this time forth my wife ſhall wear the breeches.
Ser. An honourable compoſition. *Exeunt omne*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Couſen and Iaques.

Couſ. Shall I beleeve thee *Iaques.*

Ia. Sir

Ja. Sir you may.
Couſ. Didſt thou not dreame?
Ja. I did not.
Coz. Nor imagine?
Ja. Neither of both: I ſaw him great and mighty,
I ſaw the *Monſieurs* bow, and heard them cry
Good health and fortune to my Lord the Duke.
Couſ. A Duke art ſure? a Duke?
Ja. I am ſure a Duke,
And ſo ſure as I know my ſelfe for *Jaques.*
Couſ. Yet the ſun may dazell? *Jaques,* was it not
Some leane Commander of an angry Block-houſe
To keep the ſleamiſh Eele-boats from invaſion,
Or ſome bold Baron able to diſpend
His fifty pounds a yeare, and meet the foe
Upon the Kings command in gilded canvas,
And do his deeds of worth? or was it not
Some place of gaine, as Clerk to the great Band
Of maribones, that people call the Switzers?
Men made of beufe, and ſarcenet? (preſence?
Ja. Is a Duke his chamber hung with Nobles like a
Couſ. I am ſomething wavering in my faith;
Would you would ſettle me, and ſweare 'tis ſo,
Is he a Duke indeed?
Ja. I ſweare he is.
Couſ. I am ſatisfied, he is my Kinſman·*Jaques,*
And I his poor unworthy Couzen.
Ja. True Sir.
Couſ. I might have been a Duke too, I had meanes,
A wife as faire as his, and as wiſe as his;
And could have brookt the Court as well as his,
And laid about her for her husbands honour:
O *Jaques* had I ever dreamt of this,
I had prevented him.
Ja. Faith Sir it came
Above our expectation, we were wiſe
Only in ſeeking to undoe this honour,
Which ſhewed our dung-hill breeding and our durt.
Couſ. But tell me *Iaques,*
Why could we not perceive? what dull Divell
Wrought us to croſſe this noble courſe, perſwading
'Twould be his overthrow? for me a Courtier
Is he that knows all, *Iaques,* and does all,
'Tis as his noble Grace hath often ſaid,
And very wiſely, *Jaques,* we are fooles,
And underſtand juſt nothing.
Ia. I, as we were, I confeſſe it.
But riſing with our great Maſter,
We ſhall be call'd to knowledge with our places,
'Tis nothing to be wiſe, not thus much there,
Ther's not the leaſt of the billet dealers,
Nor any of the Paſtry, or the Kitchin,
But have it in meaſure delicate.
Coz. Me thinks this greatneſs of the Dukes my Couzens
(I aske you mercy, *Iaques,* that near name
Is too familiar for me) ſhould give promiſe
Of ſome great benefits to his attendants.
Ja. I have a ſuite my ſelfe, and it is ſure,
Or I miſtake my ends much.
Couſ. What is't *Iaques,*
May I not crave the place?
Ja. Yes Sir you ſhall,
'Tis to be but his Graces Secretary,
Which is my little all, and my ambition,
Till my known worth ſhall take me by the hand
And ſet me higher; how the fates may do
In this poor threed of life is yet uncertaine;
I was not born I take it for a trencher,
Nor to eſpouſe my Miſtris Dairy-maid.
Couſ. I am reſolv'd my wife ſhall up to Court;
I'le furniſh her, that is a ſpeeding courſe,
And cannot chuſe but breed a mighty fortune;
What a fine youth was I, to let him ſtart,
And get the riſe before me? I'le diſpatch
And put my ſelfe in moneys.
Ja. Maſſe 'tis true,
And now you talke of money, Sir my buſineſſe
For taking thoſe Crowns muſt be diſpatcht;
This litle plot in the Countrey lies moſt fit
To do his Grace ſuch ſerviceable uſes,
I muſt about it.
Couſ. Yet before you goe
Give me your hand, and bear my humble ſervice
To the great Duke your Maſter, and his Ducheſſe,
And live your ſelfe in favour: ſay my wife
Shall there attend them ſhortly, ſo farewell.
Ja. I'le ſee you mounted Sir.
Couſ. It may not be,
Your place is far above it, ſpare your ſelfe,
And know I am your ſervant, fare ye well. *Exit Couſen.*
Ja. Sir I ſhall reſt to be commanded by you;
This place of Secretary will not content me,
I muſt be more and greater, let me ſee,
To be a Baron is no ſuch great matter
As people take it: for ſay I were a Count,
I am ſtill an under perſon to this Duke,
Which me thinks ſounds but harſhly: but a Duke?
O I am ſtrangely taken, 'tis a Duke
Or nothing, I'le adviſe upont, and ſee
What may be done by wit and induſtry. *Exit.*

Enter Wife, Longoveil, Bewford, Servants.

Wife. It muſt be carried cloſely with a care
That no man ſpeak unto him, or come near him
Without our private knowledge, or be made
Afore-hand to our practice:
My good husband
I ſhall entreat you now to ſtay a while,
And prove a noble coxcomb:
Gentlemen,
Your counſell and advice about this carriage.
Ser. Alas good man, I do begin to mourn
His dire maſſacre: what a perſecution
Is pouring down upon him? ſure he is ſinfull.
Long. Let him be kept in's chamber under ſhew
Of ſtate and dignity, and no man ſufferd
To ſee his noble face, or have acceſſe,
But we that are Conſpirators. (his Tenants,
Bew. Or elſe down with him into the countrey amongſt
There he may live far longer in his greatneſſe,
And play the foole in pomp amongſt his fellows.
Wife. No, he ſhall play the foole in the City, and ſtay
I will not looſe the greatneſſe of this jeſt
That ſhal be given to my wit for the whole revenues.
Ser. Then thus wee'l have a guard about his perſon,
That no man come too neare him, and our ſelves
Alwayes in company; have him into the City
To ſee his face ſwell; whilſt in divers corners,
Some of our own appointing ſhall be ready
To cry heaven bleſſe your Grace, long live your Grace.
Wife. Servant, your counſells excellent good,
And ſhall be followed, ,twill be rarely ſtrange
To ſee him ſtated thus, as though he went
A ſhroving through the City, or intended
To ſet up ſome new ſtake:
I ſhall not hold
From open laughter when I heare him crye

Come hither my ſweet Dutcheſſe: let me kiſſe
Thy gracious lips: for this will be his phraſes?
I feare me nothing but his legs will breake
Under his mighty weight of ſuch a greatneſſe.
Bew. Now me thinks deareſt Lady you are too cruell;
His very heart will freeze in knowing this.
Wife. No, no, the man was never of ſuch deepneſſe
To make conceite his Maſter: Sir I'le aſſure ye
He will out-live twenty ſuch pageants.
Were he but my Cozen or my Brother,
And ſuch a deſperate killer of his fortune,
In this beliefe he ſhould dye, though it coſt me
A thouſand crowns a day to hold it up;
Or were I not known his wife, and ſo to have
An equall feeling of this ill he ſuffers,
He ſhould be thus till all the boyes i'th Towne
Made ſute to weare his badges in their hats,
And walke before his Grace with ſticks and noſe-gayes,
We married women hold——
Ser. 'Tis well, no more.
The Duke is entring, ſet your faces right,
And bow like Countrey prologues: here he comes.
Make roome afore, the Duke is entring.
Enter Duke.
Long. The chiefeſt fortunes waite upon our Duke,
Ser. And give him all content and happineſſe.
Bew. Let his great name live to the end of time.
Duke. We thank you, and are pleas'd to give you notice
We ſhall at fitter times wait on your Loves,
Till when, be neare Us.
Long. 'Tis a valiant purge, and works extreamly;
'Tas delivered him
Of all Right worſhipfull and gentle humours,
And left his belly full of nobleneſſe.
Du. It pleaſed the King my Maſter
For ſundry vertues not unknown to him,
And the all-ſeeing ſtate, to lend his hand
And raiſe me to this Emminence, how this
May ſeeme to other men, or ſtir the mindes
Of ſuch as are my fellow Peers, I know not,
I would deſire their loves in juſt deſignes.
Wife. Now by my faith he does well, very well:
Beſhrew my heart I have not ſeen a better
Of a raw fellow, that before this day
Never rehearſt his ſtate: 'tis marvellous well.
Ser. Is he not Duke indeed, ſee how he lookes
As if his ſpirit were a laſt, or two
Above his veines, and ſtretcht his noble hide. (not.
Long. Hee's high brac't like a drum, pray God he breake
Bew. Why let him break, ther's but a Calves-skin loſt.
Long. May it pleaſe your Grace to ſee the City,
Twill be to the minds and much contentment
Of the doubtfull people.
Du. I am determin'd ſo, till my returne
I leave my honoured Dutcheſſe to her chamber.
Be carefull of your health, I pray you be ſo.
Ser. Your grace ſhall ſuffer us your humble ſervants
To give attendance fit ſo great a perſon
Upon your body.
Duke. I am pleaſed ſo.
Long. Away good *Bewford*, raiſe a guard ſufficient
To keep him from the reach of tongues, be quicke;
And do you heare, remember how the ſtreets
Muſt be diſpos'd with for cryes, and ſalutations.
Your grace determines not to ſee the King——?
Du. Not yet, I ſhall be ready ten dayes hence
To kiſſe his highneſſe hand, and give him thanks,
As it is fit I ſhould for his great bounty
Set forward Goentlemen.
Groom. Room for the Duke there. *Exeunt Duke & trai*
Wife. 'Tis fit he ſhould have room to ſhew his might
He ſwels ſo with his poyſon, (ne
'Tis better to reclaim ye thus, then make
A ſheeps-head of you, It had been but your due;
But I have mercy Sir, and mean to reclaim you
By a directer courſe.
That woman is not worthy of a ſoule
That has the ſoveraign power to rule her husband,
And gives her title up, ſo long provided
As there be faire play, and his ſtate not wrongd.
Enter Shattillion. (ſprin
Shat. I would be glad to know whence this new Duk
The people buz abroad, or by what title
He received his dignity, 'tis very ſtrange
There ſhould be ſuch cloſe jugling in the State,
But I am tyed to ſilence, yet a day
May come, and ſoone to perfect all theſe doubts.
Wife. It is the mad *Shattillion* by my ſoule
I ſuffer much for this poor Gentleman;
I'le ſpeake to him, may be he yet knows me.
Monſieur Shattillion.
Shat. Can you give me reaſon from whence
This great Duke ſprang that walkes abroad?
Wife. Even from the King himſelfe.
Shat. As you are a woman, I think you may be cove
Yet your prayer would do no harm good woman.
Wife. God preſerve him.
Enter Shattillions Love.
Shat. I ſay Amen, and ſo ſay all good ſubjects.
Love. Lady as ever you have lov'd, or ſhall,
As you have hope of heaven lend your hand,
And wit to draw this poore diſtracted man
Under your roofe from the broad eyes of people,
And wonder of the ſtreets.
Wife. With all my heart;
My feeling of his griefe and loſſe is much.
Love. Sir now you are come ſo neare the priſon, wi
Goe in, and viſit your fair Love: poore ſoule
She would be glad to ſee you.
Shat. This ſame Duke is but
Apocryphall, there's no creation
That can ſtand where titles are not right.
Love. 'Tis true Sir.
Shat. This is another draught upon my life;
Let me examine well the words I ſpake.
The words I ſpake were, that this novell Duke
Is not ot'h true making, 'tis to me moſt certaine.
Wife. You are as right Sir as you went by line.
Shat. And to the griefe of many thouſands more.
Wife. If there be any ſuch, God comfort them. (plea
Shat. Whoſe mouths may open when the time ſhall
I'me betraid, commend me to the King,
And tell him I am ſound, and crave but juſtice;
You ſhall not need to have your guard upon me,
Which I am ſure are plac'd for my attach ment;
Lead on; I'm obedient to my bonds.
Love. Good Sir be not diſpleaſed with us;
We are but ſervants to his highneſſe will,
To make that good.
Shat. I doe forgive you even with my heart;
Shall I entreat a favour?
Wife. Any thing.
Shat. To ſee my love before that fatall ſtroake,
And publiſh to the world my chriſtian death,
And true obedience to the Crown of France.
Love. I hope it ſhall not need Sir, for there is mercy

As well as juſtice in his Royall heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter three Gentlemen.

1 Gen. Every man take his corner, here am I,
You there, and you in that place, ſo be perfect,
Have a great care your cryes be loud; and faces
Full of dejected feare and humbleneſſe.
He comes.

Enter Jaques.

Ja. Fye how theſe ſtreets are charg'd and ſwell'd
With theſe ſame raſcally people? give more room,
Or I ſhall have occaſion to diſtribute
A martial almes amongſt you; as I am a Gentleman
I have not ſeen ſuch rude diſorder,
They follow him like a prize, there's no true gaper
Like to your Citizen, he will be ſure
The beares ſhall not paſſe by his door in peace,
But he and all his family will follow.
Roome there afore? Sound?

Enter Duke and his company.

Ja. Give roome, and keep your places
And you may ſee enough; keep your places.
Long. Theſe people are too far unmanner'd, thus
To ſtop your Graces way with multitudes.
Du. Rebuke them not good *Monſieur* 'tis their loves
Which I will anſwer, if it pleaſe my ſtars
To ſpare me life and health.
2 Gen. Bleſſe your Grace.
Du. And you with all my heart.
1 Gen. Now heaven preſerve your happy days:
Du. I thank you too.
3 Gen. Now heaven ſave your Grace;
Du. I thanke you all.
Bew. On there before.
Du. Stand Gentlemen, ſtay yet a while,
For I am minded to impart my love
To theſe good people, and my friends
Whoſe love and prayers for my greatneſſe,
Are equall in abundance, note me well,
And with my words; my heart? for as the tree——
Long. Your Grace had beſt beware, 'twil be inform'd
Your greatneſſe with the people.
Duke. I had more
My honeſt and ingenious people.——But
The weight of buſineſſe hath prevented me.
I am call'd from you: but this tree I ſpake of
Shall bring forth fruit I hope to your content,
And ſo I ſhare my bowels amongſt you all.
Omnes. A noble Duke, a very noble Duke.

Enter a Gentleman.

Ser. Afore there Gentlemen.
Gen. You'r faithfully met good *Monſieur Mount Marine.*
Ser. Be adviſ'd, the time is alter'd.
Gen. Is he not the ſame man he was afore?
Duke. Still the ſame man to you Sir.
Long. You have received mighty grace, be thankfull.
Gen. Let me not dye in ignorance;
Long. You ſhall not.
Then know the King out of his loue hath pleaſed
To ſtile him Duke of *Burgundy.*
Gen. O great Duke,
Thus low, I plead for pardon, and deſire
To be enrol'd amongſt your pooreſt ſlaves.
Du. Sir you have mercy, and withall my hand,
From henceforth let me call you one of mine.
Ser. Make room afore there, and diſmiſſe the people.
Du. Every man to his houſe in peace and quiet. (Duke.
Peop. Now heaven preſerve the Duke, heaven bleſſe the
Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Wife.

Wife. This letter came this morn from my Cozen
To the great Lady, high and mighty Ducheſſe
Of *Burgundy*, be theſe delivered. O,
For a ſtronger lace to keep my breath
That I may laugh the nine dayes till the wonder
Fall to an ebb: the high and mighty Ducheſſe?
The high and mighty God? what a ſtile is this?
Methinks it goes like a Duchy lope-man,
A ladder of 100. rounds will faile
To reach the top on't, well my Gentle Cozen
I know by theſe contents your itch of honour;
You muſt to the Court, you ſay, and very ſhortly:
You ſhall be welcome; and if your wife have wit
I'le put her in a thriving courſe, if not
Her own ſin on her owne head, not a blot
Shall ſtaine my reputation, only this
I muſt for healths ſake ſometimes
Make an aſſe of the tame moyle my husband;
'Twill do him good, and give him freſher brains,
Me freſher blood.
Now for the noble Duke, I heare him comming.

Enter Duke, his traine.

Your Grace is well return'd.
Du. As well as may be:
Never in younger health, never more able:
I meane to be your bed-fellow this night,
Let me have good encounter.
Bew. Bleſſe me heaven
What a hot meat this greatneſſe is?
Long. It may be ſo,
For I'le be ſworn he hath not got a ſnap
This two months on my knowledge, or her woman
Is damd for ſwearing it.
Du. I thank you Gentlemen for your attendance
And alſo your great paines, pray know my lodgings
Better and oftner, do ſo Gentlemen.
Now by my honour, as I am a Prince,
I ſpeake ſincerely, know my lodgings better,
And be not ſtrangers, I ſhall ſee your ſervice
And your deſervings, when you leaſt expect.
Om. We humbly thank your Grace for this great favor.
Du, Jaques?
Ja. Your Grace.
Du. Be ready for the Countrey,
And let my Tenants know the Kings great love:
Say I would ſee them, but the waight at Court
Lyes heavy on my ſhoulders: let them know
I do expect their duties in attendance
Againſt the next feaſt, wait for my comming
To take up poſt horſe, and be full of ſpeed. *Exit Jaques.*
Wife. I would deſire your Grace——
Du. You ſhall deſire, and have your
Full deſire, ſweet Ducheſſe ſpeak.
Wife. To have ſome conference with a Gentleman
That ſeems not altogether void of reaſon;
He talks of titles, and things neare the Crown,
And knowing none ſo fit as your good Grace,
To give the difference in ſuch points of State——
Du. What is he? If he be noble, or have any part
That's worthy our converſe, We do accept him.
Wife. I can aſſure your Grace his ſtraine is noble,
But he's very ſubtle.
Duke. Let him be ſo.
Let him have all the braines, I ſhall demonſtrate
How this moſt Chriſtian Crown of *France* can beare
No other ſhew of title then the Kings.
I will goe in and meditate for halfe an houre,

And then be ready for him preſently,
I will convert him quickly or confound him.
Ser. Is mad Shattillion here?
Wife. Is here, and's Lady,
I prethee ſervant fetch him hither.
Ser. Why, what do you meane to put him to?
Wife. To chat with the mad lad my husband;
'Twill be brave to heare them ſpeake, babl,
Stare, and prate.
Bew. But what ſhall be the end of all this, Lady?
Enter. Shattillion, and Servant.
Wife. Leave that to me, now for the grand diſpute,
For ſee here comes *Shattillion*: as I live me thinks
All *France* ſhould beare part of his griefes.
Long. I,le fetch my Lord the Duke.
Shat. Where am I now, or whether will you lead me?
To my death? I crave my priviledge,
I muſt not dye but by juſt courſe of law.
Ser. His Majeſty hath ſent by me your pardon,
He meant not you ſhould dye; but would intreate you
To lay the full ſtate of your Title open,
Unto a grave and noble Gentleman.
Enter Duke, and Longovile.
The Duke of Burgundy who here doth come,
Who either by his wiſedome will confute you,
Or elſe informe and ſatisfie the King.
Bew. May't pleaſe your grace, this is the Gentleman.
Duke. Is this he that chops Logicke with my liege?
Shat. D'ee mocke me? you are great, the time will come
When you ſhall be as much contemned as I,
Where are the ancient complements of *France*,
That upſtarts brave the Princes of the bloud?
Duke. Your title Sir, in ſhort.
Shat. He muſt Sir,
Be a better ſtates man then your ſelfe, that can
Trip me in any thing, I will not ſpeake
Before theſe witneſſes.
Duke. Depart the roome, for none ſhall ſtay,
No not my deareſt Dutches.
Wife. Wee'le ſtand behind the Arras & heare all. *Exeunt.*
Duke. In that chaire take your place, I in this,
Diſcourſe your title now.
Shat. Sir you ſhall know,
My loves true title, mine by marriage,
Setting aſide the firſt race of French Kings
Which will not here concerne us, as *Pharamond*,
With *Clodian*, *Meron*, and *Chilperik*,
And to come downe unto the ſecond race,
Which we will likewiſe ſlip——
Duke. But take me with you.
Shat. I pray you give me leave, of *Martell Charles*,
The Father of King *Pippin*, who was, Sir,
To *Charles* the great and famous *Charlemaine*.
And to come to the third race of *French* Kings,
Which will not be great ly pertinent in this cauſe,
Betwixt the King and me, of which you know
HVGH CAPET was the firſt,
Next his Sonne *Robert*, *Henry* then, and *Phillip*
With *Lewis*, and his Sonne a *Lewis* too,
And of that name the ſeventy, but all this
Springs from a female as it ſhall appeare.
Duke. Now give me leave, I grant you this yonr title
At the firſt ſight carryes ſome ſhew of truth;
But if ye weigh it well ye ſhall finde light.
Is not his Majeſtie poſſeſt in peace,
And juſtice executed in his name,
And can you thinke the moſt Chriſtian King
Would do this if he ſaw not reaſon for it?
Shat. But had not the tenth *Lewis* a ſole daughter
Duke. I cannot tell.
Shat. But anſwer me directly.
Duke. It is a moſt ſeditious queſtion.
Shat. Is this your juſtice?
Duke. I ſtand for my King.
Shat. Was ever heire apparant thus abus'd?
I'le have your head for this.
Duke. Why, do your worſt.
Shat. Will no one ſtir to apprehend this traytor?
A guard about my perſon will? none come?
Muſt my owne royall hands performe the deede?
Then thus I do arreſt you.
Duke. Treaſon, help.
Enter Wife, Long, and Bew. and Servant.
Wife. Help, help, my Lord and husband.
Duke. Help thy Duke.
Long. Forbeare his graces perſon.
Shat. Forbeare you to touch him that,
Your heire apparant weds,
But by this hand I will have all your heads.
Ser. How doth your grace?
Duke. Why? well.
Ser. How do you finde his title?
Duke. 'Tis a dangerous one,
As can come by a female.
Ser. I 't is true,
But the law *Salicke*, cuts him off from all.
Long. I do beſeech your grace how ſtands his title?
Duke. Pew, nothing, the law *Shallicke* cuts him off
Wife. My gracious husband you muſt now prepare,
In all your graces pomp to entertaine
Your cozen, who is now a convertite,
And followes here, this night he will be here.
Duke. Be ready all in haſt, I do intend,
To ſhew before my cozens wondring face (Ex
The greatneſſe of my pomp, and of my place. om

Actus quartus.

Enter Cozen. his Wife.

Co. Sirra is all things carried to the Taylor,
The meaſure and the faſhion of the gowne
With the beſt trim?
Man. Yes Sir & 'twill be ready within this two da
Co. For my ſelfe I care not,
I have a ſuite or two of ancient velvet;
Which with ſome ſmall correcting and addition
May ſteale into the preſence. (my li
Wife. Would my Gowne were ready husband, I'le lay
To make you ſomething ere to morrow night.
Co. It muſt not bee
Before we ſee the *Duke*, and have advice,
How to behave our ſelves: lets in the while,
And keep our ſelves from knowledge till time ſhall call
Enter Long: and Bewford. *Exeu*
Long. I much admire the fierce maſculine ſpirit,
Of this dread Amazon.
Bew. This following night I'le have a wench in ſolace
Long. Sir, I heare you,
And will be with you if I live, no more.
Enter Maria.
Ma. My Lady would intreate your preſence Gentlma
Bew. We will obey your Lady, ſhe is worthy.
Long. You light alone, a word, or two.

Ma. Your will Sir.
Long. Harke in your eare, wilt thou be maried? ſpeake,
Ma. Maried? to whom Sir? (wilt thou marry?
Long. To a proper fellow, landed, and able bodied,
Ma. Why do you flout me Sir? (be free,
Long. I ſweare I do not, I love thee for thy Ladies ſake,
Ma. If I could meet ſuch matches as you ſpeake of,
I were a very child to looſe my time, Sir.
Long. What ſaieſt thou to *Mounſier Bewford.*
Mar. Sir I ſay hee's a proper Gentleman, and far
Above my meanes to looke at.
Long. Doſt thou like him?
Ma. Yes Sir, and ever did.
Long He is thine owne.
Mar. You are too greate in promiſes.
Long. Be rul'd and follow my advice, he ſhall be thine
Mar. Would you would make it good Sir.
Long. Do but thus,
Get thee a cuſhion underneath thy cloathes,
And leave the reſt to me.
Mar. I'le be your ſcholler,
I cannot looſe much by the venture ſure.
Long. Thou wilt looſe a prettie maiden head, my rogue,
Or I am much o'th bow hand, you'le remember
If all this take effect, who did it for you,
And what I may deſerve for ſuch a kindneſſe.
Ma. Yours Sir. **Exeunt.**

Enter Jaques and Shatillion ſeverally.

Ja. Save ye Sir.
Sha. Save the King,
Ja. I pray you Sir, which is the neareſt way?
Sha. Save the King, this is the neareſt way.
Ja. Which is the neareſt way to the poſt houſe?
Sha. God ſave the King and his poſt horſe.
Ja. I pray Sir direct me to the houſe;
Sha. Heaven ſave the King, you cannot catch me Sir.
Ja. I do not underſtand you Sir.
Sha. You do not, I ſay you cannot catch me Sir.
Ja. Not catch you Sir?
Sha. No Sir, nor can the King,
With all his ſtratagems, and his forced tricks,
Although he put his nobles in diſguiſe;
Never ſo oft to ſift into my words,
By courſe of law, lay hold upon my life.
Ja. It is buſineſſe that my Lord the *Duke*
Is by the King imployed in, and he thinks
I am acquainted with it.
Sha. I ſhall not need to ripp the cauſe up,
From the firſt to you,
But if his Majeſty had ſuffered me
To marry her, though ſhe be after him,
The right heire generall to the Crowne of *France.*
I would not have convayed her into *Spaine,*
As it was thought, nor would I ere have joyn'd,
With the reformed Churches to make them,
Stand for my cauſe.
Ja. I do not thinke you would.
Shat. I thanke you Sir,
And ſince I ſee you are a favorer
Of vertues, kept in bondage;
Tell directly to my ſoveraigne King,
For ſo I will acknowledge him for ever,
How you have found my ſtaid affections
Setled for peace, and for the preſent ſtate.
Ja. Why Sir?
Sha. And good Sir tell him further this,
That notwithſtanding all ſuggeſtions
Brought to him againſt me and all his ſuſpitions,
Which are innumerall to my treaſons,
If he will warrant me but publique tryall,
I'le freely yeild my ſelfe into his hands;
Can he have more then this?
Ja. No by my troth.
Sha. I would his Majeſty would heare but reaſon,
As well as you.
Ja. But Sir you do miſtake me,
For I never ſaw the King
In all my life but once, therefore good Sir,
May it pleaſe you to ſhew me which is the poſt houſe.
Sha. I cry you mercie Sir, then you'r my freind.
Ja. Yes Sir.
Sha. And ſuch men are very rare with me,
The poſt houſe is hard by, farewell;
Ja. I thanke you Sir, I muſt ride hard to night,
And it is darke already.
Shat. I am cruell to ſend this man directly to his death
That is my freind; and I might eaſily ſave him,
He ſhall not dye, come backe my freind, come backe.
Ja. What is your will?
Sha. do you not know?
Ja. Not I.
Sha. And do you gather nothing by my face?
Ja. No Sir.
Sha. Vertue is ever innocent,
La not the fault on me, I greive for you,
And wiſh that all my teares might win your ſafety.
Ja. Why Sir?
Sha. Alas good freind you are undone,
The more ill fortune, mine to be the meanes
Of your ſad overthrow: you know not me.
Ja. No truely Sir.
Sha. Would you had never ſeene me,
I am a man purſu'd by the whole ſtate
And ſure ſome one hath ſeene me talke with you.
Ja. Yes divers Sir.
Sha. Why then your head is gon.
Ja. I'le out of towne.
Sha. Would it were ſoone enough,
Stay if you love your life, or elſe you are taken.
Ja. What ſhall I do?
Sha. I'le venture deeply for him,
Rather then to caſt away an innocent,
Take courage friend, I will preſerve thy life,
With hazard of mine owne.
Ja. I thanke you Sir.
Sha. This night thou ſhalt be lodg'd within my doores,
Which ſhall be all lockt faſt, and in the morne
I'le ſo provide, you ſhall have free acceſſe,
To the Sea ſide and ſo be ſhipt away,
Ere any know it.
Ja. Good Sir ſuddainly I am afraide to dye.
Sha. Then follow me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Shatillions Love.

Love. This way he went, and there's the houſe I hope,
His better Angell hath directed him,
To leave the wandring ſtreetes, poore Gentleman.
Would I were able with as free a hart,
To ſet his ſoule right, as I am to grieue,
The ruine of his fame, which God forgive me;
Sir if you be within, I pray Sir ſpeake to me.
Shat. I am within and will be, what are you?
Love. A friend.
Shat. No Sir you muſt pardon me,
I am acquainted with none ſuch: be ſpeedy,
Friend there is no other remedy.
Love. A word Sir I ſay I am your friend.

Shat. You cannot ſcape by any other meanes,
Be not feareful, God ſave the King,
What's your buſineſſe Sir?
Lov. To ſpeake with you.
Shat. Speake out then?
Lov. Shall I not come up?
Shat. Thou ſhalt not: flye if thou beeſt thin own friend,
There lyes the ſute and all the furniture
Belonging to the head, on with it friend.
Lov. Sir do you heare?
Shat. I do, God bleſſe the King,
It was a habit I had laid aſide,
For my owne perſon if the ſtate had forced me.
Love. Good Sir unlocke your dore. bush,
Shat. Be full of ſpeede, I ſee ſome 20 Musketeeresin am-
What ere thou art, know I am here and will be,
Seeſt thou this bloody ſword that cryes revenge?
Shake not my friend, through millions of theſe foes
I'le be thy guard and ſet thee ſafe a board.
Lov. Dare you not truſt me Sir?
Shat. My good before me,
And my alleagance to the King I tell thee
Captaine (for ſo I gueſſe thee by thy armes)
And the looſe flancks of halberdeeres about thee,
Thou art too weake and fooliſh to attempt me.
If you be ready follow me, and harke you
Upon your life ſpeake to no living wight,
Except my ſelfe.
Love. Monſieur Shattillion?
Shat. Thou ſhalt not call agen; thus with my ſword,
And the ſtrong faith I beare unto the King;
Whom God preſerve, I will deſcend my chamber,
And cut thy throate, I ſweare I'le cut thy throate,
Steale after me and live.
Love. I will not ſtay.
The furie of a man ſo farr diſtracted. *Exit Love.*
Enter Shattillion.
Where's the Officer that dares not enter,
To intrap the life of my diſtreſſed friend?
I, have you hid your ſelfe? you muſt be found,
What do you feare? is not authority on your ſide
Nay, I know the Kings command
Will be your warrant, why then feare you? ſpeake
What ſtrange deſignes are theſe? *Shattillion*,
Be reſolute and beare thy ſelfe upright,
Though the whole world deſpiſe thee: ſoft, me thinks.
I heard a ruſhing which was like the ſhake
Of a diſcovered Officer, I'le ſearch
The whole ſtreete over, but I'le finde thee out. *Exit.*
Enter Jaques. in womens a parrell.
Ja. How my joyntes do ſhake, where had I been
But for this worthy Gentleman, that
Hath ſome touch of my infortunes: would I were
Safe under hatches once for *Callicut*,
Farewell the pomp of Court, I never more
Can hope to be a Duke or any thing,
I never more ſhall ſee thy glorious face;
Of my faire ſpreading Lord that loved me well.
Enter Shattillion.
Shat. Flye you ſo faſt? I had a ſight of you,
But would not follow you; I was too wiſe,
You ſhall not lead me with a cunning tricke,
Where you may catch me; poore *Shatillion*;
Hath the Kings anger left thee never a friend?
No, all mens loves move by the breath of Kings.
Ja. It is the Gent. that ſav'd my life, Sir.
Shat. Bleſſe *Shatillion*, another plot.
Ja. No Sir, 'tis I.
Shat. Why, who are you?
Ja. Your friend whom you preſerved.
Shat. Whom I preſerved?
My friend ?I have no woman friend but one,
Who is to cloſe in priſon to be here;
Come neere let me looke on you.
Ja. 'Tis I.
Shat. You ſhould not be a woman by your ſtature.
Ja. I am none Sir.
Shat. I know it, then keepe off,
Strange men and times! how I am ſtill preſerv'd?
Here they have ſent a yeoman of the guard
Diſguis'd in womans cloathes to worke on me,
To make love to me; and to trap my words,
And ſo inſnare my life, I know you Sir,
Stand back upon your perill, can this bee
In chriſtian common weales? from this time forth
I'le cut off all the meanes to worke on me.
I'le nere ſtirr from my houſe: and keep my doores
Lockt day and night, and cheapen meat and drink
At the next ſhops by ſignes, out of my window,
And having bought it draw it up in my garters.
Ja. Sir, will you help me?
Shat. Do not follow me,
I'le take a courſe to live deſpight of men. *Exit S*
Ja. He dares not venture for me, wretched *Jaques*
Thou art undone for ever and for ever,
Never to riſe againe: what ſhall I do?
Enter Bew.
Where ſhall I hide me? heres one to take me,
I muſt ſtand cloſe, and not ſpeake for my life.
Bew. This is the time of night, and this the haunte,
In which I uſe to catch my wasccoatieres,
It is not very darke, no I ſhall ſpie 'em,
I have walkt out in ſuch a pitchy night.
I could not ſee my fingers this farr off,
And yet have brought whom venſon by the ſmell,
I hope they have not left their old walke, ah?
Have I ſpied you ſitting by this light?
To me theres no ſuch fine ſight in the world,
As a white-apron twixt twelve and one;
See how it gliſters? do you thinke to ſcape?
So now I have you faſt; come and do not ſtrive,
It takes away the edge of appetite;
Come I'le be liberall every way, *Ex*
Take heed you make no noyſe for waking of the wat
Enter Cozen and his Wife.
Coz. Now the bleſſing of ſome happy guide,
To bring us to the Duke and we are ready.
Enter Long. and Servant.
Come forward ſee the doore is opend,
And two of his Gent. I'le ſpeake to them,
And marke how I behave my ſelfe, God ſaue yee;
For leſſe I cannot wiſh to men of ſort, & of your ſeemin
Are you of the Dukes?
Long. We are Sir, and your ſervants, your ſalutes,
We give you backe againe with many thankes.
Co. When did you heare ſuch words before wife? pea
Do you not dare to anſwer yet; s't fit
So meane a Gentleman as my ſelfe ſhould crave,
The preſence of the great Duke your Maſter?
Ser. Sir you may.
Long. Shall we deſire your name and buſineſſe Sir,
And wee will preſently informe him of you.
Co. My name is *Cleremont*
Ser. You are his graces kinſman,
Or I am much miſtaken;
Co. You are right,

Some of his noble blood runs through theſe veines,
Though far unworthy of his graces knowledge.
Long. Sir we muſt all be yours; his graces kinſman,
And we ſo much forgetfull? 'twas a rudeneſſe,
And muſt attend your pardon, thus I crave it:
Firſt to this beauteous Lady, whom I take
To be your wife Sir, next your mercie.
Couſ. You have it Sir, I do not like this kiſſing,
It lyes ſo open to a world of wiſhes.
Ser. This is the merry fellow, this is he
That muſt be noble too.
Long. And ſo he ſhall.
If all the art I have can make him noble,
I'le dub him with a Knight-hood; if his wife
VVill be but forward, and joyne iſſue,
I like her above excellent.
ser. VVilt pleaſe you
To walke a turne or two, whilſt to the Duke
VVe make your comming known? *Exit ser. & Long.*
Couſ. I ſhal attend, Sir.
Wife. Theſe Gentlemen are very proper men,
And kiſſe the beſt that ere I taſted.
For goodneſſe-ſake husband let us never more
Come neare the Countrey, what ſo ere betide us;
I am in malice with the memory
Of that ſame ſtinking dung-hill.
Couſ. VVhy now you are my chicken and my dear,
Love where I love, hate where I hate, now
You ſhall have twenty gownes, and twenty chaines,
See, the doore is opening.
Groom. Roome afore there, the Duke is entring.

Enter Duke, Wife, Long. servant, Maria.

Coſ. 'Tis the Duke, even he himſelfe, be merry,
This is the golden age the Poet ſpeaks on.
Wife. I pray it be not brazen'd, by their faces,
And yet me thinks they are the neateſt pieces
For ſhape and cutting that ere I beheld.
Couſ. Moſt gracious Duke, my poor Spouſe & my ſelfe
Do kiſſe your mighty foote, and next to that
The great hand of your Ducheſſe, ever wiſhing
Your honours ever-ſpringing, and your yeares.
Du. Cozen?
Couſ. Your Graces vaſſall, far unworthy
The nearneſſe of your blood.
Du. Correct me not, I know the word I ſpeake,
And know the perſon.
Though I be ſom-thing higher then the place
VVhere common men have motion, and diſcending
Down with my eye, their formes are leſſened to me,
Yet from this pitch can I behold my owne,
From millions of thoſe men that have no marke,
And in my fearfull ſtoop, can make them ſtand.
VVhen others feele my ſoule and periſh, Cozen
Be comforted, you are very welcome, ſo
Is your faire wife: the charge of whom I give
To my own deareſt and beſt beloved.
Tell me, have you reſolv'd your ſelfe for Court,
And utterly renounce the ſlaviſh Countrey,
VVith all the cares thereof?
Couſ. I have ſir.
Du. Have you diſmiſt your eating houſhold,
Sold your hangings of *Nebuchadnezar*, for ſuch they (were,
As I remember, with the furnitures
Belonging to your beds and chambers?
Couſ. I Sir.
Du. Have you moſt carefully tane off the lead,
From your roofe weake with age, and ſo prevented
The ruine of your houſe, and clapt him
In a ſummer ſuite of thatch to keepe him coole?
Couſ. All this I have perform'd.
Du. Then lend me all your hands, I will embrace my (Cozen
VVho is an underſtanding Gentleman,
And with a zeale mighty as is my name,
Once more I bid you welcome to the Court;
My ſtate againe.
Duch. As I was telling you your husband
Muſt be no more Commander, looke to that,
Be ſeverall at meate, and lodging, let him have
Boord-wages and dyet 'mongſt his men it'h towne
For pleaſure if he be given too't let him have it,
Elſe as your own fancie ſhall direct you.
Cozen, you ſee this mighty man here: he was an aſſe
When he came firſt to towne: indeed he was
Juſt ſuch another coxcomb as your husband,
God bleſſe the mark and every good mans childe!
This muſt not ſtir you Cozen.
Wife. Heaven forbid?
Long. Sweet *Maria*, provide the cuſhion ready for it.
Mar. It ſhall be done.
Du. Receive all your advices from our ſelfe,
Be once a day with us, and ſo farewell
For this time, my faire Cozen; Gentlemen
Conduct him to his lodging.
Duch. Farewell, and think upon my words.
Wife. I ſhall obſerve them. *Exit Duke and Ducheſſe.*
Couſ. Health, and the Kings continuall love attend you.
Ser. O for a private place to eaſe my lungs!
Heaven give me patience, ſuch a paire of Jades
Were never better ridden to this houre,
Pray heaven they hold out to the journey's end.
Long. Twitch him aſide good *Monſieur*, whilſt I breake
Upon the body of his ſtrength, his wife,
I have a conſtant promiſe: ſhe is my own.
ser. Ply her to wind-ward *Monſieur*, you have taken
The moſt compendious way to raiſe your ſelfe,
That could have been delivered by a councell.
Couſ. I have ſome certaine aimes Sir: but my wife——
Ser. Your wife? you muſt not let that trouble you.
Couſ. It will Sir, to ſee her in a ſtrangers armes.
Ser. What mean you? let her alone, be wiſe, ſtir not a (foot
For if you do, all your hopes are buryed:
I ſweare you are a loſt man if you ſtir.
Couſ. I thanke you Sir, I will be more adviſ'd.
Ser. But what great Office do you levell at?
Couſ. Sir, they are kiſſing.
ser. Let them kiſſe,
And much may do their good hearts; they muſt kiſſe
And kiſſe, and double kiſſe, and kiſſe againe,
Or you may kiſſe the poſt for any riſing:
Had your noble Kinſman ever mounted
To theſe high Spheres of honour, now he moves in,
But for the kiſſes of his wife?
Couſ. I Know not.
ser. Then I doe; credite me, he had been loſt,
A fellow of no mark, and no repute,
Had not his wife kiſt ſoone, and very ſweetly
She was an excellent woman, and diſpatcht him
To his full, being in a moment Sir— *Exit Long. & Wife.*
Couſ. But yet me thinks he ſhould not take her Sir
Into a private roome.
Ser. Now ſtand and flouriſh,
You are a made man for ever.
I doe envy you if you ſtand your fortunes up,
You are the happieſt man: but your great Cozen
This day in Court: well I will marry ſurely,
And not let every man out-run me thus.

'Tis time to be mine owne friend, I live
In towne here, and direct the readieſt way,
To other men, and be a ſlave my ſelfe.
Co. Nay good Sir be not mov'd, I am your ſervant,
And will not be ungratefull for this knowledge.
Ser. Will you be walking home?
Co. I would deſire to have my wife a long.
Ser. You are too raw,
Be gon and take no notice where you left her,
Let her returne at leiſure, if ſhe ſtay
A moneth 'twill be the better, underſtand me
This Gentleman can doe't. *(Exit Cozen.*
Co. I will Sir, & wife remember me a Duke, a Duke wife.
Ser. Aboard her Longaveile ſhee's thine owne,
To me the fooling of this foole, is venerie. *Exit Servant.*

Enter Bewford and Jaques.

Bew. Come, preethe come, have I not crownes? behold
And follow me, here; not a word, go in
Grope by the walls, and you ſhall finde a bed,
Lye downe there, ſee, ſee, a turne or two to give
My blood ſome heate; and I am preſently
For action, darkneſſe by thy leave I come. *Exit Bew.*

Enter Maria.

Ma. I am perfect in my leſſon, be my ſpeed,
Thou God of marriage, this is the doore, I'le knock.
Bew. within. Whoſe there? I cannot come yet.
Ma. Mounſier *Bewford*?
Bew. Stay 'till I light a candle, who are ye?
Mar. Sir? a poore Gentlewoman.

Enter Bewford. (loude.

Bew. O come in, I'le finde a time for you too, be not
Mar. Sir you have found that time already, ſhame
On my ſoule therefore.
Bew. Why? what's the matter?
Mar. Do you not ſee Sir, is your light ſo dim?
Bew. Do you not waite on the Lady Mount *Marine*?
Mar. I do Sir, but my love on you.
Bew. Poore ſoule! how cam'it thou by this big belly?
Mar. By your ſelfe.
Bew. By heaven I ne're toucht your body.
Mar. Yes, unſweare that oath agen, I'le tell you all;
Theſe two yeares I have lov'd you, but the meanes
How to enjoy you, I did never know
Till twelfe night laſt, when hearing of your game
To take up wenches private in the night,
I apprehended ſtraight this courſe to make
My ſelfe as one of them, and waite your coming;
I did ſo, and enjoyed you, and now this child
That now is quicke within me hide: my ſhame,
And marry me: or elſe I muſt be for't——
Long within. Monſieur Bewford, Monſienr Bewford.
Bew. Whoſe that calls?
Long. Are you a bed?
Bew. No Sir, the hangings.

Enter Long. (play

Long. Nay *Mounſieur*, I'le forbid that, we'le have faire
Lend me your candle, are you taken *Bewford*?
A lecher of your practice, and cloſe carriage
To be diſcovered thus? I am a ſham'd
So great a Maſter in his art ſhould faile,
And ſtagger in his grounds.
Bew. Your wide,
This woman and my ſelfe are man and wife,
And have been ſo this halfe yeare,
Where are you now? have I been diſcovered?
You cannot breake ſo eaſily on me Sir,
I am to wary to be opend by you.
Long. But theſe are but illuſions to give couller
To your moſt miſticke leacherie, but Sir
The belly hath betray'd you all, it muſt out.
Bew. Good *Longavile* believe me on my faith,
I am her husband.
Long. On my faith I cannot unleſſe I ſaw
Your hands faſt and your heartes.
Bew. Why *Longavile* when did I give that to your eare
That was not truth? by all the world ſhe's mine,
She is my wife and to confirme you better
I give my ſelfe againe, here take my hand
And I yours, we are once more married,
Will this content you?
Long. Yes, I am believing, and God give you joy.
Bew. My loving wife I will not wrong thee,
Since I am thine and only loved of thee
From this houre I, vow my ſelfe a new man,
Be not jealous: for though I had a purpoſe,
To have ſpent an hower or two in ſolace otherwiſe,
And was provided for it, yet my love
Shall put a better temper to my blood,
Come out thou woman of unholſome life,
Be ſorry for thy ſinnes, and learne to mend,
Nay never hide your face, you ſhall be ſeene.
Long. Jaques, why *Jaques*, art thou that *Jaques*,
The very ſtaffe, and right hand of our Duke?
Speake, thou bearded *Venus.*
Ja. I am he, by miracle preſerv'd to be that *Jaques*,
Within this two houres Gentlemen, poore *Jaques*
Was but as coarſe in grave: a man of wiſedome,
That of my conſcience if he had his right
Should have a pretty ſtate, but that's all one
That noble Gentleman did ſave this life,
I keepe it for him, 'tis his owne. (the Du
Long. Oh *Bachus*! is all the world drunke? come wee'le
And give thankes for this delivery.

Actus quintus.

Enter Duke, and Jaques.

Duke. Not gon unto my Tenants to relate
My grace and honour; and the mightyneſſe
Of my new name which would have ſtruck a terrour
Through their courſe doublets, to their very hearts?
Ja. Alas great Lord and Maſter, I could ſcarce
With ſafety of my life returne againe
Unto your graces houſe, and but for one
That had ſome mercie, I had ſure been hang'd.
Duke. My houſe?
Ja. Yes Sir, this houſe, your houſe 'ith towne.
Duke. Jaques we are diſpleas'd, hath it no name?
Ja. What name?
Duke. Dull rogue; what hath the King beſtowed
So many honours, open'd all his ſpringes,
And ſhowerd his graces downe upon my head,
And has my houſe no name? no title yet?
Burgundy houſe you Aſſe.
Ja. Your graces mercy,
And when I was come off, and had recover'd
Burgundy houſe, I durſt not yet be ſeene,
But lay all night for feare of purſuivants
In *Burgundy* privie houſe.
Duke. O Sir, 'tis well,
Can you remember now? but *Jaques* know
Since thy intended journey is ſo croſte,

I will go downe my ſelfe this morning.
Ja. Sir?
Duke. Have I not ſaid this morning?
Ja. But conſider,
That nothing is prepared yet for your journey,
Your graces teames not here to draw your cloathes;
And not a carrier yet in town to ſend by.
Duke. I ſay once more go about it,
You'r a wiſe man, you'de have me linger time,
Till I have worne theſe cloathes out: will ye go?
Make ye ready wiſe. *Exit. Jaques.*

Enter Wife.

Dutches. I am ſo, mighty *Duke.*
Duke. Nay for the Countrey.
Dutch. How? for the Countrey? (very
Duke. Yes I am reſolv'd to ſee my Tenants in this bra-
Make them a ſumptuous feaſt, with a ſlight ſhew,
Of *Dives*, and *Lazarus*, and a ſquib or two,
And ſo returne.
Dutches. VVhy Sir? you are not mad? (ſpeake.
Duke. How many Dukes have ye known mad? I pray
Dutch. You are the firſt Sir, and I hope the laſt,
But you are ſtark horne mad.
Duke. Forbeare good wife.
Dutch. As I have faith you'r mad: your hornes
Have been to heavy for you, and have broke
Your skull in pieces: If you be in earneſt. (whole
Duke. VVell you ſhall know my skull and wits are
Ere I have done, and yet I am in earneſt.
Dutches. VVhy, do you think I'le go?
Duke. I know you ſhall.
Dutch. I ſhall? by what authority ſhall I?
Duke. I am your husband.
Dutch. True I confeſſe it,
And by that name the world hath given you
A power to ſway me; but Sir you ſhall know
There is a greater bond that tyes me here,
Alleagance to the King; has he not heapt
Thoſe honours on you to no other end,
But to ſtay you here, and ſhall I have a hand
In the offending ſuch a gracious Prince?
Beſides, our owne undoings lyes uppon't,
Were there no other cauſe, I do not ſee,
Why you ſhould go: If I ſhould ſay you ſhould not.
Duke. Do you thinke ſo?
Dutch. Yes faith.
Duke. Now good wife make me underſtand that point.
Dutch. Why that you ſhall, did I not bring you hither?
Duke. Yes. (the fire by me?
Dutch. And were not all thoſe honours wrought out of
Duke. By you?
Dutch. By me; how ſtrang you make it?
When you came firſt did you not walke the Town,
In a long cloake halfe compaſſe? an old hat,
Linde with vellure, and on it for a band,
A skeine of crimſon cruell?
Duke. I confeſſe it.
Dutch. And tooke baſe courſes?
Duke. Baſe? (monſtrous baſe.
Dutch. Baſe by this light, extreame baſe, and ſcurvie,
Duke. What were theſe courſes, wife?
Dutch. Why you ſhall know,
Did you not thus attired trot up and down,
Plotting for vild and lowſie offices,
And agreed with the Sergiant of the beares,
To buy his place? deny this if you can.
Duke. Why it is true.
Dutch. And was not that monſtrous baſe?
Duke. Be advis'd wife, a beares a princly beaſt.
Dutch. A beare?
Duke. Yes wife, and one ſide venſon.
Dutch. You'r more then one ſide foole, I'm ſure of that
Duke. But ſince you have vext me wife, know you ſhall
Nor you ſhall never have penny from me. (go
Dutch. Nay I have done. and though I know 'twill be
Your overthrow, I'le not forſake you now.
Duke. Be ready then. *Exit Duke.*
Dutch. I will.

Enter Bewf. Long. Serua. Maria.

Long. What are you married *Bewford*? (can make us.
Bew. I as faſt as words, and hearts, and hands & Prieſt
Dutch. O Gentlemen, we are undone.
Long. For what?
Dutch. This Gentleman the Lord of lorne my husband,
Will be gon downe to ſhew his play fellowes,
Where he is gay.
Bew. What, downe into the Countrey?
Dutch. Yes faith, was ever foole but he ſo croſſe?
I would as faine be gracious to him,
As he could wiſh me, but he will not let me;
Speake faithfully, will he deſerve my mercy?
Long. According to his merits he ſhould weare,
A guarded coate, and a great wooden dagger.
Dutch. If there be any woman that doth knowe,
The duties 'twixt a husband and his wife,
Will ſpeake but one word for him he ſhall ſcape;
Is not that reaſonable? but ther's none,
Be ready therefore, to purſue the plot
We had againſt a pinch, for he muſt ſtay.
Long. VVaite you here for him whilſt I go
And make the King acquainted with your ſport,
For feare he be incens'd for our attempting;
Places of ſo great honour. *Exit Long.*
Dutch. Go, be ſpeedy.

Enter Duke, Cozen, Wife, Jaques, Man.

Duke. Come let me ſee how all things are diſpoſed of.
Ja. One Cart will ſerve for all your furniture,
With roome enough behinde to eaſe the footman
A capcaſe for your linnen, and your plate,
VVith a ſtrange locke that opens with Amen;
For my young Lord becauſe of eaſie portage,
A quiver of your graces linde with Cunney,
Made to be hang'd about the Nurſes neck,
Thus with a ſcarfe or towell.
Duke. Very good.
Ja. Nay, 'tis well, but had you ſtaid another weeke,
I would have had you, furniſht in ſuch pomp,
As never Duke of *Burgundy* was furniſht,
You ſhould have had a ſumpter though't had coſt me
The laying on my ſelfe: where now you are faine,
To hire a rippers mare, and buy new doſſers,
But I have got them painted with your armes,
VVith a faire darnex Carpet of my owne
Laid croſſe for the more ſtate.
Duke. *Jaques* I thanke you: your Carpet ſhall be bruſht
And ſent you home; what, are you ready wife?
Dutch. An houre agoe
Duke. I cannot chuſe but kiſſe thy royall lips,
Deare *Dutches* mine, thou art ſo good a woman.
Bew. Y'ould ſay ſo if you knew all, goodman Duckling.
Coz. This was the happieſt fortune could befall me
Now in his abſence will I follow cloſe
Mine owne preferment, and I hope ere long,
To make my meane and humble name ſo ſtrong,
As my great Couzens, when the world ſhall know,
I beare too hot a ſpirit to live low

The next Spring wil I down my wife and houſhold,
I'le have My Uſhers, and my foure Lacquies,
Six ſpare croches too ; but mum, no more,
What I intend to do, I'le keep in ſtore.
Duke. Mountye, mountye, *Iaques*, be our querry.
Groom. To horſe there Gentlemen, and tall in couples.
Duke. Come honoured Ducheſſe. *Enter Longavile.*
Long. Stand thou proud man.
Duke. Thieves, *Iaques*, raiſe the people.
Long. No, raiſe no people, 'tis the Kings command,
Which bids thee once more ſtand thou haughty man,
Thou art a monſter, for thou art ungratefull,
And like a fellow of a rebell nature,
Haſt flung from his embraces : and for
His honours given thee, haſt not returnd
So much as thanks, and to oppoſe his will,
Reſolv'd to leave the Court, and ſet the Realm
A fire, in diſcontent, and open action :
Therefore he bids thee ſtand thou proud man,
Whilſt with the whisking of my ſword about
I take thy honours off : this firſt ſad whiske
Takes off thy Duke-dome, thou art but an Earl.
Duke. You are miſtaken, *Longavile*.
Long. O would I were, this ſecond whiske divides
Thy Earldome from thee, thou art yet a Baron.
Duke. No more whisks if you love me *Longavile*.
Long. Two whisks are paſt, and two are yet behind,
Yet all muſt come, but not to linger time.
With theſe two whisks I end, now *Mount Marine*,
For thou art now no more, ſo ſays the King,
And I have done his Highneſſe will with griefe.
Duke. Diſgraced from my honours ?
Lon. 'Tis too certaine.
Duke. I am no Traitor ſure that I know of ;
Speak *Iaques* ? haſt thou ever heard me utter word
Tending to treaſon, or to bring in the enemy ?
Ia. Alas ſir I know nothing,
Why ſhould your Worſhip bring me in to hang me ?
God's my judge Gentlemen I never medled
But with the bruſhing of his cloaths, or fetching
In water in a morning for his hands.
Couſ. Are theſe the honours of this place ? *Antony*
Help me to take her gowne off quickly
Or I'le ſo ſwinge ye for't———
Wife. Why husband? Sir?
Couſ. I'le not looſe a penny by this towne. (lodging,
Long. Why what do you meane ſir, have her to her
And there undreſſe her, I will waite upon her.
Couſ. Indeed you ſhall not, your moneth is out I take it,
Get you out before me wife :
Couzen farewell, I told you long agoe,
That pride begins with pleaſure, ends with woe.
Exit with's Wife.
Bew. Goe thy way ſentences, 'twill be thy fortune,
To live and dye a Cuckold and Church-warden.
Duch. O my poor husband! what a heavy fortune
Is fallen upon him?
Bew. Me thinks 'tis ſtrange,
That heaven fore-warning great men of their falls,
With ſuch plaine tokens, they ſhould not avoid them ?
For the laſt night betwixt eleven and twelve,
Two great and hideous blazing ſtars were ſeen
To fight a long houre by the clocke, the one
Dreſt like a Duke, the other like a King,
Till at the laſt the crowned ſtar ore-came.
Ser. Why do ye ſtand ſo dead, *Monſieur Marine?*
Duke. So *Cæſar* fell when in the Capitoll
They gave his body two and thirty wounds.
Be warned all ye Peers, and by my fall,
Hereafter learn to let your wives rule *all*.
Ser. *Monſieur Marine*, pray let me speak with you ;
Sir I muſt wave you to conceale this party,
It ſtands upon my utter overthrow ;
Seem not diſcontented, nor do not ſtir a foote,
For if you do, you and your hope———
I ſweare you are a loſt man if you ſtir.
And have an eye to *Bewford*, he'l tempt you.
Bew. Come, come, for ſhame goe downe ;
Were I *Marine*, by heaven I would goe down :
And being there, I would rattle him ſuch an anſwer
Should make him ſmoake.
Duke. Good *Monſieur Bewford* peace
Leave theſe rebellious words,
Or by the honours which I once enjoyed,
And yet may ſweare by,
I'le tell the King of your proceedings ;
I am ſatisfied.
Wife. You talkt of going down when 'twas not fi,
But now let's ſee your ſpirit,
A thouſand and a thouſand will expect it.
Duke. Why wife, are you mad ? (ſtreng
Wife. No nor drunk, but I'de have you know your o
Duke. You talk like a moſt fooliſh woman wife ;
I tell you I will ſtay, yet I have a
Cratchet troubles me.
Long. More cratchets yet ?
Duke. Follow me *Jaq*. I muſt have thy counſell,
I will returne againe, ſtay you there Wife. (ſtool
Long. I fear this loſſe of honour will give him ſome
Wife. No, no, he is reſolv'd, he will not
Stir a foote I'le lay my life.
Bew. I but hee's diſcontented, how ſhall we reſolve t
And make him ſtay with comfort?
Wife. Faith *Bewford* we muſt even let nature work,
For hee's the ſweeteſt temper'd man for that
As one can wiſh, for let men but goe about to foole hi
And hee'l have his finger as deep in't as the beſt ;
But ſee where he comes frowning, bleſſe us all !
Enter Duke.
Duke. Off with your hats, for here doth come
The high and mighty Duke of Burgundy.
What ever you may think, I have thought
And thought, and thought upon't, and I finde it plain
The King cannot take backe what he has given,
Unleſſe I forfeit it by courſe of Law.
Not all the water in the river Sene,
Can waſh the blood out of theſe Princely veines.
Wife. Godamercy husband, thou art the beſt
To worke out a thing at a pinch, in *France*.
Duke. I will aſcend my ſtate againe,
Ducheſſe take your place,
And let our Champion enter.
Long. Has he his Champion? that's excellent.
Duke. And let loud muſick ſound before his entranc
Sound Trumpet.
Enter Iaques in armour, one carrying a Scuchion before him , and a two-handed ſword.
Wife. How well our Champion doth demean himſel
As if he had been made for ſuch an action ?
Me thinks his ſturdy truncheon he doth wield,
Like *Mars* approaching to a bloody field.
Duke. I think ther's no man ſo deſperate
To dare encounter with our Champion,
But truſt me, *Iaques*, thou haſt pleas'd us well ;
Once more our warlike muſick, then proceed. *En: Shat*
Shat. What wondrous age is this? what cloſe proceeding

I heare the clang of Trumpets in this honſe,
To what intent do not our States-men ſearch?
O no, they look not into ſimple truth;
For I am true, and they regard not me,
A man in armour too: God ſave the King
The world will end, theres nought but treachery.

Ia. I *Ja.* ſervant to the high & mighty *Godfrey* Duke of *Burgundy*, do come hither to prove by natural ſtrength and activity of my body, without the help of ſorcery, inchantment, or negromancy, that the ſaid *Godfrey* late of *Mount Marine*, & now of *Burgundy*, hath perfect right therto, notwithſtanding the Kings command to the contrary, & no other perſon whatſoever: & in token that I wilbe ready to make good the ſame: I throw down my gage, w^{ch} is my honour, pronounced the 37. of *Feb.* ſtilo novo, *God ſave the D.*

Shat. Of all the plots the King hath laid for me
This was the ſhrewdeſt, 'tis my life they ſeeke,
And they ſhall have it: if I ſhould refuſe
To accept the challenge in the Kings behalfe,
They have ſome cauſe to take away my life,
And if I do accept it, who can tell,
But I may fall by doubtfull chance of war?
'Twas ſhrewd, but I muſt take the leaſt of evills,
I take thy gauntlet up thou treacherous man,
That ſtands in armed coate againſt the King,
Whom God preſerve, and with my ſingle ſword
Will juſtifie what ever he commands;
I'le watch him for catching of my words.

Duke. *Jaques* goe on, defend our Princely title.

Shat. Why ſhrinkſt thou backe? thou haſt an evill cauſe;
Come forward man, I have a rocke about me,
I fight for my true Liege.

Du. Goe forward *Jaques.*

Ja. I do beeſeech your Grace to pardon me,
I will not fight with him, with any elſe
I'le ſhew my reſolution ſpeedily.

Shat. Come do thy worſt, for the King ſhall ſee
All is not true that is reported of me.

Ja. I may not fight with him by law of armes.

Du. What? ſhall my title fall? wilt thou not fight?

Ja. Never with him that once hath ſav'd my life.

Shat. Dar'ſt thou not fight? behold then I doe goe
Strong with the zeale I beare my Soveraign,
And ſeize upon that haughty man himſelfe.
Deſcend the ſteps that (thou haſt thus uſurpt
Againſt the King and State) downe to the ground,
And if thou doe utter but a ſyllable
To croſſe the Kings intent, thou art but dead;
There, lye upon the earth and pine and dye.
Did ever any man wade through ſuch ſtormes,
To ſave his life, as poore *Shattillion?*

Long. I feare this challenge hath ſpoil'd all.

Duch. Ne're feare it, hee'l work it out againe ſervant.
See where *shattillions* Love, poor Lady, comes. *En: Love.*

Duke. Jaques.

Ja. Lye ſtill ſir if you love your life, I'le whiſtle when (he's gone,

Love. O Gentlemen, I charge you by the love
Which you beare to women, take ſome pitty
On this diſtreſſed man, help to reſtore
That pretious jewell to him he hath loſt.

Bew. Lady what ever power doth lye in us
By art or prayer, or danger, we are yours,

Love. A ſtrange conceite hath wrought this malady,
Conceites againe muſt bring him to himſelfe,
My ſtrict denyall to his will wrought this?
And if you could but draw his wilder thoughts
To know me, he would ſure recover ſenſe.

Long. That charge I'le undertake.

Duke. Looke *Jaques*, look, for Gods ſake let me riſe,
This greatneſſe is a Jade, I cannot ſit it.

Ja. His ſword is up, and yet he watcheth you.

Du. I'le down again, pray for thy Maſter, *Jaques.*

Shat. Now the King may ſee all the ſuggeſtions are not (true,
He hath receiv'd againſt my loyalty;
When all men elſe refuſe, I fight his battails,
And thruſt my body into dangers mouth;
I am become his Champion, and this ſword
Has taught his enemies to know themſelves;
O that he would no more be jealous of me!

Long. *Monſieur Shattillion*, the King aſſigns you,
That for this valiant loyall act of yours,
He hath forgot all jealouſies and feares,
And never more will tempt you into danger.

Shat. But how ſhall I believe this? what new token
Of reconcilement will he ſhew me?
Let him releaſe my poor love from her torment,
From her hard fare and ſtrict impriſonment.

Long. He hath done this to win your after-love,
And ſee your Lady ſent you from the King
By theſe two Gentlemen: be thankfull for her.

Shat. She lives, ſhe lives, I know her by the power
Shoots from her eyes.

Love. Riſe deare *Shattillion.*

Shat. I Know my duty,
Next unto my King, I am to kneele to you.

Love. I'le have you riſe, fetch me a chair, ſit down *Shat.*

Shat. I am commanded, and faith tell me Miſtris,
What uſage have you had? pray be plaine?

Love. O my moſt lov'd *Shattillion*, paine enough,
But now I am free, thanks to my God and King.

Long. His eyes grow very heavy, not a word,
That his weak ſenſes may come ſweetly home.

Shat. The King is honourable.

Duke. When do you whiſtle *Jaques?*

Ja. By and by.

Long. Come hither *Monſieur*, canſt thou laugh a little?

Ser. Yes Sir.

Long. So thou ſhalt then. *Bewford* how doſt thou?

Bew. Why well.

Long. I'me glad on't, and how does thy wife?

Bew. Why you may ſee her Sir, ſhe ſtands behind you.

Lon. By the maſs ſhe's there indeed, but wher's her belly?

Bew. Belly?

Lon. Her great belly man: what haſt thou ſent thee?

Ser. A boy I'le lay my life, it tumbled ſo.

Bew. Catcht by this light.

Long. I'le be a goſſip *Bewford.*

Ser. And I.

Long. I have an odd Apoſtle ſpoone.

Bew. S' foote catcht.

Duch. Why what's the matter Gentlemen?

Long. He's married to your woman.

Duch. And I not know it?

Ser. 'Twas a veniall ſin.

Bew. Gall, gall, gall.

Duch. Forgive her *Monſieur Bewford*, 'twas her love.

Bew. You may riſe if you pleaſe, I muſt endure it.

Long. See how my great Lord lyes upon the ground
And dare not ſtir yet?

Jaques, whiſtles?

Duke. Jaques, *Jaq.* is the Kings Champion gone yet,

Ja. No, but hee's aſleep.

Duke. Is he aſleep art ſure?

Ia. I am ſure he is, I heare him ſnore.

Duke. Then by your favours Gentlemen I riſe,
And know I am a Duke ſtill.

Jaq. And I am his Champion.
Duch. Hold thee there, and all *France* cannot mend thee.
Du. I am a Prince as great within my thoughts
As when the whole ſtate did adorn my perſon;
What tryall can be made to try a Prince?
I will oppoſe this noble corps of mine
To any danger that may end the doubt.
Duch. Great Duke and husband there is but one way
To ſatisfie the world of our true right,
And it is dangerous.
Duke. What may it be?
Were it to bring the great Turke bound in chaines
Through *France* in triumph: or to couple up
The Sophie, and great *Preſter Iohn* together,
I would attempt it Ducheſſe, tell the courſe.
Duch. There is a ſtrong opinion through the world,
And no doubt grounded on experience
That Lyons will not touch a lawfull Prince,
If you be confident then of your right,
Amongſt the Lions beare your naked body,
And if you come off cleare and never winch,
The world will ſay you are a perfect Prince.
Du. I thank you Ducheſſe for your kinde advice,
But now we do not affect thoſe ravenous beaſts.
Long. A Lyon is a beaſt to try a King;
But for the triall of ſuch a ſtate like this
Pliny reports a maſtive dog will ſerve.
Du. We will not deale with dogs at all: but men.
Ser. You ſhall not need to deale with them at all,
Hark you Sir, the King doth know you are a Duke:
Duke. No, does he?
Ser. Yes, and is content you ſhall be, but with this caution,
That none know it but your ſelfe:
For if ye do, he'l take it away by act of Parliament.
Du. Here's my hand, and whilſt I live or breath,
No living wight ſhall know I am a Duke.
Ser. Marke me directly Sir, your wife may know it.
Du. May not *Jaques*?
Ser. Yes, he may.
Du. May not my countrey Couzen?
Ser. By no meanes ſir, if you love your life and ſtate.
Du. Well then, know all I am no Duke.
Ser. No I'le ſweare it.
Long. See he wakes.
Shat. Where am I, or where have I been all this while?
Sleep hath not ſate ſo ſound upon mine eyes
But I remember well that face;
O thou too cruell, leave at length to ſcorne
Him that but looking on thy beauty dyes,
Either receive me, or put out my eyes.
Love. Deareſt *Shattillion* ſee upon my knees,
I offer up my love, forget my wrongs.
Shat. Art thou mine own?
Love. By heaven I am.
Shat. Then all the world is mine.
Love. I have ſtranger things to tel thee, my deareſt love.
Shat. Tell nothing but that thou art mine own:
I do not care to know where I have been,
Or how I have liv'd, or any thing,
But that thou art my own.
Bew. Well wife, though 'twere a trick that made us wed,
Wee'l make our ſelves merry ſoone in bed.
Du. Know all I am no Duke.
Wife. What ſaye?
Du. Jaques?
Ja. Sir.
Du. I am a Duke.
Both. Are yee?
Duke. Yes faith, yes faith.
But it muſt only run amongſt our ſelves,
And *Jaques* thou ſhalt be my Secretary ſtill.
Wife. Kinde Gentlemen, leade in *Shattillion*,
For he muſt needs be weak and ſickly yet.
Now all my labours have a perfect end as I could wiſh,
Let all young ſprightly wives that have
Dull fooliſh Coxcombs to their husbands,
Learn by me their duties, what to doe,
VVhich is to make 'em fooles, and pleaſe 'em too.

The Prologue.

WIt is become an anticke: and puts on
As many ſhapes of variation,
To court the times applauſe, as the times dare,
Change ſeverall faſhions, nothing is thought rare
Which is not new and follow'd, yet we know,
That what was worne ſome twenty yeare agoe,
Comes into grace againe, and we purſue
That cuſtome, by preſenting to your view
A play in faſhion then, not doubting now
But 'twill appeare the ſame, if you allow
Worth to their noble memory, whoſe name,
Beyond all power of death live in their fame.

The Epilogue.

THe Monuments of vertue and deſert,
Appeare more goodly when the gloſſe of art
Is eaten off by time, then when at firſt
They were ſet up, not cenſur'd at the worſt.
We have done our beſt for your contents to fit
With new paines this old monument of wit.

THE CAPTAINE.

Actus primus: Scæna prima.

Enter Lodovico, and Piſo.

Lodovico.
The truth is *Piſo*, ſo ſhe be a woman
And rich and holſome, let her be of what
Condition & Complection it pleaſe, (fooles
She ſhall pleaſe me I am ſure; Thoſe men are
That make their eyes their chooſers, not their
needes.
Piſo. Me thinks I would have her honeſt too, & handſom.
Lod. Yes if I could have both, but ſince they are
Wiſhes ſo neare impoſſibilities,
Let me have that that may be.
Piſo. If it were ſo,
I hope your conſcience would not be ſo nice
To ſtart at ſuch a bleſſing.
Lod. No beleeve me,
I doe not thinke I ſhould.
Piſo. But thou would'ſt be
I doe not doubt upon the leaſt ſuſpition
Unmercifully jealous
Lod. No I ſhould not,
For I believe thoſe mad that ſeeke vexations,
A wife, though ſhe be honeſt, is a trouble,
Had I a wife as faire as *Hellen* was
That drew ſo many Cuckolds to her cauſe,
Theſe eyes ſhould ſee another in my Saddle
Ere I beleeve my beaſt would carry double.
Piſo. So ſhould not I by'r Lady, and I thinke
My patience (by your leave) as good as yours,
Report would ſtirre me mainely, I am ſure on't.
Lod. Report? you are unwiſe; report is nothing;
For if there were a truth in what men talke,
I meane of this kind, this part of the world
I am ſure would be no more cal'd Chriſtendom.
Piſo. What then?
Lod. Why Cuckoldome, for we ſhould looſe
Our old faiths cleane, and hold their new opinions:
If talke could make me ſweat, before I would marry,
I'de tie a ſurer knot, and hang my ſelfe;
I tell thee there was never woman yet,
Nor never hope there ſhall be, though a Saint,
But ſhe has been a ſubject to mens tongues,
And in the worſe ſenſe: and that deſperate husband,
That dares give up his peace, and follow humours
(Which he ſhall find too buſie, if he ſeek'em)
Beſide the forcing of himſelfe an Aſſe
He dyes in chaines, eating himſelfe with anger.
Piſo. Having theſe Antidotes againſt opinion
I would marry any one; an arrant whore.
Lod. Thou doſt not feele the nature of this phiſick
Which I preſcribe not to beget diſeaſes,
But where they are, to ſtop them.
Piſo. I conceive ye:
What thinkeſt thou? thy way of the widow *Lelia?*
Lod. Faith thou haſt found out one I muſt confeſſe
Would ſtagger my beſt patience: From that woman
As I would bleſſe my ſelfe from plagues and ſurfets
From men a war at Sea, from ſtormes, and quickſands,
From hearing Treaſon and concealing it,
From daring of a Madman, or a Drunkard,
From Hereſie, ill wine, and ſtumbling poſt horſe;
So would I pray each morning, and each night
(And if I ſaid each houre, I ſhould not lye)
To be delivered of all theſe in one,
The woman thou haſt named.

Enter Iulio, Angilo and Father.

Piſo. Thou haſt ſet her in a pretty Letany.
Ang. Pray take my councell.
Jul. When I am my ſelfe
Ile heare you any way; love me though thus
As thou art honeſt, which I dare not be
Leſt I deſpiſe my ſelfe. Farewell. *Exit. Iulio.*
Piſo. Doe you heare my friend: Sir are you not a ſetter,
For the faire widdow here of famous memory?
Fa. Ha? am I taken for a Bawd? oh God
To mine owne child too? miſery, I thanke thee
That keepes me from their knowledge: Sir beleeve me
I underſtand ye not.
Lod. You love plaine dealing.
Are you not percell Bawd? confeſſe your Function,
It may be we would uſe it.
Fa. Were ſhe worſe,
As I feare ſtrangely ſhe is ill enough,
I would not heare this tamely.
Piſo. Heer's a ſhilling
To ſtrike good luck withall.
Fa. Heer's a Sword Sir
To ſtrike a Knave withall, thou lyeſt, and baſely,
Be what thou woult.
Ang. Why how now Gentlemen?
Fa. You are many: I ſhall meete you, Sir, againe,
And make you underſtand, y'ave wrongd a woman
Compard with whom thy Mother was a ſinner. Farewell.
Piſo. He has amazd me. (*Exit Fa.*
Ang. With a blow?
By'r Lady twas a ſound on; are ye good
At taking knocks? I ſhall know you hereafter:
You weare too blame to tempt a man ſo far
Before you knew him certaine: h'as not hurt ye?
Piſo. No I think.
Lod. We were too blame indeed to goe ſo far,
For men may be miſtaken: if he had ſwinged us
H'ad ſerv'd us right: Beſhrew my heart I think,
VVe have done the Gentlewoman as much wrong too,
For hang me, if I know her
In my particular.
Piſo. Nor I; this tis to credit
Mens idle tongues; I warrant they have ſed
As much by our two mothers.
Lod. Like enough.
Ang. I ſee a beating now and then does more
Move and ſtir up a mans contrition
Then a ſharpe Sermon, here *probatum eſt.*

Enter Fredrick and Servant,
Ser. What ſhall I tell your Siſter?
Fred. Tell her this,
Till ſhe be better converſation'd
And leave her walking by her ſelfe, and whyning
To her old melancholly Lute, I'le keepe
As far from her as the Gallowes. —— *Exit Servant.*
Ang. Who's that *Fredrick*?
Fred. Yes marry is't. *O Angelo* how do'ſt thou?
Ang. Save you Sir, how does my Miſtris?
Fred. She is in love I thinke, but not with you.
I can aſſure you, ſaw ye *Fabritio?*
Ang. Is he come over?
Fred Yes a weeke agoe: Shall we dyne?
Ang. I cannot:
Fred. Pre'thee doe.
Ang. Beleeve me I have buſineſſe.
Fred. Have you too, gentlemen?
Piſo. No ſir.
Fred. Why then let's dyne together:
Lod. With all my heart.
Fred. Goe then: Farewell good *Angelo,*
Commend me to your friend.
Ang. I will. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Franck and Clora.

Clo. Doe not diſſemble *Franc,* mine eyes are quicker
Then ſuch obſervers, that do ground their faith
Upon one ſmile or teare; y'ar much alterd,
And are as empty of thoſe Excellencies
That were companions to you; I meane mirth
And free diſpoſure of your blood and Spirit,
As you were borne a mourner.
Fran. How I pre'thee?
For I perceive no ſuch change in my ſelfe.
Clora. Come, come, this is not wiſe, nor provident
To halt before a Cripple: If you love
Be liberall to your friend, and let her know it,
I ſee the way you run, and know how tedious
'Twill prove without a true companion.
Fran. Sure thou wouldſt have me love.
Clor. Yes marry would I
I ſhould not pleaſe ye elſe.
Fran. And who for gods ſake?
For I aſſure my ſelfe, I know not yet:
And pre'thee *Clora,* ſince thou'lt have it ſo
That I muſt love, and doe I know not what:
Let him behold a pretty handſome fellow,
And young, and if he be a little valiant
Twill be the better; and a little wiſe
And faith a little honeſt.
Clo. Well I will ſound ye yet for all your craft.
Fra. Heigh ho! I'le love no more.
Clor. Then one; and him
You ſhall love *Franck.*
Fran. Which him? thou art ſo wiſe
People will take thee ſhortly for a witch:
But prethee tell me *Clora,* if I were
So mad as thou wouldſt make me, what kind of man
Wouldſt thou imagine him?
Clo. Faith ſome pretty fellow?
Fra. With a cleane ſtrength, that cracks a cudgell well
And dances at a wake, and plaies at nine holes.
O God what pretty commendations thou haſt given him
Faith if were in love, as I thanke God
I doe not thinke I am; this ſhort Epiſtle
Before my love would make me burne the legend.
Clor. You are too wilde, I meane ſome gentleman.
Fra. So doe not I, till I can know'em wiſer:
Some Gentleman, no *Clora,* till ſome Gentleman
Keepe ſome land, and fewer whores beleeve me
Ile keepe no love for him, I doe not long
To goe a foot yet, and ſolicite cauſes.
Clor. What thinke you then of an adventurer?
I meane ſome wealthy Merchant.
Fra. Let him venture
In ſome decaid Crare of his owne: he ſhall not
Rig me out, that's the ſhort on't; out upon't:
What young thing of my yeares would endure
To have her husband in another Country
Within a moneth after ſhe is married
Chopping for rotten Rayſons, and lye pining
At home under the mercy of his fore-man? no,
Though they be wealthy, and indifferent wiſe
I doe not ſee that I am bound to love'em.
Clor. I ſee ya're hard to pleaſe; yet I will pleaſe ye.
Fran. Faith not ſo hard neither, if conſidered;
What woman may deſerve as? ſhe is worthy:
But why do we beſtow our ttme ſo idely?
Preethee let us entertaine ſome other talke,
This is as fickly to me as faint weather.
Clor. Now I believe I ſhall content you *Francke,*
What thinke you of a Courtier?
Fra. Faith ſo ill,
That if I ſhould be full, and ſpeake but truth,
'Twold ſhew as if I wanted charity,
Prethee good wench let me not raile upon 'em,
Yet I have an excellent ſtomach, and muſt do it;
I have no mercie of theſe infidels;
Since I am put in minde on't, good beare with me,
Can no man fit you? I will finde him out.
Fra. This ſomer fruite, that you call Courtier,
While you continue cold and froſty to him
Hangs faſt, and may be found: but when you fling
Too full a heate of your affections ——
Upon his roote and make him ripe too ſoone,
Youl' finde him rotten 'ith the handling;
His oathes and affections are all one
With his apparrell, things to ſet him off,
He has as many Miſtriſſes, as Faithes,
And all appocripha; his true beliefe
Is onely in a private Surgeon,
And for my ſingle ſelfe, I'de ſooner venture ——
A new converſion of the Jndies,
Then to make Courtiers, able men or honeſt.
Clo. I do believe you love no Courtier,
And by my troth to gheſſe you into love
With any I can thinke of; is beyond
Either your will, or my imagination,
And yet I am ſure y'ar caught: and I will know him,
Ther's none left now worthy the thinking of;
Unles it be a Souldier, and I am ſure,
I would ever bleſſe my ſelfe from ſuch a fellow.
Fra. Why preethee?
Clo. Out upon 'em firelockes,
They are nothing 'ith world, but Buff and Scarlet,
Tough unhewne peeces, to hack ſwords upon;
I had as liev be courted by a Cannon,
As one of thoſe.
Fra. Thou art too malitious,
Upon my faith me thinks they're worthy men.

Clo. S

Clor. Say ye ſo? I'le pull ye on a little further.
VVhat worth can be in thoſe men, whoſe profeſſion
Is nothing ith' world but drinke and damn me,
Out of whoſe violence they are poſſeſt
VVith legions of unwholſome whores and quarrels;
I am of that opinion, and will dye in't,
There is no underſtanding, nor can be
In a ſouſt Souldier.

Fra. Now 'tis ignorance
I eaſily perceive that thus provokes thee,
And not the love of truth; I'le lay my life
If God had made thee man, thou hadſt been a coward.

Clo. If to be valiant, be to be a Souldier; I'le tel ye true,
I had rather be a Coward, ~~I am~~ ſure with leſſe ſin. (ſpread

Fra. This hereſie muſt be look'd too in time: for if it
'Twill grow too peſtilent; were I a Scholler
I would ſo hamper thee for thy opinion,
That ere I left, I would write thee out of credit
VVith all the world, and make thee not beleev'd
Even in indifferent things; that I would leave thee
A reprobate out of the ſtate of honour.
By all good things, thou haſt flung aſperſions
So like a foole (for I am angry with thee)
Upon a ſort of men; (that let me tell thee
Thy mothers mother would have been a Saint
Had ſhe conceiv'd a Souldier) they are people
(I may commend 'em, while I ſpeake but truth)
Of all the old world, only left to keepe
Man as he was, valiant and vertuous.
They are the modell of thoſe men, whoſe honours
VVe heave our hands at when we heare recited.

Clo. They are, and I have all I ſought for, 'tis a ſouldier
You love, hide it no longer; you have betray'd your ſelfe;
Come, I have found your way of commendations,
And what I ſaid, was but to pull it from ye.

Fra. 'Twas pretty, are you grown ſo cunning, *Clora?*
I grant I love a ſouldier; But what ſouldier
VVill be a new taske to ye? But all this
I doe imagine was but laid to draw me
Out of my melancholy.

Clo. I will have the man
Ere I forſake ye.

Fra. I muſt to my chamber.

Clo. May not I goe along?

Fra. Yes, but good wench
Move me no more with theſe fond queſtions,
They worke like Rubarb with me.

Clo. VVell, I will not. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Lælia and her waiting woman.

Lel. How now? who was that you ſtaid to ſpeak withal.

Wom. The old man forſooth.

Lel. VVhat old man? (that you call Father.

Wom. The poor old man that uſes to come hither he

Lel. Have you diſpatched him?

Wom. No; he would faine ſpeake with you. (in ſuch

Lel. Wilt thou never learn more manners, then to draw
Needy raſcalls to diſquiet me? goe, anſwer him I wil
Not be at leiſure. (he weeps ſo,

Wom. He will needs ſpeak with you; and good old man
That by my troth I have not the heart to deny him, pray let
Him ſpeake with you. (you are not in love

Lel. Lord how tender ſtomach'd you are grown of late?
With him, are ye; if ye be, ſtrike up the match; you ſhal have
Three, l. & a paire of blankets; will ye goe anſwer him?

Wom. Pray let him ſpeak with you, he wil not away elſe.
(God I am

Lel. Well, let him in then if there be no remedy; I thank
Able to abuſe him, i ſhal nere come cleer elſe of him. (ther
Now S^{r}. what is your buſineſs? pray be ſhort; for I have o-
Matters of more moment to call me from ye.

Enter Father.

Fath. If you but looke upon me like a daughter
And keepe that love about ye that makes good
A Fathers hope, you'l quickly finde my buſineſſe,
And what I would ſay to you, and before
I aske, will be a giver: ſay that ſleepe,
I meane that love, or be but num'd within ye,
The nature of my want is ſuch a ſearcher,
And of ſo mighty power, that where he findes
This dead forgetfulneſſe, it works ſo ſtrongly,
That if the leaſt heate of a childes affection
Remaine unperiſh'd, like another nature,
It makes all new againe; pray do not ſcorne me,
Nor ſeeme to make your ſelfe a greater buſineſſe
Then my relieving.

Lel. If you were not old
I ſhould laugh at ye; what a vengeance ailes ye
To be ſo childiſh to imagine me
A founder of old fellows? make him drinke wench,
And if there be any cold meate in the Buttery,
Give him ſome broken bread and that, and rid him.

Fath. Is this a childs love? or a recompence
Fit for a fathers care? O *Lelia*,
Had I been thus unkind, thou hadſt not been;
Or like me miſerable: But 'tis impoſſible
Nature ſhould dye ſo utterly within thee,
And looſe her promiſes; thou art one of thoſe
She ſet her ſtamp more excellently on,
Then common people, as fore-telling thee
A generall example of her goodneſſe;
Or ſay ſhe could lye, yet religion
(For love to parents is religious)
Would leade thee right againe: Looke well upon me
I am the roote that gave thee nouriſhment,
And made thee ſpring faire, do not let me periſh
Now I am old and ſapleſſe.

Lel. As I live
I like ye far worſe now ye grow thus holy,
I grant you are my father; am I therefore
Bound to conſume my ſelfe and be a begger
Still in relieving you? I doe not feele
Any ſuch mad compaſſion yet within me.

Fath. I gave up all my ſtate to make yours thus.

Lel. 'Twas as ye ought to do, and now ye cry for't
As children do for babies backe againe.

Fath. How wouldſt thou have me live?

Lel. I would not have ye,
Nor know no reaſon Fathers ſhould deſire
To live, and be a trouble, when children
Are able to inherit, let them dye,
'Tis fit, and lookt for, that they ſhould do ſo.

Fath. Is this your comfort?

Lel. All that I feele yet.

Fath. I will not curſe thee.

Lel. If you do I care not.

Fath. Pray you give me leave to weep.

Lel. Why pray take leave,
If it be for your eaſe.

Fath. Thy mother dyed,
Sweet peace be with her, in a happy time.

Lel. She did Sir, as ſhe ought to do, would you
Would take the paines to follow; what ſhould you
Or any old man do wearing away
In this world with diſeaſes, and deſire
Only to live to make their children ſcourge-ſticks,
And hoord up mill-money? me thinks a marble

Lyes quieter upon an old mans head
Then a cold fit a'th palſey.
Fa. O good God!
To what an impudence thou wretched woman,
Haſt thou begot thy ſelfe againe! well, juſtice
Will puniſh diſobedience.
Lel. You miſtake Sir;
Twill puniſh beggers, fye for ſhame go worke
Or ſerve, you are grave enough to be a Porter
In ſome good man of worſhips houſe, and give
Sententious anſwers to the commers in,
A pretty place; or be of ſome good Conſort,
You had a pleaſant touch 'ath *Cithron* once,
If idleneſſe have not bereft you of it:
Be any thing but old, and beggarly,
Two ſinnes that ever do out grow compaſſion;
If I might ſee you offer at a courſe
That were a likely one, and ſhew'd ſome proffit,
I would not ſtick for ten groates, or a noble.
Fa. Did I beget this woman?
Lel. Nay, I know not:
And 'till I know, I will not thanke you for't;
How ever, he that got me had the pleaſure,
And that me thinkes, is a reward ſufficient.
Fa. I am ſo ſtrangly ſtroken with amazement,
I know not where I am, nor what I am.
Lel. You had beſt take freſh aire ſome where elſe, 'twill (bring ye
Out of your trance the ſooner.
Fa. Is all this
As you meane *Lelia*?
Lel. Yes believe me is it,
For yet I cannot thinke you are ſo fooliſh,
As to imagine you are young enough
To be my heire, or I ſo old to make
A Nurſe at theſe yeares for you, and attend
While you ſup up my State in penny pots
Of *Malmſey*: when I am excellent at Cawdles,
And Cullices. and have enough ſpare gold
To boyle away, you ſhall be welcome to me;
'Till when I'de have you be as merry Sir
As you can make your ſelfe with that you have,
And leave to trouble me with theſe relations;
Of what you have beene to me, or you are,
For as I heare them, ſo I looſe them; this
For ought I know yet, is me reſolution.
Fa. Well God be with thee, for I feare thy end
Will be a ſtrange example. *Exit Father.*
Lel. Fare ye well Sir;
Now would ſome poore tender harted foole have wept,
Relented, and have been undone: ſuch children
I thanke my underſtanding I hate truely,
For by my troth I had rather ſee their teares;
Then feele their pitties: my deſires and ends
Are all the kindred that I have, and friends. *Enter Woman.*
Is he departed?
Wom. Yes, but heer's another.
Lel. Not of his tribe I hope; bring me no more
I would wiſh you ſuch as he is, If thou ſeeſt
They looke like men of worth, and ſtate, and carry
Ballaſt of both ſides like tall Gentlemen
Admit 'em, but no ſnakes to poyſon us
With poverty; wench you muſt learne a wiſe rule,
Looke not upon the youthes of men, and making,
How they diſcend in blood, nor let their tongues
Though they ſtrike ſodainly, and ſweet as muſique
Corrupt thy fancy: ſee, and ſay them faire too,
But ever keep thy ſelfe without their diſtance:
Unleſſe the love thou ſwallows be a pill,
Gilded to hide the bitterneſſe it brings,
Then fall on without feare wench, yet ſo wiſely
That one encounter cloy him not; nor promiſe
His love hath made thee more his, then his moneyes;
Learne this and thrive,
Then let thine honour ever,
(For that's the laſt rule) be ſo ſtood upon,
That men may fairely ſee
'Tis want of meanes, not vertue makes thee fall;
And if you weepe 'twill be a great deale better,
And draw on more compaſſion, which includes
A greater tenderneſſe of love and bounty;
This is enough at once, digeſt it well:
Go let him in wench, if he promiſe proffit,
Not elſe.

Enter Iulio.

O you are welcome my faire ſervant,
Upon my troth I have been longing for ye.
Wom. This, by her rule ſhould be a liberall man,
I ſee the beſt on's may learne every day.
Lel. Ther's none come with you.
Iul. No.
Lel. You do the wiſer,
For ſome that have been here (I name no man)
Out of their malice, more then truth, have done me
Some few ill offices.
Iul. How, ſweete?
Lel. Nay nothing,
Onely have talk't a little wildely of me;
As their unruly youth directed 'em:
Which though they bite me not, I would have wiſh'd
Had light upon ſome other that deſerv'd 'em.
Iul. Though ſhe deſerve this of the looſeſt tongue,
(Which makes my ſinne the more) I muſt not ſee it;
Such is my miſery: I would I knew him.
Lel. No, no, let him go,
He is not worth your anger: I muſt chide you
For being ſuch a ſtranger to your Miſtris,
Why would you be ſo, Servant?
Iul. I ſhould chide,
If chiding would worke any thing upon you:
For being ſuch a ſtranger to your Servant,
I meane to his deſires: when my deare Miſtris,
Shall I be made a happy man?
Lel. Fy Servant
What do you meane, unhand me, or by heav'n,
I ſhall be very angry, this is rudeneſſe.
Iul. 'Twas but a kiſſe or two, that thus offends yo
Lel. 'Twas more I thinke then you have warrant fo
Iul. I am ſorry I deſerv'd no more.
Lel. You may,
But not this rough way Servant: we are tender,
And ought in all to be reſpected ſo;
If I had been your horſe, or whore, you might
Back me with this intemperance; I thought
You had lov'd as worthy men, whoſe faire affections
Seeke pleaſures warranted, not puld by violence,
Do ſo no more.
Iul. I hope you are not angry?
Lel. I ſhould be with another man, I am ſure,
That durſt appeare but halfe thus violent.
Iul. I did not meane to raviſh ye
Lel. You couldot.
Iul. You are ſo willing—
Lel. How?
Iul. Me thinkes this ſhadow,
If you had ſo much ſhame as fits a woman:
At leaſt of your way, Miſtris, long ere this

Had been lay'd ofto me that underſtand ye.
Lel. That underſtand me? Sir ye underſtand,
Nor ſhall no more of me then modeſty,
Will without feare deliver to a ſtranger;
You underſtand I am honeſt; elſe I tell yee
(Though you were better far then *Iulio*)
You, and your underſtanding are two fooles,
But were we Saints, thus we are ſtill rewarded.
I ſee that woman had a pretty catch on't,
That had made you the Maſter of a kindneſſes,
She durſt not anſwer openly; o me!
How eaſily we women may be cozen'd?
I tooke this *Iulio* as I have a faith,
(This young diſſembler with the ſober vizard)
For the moſt modeſt temper'd Gentleman,
The cooleſt, quieteſt, and beſt companion;
For ſuch an one I could have wiſh'd a woman.
Iul. You have wiſh'd me ill enough a conſcience,
Make me no worſe for ſhame: I ſee the more
I worke by way of ſervice to obtaine ye
You worke the more upon me. Tell me truely
(While I am able to believe a woman,
For if you uſe me thus, that faith will periſh)
What is your end, and whether will you pull me?
Tell me, but tell me that I may not ſtart at,
And have a cauſe to curſe ye.
Lel. Bleſſe me goodneſſe!
To curſe me did you ſay Sir? let it be
For too much loving you then, ſuch a curſe
Kill me withall and I ſhall be a *Martyr*;
You have found a new way to reward my doting,
And I confeſſe a fit one for my folly,
For you your ſelfe if you have good within ye,
And dare be Maſter of it, know how deadly
This hart has held you ever; oh good God!
That I had never ſeene that falſe mans eyes,
That dare reward me thus with feares and curſes,
Nor never heard the ſweetneſſe of that tongue,
That will when this is knowne, yet cozen women:
Curſe me good *Iulio*, curſe me bitterly,
I do deſerve it for my confidence,
And I beſeech thee, if thou haſt a goodneſſe
Of power yet in thee to confirme thy wiſhes,
Curſe me to earth; for what ſhould I do here
Like a decaying flower, ſtill withering
Under his bitter wordes, whoſe kindly heate
Should give my poore hart life? No, curſe me *Iulio*,
Thou canſt not do me ſuch a benefit
As that, and well done, that the heav'ns may heare it.
Iul. Oh faire teares were you but as chaſt, as ſubtill,
Like Bones of Saints, ye would worke miracles;
What were theſe women to a man that knew not
The thouſand, thouſand wayes of their deceiving?
What riches had he found? Oh he would thinke
Himſelfe ſtill dreaming of a bleſſedneſſe,
That like continuall ſpring ſhould flouriſh ever.
For if ſhe were as good as ſhe is ſeeming,
Or like an Eagle could renew her vertues,
Nature had made another world of ſweetneſſe;
Be not ſo greiv'd ſweet Miſtris, what I ſed
You do, or ſhould know, was but paſſion;
Pray wipe your eyes and kiſſe me; take theſe trifles,
And weare them for me, which are onely rich
When you will put them on; Indeed I love ye,
Beſhrew my ſicke hart, if I grieve not for ye.
Lel. Will you diſſemble ſtill? I am a foole,
And you may eaſily rule me, if you flatter,
The ſin will be your owne.
Iul. You know I doe not.
Lel. And ſhall I be ſo childiſh once againe,
After my late experience of your ſpight
To credit you? you doe not know how deepe
(Or if you did, you would be kinder to me,)
This bitterneſſe of yours have ſtrooke my heart.
Jul. I pray no more.
Lel. Thus you would doe I warrant,
If I were married to you.
Jul. Married to me?
Is that your end?
Lel. Yes, Is not that the beſt end,
And as all hold, the nobleſt way of love?
Why doe you looke ſo ſtrange Sir? doe not you
Deſire it ſhould be ſo?
Jul. Stay.
Lel. Anſwer me.
Jul. Farwell. *Exit Julio*
Lel. I, are you there? are all theſe teares loſt then?
Am I ſo overtaken by a foole
In my beſt daies and tricks? my wiſe fellow
Ile make you ſmart for't as I am a woman,
And if thou beeſt not timber, yet Ile warme thee:
And is he gon?
Enter Woman.
Wom. Yes.
Lel. He's not ſo lightly ſtrooke
To be recovered with a baſe repentance,
I ſhould be ſorry then: Fortune I pre'thee
Give me this man but once more in my armes,
And if I looſe him, women have no charmes. *Exeunt omnes*

Actus Secundus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Jacamo and Fabricio.

Iaco. SEigneur, What thinke you of this ſound of warrs?
Fab. As onely of a ſound; they that intend
To doe are like deepe waters that run quietly
Leaving no face of what they were behind'em,
This rumour is too common and too loude
To carry truth.
Iac. Shall we never live to ſee
Men looke like men againe,
Upon a march?
This cold dull ruſty peace makes us appeare
Like empty Pictures, onely the faint ſhadowes
Of what we ſhould be:
Would to God my Mother
Had given but halfe her will to my begetting
And made me woman, to ſit ſtill and ſing,
Or be ſicke when I liſt, or any thing
That is too idle for a man to thinke of:
Would I had been a whore 'thad been a courſe
Certaine, and of my conſcience of more gaine
Then two commands, as I would handle it:
Faith I could wiſh I had been any thing
Rather then what I am, a Soldier
A Carriere, or a Cobler, when I knew
What 'twas to weare a Sword firſt; for their trades
Are and ſhall be a conſtant way of life,
While men ſend cheeſes up, or weare out buskins.
Fab. Thou art a little too impatient,
And mak'ſt thy anger a far more vexation
Then the not having warrs: I am a Soldier
Which is my whole Inheritance, yet I

Though I could wiſh a breach with all the world
If not diſhonourable, I am not ſo malitious,
To curſe the faire peace of my Mother Countrey;
But thou want'ſt money; and the firſt ſupply
Will bury theſe thoughts in thee.

Jac. Pox a peace.
It fills the Kingdome full of holydayes,
And onely feedes the wants of whores and pipers;
And make the idle drunken Rogues, get Spinſters.
'Tis true I may want money, and no litle,
And almoſt cloathes too: of which if I had both
In full abundance: yet againſt all peace,
That brings up miſchiefe thicker then a ſhowre,
I would ſpeake louder then a Lawyer;
By heaven it is the ſurfet of all youth,
That makes the toughneſſe, and the ſtrength of nations
Melt into women. 'Tis an eaſe that broodes
Theeves, and baſterds onely.

Fab. This is more,
(Though it be true) then we ought to lay open,
And ſeaſons onely of an indiſcretion,
Believe me Captaine ſuch diſtemper'd ſpirits
Once out of motion, though they be proofe valiant,
If they appeare thus violent and fierie,
Breed but their owne diſgraces; and are nearer
Doubt, and ſuſpect in Princes, then rewardes.

Jac. 'Tis well they can be neere 'em any way,
But call you thoſe true ſpirits, ill affected
That whil'ſt the warres were, ſerv'd like walls and ribs,
To girdle in the Kingdome?
And now falne
Through a faint peace into affliction,
Speake but their miſeryes? come, come, *Fabritio*
You may pretend what patience ye pleaſe,
And ſeeme to yoake your wants like paſſions;
But while I know thou art a Souldier,
And a deſerver, and no other harveſt
But what thy Sword reapes for thee to come in,
You ſhall be pleas'd to give me leave to tell ye,
You wiſh a Devill of this muſty peace:
To which prayer,
As one that's bound in conſcience, and all
That love our trade, I cry, Amen.

Fab. Prethee no more, we ſhall live well enough,
There's wayes enough beſides the warrs to men
That are not loggs, and lye ſtill for the handes
Of others to remove 'em.

Jac. You may thrive Sir,
Thou art young and handſome yet, and well enough
To pleaſe a widdow: thou canſt ſing, and tell
Theſe fooliſh love-tales; and indite a little,
And if need be, compile, a pretty matter
And dedicate it to the honourable,
Which may awaken his compaſſion,
To make ye Clarke a'th kitchen, and at length
Come to be married to my Ladyes woman,
After ſhe's crack't 'ith ring.

Fab. 'Tis very well Sir.

Jac. But what doſt thou thinke ſhall become of me,
With all my imperfections? let me dye
If I thinke I ſhall ever reach above
A forlorne Tapſter, or ſome frothy fellow,
That ſtincks of ſtale beere.

Fab. Captaine *Jacamo*,
Why ſhould you thinke ſo hardly of your vertues?

Ja. What vertues? by this light I have no vertue,
But downe right buffeting: what can my face
That is no better then a ragged Map now
Of where I have marcht and traveled profit me?
Unleſſe it be for Ladyes to abuſe, and ſay
'Twas ſpoil'd for want of a Bongrace when I was young,
And now 'twill make a true prognoſtication
Of what man muſt be? Tell me of a fellow
That can mend noſes, and complaine,
So tall a ſouldier ſhould want teeth to his ſtomach?
And how it was great pitty, that it was,
That he that made my body, was ſo buſied
He could not ſtay to make my leggs too? but was driven
To clap a paire of cat-skins to my knees, for which
I am indebted to two Schoole-boyes? this
Muſt follow neceſſary.

Fab. Ther's no ſuch matter.

Ja. Then for my morals, and thoſe hidden pieces,
That art beſtowes upon me, they are ſuch
That when they come to light: I am ſure will ſhame me.
For I can neither write, nor read, nor ſpeake
That any man ſhall hope to proffet by me,
And for my Languages, they are ſo many
That put them altogether, they will ſcarce
Serve to beg ſingle beere in: the plaine truth is,
I love a Souldier, and can lead him on,
And if he fight well I dare make him drunk:
This is my vertue, and if this will do
I'le ſcramble yet amongſt 'em.

Fab. 'Tis your way
To be thus pleaſant ſtill; but feare not man
For though the warrs fail, we ſhall ſcrew our ſelves
Into ſome courſe of life yet.

Ja. Good *Fabritio*,
Have a quick eye upon me, for I feare
This peace will make me ſomething that I love not;
For by my troth though I am plaine and dudgion,
I would not be an Aſſe: and to ſell parcels,
I can as ſoone be hang'd; preethee beſtowe me
And ſpeake ſome little good, though I deſerve not.

Enter Father.

Fab. Come wee'l conſider more: ſtay, this
Should be another winde-fall of the warrs.

Jac. He lookes indeed like an old tater'd Colours,
That every winde would borrow from the Staffe;
Theſe are the hopes we have for all our hurts:
They have not caſt his tongue too.

Father. They that ſay
Hope never leaves a wretched man that ſeekes her,
I thinke are either patient fooles, or lyers,
I am ſure I finde it ſo, for I am maſter'd,
With ſuch a miſery and griefe together
That that ſtay'd Anchor men lay hold upon
In all their needs, is to me lead that bowes,
Or breakes, with every ſtrong ſea of my ſorrowes.
I could now queſtion heaven, (were it well
To looke into their juſtice) why thoſe faultes,
Thoſe heavy ſinnes, other provoke 'em with
Should be rewarded on the heads of us,
That hold the leaſt alliance to their vices?
But this would be too curious; for I ſee
Our ſuffering, not diſputing, is the end,
Reveal'd to us of all theſe miſeryes.

Jac. Twenty ſuch holy *Hermits* in a Campe,
Would make 'em all *Carthuſians*, I'le be hang'd
If hee know what a whore is: or a health,
Or have a nature liable to learne,
Or ſo much honeſt nurture to be drunke.
I do not thinke he has the ſpleene to ſweare
A greater oath then Sempſters utter Sockes with,
S'pur him a queſtion.

Fath. They are ſtrangers both
To me, as I to them I hope: I would not have
Me and my ſhame together known by any,
I'le rather lye my ſelfe unto another.
Fab. I need not aske you Sir your Countrey,
I heare you ſpeake this tongue: pray what more are ye?
Or have you been? if it be not offenſive
To urge ye ſo far, miſery in your yeares,
Gives every thing a tongue to queſtion it.
Fath. Sir, though I could be pleas'd to make my ills
Only mine owne, for grieving other men,
Yet to ſo faire and courteous a demander
That promiſes compaſſion, at worſt, pity,
I will relate a little of my ſtory.
I am a Gentleman, however thus
Poore and unhappy; which beleeve me ſir
Was not borne with me: for I well have tri'd
Both the extreams of fortune; and have found
Both dangerous: my younger yeares provok'd me,
Feeling in what an eaſe I ſlept at home,
Which to all ſtirring ſpirits is a ſickneſſe,
To ſee far Countreyes, and obſerve their Cuſtomes.
I did ſo; and I travelld till that courſe
Stor'd me with language, and ſome few ſlight manners,
Scarce worth my money; when an ich poſſeſt me
Of making armes my active end of travell.
Fab. But did you ſo?
Fath. I did; and twenty winters
I wore the Chriſtian Cauſe upon my ſword
Againſt his enemies, at Buda ſiege
Full many a cold night have I lodg'd in armour
When all was frozen in me but mine honour:
And many a day, when both the Sun and Canon
Strove, who ſhould moſt deſtroy us: have I ſtood
Malld up in ſteele, when my tough ſinews ſhrunke,
And this parch'd body ready to conſume
As ſoone to aſhes, as the pike I bore:
Want has been to me as another nature,
Which makes me with this patience ſtill profeſſe it;
And if a Souldier may without vaine-glory
Tell what h'as done, beleeve me Gentlemen
I could turne over annals of my dangers:
With this poor weakneſſe have I mann'd a breach,
And made it firme with ſo much blood, that all
I had to bring me off alive was anger.
Thrice was I made a ſlave, and thrice redeem'd
At price of all I had; The miſeries
Of which times, if I had a heart to tell,
Would make ye weep like children; But I'le ſpare ye
Ja. Fabricio, we two have been ſouldiers
Above theſe fourteen yeares, yet 'a my conſcience
All we have ſeen, compar'd to his experience
Has been but cudgel-play, or Cock-fighting.
By all the faith I have in armes, I reverence
The very poverty of this brave fellow:
Which were enough it ſelfe, and his to ſtrengthen
The weakeſt towne againſt halfe Chriſtendome.
I was never ſo aſham'd of ſervice
In all my life before, now I conſider
What I have done; and yet the rogues would ſweare
I was a valiant fellow; I do finde
The greateſt danger I have brought my life through,
Now I have heard this worthy, was no more
Then ſtealing of a May-pole, or at worſt,
Fighting at ſingle billet with a Barge-man.
Fab. I do believe him *Jacamo.*
Jac. Beleeve him?
I have no faith within me, if I doe not.
Fath. I ſee they are ſouldiers?
And if we may judge by affections
Brave and deſerving men: how they are ſtir'd
But with a meer relation of what may be?
Since I have wonne beliefe, and am not known,
Forgive me honour, i'le make uſe of thee.
Fab. Sir would I were a man, or great, or able
To looke with liberall eyes upon your vertue.
Jac. Let's give him all we have, and leave off prating:
Here Souldier, there's even five months pay: be merry,
And get thee handſome cloths.
Fab. What meane you *Jacamo?*
Jac. Ye are a foole.
The very ſtory's worth a hundred pound.
Give him more money.
Fath. Gentlemen, I know not
How I am able to deſerve this bleſſing.
But if I live to ſee faire dayes againe,
Something i'le doe in honour of your goodneſſe,
That ſhall ſhew thankfulneſſe, if not deſert.
Fab. If you pleaſe Sir, till we procure ye place,
To eate with us, or weare ſuch honeſt garments
As our poor meanes can reach to, you ſhall be
A welcome man; to ſay more, were to feede ye
Only with words; we hononr what y'ave been,
For we are ſouldiers, though not neere the worth
You ſpake of lately.
Fath. I do gheſſe ye ſo,
And knew, unleſſe he were a ſouldier,
He could not find the way to know my wants.
Ja. But me thinks all this while y'are too temperate;
Do you not tell men ſometimes of their dulneſſe
When you are grip't, as now you are with need?
I do, and let them know thoſe ſilkes they weare
The Warre weaves for 'em: and the bread they eate
We ſow, and reape again to feed their hunger:
I tell them boldly, they are maſters of
Nothing but what we fight for: their faire women
Lye playing in their armes, whilſt we like Lares
Defend their pleaſures: I am angry too,
And often raile at theſe forgetfull great men
That ſuffer us to ſue for what we ought
To have flung on us, ere we aske.
Fath. I have
Too often told my griefes that way, when all
I reapt, was rudeneſſe of behaviour;
In their opinions men of Warre that thrive,
Muſt thank 'em when they raile: and wait to live.
Fab. Come Sir, I ſee your wants need more relieving,
Then looking what they are: pray goe with us.
Fath. I thanke you Gentlemen: ſince you are pleas'd
To do a benefit, I dare not croſſe it,
And what my ſervice or endeavours may
Stand you in need, you ſhall command, not pray. (*Exeunt*
Ja. So you ſhall us; i'le to the Taylors with you bodily

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Fredericke, Lodovico, and Piſo.

Lod. Well, if this be true; i'le believe a woman
When I have nothing elſe to do..
Piſo. 'Tis certaine; if there be a way of truth,
In bluſhes, ſmiles, and commendations;
For by this light, I have heard her praiſe yon fellow
In ſuch a pitch, as if ſh'ad ſtudied
To croude the worths of all men into him,
And I imagine theſe are ſeldome us'd
Without their ſpeciall ends, and by a maide
Of her deſires and youth.
Fred. It may be ſo.

She's free as you or I am, and may have
By that prerogative, a liberall choiſe
In the beſtowing of her love.
Lod. Beſtowing?
If it be ſo, ſhe has beſtowed her ſelfe
Upon a trim youth: *Piſo*, what do you call him?
Piſo. Why, Captain *Jacamo.*
Lod. O Captaine Jack-boy,
That is the Gentleman.
Fred. I thinke he be
A Gentleman at worſt.
Lod. So think I too,
Would he would mend Sir.
Fred. And a tall one too.
Lod. Yes of his teeth; for of my faith I thinke
They are ſharper then his ſword, and dare do more
If the Beuffe meet him fairely.
Fred. Very well.
Piſo. Now do I wonder what ſhe meanes to doe
When ſhe has married him.
Lod. Why well enough,
Traile his pike under him, and be a Gentlewoman
Of the brave Captaines company.
Fred. Doe you heare me?
This woman is my ſiſter, Gentlemen.
Lod. I am glad ſhe is none of mine: but *Fredericke*,
Thou art not ſuch a foole ſure to be angry
Unleſſe it be with her; We are thy friends man.
Fred. I thinke ye are.
Lod. Yes faith, and do but tell thee
How ſhee will utterly orethrow her credit,
If ſhe continue gracing of this pot-gun.
Piſo. I thinke ſhe was bewitcht, or mad, or blinde,
She would never have taken ſuch a ſcar-crow elſe
Into protection: of my life he lookes
Of a more ruſty ſwarth complexion
Then an old arming doublet.
Lod. I would ſend
His face to the Cutlers then, and have it ſanguin'd,
'Twill looke a great deale ſweeter; then his noſe
I would have ſhorter, and my reaſon is,
His face will be ill mounted elſe.
Piſo. For his body,
I will not be my own Judge, leaſt I ſeeme
A railer, but let others look upon't,
And if they finde it any other thing
Then a trunke-ſeller, to ſend wines downe in,
Or a long walking-bottle, I'le be hang'd for't:
His hide, (for ſure he is a beaſt) is ranker
Then the Muſcovy leather: and grain'd like it.
And by all likeli-hoods he was begotten
Between a ſtubborn paire of winter boots.
His body goes with ſtraps, he is ſo churliſh.
Lod. Hee's poor and beggerly beſides all this:
And of a nature farre uncapable
Of any benefit: for his manners cannot
Shew him a way to thanke a man that does one,
He's ſo uncivill: you may do a part
Worthy a brother, to perſwade your ſiſter
From her undoing: if ſhe prove ſo fooliſh
To marry this caſt Captaine, looke to finde her
Within a month, where you, or any good man
Would bluſh to know her: ſelling cheeſe and prunes,
And retayl'd bottle ale: I grieve to think
Becauſe I lov'd her, what a march this Captaine
Will ſet her into.
Fred. You are both, beleeve me,
Two arrant Knaves; and were it not for taking
So juſt an execution from his hands
You have beli'd thus, I would ſwaddle ye,
Till I could draw off both your skins like ſcaberds.
That man that you wrong'd thus, though to me
He be a ſtranger, yet I know, ſo worthy,
However low in fortune, that his worſt parts,
The very wearing of his cloths, would make
Two better Gentlemen then you dare be,
For there is vertue in his outward things.
Lod. Belike you love him then.
Fred. Yes marry do I.
Lod. And will be angry for him.
Fred. If you talke
Or pull your face into a ſtich againe,
As I love truth I ſhall be very angry.
Do not I know thee, though thou haſt ſome land
To ſet thee out thus among Gentlemen,
To be a prating and vain-glorious aſſe?
I do not wrong thee now, for I ſpeake truth.
Doe not I know thou haſt been a cudgel'd coward,
That has no cure for ſhame but cloath of ſilver?
And thinkſt the wearing of a gawdy ſuite
Hides all diſgraces?
Lod. I underſtand you not, you hurt not me
Your anger flies ſo wide.
Piſo. Signeur Frederick,
You much miſtake this Gentleman.
Fred. No Sir.
Piſo. If you would pleaſe to be leſſe angry,
I would tell you how.
Fred. You had better ſtudy Sir
How to excuſe your ſelfe if ye be able,
Or I ſhall tell you once againe.
Piſo. Not me Sir;
For I proteſt what I have ſaid, was only
To make you underſtand your ſiſters danger.
Lod. He might if it pleas'd him conceive it ſo.
Fred. I might if it pleas'd me ſtand ſtill and heare
My ſiſter made a may-game, might I not?
And give allowance to your liberall jeſts
Upon his perſon, whoſe leaſt anger would
Conſume a legion of ſuch wretched people,
That have no more to juſtifie their actions
But their tongues ends? that dare lye every way
As a mill grindes? From this houre I renounce
All part of fellowſhip that may hereafter
Make me take knowledge of ye, but for Knaves;
And take heed, as ye love whole skins, and coxcombs,
How, and to whom ye prate thus; for this time
I care not if I ſpare ye: do not ſhake,
I will not beat ye, though ye doe deſerve it
Richly.
Lod. This is a ſtrange courſe *Fredericke*;
But ſure you do not, or you would not know us,
Beate us?
Piſo. 'Tis ſomewhat low Sir, to a Gentleman.
Fred. I'le ſpeak but few words, but I'le make 'em truth
Get you gone both, and quickly, without murmuring,
Or looking big: and yet before you goe
I will have this confeſt, and ſeriouſly,
That you two are two raſcalls.
Lod. How?
Fred. Two Raſcals.
Come ſpeake it from your hearts, or by this light
My ſword ſhall flye among ye; anſwer me,
And to the point directly.
Piſo. You ſhall have
Your will for this time: ſince we ſee y'are grown

So far untemperate ; Let it be ſo Sir
In your opinion.
Fred. Do not mince the matter,
But ſpeake the words plaine ; and you *Lodovick*
That ſtand ſo tally on your reputation,
You ſhall be he ſhall ſpeake it.
Lod. This is pretty ,
Fred. Let me not ſtay upon't.
Lod. Well we are raſcalls,
Yes *Piſo*, we are raſcals. *Exit Lod. and Piſo.*
Fred. Get ye gone now, not a word more, y'are raſcals.
Enter Fabritio.

Fab. That ſhould be *Fredericke.*
Jac. 'Tis he : *Fredericke ?*
Fred. Who's that ?
Jac. A friend Sir.
Fred. It is ſo, by the voyce
I have ſought you Gentlemen, and ſince I have found you,
So neare our houſe, I'le force ye ſtay a while,
I pray let it be ſo.
Fab. It is too late,
Wee'l come and dine to morrow with your ſiſter,
And do our ſervices.
Jac. Who were thoſe with you ?
Fred. We met two came from hence :
Two idle fellows,
That you ſhall beate hereafter, and I'le tell ye
Some fitter time a cauſe ſufficient for it.
Fabr. But *Fredericke*, tell me truly ; do you thinke
Shee can affect my friend?
Fred. No certainer
Then when I ſpeake of him, or any other,
She entertaines it with as much deſire
As others do their recreations.
Fabr. Let not him have this light by any meanes ;
He will but thinke he's mockt, and ſo grow angry,
Even to a quarrell : he's ſo much diſtruſtfull
Of all that take occaſion to commend him——
Women eſpecially : for which he ſhuns
All converſation with 'em, and beleeves
He can be but a mirth to all their Sex.
Whence is this muſique ?
Fred. From my ſiſters chamber.
Fab. The touch is excellent‘ let's be attentive.
Jac. Harke, are the waights abroad ?
Fabr. Be ſofter prethee,
'Tis private muſicke.
Jac. What a dyn it makes?
I had rather hear a Jews-trump then theſe Lutes,
They crye like Schoole-boyes.
Fabr. Prethee *Jacamo.*
Jac. Well I heare, or ſleepe, I care not whether.

The SONG.

Enter at the window *Francke* and *Clora.*

1. *TEll me deareſt what is Love ?*
2. *'Tis a lightning from above,*
'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
'Tis a boy they call Deſire.
Both. *'Tis a grave,*
Gapes to have
Thoſe poore fooles that long to prove.

1. *Tell me more, are women true ?*
2. *Yes, ſome are, and ſome as you.*
Some are willing, ſome are ſtrange,
Since you men firſt taught to change.
Both. *And till troth*
Be in both,
All ſhall love, to love anew.

1. *Tell me more yet, can they grieve ?*
2. *Yes, and ſicken ſore, but live :*
And be wiſe, and delay,
When you men are as wiſe as they.
Both. *Then I ſee*
Faith will be,
Never till they both beleeve.

Franc. *Clora*, come hither ; who are theſe below there?
Clor. Where ?
Fran. There.
Clor. Ha ? I ſhould know their ſhapes
Though it be darkiſh ; there are both our brothers,
What ſhould they make thus late here?
Fran. What's the tother ?
Clor. What tother?
Fran. He that lyes along there.
Clor. O, I ſee him
As if he had a branch of ſome great Petigree
Grew out on's belly.
Fra. Yes.
Clor. That ſhould be,
If I have any knowledge in proportion.——
Fab. They ſee us.
Fred. 'Tis no matter.
Fab. VVhat a log
Is this, to ſleep ſuch muſique out?
Fred. No more let's heare 'em.
Clor. If I have any knowledge in proportion,
The Captaine *Jacamo*, thoſe are his legs
Upon my conſcience.
Fra. By my faith, and neate ones. (nature,
Clor. You mean the boots, I thinke they are neate by
Fra. As thou art knaviſh, would I ſaw his face !
Clor. 'Twould ſcare you in the dark.
Fra. A worſe then that
Has never ſcar'd you *Clora* to my knowledge.
Clora. 'Tis true, for I never have ſeen a worſe ;
Nor while I ſay my prayers heartily,
I hope I ſhall not.
Fran. VVell, I am no telltale :
But is it not great pitty, tell me *Clora*,
That ſuch a brave deſerving Gentleman
As every one delivers this to be,
Should have no more reſpect, and worth flung on him
By able men ? VVere I one of theſe great ones,
Such vertues ſhould not ſleep thus.
Clora. VVere he greater
He would ſleep more I thinke : I'le waken him.
Frank. Away ye foole.
Clor. Is he not dead already, and they two taking order
About his Blacks? me thinks they are very buſie,
A fine cleane coarſe he is : I would have him buried
Even as he lyes, croſſe legg'd, like one o'ch Templers
(If his weſt-phaly gammons will hold croſſing)
And on his breſt, a buckler with a pike in't,
In which I would have ſome, learned Cutler
Compile an Epitaph, and at his feete
A muſquet, with this word upon a Labell
VVhich from the cocks mouth thus ſhould be delivered,
I have diſcharg'd the office of a Souldier.
Frank. VVell, if thy Father were a Souldier
Thus thou wouldſt uſe him.
Clora. Such a Souldier,
I would indeed.
Fab. If he heare this, not all
The power of man could keep him from the windowes
Till

Till they were downe and all the dores brok open:
For Gods ſake make her cooler: I dare not venture
To bring him elſe: I know he will goe to buffetts
Within five words with her, if ſhe holds this ſpirit;
Let's waken him, and away, we ſhall heare worſe elſe.
Fran. Well if I be not even with thee *Clora*
Let me be hang'd for this: I know thou doſt it
Onely to anger me, and purge your witt
Which would breake out elſe.
Clora. I have found ye,
Ile be no more croſſe, bid'em good night
Fran. No, no, they ſhall not know, we have ſeen'em;
Shut the window. *Exit Fran. and Clora.*
Fab. Will you get up Sir?
Jac. Have you paid the Fidlers?
Fab. You are not left to doe it: Fie upon thee,
Haſt thou forſworne manners?
Jac. Yes unleſſe
They would let me eate my meate without long graces
Or drinke without a preface to the pledger;
Oft will it pleaſe you, ſhall I be ſo bold ſir
Let me remember your good bedfellow,
And lye and kiſſe my hand unto my Miſtris
As often as an Ape does for an Aple?
Theſe are meere Schiſmes in Soldiers; wher's my friend?
Theſe are to us as bitter as purgations,
We love that generall freedome we are bred to;
Hang theſe faint fooleries, they ſmell of peace,
Doe they not friend?
Fab. Faith Sir to me they are
As things indifferent, yet I uſe'em not,
Or if I did, they would not prick my conſcience.
Fred. Come, ſhall we goe? 'tis late.
Jac. Yes any whether,
But no more Muſick, it has made me dull.
Fab. Faith any thing but drinking diſturbs thee *Jacomo*
Wee'l ev'n to bed.
Jac. Content.
Fab. Thou wilt dreame of wenches.
Jac. I never thinke of any I thanke God
But when I am drunke, and then tis but to caſt
A cheape way how they may be all deſtroyd
Like vermine; let's away I am very ſleepy.
Fab. I, thou art ever ſo, or angry, come. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius, Scæna Prima.

Enter Julio and Angilo.

Jul. I Will but ſee her once more *Angilo*
That I may hate her more, and then I am
My ſelfe againe.
Ang. I would not have thee tempt luſt,
Tis a way dangerous, and will deceive thee
Hadſt thou the conſtancy of all men in thee.
Jul. Having her ſins before me, I dare ſee her
Were ſhe as catching as the plague, and deadly,
And tell her ſhe is fouler then all thoſe
And far more peſtilent, if not repentant,
And like a ſtronge man, chide her well, and leave her.
Ang. 'Tis eaſily ſaid, of what complexion is ſhe?
Iul. Make but a curious frame unto thy ſelfe
As thou wouldſt ſhape an Angell in thy thought
Such as the Poets, when their fancies ſweat
Imagine *Iuno* is, or faire eyde *Pallas*
And one more excellent, then all thoſe figures
Shalt thou finde her; ſhees browne, but of a ſweetnes,
(If ſuch a poore word may expreſſe her beauty)
Beleeve me *Angilo* would doe more miſchiefe
With a forc't ſmile, then twenty thouſand Cupids
With their love quivers, full of Ladies eyes,
And twice as many flames, could fling upon us.
Ang. Of what age is ſhe?
Iul. As a Roſe at faireſt,
Neither a bud, nor blown, but ſuch a one,
Were there a *Hercules* to get againe
With all his glory, or one more then he
The god would chooſe out mongſt a race of women
To make a mother of; ſhe is outwardly
All that bewitches ſenſe; all that entiſes,
Nor is it in our vertue to uncharme it.
And when ſhe ſpeakes, oh *Angilo*, then muſick
(Such as old *Orpheus* made, that gave a ſoule
To aged mountaines, and made rugged beaſts
Lay by their rages; and tall trees that knew
No ſound but tempeſts, to bow downe their branches
And heare, and wonder; and the Sea, whoſe ſurges
Shooke their white heads in heaven, to be as midnight
Still, and attentive; ſteales into our ſoules
So ſuddenly, and ſtrangely, that we are
From that time no more ours. but what ſhe pleaſes.
Ang. Why looke, how far you have thruſt your ſelfe
Into your old diſeaſe? are you that man (gain
With ſuch a reſolution, that would venture
To take your leave of folly, and now melt
Even in repeating her?
Iul. I had forgot me.
Ang. As you will ſtill doe.
Iul. No, the ſtrongeſt man
May have the grudging of an ague on him,
This is no more; let's go, I would faine be fit
To be thy friend againe, for now I am no mans.
Ang. Goe you, I dare not goe, I tell you truely
Nor were it wiſe I ſhould.
Iul. Why?
Ang. I am well.
And if I can, will keepe my ſelfe ſo.
Iul. Ha? thou mak'ſt me ſmile, though I have little cauſe
To ſee how prettily thy feare becomes thee;
Art thou not ſtrong enough to ſee a woman?
Ang. Yes, twenty thouſand: but not ſuch a one
As you have made her; Ile not lye for'th matter:
I know I am fraile, and may be coſen'd too
By ſuch a Syren.
Iul. Faith thou ſhalt goe, *Angilo*
Ang. Faith but I will not; no I know how far Sir
I am able to hold out, and will not venture
Above my depth: I doe not long to have
My ſleepe ta'ne from me, and goe pulingly
Like a poore wench had loſt her marketmoney;
And when I ſee good meat, ſit ſtill and ſigh,
And call for ſmall beere; and conſume my wit
In making Anagrams, and faithfull poſes;
I doe not like that Itch, I am ſure I had rather
Have the maine pox, and ſafer.
Iul. Thou ſhalt goe,
I muſt needs have thee as a witneſſe with mee
Of my repentance; as thou lov'ſt me goe.
Ang. Well I will goe, ſince you will have it ſo,
But if I prove a foole too, looke to have me
Curſe you continually, and fearefully.
Iul. And if thou ſeeſt me fall againe, good *Angilo*
Give me thy councell quickly leaſt I periſh.

Ang. Pray God I have enough to ſave my ſelfe,
For as I have a ſoule, I had rather venture
Upon a ſavage Iſland, then this woman. *Exeunt*

Scæna ſecunda.

Enter Father and Servant.

Fath. From whom Sir, comes this bounty? for I thinke
You are miſtaken.
serv. No Sir, 'tis to you,
I am ſure my Miſtris ſent it.
Fath. Whoe's your Miſtris,
That I may give her thanks?
Ser. The vertuous Widow,
Fath. The vertuous widow Sir? I know none ſuch:
Pray what's her name?
Ser. Lælia.
Fath. I knew you err'd
'Tis not to me I warrant ye; there Sir,
Carry it to thoſe ſhe feedes fat with ſuch favours,
I am a ſtranger to her.
Ser. Good Sir take it,
And if you will, I'le ſweare ſhe ſent it to you,
For I am ſure mine eye never went off ye
Since you forſook the Gentlemen you talk'd with
Juſt at her doore.
Fath. Indeed I talkt with two
Within this halfe houre in the ſtreet.
ser. 'Tis you Sir,
And none but you I am ſent to: wiſer men
Would have been thankfull ſooner, and receiv'd it,
'Tis not a fortune every man can brag of,
And from a woman of her excellence.
Fa. Well Sir, I am Chatechiz'd; what more belongs to't?
ser. This only Sir; ſhe would intreat you come
This evening to her without faile.
Fa. I will.
Ser. You gheſſe where.
Fa. Sir I have a tongue elſe. *Exit Ser.*
She is down-right Devill; or elſe my wants
And her diſobedience have provok't her
To looke into her foule ſelfe, and be ſorry.
I wonder how ſhe knew me? I had thought
I had been the ſame to all, I am to them
That chang'd me thus: God pardon me for lying,
For I have paid it home: many a good man
That had but found the profit of my way
Would forſweare telling true againe in haſt.
Enter Lodovico and Piſo.
Here are my praters; now if I did well
I ſhould belabour 'em, but I have found
A way to quiet 'em, worth a thouſand on't.
Lod. If we could get a fellow that would do it.
Fa. What villany is now in hand?
Piſo. 'Twill be hard to be done in my opinion
Unleſſe we light upon an Engliſh-man
With ſeven-ſcore ſurfets in him.
Lod. Are the Engliſh-men ſuch ſtubborn drinkers?
Piſo. Not a leake at Sea
Can ſucke more liquor; you ſhall have their children
Chriſtned in mull'd ſacke, and at five yeares old, able
To knocke a Dane downe: Take an Engliſh-man
And cry St. *George*, and give him but a raſher,
And you ſhall have him upon even terms
Defy a hogſhead; ſuch a one would do it
Home boy, and like a work-man: at what weapon?
Lod. Sherry ſack: I would have him drinke ſtark dead,
If it were poſſible: at worſt paſt pottage.
Piſo. What is the end then?
Lod. Doſt thou not perceive it?
If he be drunke dead, ther's a faire end of him.
If not, this is my end, or by enticing,
Or by deceiving, to conduct him where
The foole is, that admires him; and if ſober,
His nature be ſo rugged, what wilt be
When he is hot with wine? come lets about it,
If this be done but handſomely, I'le pawne
My head ſhe hath done with ſouldiers.
Piſo. This may do well.
Fa. Here's a new way to murther men alive,
I'le choake this traine: God ſave ye Gentlemen.
It is to you, ſtay: yes it is to you.
Lod. What's to me?
Fath. You are fortunate,
I cannot ſtand to tell you more now, meete me
Here ſoone, and you'l be made a man. *Exit Father.*
Lod. What Viſion's this?
Piſo. I know not.
Lod. Well, I'le meet it,
Think you ot'h other, and let me a while
Dreame of this fellow.
Piſo. For the Drunkard, *Lodowicke*,
Let me alone.
Lod. Come, let's about it then. *Exeunt*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Clora and Franke.

Clo. Ha, ha, ha, pray let me laugh extreamly.
Fra. Why? prethee why? haſt thou ſuch cauſe?
Clo. Yes faith, my brother wil be here ſtraightway, &—
Fra. What?
Clo. The other party: ha, ha, ha.
Fra. VVhat party?
VVench thou art not drunke.
Clo. No faith.
Fra. Faith thou haſt been among the bottles *Clora*;
Clo. Faith but I have not *Franke*: Prethee be handſom,
The Captaine comes along too, wench.
Fra. O is that it?
That tickles ye.
Clo. Yes, and ſhall tickle you too,
You underſtand me?
Fra. By my troth thou art grown
A ſtrange lewd wench: I muſt e'ne leave thy company,
Thou wilt ſpoile me elſe.
Clo. Nay, thou art ſpoil'd to my hand;
Hadſt thou been free, as a good wench ought to be,
VVhen I went firſt a birding for thy Love,
And roundly ſaid, that is the man muſt doe it,
I had done laughing many an houre agoe.
Fra. And what doſt thou ſee in him, now thou knowſt
To be thus laught at? (him,
Clo. Prethee be not angry
And I'le ſpeake freely to thee.
Fra. Doe, I will not.
Clo. Then as I hope to have a handſome husband,
This fellow in mine eye, and Franke I am held
To have a ſhrewd gheſſe at a pretty fellow,
Appeares a ſtrange thing.

Fra. Why how ſtrange for Gods ſake?
He is a man, and one that may content
(For any thing I ſee) a right good woman:
And ſure I am not blinde.
Clo. There lyes the queſtion;
For, but you ſay he is a man, and I
Will credit you, I ſhould as ſoone have thought him
Another of Gods creatures; out upon him,
His body, that can promiſe nothing
But lazineſſe and long ſtrides.
Fra. Theſe are your eyes;
Where were they *Clora*, when you fell in love
With the old foot-man, for ſinging of Queen *Dido*?
And ſwore he look'd in his old velvet trucks
And his ſlyc't Spaniſh Jerkin, like *Don Iohn*?
You had a parlous judgment then, my *Clora*.
Clo. Who told you that?
Fra. I heard it.
Clo. Come, be friends,
The Souldier is a *Mars*, no more, we are all
Subject to ſlide away.
Fra. Nay, laugh on ſtill.
Clo. No faith, thou art a good wench, and 'tis pity
Thou ſhouldſt not be well quarred at thy entring,
Thou art ſo high flown for him: Look, whoſe there?

Enter Fabricio *and Iacamo.*

Iac. Prethee goe ſingle, what ſhould I do there,
Thou knowſt I hate theſe viſitations,
As I hate peace or perry.
Fab. Wilt thou never
Make a right man?
Iac. You make a right foole of me
To lead me up and down to viſit women,
And be abus'd and laugh'd at; let me ſterve
If I know what to ſay, unleſſe I aske 'em
What their ſhooes coſt?
Fab. Fye upon thee, coward,
Canſt thou not ſing?
Iac. Thou knoweſt I can ſing nothing
But *Plumpton* parke.
Fab. Thou't be bold enough,
When thou art enterd once.
Jac. I had rather enter
A breach: If I miſcarry, by this hand
I will have you by'th eares for't.
Fab. Save ye Ladies.
Clora. Sweet brother I dare ſweare, you'r welcome hither,
So is your Friend;
Fab. Come, bluſh not, but ſalute 'em.
Franck. Good Sir beleeve your Siſter; you are moſt welcome,
So is this worthy Gentleman whoſe vertues
I ſhall be proud to be acquainted with.
Iac. She has found me out already, and has paid me;
Shall we be going?
Fab. Peace;
Your goodneſſe Lady
Will ever be afore us, for my ſelfe
I will not thanke you ſingle, leſt I leave
My friend, this Gentleman, out of acquaintance.
Iac. More of me yet?
Fra. Would I were able Sir,
From either of your worths to merit thankes.
Clo. But brother, is your friend thus ſad ſtill? me thinks
'Tis an unſeemly nature in a Souldier.
Iac. What hath ſhe to do with me, or my behaviour?
Fab. He do's but ſhew ſo, prethee to him Siſter.
Iac. If I do not breake thy head, I am no Chriſtian,
If I get off once.
Clo. Sir, we muſt intreat you
To thinke your ſelfe more welcome, and be merry,
'Tis pitty a faire man of your proportion
Should have a ſoule of ſorrow.
Iac. Very well;
Pray Gentlewoman what would you have me ſay?
Clo. Do not you know Sir?
Ia. Not ſo well as you
That talke continually.
Fra. You have hit her, Sir.
Clo. I thank him, ſo he has,
Faire fall his ſweet face for't.
Iac. Let my face
Alone, I would wiſh you, leaſt I take occaſion
To bring a worſe in queſtion.
Clor. Meaning mine?
Brother, where was your friend brought up? h'as ſure
Been a great lover in his youth of pottage,
They lye ſo dull upon his underſtanding.
Fab. No more of that, thou'lt anger him at heart.
Clo. Then let him be more manly, for he lookes
Like a great School-boy that had been blown up
Laſt night at duſt-point.
Fra. You will never leave
Till you be told how rude you are, fye *Clora*.
Sir will it pleaſe you ſit?
Clo. And I'le ſit by you.
Iac. Woman be quiet, and be rul'd I would wiſh you.
Clo. I have done, Sir Captaine.
Fab. Art thou not aſham'd?
Iac. You are an aſſe, I'le tell you more anon.
You had better ha been hang'd then brought me hither.
Fab. You are grown a ſullen foole; either be handſom
Or by this light I'le have wenches baite thee;
Goe to the Gentlewoman, and give her thanks,
And hold your head up; what?
Ia. By this light I'le brain thee.
Fra. Now ô my faith this Gentleman do's nothing
But it becomes him rarely; *Clora*, look
How well this little anger, if it be one,
Shews in his face.
Clo. Yes, it ſhewes very ſweetly.
Fra. Nay do not bluſh Sir, ô my troth it does,
I would be ever angry to be thus.
Fabritio, ô my conſcience if I ever
Do fall in love, as I will not forſwear it
Till I am ſomething wiſer, it muſt be,
I will not ſay directly with that face,
But certainly, ſuch another as that is,
And thus diſpoſe my chance to hamper me.
Fab. Doſt thou heare this, and ſtand ſtill?
Iac. You will prate ſtill;
I would you were not women, I would take
A new courſe with ye.
Clo. Why couragious?
Iac. For making me a ſtone to whet your tongues on.
Clo. Prethee ſweet Captaine.
Iac. Goe, goe ſpin, goe hang.
Clo. Now could I kiſſe him.
Iac. If you long for kicking,
You'r beſt come kiſſe me, do not though, I'de wiſh ye,
I'le ſend my Foot-man to thee, he ſhall leap thee,
And thou wantſt horſing: I'le leave ye Ladies.
Fra. Beſhrew my heart you are unmannerly
To offer this unto a Gentleman
Of his deſerts, that comes ſo worthily
To viſite me, I cannot take it well.
Iac. I come to viſite you, you fooliſh woman?

Fra. I, though you did Sir, and for that I thanke you,
I would be loth to looſe thoſe thankes; I knowe
This is but ſome odd way you have, and faith
It do's become you well to make us merry;
I have heard often of your pleaſant veine.
Fab. What would'ſt thou ask more?
Ja. Pray thou ſcurvy fellowe
Thou haſt not long to live; adieu deare Damſels,
You filthy women farewell, and be ſober,
And keepe your chambers.
Clor. Farewell old *Don Diego.*
Fra. Away, away, you muſt not be ſo angry,
To part thus roughly from us; yet to me
This do's not ſhew, as if 'twere yours, the wars
May breed men ſomething plain I know,
But not thus rude; give me your hand good Sir
I know 'tis white, and——
Jac. If I were not patient,
What would become of you two prating houſwives?
Clo. For any thing I know, we would in to ſupper,
And there begin a health of luſty Claret
To keep care from our hearts, and it ſhould be——
Fab. Faith to whom? Mark but this *Jacamo.*
Clo. Even to the handſomeſt fellow now alive.
Fab. Do you know ſuch a one?
Fra. He may be gheſt at,
Without much travel.
Fab. There's another item.
Clo. And he ſhould be a Souldier.
Fra. 'Twould be better.
Clo. And yet not you ſweet Captaine
Fra. Why not he?
Ja. Well; I ſhall live to ſee your husbands beate you,
And hiſſe 'em on like ban-dogs.
Clo. Ha, ha, ha.
Jac. Green ſickneſſes and ſerving-men light on ye
With greaſy Codpieces, and woollen ſtockings,
The Devill (if he dare deal with two women)
Be of your counſels: Farewell Plaiſterers——*Exit Jacamo.*
Clor. This fellow will be mad at Mid-ſumer
Without all doubt.
Fab. I thinke ſo too.
Fra. I am ſorry
Hee's gone in ſuch a rage; but ſure this holds him
Not every day.
Fab. Faith every other day
If he come neare a woman.
Clor. I wonder how his mother could endure
To have him in her belly he's ſo boyſterous.
Fra. He's to be made more tractable I doubt not.
Clo. Yes, if they taw him as they do whit-leather
Upon an iron, or beate him ſoft like Stock-fiſh.

Scæna quarta.

Enter Lælia and her waiting woman with a vaile.

Lel. Art ſure 'tis he?
Wom. Yes, and another with him.
Lel. The more the merryer; did you give that money
And charg'd it to be delivered where I ſhew'd you?
Wom. Yes, and what elſe you bad me.
Lel. That brave fellow,
Though he be old, what e're he be, ſhews toughneſſe,
And ſuch a one I long for, and muſt have
At any price; theſe young ſoft melting griſtles
Are only for my ſafer ends.
Wom. They are here.
Lel. Give me my vaile, and bid the boy goe ſing
That ſong above, I gave him: the ſad Song:
Now if I miſſe him, I am curſt, goe wench
And tell 'em I have utterly forſworn
All company of men; yet make a venture
At laſt to let 'em in; thou knowſt theſe things,
Doe 'em to'th life.
Wom. I warrant you I am perfect.
Lel. Some ill woman for her uſe would give
A million for this wench, ſhe is ſo ſubtle.
Enter to the doore Julio and Angilo.
Wom. Good Sir deſire it not, I dare not do it,
For ſince your laſt being here, Sir, beleeve me
She has griev'd her ſelfe out of all company,
And (ſweet ſoule) almoſt out of life too.
Jul. Prethee,
Let me but ſpeake one word.
Wom. You will offend Sir
And yet your name is more familiar with her
Then any thing but ſorrow, good Sir goe.
Ang. This little varlet hath her leſſon perfect,
Theſe are the baites they bob with.
Iul. Faith I will not.
Wom. I ſhal be chidden cruelly for this;
But you are ſuch a Gentleman——
Iul. No more.
Ang. There's a new Tyre-wench; peace, thou art well enough.
Iul. What, has ſhe muſique?
Wom. Yes; for Gods ſake ſtay,
'Tis all ſhe feedes upon.
Iul. Alas poore ſoule.
Ang. Now will I pray devoutly, for there's need ont.

The SONG.

AWay delights, goe ſeeke ſome other dwelling,
For I muſt dye.
Farewell falſe Love, thy tongue is ever telling
Lye after lye.
For ever let me reſt now from thy ſmarts,
Alas, for pitty goe,
And fire their hearts
That have been hard to thee, mine was not ſo.

Never againe deluding love ſhall know me,
For I will dye:
And all thoſe griefes that thinke to over-grow me
Shall be as I.
For ever will I ſleepe, while poore maids cry,
Alas for pity ſtay
And let us dye
With thee, men cannot mocke us in the day.

Iul. Miſtris? not one word, Miſtris if I grieve ye
I can depart againe.
Ang. Let's goe then quickly,
For if ſhe get from under this darke cloud,
We ſhall both ſweate I feare for't.
Iul. Do but ſpeake
Though you turne from me, and ſpeake bitterly,
And I am gone, for that I think will pleaſe you.
Ang. Oh that all women were thus ſilent ever,
What fine things they were.
Iul. You have look'd on me,
When (if there be beliefe in womens words
Spoken in teares) you ſwore you lov'd to do ſo.
Lel. O me my heart!

Ang. Now *Julio* play the man,
Or ſuch another willundoe thee:
Would I had any thing to keepe me buſie
I might not heare her; thinke but what ſhe is,
Or I doubt mainly, I ſhall be i'th maſh too.
Jul Pray ſpeake againe;
Lel. Where is my woman?
Wom. Here.
Ang. Mercy upon me! what a face ſhe has?
Would it were vail'd againe.
Lel. Why did you let
This flattering man in to me? did not I
Charge thee to keep me from his eyes againe,
As carefully as thou wouldſt keep thine owne?
Thou haſt brought me poyſon in a ſhape of heaven
Whoſe violence will breake the hearts of all,
Of all weake women, as it has done mine,
That are ſuch fooles to love, and looke upon him.
Good Sir be gone, you know not what an eaſe
Your abſence is.
Ang. By heaven ſhe is a wonder,
I cannot tell what 'tis, but I am ſqueamiſh.
Jul. Though I deſire to be here more then heaven
As I am now, yet if my ſight offend you,
So much I love to be commanded by you
That I will goe: Farewell—
Lel. I ſhould ſay ſomething
E're you depart, and I would have you heare me:
But why ſhould I ſpeak to a man that hates me?
And will but laugh at any thing I ſuffer?
Jul. If this be hate———
Lel. Away, away deceiver.
Jul. Now help me *Angilo*!
Ang. I am worſe then thou art.
Lel. Such teares as thoſe might make another woman
Believe thee honeſt *Julio*: almoſt me
That know their ends, for I confeſſe they ſtir me.
Ang. What will become of me? I cannot goe now
If you would hang me, from her: o brave eye!
Steale me away for Gods ſake *Julio*.
Jul. Alas poor man! I am loſt againe too ſtrangely.
Lel. No, I will ſooner truſt a Crocadile
When he ſheds teares, for he kills ſodainly,
And ends our cares at once; or any thing
That's evill to our natures, then a man;
I finde there is no end of his deceivings,
Nor no avoyding 'em, if we give way:
I was requeſting you to come no more,
And mocke me with your ſervice, 'tis not well,
Nor honeſt to abuſe us ſo far: you may love too;
For though, I muſt confeſſe I am unworthy
Of your love every way: yet I would have you
Thinke I am ſomewhat too good to make ſport of.
Jul. Will you believe me?
Lel. for your vows and oaths,
And ſuch deceiving teares as you ſhed now,
I will as you doe, ſtudy to forget 'em.
Jul. Let me be moſt deſpis'd of men—
Lel. No more;
There is no new way left, by which your cunning
Shall once more hope to catch me; no, thou falſe man
I will avoid thee, and for thy ſake all
That beare thy ſtamp; as counterfeit in love.
For I am open ey'd againe, and know thee.
Goe, make ſome other weepe, as I have done,
That dare believe thee: goe, and ſweare to her
That is a ſtranger to thy cruelty,
And knowes not yet what man is, and his lyings,
How thou di'ſt daily for her: poure it out
In thy beſt lamentations; put on ſorrow,
As thou canſt, to deceive an Angell, *Julio*,
And vow thy ſelfe into her heart, that when
I ſhall leave off, to curſe thee for thy falſhood,
Still a forſaken woman may be found,
To call to heaven for vengeance.
Ang. From this houre,
I heartily deſpiſe all honeſt women;
I care not if the world tooke knowledge on't,
I ſee there's nothing in them, but that folly
Of loving one man only: give me henceforth
(Before the greateſt bleſſing can be thought of)
If this be one, a whore; that's all I aime at.
Iul. Miſtris, the moſt offending man is heard
Before his ſentence, why will you condemn me
E're I produce the truth to witneſſe with me
How innocent I am of all your angers?
Lel. There is no truſting of that tongue, I know't,
And how far if it be believed it kills; no more Sir.
Iul. It never lyed to you yet; if it did
'Twas only when it cal'd you mild and gentle.
Lel. Good Sir no more; make not my underſtandi
After I have ſuffered thus much evill by you,
So poor to thinke I have not reach'd the end
Of all your forc'd affections; yet becauſe
I once lov'd ſuch a ſorrow too too dearly,
As that would ſtrive to be; I do forgive ye
Even heartily, as I would be forgiven,
For all your wrongs to me; my charity
Yet loves you ſo far, (though againe I may not)
And wiſh when that time comes, you will love truly
(If you can ever doe ſo) you may finde
The worthy fruit of your affections,
True love againe, not my unhappy harveſt,
Which like a foole I ſow'd in ſuch a heart
So drye and ſtonie, that a thouſand ſhowres
From theſe two eyes, continually rayning,
Could never ripen.
Iul. Y'ave conquer'd me:
I did not thinke to yield, but make me now,
Even what you will my *Lelia*, ſo I may
Be but ſo truly happy to enjoy you.
Lel. No, no, thoſe fond imaginations,
Are dead and buried in me, let 'em reſt.
Iul. I'le marry you.
Ang. The Devill thou wilt *Iulio*
How that word waken'd me? come hither friend,
Thou art a foole, looke ſtedfaſtly upon her
Though ſhe be all that I know excellent
As ſhe appeares, though I could fight for her,
And run through fire; though I am ſtarke mad too
Never to be recover'd, though I would
Give all I had I'th world to lye with her
Even to my naked ſoule, I am ſo far gone,
Yet me thinks ſtill we ſhould not doate away
That that is ſomething more then ours, our honours
I would not have thee marry her by no meanes,
Yet I ſhould do ſo; is ſhe not a whore?
Iul. She is; But ſuch a one———
Ang. 'Tis true, ſhe's excellent,
And when I well conſider, *Iulio*
I ſee no reaſon we ſhould be confin'd
In our affections; when all creatures elſe
Enjoy ſtil where they like.
Iul. And ſo will I then.
Lel. He's faſt enough I hope now, if I hold him.
Ang. You muſt not do ſo though, now I conſider

Better what 'tis.
Iul. Do not conſider *Angilo*,
For I muſt do it.
Ang. No I'le kill thee firſt.
I love thee ſo well that the wormes ſhall have thee
Before this woman, friend.
Iul. I was your counſell.
Ang. As I was a knave,
Not as I lov'd thee.
Iul. All this is loſt upon me *Angilo*,
For I muſt have her : I will marry yee
When you pleaſe; pray looke better on me.
Ang. Nay then no more friend; farewell *Iulio*,
I have ſo much diſcretion left me yet
To know, and tell thee thou art miſerable.
Iul. Stay thou art more then ſhe, and now I finde it.
Lel. Is he ſo?
Iul. Miſtris.
Lel. No, I'le ſee thee ſterv'd firſt. *Exit Lel.*
Iul. Friend.
Ang. Fly her as I do, *Iulio*, ſhe's a witch.
Iul. Beate me away then, I ſhall grow heere ſtill elſe.
Ang. That were the way to have me grow there with
Farewell for ever. *Exit Ang.* (thee
Iul. Stay, I am uncharm'd,
Farewell thou curſed houſe, from this houre be
More hated of me then a Leproſie. *Exit Iulio.*

Enter Lelia.

Lelia. Both gon? a plague upon 'em both,
Am I deceiv'd againe? Oh I would raile
And follow 'em; but I feare the ſpight of people,
'Till I have emptied all my gall; the next
I ſeize upon, ſhall pay their follies
To the laſt penny; This will worke me worſe
He that comes next, by heav'n ſhall feele their curſe. *Exit.*

Scæna qninta.

Enter Iacamo at one doore Fabritio at another.

Fab. O yee are a ſweet youth, ſo uncivilly
To rayle and run away?
Ja. O are you there Sir?
I am glad I have found ye, you have not now your Ladies
To ſhew your wit before.
Fab. Thou woult not, woult 'a?
Ja. What a ſweet youth I am, as you have made me,
You ſhall know preſently.
Fab. Put up your ſword
I have ſeene it often, 'tis a Fox.
Iac. It is ſo,
And you ſhall feele it too; will you diſpatch Sir?
And leave your mirth out? or I ſhall take occaſion
To beate ye, and diſgrace you too. (you
Fab. Well ſince, there is no other way to deale with
Let's ſee your ſword, I am ſure you ſcorne all odds,
I will fight with you ——
Jac. How now? (*they meaſure, and Fab: gets his Sword.*
Fab. Nay ſtand out,
Or by this light I'le make yee.
Ja. This is ſcurvy
And out of feare done.
Fab. No Sir out of judgement,
For he that deales with thee, thou'rt growne ſo boyſtrous
Muſt have more wits, or more lives then another,
Or alwayes be in Armor, or inchanted;
Or he is miſerable.
Ja. Your end of this Sir?
Fab. My end is only mirth to laugh at thee,
Which now I'le do in ſafety; ha, ha, ha.
Ja. *Shart?* then I am growne ridiculous.
Fab. Thou art,
And wilt be ſhortly ſport for little children,
If thou continueſt this rude ſtubborneneſſe.
Jac. O God, for any thing that had an edge?
Fab. Ha, ha, ha.
Jac. Fye, what a ſhame it is,
To have a lubber ſhew his teeth?
Fab. Ha, ha.
Jac. Why doſt thou laugh at me thou wretched fellow?
Speake with a pox; and looke ye render me
Iuſt ſuch a reaſon——
Fab. I ſhall dye with laughing.
Jac. As no man can finde fault with : I ſhall have
Another Sword; I ſhall ye fleering puppy.
Fab. Does not this teſtineſs ſhew finely in thee?
Once more take heed of children, if they finde thee
They'le breake up ſchoole, to beare thee company,
Thou wilt be ſuch a paſtime, and whoo'te at thee :
And call thee bloody bones, and Spade, and Spitfire,
And Gaffer Madman; and go by *Ieronimo*,
And will with wiſpe and come aloft, and crack rope,
And old Saint Dennis with the dudgeon Codpeeece:
And twenty ſuch names.
Jac. No I thinke they will not.
Fab. Yes but they will : and Nurſes ſtill their children
Onely with thee, and here take him *Iacamo*.
Iac. Gods pretious, That I were but over thee
One Steeple height : I would fall and breake thy neck.
Fab. This is the reaſon I laugh at thee,
And while thou art thus, will do : tell me one thing.
Jac. I wonder how thou durſt thus queſtion me,
Pre'thee reſtore my Sword.
Fab. Tell me but one thing,
And it may be I will : Nay Sir; keep out (Sir.
Jac. Well I will be your foole now, ſpeake your minde
Fab. Art thou not breeding Teeth?
Jac. How? Teeth?
Fab. Yes Teeth, thou would'ſt not be ſo froward elſe.
Jac. Teeth?
Fab. Come, 'twill make thee
A little reumatique, but that's all one,
Weel'e have a Bib, for ſpoyling of thy doublet;
And a fring'd Muckender, hang at thy girdle,
I'le be thy Nurſe, and get a Corall for thee:
And a fine Ring of Bells.
Jac. Faith this is ſomewhat
Too much *Fabritio*, to your friend that loves you;
Me thinkes your goodneſſe, rather ſhould invent,
A way to make my follies leſſe, then breed 'em;
I ſhould have been more moderate to you,
But I ſee ye deſpiſe me.
Fab. Now I love yee,
There, take your Sword, continue ſo : I dare not
Stay now to try your patience, Soone I'le meet yee,
And as you love your honours, and your ſtate,
Redeeme your ſelfe well to the Gentlewoman,
Farewell 'till ſoone. *Exit Fab.*
Jac. Well I ſhall thinke of this. *Exit Jac.*

Scæna ſexta.

Enter Hoſt, Piſo, and Boy with a glaſſe of wine.

Piſo. Nothing 'ith world but a dri'd Tongue or two—

Hoſt. Taſt him and tell me.
Piſo. Is a valiant wine,
This muſt be he mine Hoſt.
Hoſt. This ſhall be Ipſe,
Oh he's a develiſh bitten wine, a Tyrant;
Where he layes hold Sir, This is he that ſcornes
Small Beere ſhould quench him, or a fooliſh Caudell
Bring him to bed; no if he flinch I'le ſhame him,
And draw him out to mull amongſt old Midwives.
Piſo. There is a Souldier, I would have thee better
Above the reſt, becauſe he thinkes there's no man
Can give him drinke enough.
Hoſt. What kinde of man?
Piſo. That thou mayſt know him perfectly, hee's one
Of a left-handed making, a lanck thing,
As if his belly were tane up with ſtraw,
To hunt a match.
Hoſt. Has he no beard to ſhew him?
Piſo. Faith but alittle; yet enough to note him,
Which growes in parcells here, and there a remnant:
And that thou maiſt not miſſe him, he is one
That weares his fore-head in a velvet ſcabberd.
Hoſt. That note's enough, he's mine, I'le fuddle him
Or lye'ith ſudds; you will be here too?
Piſo. Yes, till ſoone, farewell and beare up.
Hoſt. If I do not,
Say I am recreant; I'le get things ready.

Actus Secundus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Iulio, and Angilo.

Iul. 'TIs ſtrange thou ſhould'ſt be thus, with thy diſcretion
Ang. I am ſure I am ſo.
Iul. I am well you ſee.
Ang. Keep your ſelfe warme then, & go home, & ſleepe,
And pray to God thou maiſt continue ſo;
Would I had gon to'th Devill of an arrant,
When I was made a foole to ſee her: Leave me
I am not fit for converſation.
Iul. Why, thou art worſe then I was.
Ang. Therefore leave me,
The nature of my ſickneſſe is not eas'd
By company, or councell, I am mad,
And if you follow me with queſtions
Shall ſhew my ſelfe ſo.
Iul. This is more then errour.
Ang. Pray be content, that you have made me thus,
And do not wonder at me.
Iul. Let me know, but what you meane to do and I am gon
I would be lo'ath to leave you thus elſe.
Ang. Nothing
That needs your feare, that is ſufficient;
Farewell, and pray for me.
Iul. I would not leave you.
Ang. You muſt and ſhall.
Iul. I will then: would yon woman
Had been ten fathom under ground, when firſt
I ſaw her eyes.
Ang. Yet ſhe had been dangerous,
For to ſome wealthy Rocke of pretious ſtone,
Or mine of gold as tempting, her faire body
Might have been turn'd; which once found out by labour
And brought to uſe, having her ſpells within it,
Might have corrupted States, and ruin'd Kingdomes
Which had been feareful (Friend) Go, when I ſee th
Next, I will be as thou art, or no more.
Pray do not follow me, you'l make me angry.
Iul. Heav'n grant you may be right againe.
Ang. Amen.
Ex

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Tavern Boyes &c.

Boy. Score a gallon of Sack, and a pinte of Olives (to the Vnico
Above within. Why drawer?
Boy. A non, a non.
Another boy. Looke into the Nags head there.
2. *Boy.* Score a quart of Claret to the Bar,
And a pound of Sauſages into the flower-pott.
Enter firſt Servant with wine.
1. *Ser.* The Divell's in their throates, anon, anon,
Enter ſecond Servant.
2. *Ser.* Mull a pinte of Sack there for the women in
Flower-deluce, & put in ginger enough, they belch li
potguns,
And *Robbin* fetch Tobacco for the Peacock, they will
Drunke till midnight elſe: how now how does my Ma
2. *Boy.* Faith he lyes drawing on a pace.
1. *Boy.* That's an ill ſigne.
2. *Boy.* And fumbles with the pots too.
1. *Boy.* Then ther's no way but one with him.
2. *Boy.* All the reſt,
Except the Captaine are in *Limbo patrum*,
Where they lye ſod in ſack.
1. *Boy.* Does he beare up ſtill.
2. *Boy.* Afore the winde ſtill, with his lightes up bra
All he takes in I think he turnes to Iuleps,
Or has a world of Stoage in his belly,
The reſt looke all like fire-drakes, and lye ſcatter'd
Like ruſhes round about the roome. My Maſter
Is now the louing'ſt man, I thinke above ground,
1. *Boy.* Would he were always drunke then.
Within. Drawer.
2. *B.* Anon, anon Sir,
1 *B.* And ſwears I ſhall be free to morrovv, and ſo we
And calls upon my Miſtris.
2 *B.* Then he's right. (h
1. *B.* And ſvvears the Captain muſt lye this night wi
And bad me breake it to her vvith diſcretion,
That he may leave an iſſue after him:
Able to entertaine a dutch Ambaſſador,
And tells him feelingly how ſweete ſhe is,
And hovv he ſtoole her from her friendes i'th Countre
And brought her up diſguiz'd vvith the Carriers,
And vvas nine nights bereaving her her maidenhead,
And the tenth got a dravver, here they come.
Enter Jac. Hoſt, Lod. Piſo.
Within cry drawer. Anon, anon, ſpeake to the Tyger, Pe
Hoſt. Ther's my Bells boyes, my ſilver Bell.
Piſo. Would he vvere hang'd
As high as I could ring him.
Hoſt. Captaine.
Iac. Hoe Boy.
Lod. *Robin*, ſufficient ſingle Beere, as cold as chriſtall,
Quench *Robin*, quench.
1. *Boy.* I am gon Sir.
Hoſt. Shall vve beare up ſtill? Captaine hovv I love the
Sweete Captaine let me kiſſe thee, by this hand
I love thee next to Malmeſey in a morning,

Of things tranſitory.
Ja. I love thee too, as far as I can love a fatt man.
Hoſt. Do'ſt thou Captaine?
Sweetly? and hartily?
Jac. With all my heart Boy. (Captaine
Hoſt. Then welcome death, come cloſe mine eyes ſweet
Thou ſhalt have all.
Jac. What ſhall your wife have then? (ver ſpoone
Hoſt. Why ſhe ſhall have beſides my bleſſing, and a ſil-
Enough to keepe her ſtirring in the world,
Three little Children, one of them was mine
Upon my conſcience, th'other two are Pagans.
Iac. 'Twere good ſhe had a little fooliſh money,
To rub the timea way with.
Hoſt. Not a rag,
Not a Deniere, no let her ſpin a Gods name:
And raiſe her houſe againe,
Jac. Thou ſhalt not dye though,
Boy ſee your Maſter ſafe delivered,
He's ready to lye in.
Hoſt. God night.
Jac. God morrow,
Drinke tell the Cow come home, 'tis all pay'd boyes.
Lod. A pox of Sack.
Hoſt. Marry God bleſſe my Buts, Sack is a jewell,
'Tis comfortable Gentlemen.
Jac. More Beere boy.
Uery ſufficient ſingle Beere.
Boy. Here Sir.
How is it Gentlemen?
Jac. But ev'n ſo, ſo.
Hoſt. Go before finely *Robin*, and prepare
My wife, bid her be right and ſtreight, I come boy
And Sirha, if they quarrell let 'em uſe,
Their owne diſcretions, by all meanes, and ſtir not,
And he that's kill'd ſhall be as ſweetly buried;
Captaine, adieu, adieu ſweet bully Captaine,
One kiſſe before I dye, one kiſſe.
Jac. Farewell Boy.
Hoſt. All my ſweet boyes farewell. *Exit Hoſt.*
Lod. Go ſleep, you are drunke.
Jac. Come Gentlemen, I'le ſee you at your Lodging,
You looke not luſtily, a quart more.
Lod. No Boy.
Piſo. Get us a Torch.
Boy. 'Tis day Sir.
Iac. That's all one.
Piſo. Are not thoſe the ſtars, thou ſcurvy Boy?
Lod. Is not Charle-waine there, tell me that, there?
Iac. Yes;
I have paid 'em truely: do not vex him Sirha.
Piſo. Confeſſe it Boy, or as I live I'le beate
Midnight into thy braines.
Boy. I do confeſſe it.
Piſo. Then live, and draw more ſmall Beere preſently.
Iac. Come Boyes, let's hug together, and be loving,
And ſing, and do brave things cheerely my hearts,
A pox a being ſad; now, could I fly
And turne the world about upon my finger,
Come ye ſhall love me, I am an honeſt fellow:
Hang care and fortune, we are friendes.
Lod. No Captaine.
Iac. Do not you love me? I love you too dearely.
Piſo. No by no meanes; you are a fighting Captaine,
And kill up ſuch poore people as we are, by'th dozens.
Lod. As they kill flyes with Fox-tailes, Captaine.
Iac. Well Sir.
Lod. Me thinkes now as I ſtand, the Captaine ſhewes,
To be a very mercifull young man.
(And pre'thee *Piſo*, let me have thy opinion)
Piſo. Then he ſhall have mercy, that mercifull is,
Or all the Painters are Apocrypha.
Iac. I am glad you have your witts yet, will ye go?
Piſo. You had beſt ſay we are drunke.
Iac. Ye are.
Lod. Yee lye.
Iac. Y'are Raſcalls, drunken raſcalls.
Piſo. 'Tis ſufficient.
Iac. And now I'le tell you why, before I beate yee,
You have been tampring any time theſe three dayes,
Thus to diſgrace me.
Piſo. That's a lye too.
Iac. Well Sir,
Yet I thanke God I have turn'd your points on you,
For which I'le ſpare yee ſomewhat, halfe a beating.
Piſo. I'le make you fart fire Captaine, by this hand,
And ye provoke, do not provoke I'de wiſh you.
Iac. How do you like this?
Lod. Sure I am inchanted.
Piſo. Stay till I draw.
Iac. Deſpatch then, I am angry.
Piſo. And thou ſhalt ſee how ſodainly I'e kil thee. (ards
Iac. Thou darſt not draw, ye cold, tame, mangy Cow-
Ye drunken Rogues, can nothing make you valiant?
Not wine, nor beating?
Lod. If this way be ſufferd
'Tis very well.
Iac. Go ther's your way, go and ſleep:
I have pitty on you, you ſhall have the reſt
To morrow when wee meete.
Piſo. Come Lodowick,
Hee's monſtrous drunke now, ther's no talking with him.
Iac. I am ſo, when I am ſober, I'le do more. (*Exit Lod.* &
Boy wher's mine Hoſt? *Piſo.*
Boy. Hee's on his bed a ſleepe Sir. *Exit Boy.*
Iac. Let him alone then: Now am I high proofe
For my action, now could I fight bravely,
And charge into a wilde fire; or I could love
Any man living now, or any woman,
Or indeed any creature that loves Sack
Extreamly, monſtrouſly; I am ſo loving,
Iuſt at this inſtant, that I might be brought
I feele it, with a little labour, now to talke
With a juſtice of peace, that to my nature
I hate next an ill Sword: I will do
Some ſtrange brave thing now, and I have it here:
Pray God the ayre keepe out; I feele it buzing. *Exit.*

Scæna Tertia

Enter Fredrick, Franck, Clora.

Clor. Shee loves him too much, that's the plaine truth
For which if I might be beleev'd, I thinke her (*Fredrick*
A ſtrange forgetter of her ſelfe; ther's *Iulio*,
Or twenty more———
Fred. In your eye I believe you,
But credit me the Captaine is a man:
Lay but his rough affections by, as worthy.
Clor. So is a reſty Iade, a horſe of ſervice,
If he would leave his nature, give me one
By your leave Sir to make a husband of
Not to be wean'd, when I ſhould marry him;
Me thinkes a man is miſery enough,

Fred. You are too bitter,
I would not have him worſe.
Yet I ſhall ſee you hamper'd one day Lady,
I do not doubt it, for this hereſie
Clor. I'le burne before; come pre'thee leave this ſadneſſe;
This walking by thy ſelfe to ſee the Divell,
This mumps, this Lachrimæ, this love in ſippets;
It fitts thee like a French-hood.
Fra. Does it ſo?
I am ſure it fits thee to be ever talking,
And nothing to the purpoſe, take up quickly;
Thy witt will founder of all foure elſe wench,
If thou hold'ſt this pace; take up when I bid thee.
Clor. Before your Brother fly?
Fred. I can endure it.

Enter Iacamo.

Clor. Heer's Raw-head come againe; Lord how he
Pray God we ſcape with broken pates. (lookes?
Fra. Were I hee,
Thou ſhould'ſt not want thy wiſh, he has been drinking
Has he not *Fredrick*?
Fred. Yes but do not finde it.
Clor. Peace and let's heare his wiſedome.
Fred. You will mad him.
Jac. I am ſomewhat bold, but that's all one.
Clor. A ſhort and pithy ſaying of a Souldier.
Fra. As I live
Thou art a ſtrange mad wench.
Clor. To make a parſon.
Jac. Ladyes I meane to kiſſe yee
Clor. How he wipes his mouth like a young Preacher;
We ſhall have it.
Jac. In order as you ly before me; firſt
I'le begin with you.
Fra. With me Sir?
Iac. Yes
If you will promiſe me to kiſſe in eaſe.
Fra. I care not if I venture.
Jac. I will kiſſ according to mine owne inventions
As I ſhall ſee cauſe; ſweetly I would wiſh you,
I love ye.
Fra. Do you Sir?
Jac. Yes indeed do I,
Would I could tell you how.
Fra. I would you would Sir.
Jac. I would to God I could, but 'tis ſufficient,
I love you with my heart.
Fra. Alas poore heart.
Jac. And I am ſorry; but wee'l talk of that,
Hereafter if it pleaſe God.
Fra. Ev'n when you will Sir.
Clor. Hee's diſmall drunk, would he were muſled.
Jac. You
I take it are the next.
Fra. Go to him foole.
Clor. Not I, 'a will bite me.
Jac. When witt? when?
Clor. Good Captaine.
Jac. Nay, and you play boa-peepe; I'le ha, no mercy
But catch as catch may.
Fred. Nay, I'le not defend ye.
Clor. Good Captaine do not hurt me, I am ſorry
That ere I anger'd ye.
Iac. I'le tew you for't
By this hand witt, unleſſe you kiſſe diſcreetly.
Clor. No more Sir.
Iac. Yes a little more ſweet witt,
One taſt more o' your office: go thy wayes
With thy ſmall kettle Drumes; upon my conſcienc
Thou art the beſt, that e're man laid his leg o'er.
Clor. He ſmells juſt like a Cellar,
Fye upon him.
Iac. Sweete Lady now to you.
Clor. For loves ſake kiſſe him.
Fred I ſhall not keep my countenance.
Fra. Trye pre'thee.
Iac. Pray be not coy ſweet woman, for I'le kiſſe ye,
I am blunt
But you muſt pardon me.
Clor. O God my ſides.
All. Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Iac. Why ha, ha, ha? why laugh?
Why all this noyſe ſweet Ladyes?
Clor. Luſty *Laurence*,
See what a Gentlewoman you have ſaluted;
Pray God ſhe prove not quick.
Fred. Where were thine eyes
To take me for a woman, ha, ha, ha.
Jac. Who art 'a, art 'a mortall?
Fred. I am *Fredrick*
Jac. Then *Fredrick* is an Aſſe,
A ſcurvy *Fredrick* to laugh at me.
Fra. Sweet Captaine.
Iac. A way woman;
Go ſtich and ſerve God, I deſpiſe thee woman,
And *Fredrick* ſhall be beaten; S'blood ye Rogue
Have you none elſe to make your puppies of, but me?
Fre. I pre'thee be more patient
Ther's no hurt done.
Iac. S'blood but there ſhall be, Scab.
Clor. Help, help for loves ſake.
Fra. Whoſe within there?
Fred. So now you have made a faire hand.
Jac. Why?
Fred. You have kill'd me—— *Fal a*
Clor. Call in ſome Officers, and ſtay the Captaine.
Jac. You ſhall not need.
Clor. This is your drunkenneſſe.
Fra. O me unhappy Brother, *Fredrick*,
Looke but upon me, do not part ſo from me,
Set him a little higher he is dead.
Clor. O villaine, villaine. *Enter Fab*
Fab. How now what's the matter?
Fra. O Sir my Brother! o my deareſt Brother!
Clor. This drunken trowgh has kill'd him.
Fab. Kill'd him?
Clor. Yes.
For heaven God ſake hang him quickly, he will do
Ev'ry day ſuch a murder elſe. there is nothing
But a ſtrong Gallowes that can make him quiet,
I finde it in his nature too late.
Fabr. Pray be quiet,
Let me come to him.
Clor. Some go for a Surgeon.
Fra. Oh what a wretched woman has he made me
Let me alone good Sir.
Fab. To what a fortune,
Haſt thou reſerv'd thy life.
Ja. Fabritio.
Fab. Never entreat me, for I will not know thee,
Nor utter one word for thee, unleſſe it be
To have thee hang'd; for God ſake bee more temper
Jac. I have a ſword ſtill, and I am a villaine.
Clor. &c. Hold, hold, hold.
Jac. Ha?
Clor. Away with him for heavens ſake

He's too deſperate for our enduring.
Fab. Come, you ſhall ſleepe, come ſtrive not
Ile have it ſo, here take him to his lodging, and
See him laid before you part.
Ser. We will Sir.
Fred. Ne're wonder, I am living yet, and well,
I thanke you ſiſter for your griefe, pray keepe it
Till I am fitter for it.
Fab. Do you live Sir ?
Fred. Yes, but 'twas time to counterfeit, he was grown
To ſuch a madneſſe in his wine.
Fab. 'Twas well Sir,
You had that good reſpect unto his temper,
That no worſe followd. (periſh'd,
Fred. If I had ſtood him, certaine one of us muſt have
How now *Franke*?
Fra. Beſhrew my heart I tremble like an aſpine.
Clo. Let him come here no more for heavens ſake
Unleſſe he be in chaines.
Fra. I would faine ſee him
After he has ſlept, *Fabritio*, but to try
How he wil be ; chide him, and bring him backe.
Clor. You'l never leave till you be worried with him.
Fra. Come brother, wee'l walke in, and laugh a little.
To get this Fever off me.
Clo Hang him ſquib,
Now could I grinde him into priming powder.
Fra. Pray will you leave your fooling?
Fa. Come, all friends. *Exeunt.*
Fra. Thou art enough to make an age of men ſo,
Thou art ſo croſſe and peeviſh.
Fab. I will chide him,
And if he be not graceleſſe, make him cry for't.
Clo. I would goe a mile (to ſee him cry) in ſlippers
He would looke ſo like a whay cheeſe ;
Fra. Would we might ſee him once more.
Fab. If you dare
Venture a ſecond tryall of his temper
I make no doubt to bring him.
Clor. No good *Franke*
Let him alone, I ſee his vaine lyes only
For falling out at Wakes and Beare-baitings,
That may expreſſe him ſturdy.
Fab. Now indeed
You are too ſharp ſweet ſiſter, for unleſſe
It be this ſin, which is enough to drown him,
I meane this ſowrneſſe, he's as brave a fellow,
As forward, and as underſtanding elſe
As any He that lives.
Fra. I doe beleeve you,
And good Sir when you ſee him, if we have
Diſtaſted his opinion any way,
Make peace againe.
Fab. I will : I'le leave ye Ladies.
Clo. Take heed you had beſt, h'as ſworn to pay you elſe.
Fab. I warrant you, I have been often threatned. (ach,
Clo. When he comes next, I'le have the cough or tooth-
Or ſomething that ſhall make me keepe my chamber,
I love him ſo well.
Fra. Would you would keepe your tongue. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Angilo.

Ang. I cannot keepe from this ungodly woman,
This *Lelia*, whom I know too, yet am caught,
Her looks are nothing like her ; would her faults
Were all in Paris print upon her face,
Cum Privilegio, to uſe 'em ſtill. (maſque
I would write an Epiſtle before it, on the inſide of her
And dedicate it to the whore of *Babilon*, with a preface upō
Her noſe to the gentle Reader; & they ſhould be to be ſold
At the ſigne of the Whores head i'th pottage pot, in what
Street you pleaſe: But all this helps not me ;——I
Am made to be thus catch'd, paſt any redreſſe, with a thing
I contemn too.
I have read *Epictetus* twice over againſt the
Deſire of theſe outward things, and ſtill her face runs in
My mind, I went to ſay my prayers, and they were
So laid out o'th way, that if I could finde any prayers I
Had, I'me no Chriſtian.
This is the doore, and the ſhort
Is, I muſt ſee her againe.—— —— *He knockes.*

Enter Maid.

Maid. Who's there ?
Ang. 'Tis I, I would ſpeake with your Miſtriſs.
Maid. Did ſhe ſend for you ? (leave.
Ang. No, what then? I would ſee her, prethee by thy
Maid. Not by my leave ; for ſhe will not ſee you, but
doth hate you, and (ſo proper
Your friend, and doth wiſh you both hang'd, wch being
Men, is great pitty, that you are not.
Ang. How's this ? (perſwaded your
Maid. For your ſweet ſelf in particular, who ſhe reſolvs
Friend to neglect her, ſhe deemeth whip-cord the moſt
Convenient unction for your backe and ſhoulders.
Ang. Let me in, I'le ſatisfie her. (my ſpeeches,
Ma. And if it ſhal happen that you are in doubt of theſe
Inſomuch that you ſhal ſpend more time in arguing at the
Dore, I am fully perſwaded that my Miſtris in perſon from
Above, will utter her mind more at large by way of
Urine upon your head, that it may ſink the more ſoundly
Into your underſtanding faculties.
Ang. This is the ſtrangeſt thing, good pretty ſoul, why
doſt thou uſe me ſo ?
I pray thee let me in ſweet heart.
Maid. Indeed I cannot ſweet-heart. (become thee.
Ang. Thou art a handſome one, and this croſſeneſs do's
Maid. Alas I cannot help it. (ſaid I lik'd thee of
Ang. Eſpecially to me ; thou knowſt when I was here, I
All thy Miſtriſs ſervants. (preſs
Maid. So did I you, though it be not my fortune to ex-
It at this preſent : for truly if you would cry, I cannot
Let you in. (you
Ang. Pox on her, I muſt goe the down-right way: looke
Here is ten pound for you, let me ſpeak with her.
Maid. I like your gold well, but it is a thing by heaven
I cannot doe, ſhee (affaires.
Will not ſpeake with you, eſpecially at this time, ſhe has
Ang. This makes her leave her jeſting yet, but take it
And let me ſee her, bring me to a place
Where undiſcern'd of her ſelfe I may
Feede my deſiring eyes but halfe an houre.
Ma. Why faith I think I can, and I wil ſtretch my wits
And body too for gold : if you will ſweare as you
Are gentle, not to ſtir, or ſpeake, where you ſhall (you
See or hear, now, or hereafter: give me your gold, I'le plant
Ang. Why, as I am a Gentleman, I will not.
Maid. Enough, quicke, follow me.
(*Exit Ang. & Maid.*

Enter Servant. (*Nell ?*
Why where's this maid, ſhe ha's much care of her buſineſs.

I thinke ſhe be ſunke;—why *Nell*—whiew——
Maid within. Whats the matter?

Enter Maid.

Ser. I pray you heartily come away, oh, come, come,
(the Gentleman,
My Miſtris invited, is comming down the ſtreet, and the
(banquet
Not yet brought out?—— (*They bring in the Banquet*
Lel. within. Nell, Sirha?
Maid. I come forſooth. (in hand, my
Ser. Now muſt I walk: when ther's any fleſhly matters
Miſtris ſends me of a four hours errand: but if I goe not
About mine own bodily buſineſſe as well as ſhee, I am a
Turke. *Exit Servant.*

Enter Father.

Fa. What, all wide open? 'Tis the way to ſin
Doubtleſſe; but I muſt on; the gates of hell
Are not more paſſable then theſe; how they
Will be to get out, God knows, I muſt try.
'Tis very ſtrange, if there be any life
Within this houſe, would it would ſhew it ſelfe.
What's here? a Banquet? and no mouth to eate,
Or bid me do it? this is ſomething like
The entertainment of adventurous Knights
Entring enchanted Caſtles: For the manner
Though there be nothing diſmall to be ſeene
Amazes me a little; what is meant
By this ſtrange invitation? I will ſound
My Daughters meaning, ere I ſpeake to her,
If it be poſſible, for by my voyce—— ——*Muſique.*
She will diſcover me! hark, whence is this.

The SONG.

Come hither you that love, and heare me ſing
of joyes ſtill growing
Green, freſh, and luſty, as the pride of Spring,
and ever blowing.
Come hither youths that bluſh, and dare not know
what is deſire,
And olde men worſe then you, that cannot blow
one ſparke of fire.
And with the power of my enchanting Song,
Boyes ſhall be able men, and old men young.
Enter Angilo above.
Come hither you that hope, and you that cry,
leave off complaining,
Youth, ſtrength, and beauty, that ſhall never dye,
are here remaining.
Come hither fooles, and bluſh, you ſtay ſo long
from being bleſt,
And mad men worſe then you, that ſuffer wrong,
Yet ſeeke no reſt.
And in an houre, with my enchanting Song,
You ſhall be ever pleas'd, and young maids long.

Enter Lelia and her maid with a Night-gowne and Slippers.

Lel. Sir you are welcome hither, as this kiſſe
Given with a larger freedome then the uſe
Of ſtrangers will admit, ſhall witneſſe to you.
Put the gowne on him, in this chaire ſit downe;
Give him his ſlippers: be not ſo amaz'd,
Here's to your health, and you ſhall feele this wine
Stir lively in me, in the dead of night.
Give him ſome wine; fall to your banquet Sir,
And let us grow in mirth; though I am ſet
Now thus far off you, yet four glaſſes hence
I will ſit here,
And try, till both our bloods
Shoote up and downe to finde a paſſage out,
Then mouth, to mouth will we walke up to bed,
And undreſſe one another as we goe;
Where both my treaſure, body, and my ſoule
Are your's to be diſpos'd of.
Fa. Umh, umh.—*Makes ſignes of his white head & bear*
Lel. You are old,
Is that your meaning? why, you are to me
The greater novelty, all our freſh youth
Are daily offer'd me, though you performe
As you thinke little, yet you ſatisfie
My appetite: from your experience
I may learn ſomething in the way of luſt
I may be better for. But I can teach
Theſe young ones;
But this day I did refuſe
A paire of 'em, *Julio*, and *Angilo*,
And told them they were as they were
Raw fooles and whelps. [a] ([a] *Ang. makes diſcontented ſig*
Maid. Pray God he ſpeak not [b] ([b] *Maid lais her finger o*
Lel. Why ſpeak you not ſweet Sir? *her mouth to him.*
Fath. Umh.—— (*Stops his ears, ſhews he is troubled wi*
Lel. Peace there, that muſique, now Sir ſpeak (*the Muſi*
To me.
Fath. Umh.—— —— *Points at the Ma*
Lel. Why? would you have her gone? you need not ke
Your freedome in for her; ſhe knows my life
That ſhe might write it;
Thinke ſhe is a ſtone?
Shee is a kinde of bawdy Confeſſor,
And will not utter ſecrets.
Fath. Umh.—— —— (*Points at her agai*
Lel. Be gone then, ſince he needs will have it ſo,
Tis all one. *Exit Maid.* —— *Fath. locks the doo*
Is all now as you would? come meet me then,
And bring a thouſand kiſſes on thy lips,
And I will rob thee of 'em, and yet leave
Thy lips as wealthy as they were before.
Fa. Yes, all is as I would but thou.
Lel. By heaven 'tis my Father.—— —— *Sta*
Fath. And I do beſeech thee
Leave theſe unheard of luſts which worſe become thee,
Then mocking of thy Father; let thine eyes
Reflect upon thy ſoule, and there behold
How loathed blacke it is; and whereas now
Thy face is heavenly faire, but thy minde foule,
Goe but into thy Cloſet, and there cry
Till thou haſt ſpoil'd that face, and thou ſhalt finde
How excellent a change, thou wilt have made
For inward beauty.
Lel. Though I know him now
To be my Father, never let me live
If my luſt do abate.
I'le take upon me
To have known him all this while.
Fath. Looke, doſt thou know me?
Lel. I knew yee Sir before.
Fath. What didſt thou do?
Lel. Knew you, and ſo unmov'dly have you borne
All the ſad croſſes that I laid upon you,
With ſuch a noble temper, which indeed
I purpoſely caſt on you, to diſcern
Your carriage in calamity, and you
Have undergone 'em with that brave contempt,
That I have turn'd the reverence of a childe

Int

Into the hot affection of a Lover.
Nor can there on the earth be found but yours
A ſpirit fit to meete with mine.
Fath. A woman ? thou art not ſure.
Lel. Looke and beleeve.
Fath. Thou art
Something created to ſucceed the Devill
When be growes weary of his envious courſe,
And compaſſing the world ; but I beleeve thee
Thou didſt but meane to try my patience,
And doſt ſo ſtill ; but better be adviſ'd :
And make thy tryall with ſome other things
That ſafelier will admit a dalliance :
And if it ſhould be earneſt, underſtand
How curſt thou art, ſo far from heaven, that thou
Beleev'ſt it not enough to damn alone,
Or with a ſtranger, but wouldſt heape all ſins
Unnaturall upon this aged head
And draw thy Father to thy Bed, and hell.
Lel. You are deceiv'd Sir, 'tis not againſt nature
For us to lye together ; if you have
An arrow of the ſame tree with your bow,
Is't more unnaturall to ſhoot it there
Then in another ? 'Tis our generall nature
To procreate, as fires is to conſume,
And it will trouble you to finde a ſticke
The fire will turne from : If't be natures will
We ſhould not mixe, ſhe will diſcover to us
Some moſt apparant croſſeneſſe, as our organs
Will not be fit ; which if we do perceive
Wee'l leave, and thinke it is her pleaſure
That we ſhould deale with others.
Fath. The dores are faſt ; thou ſhalt not ſay a prayer,
'Tis not Gods will thou ſhouldſt ; when this is done
I'le kill my ſelfe, that never man may tell me
I got thee*. * *Fath. draws his ſword. Angilo diſcovers himſelf.*
Lel. I pray you Sir, help ther, for Gods ſake Sir.
Ang. Hold reverend Sir, for honour of your age.
Fath. Whoe's that ?
Ang. For ſafety of your ſoule, and of the ſoule
Of that too wicked woman yet to dye.
Fa. What art thou ? and how cam'ſt thou to that place?
Ang. I am a man ſo ſtrangely hither come,
That I have broke an oath in ſpeaking this,
But I believe 'twas better broke then kept,
And I deſire your patience ; let me in,
And I proteſt I will not hinder you
In any act you wiſh, more then by word,
If ſo I can perſwade you, that I will not
Uſe violence, I'le throw my ſword down to you :
This houſe holds none but I, only a maid
Whom I will locke faſt in as I come downe.
Fa. I do not know thee, but thy tongue doth ſeeeme
To be acquainted with the truth ſo well
That I will let thee in : throw down thy ſword.
Ang. There 'tis.
Lel. How came he there ? I am betraid to ſhame,
The feare of ſodaine death ſtrook me all over
So violently, that I ſcarce have breath *He lets in Ang.*
To ſpeake yet : But I have it in my head, *and lockes the*
And out it ſhall, that (Father) may perhaps *(doore.*
O're-reach you yet.
Enter Father and Angelo.
Fat. Come Sir, what is't you ſay ?
Lel. My *Angilo*, by all the joyes of love
Thou art as welcome as theſe plyant arms
Twin'd round, and faſt about thee, can perſwade thee.
Ang. Away.
Lel. I was in ſuch a fright before thou cam'ſt,
Yon old mad fellow, (it will make thee laugh
Though it feared me) has talkt ſo wildly here—
Sirrha, he ruſht in at my dores, and ſwore
He was my Father, and I thinke beleev'd it :
But that he had a ſword, and threatned me—
I'faith he was good ſport, good, thruſt him out
That thou and I may kiſſe together ; wilt thou ?
Fath. Are you her Champion? & with theſe fair words,
Got in to reſcue her from me. *Offer to run at him.*
Ang. Hold ſir,
I ſweare I doe not harbour ſuch a thought,
I ſpeake it not, for that you have two ſwords,
But for tis truth.
Lel. Two ſwords my *Angilo* ?
Thinke this, that thou haſt two young brawny armes
And ne're a ſword, and he has two good ſwords
And ne're an arme to uſe 'em ; ruſh upon him,
I could have beaten him with this weake body,
If I had had the ſpirit of a man.
Ang. Stand from me, and leave talking, or by heaven
I'le trample thy laſt damning word out of thee.
Fat. Why do you hinder me then? ſtand away
And I will rid her quickly.
Lel. Would I were,
Cleare of this buſineſſe, yet I cannot pray.
Ang. Oh be adviſ'd, why you were better kill her
If ſhe were good ; Convey her from this place
Where none but you, and ſuch as you appoint
May viſite her ; where let her heare of nought
But death and damning, which ſhe hath deſerv'd,
Till ſhe be truly, juſtly ſorrowful,
And then lay mercy to her, who does know
But ſhe may mend ?
Fa. But whither ſhould I beare her ?
Ang. To my houſe,
'Tis large, and private, I will lend it you.
Fa. I thanke you Sir, and happily it fits
With ſome deſigne I have, but how ſhall we
Convey her?
Lel. Will they cary me away ?
Fa. For ſhe wil ſcratch and kick, & ſcream ſo loud
That people will be drawn to reſcue her.
Ang. Why ? none can hear her here, but her own maid,
Who is as faſt as ſhe.
Fa. But in the ſtreete ?
Ang. Why, we will take 'em both into the Kitchin,
There binde 'em, and then gag 'em, and then throw 'em
Into a Coach I'le bring to the backe-dore,
And hurry 'em away.
Fa. It ſhall be ſo,
I owe you much for this ; and I may pay you,
There is your ſword, lay hold upon her quickly,
This way with me, thou diſobedient childe.
Why do's thy ſtubborn heart beat at thy breaſt ?
Let it be ſtill, for I will have it ſearch'd
Till I have found a well of living teares
Within it, that ſhall ſpring out of thine eyes,
And flow all o're thy body foul'd with ſin,
Till it have waſh'd it quite without a ſtain. (*They drag her.*
Lel. Help! help! ah! ah!
Murther, I ſhall be murthered, I ſhall be murthered.
Fa. This helps thee not.
Lel. Baſely murdered, baſely.
Fa. I warrant you. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Lodowicke and Piſo.

Lod. This roguy Captaine has made fine work with us.
Piſo. I would the Devill in a ſtorm would carry him
Home to his Gariſon againe; I ake all over,
That I am ſure of; Certainly my body
Is of a wild-fire, for my head rings backward,
Or elſe I have a moriſe in my braines.
Lod. I'le deale no more with ſouldiers: wel remembred,
Did not the Viſion promiſe to appeare
About this time again?
Piſo. Yes, here he comes:
He's juſt on's word.
Enter Father.
Fath. O, they be here together,
Shee's penitent, and by my troth I ſtagger
Whether (as now ſhe is) either of theſe
Two fooles be worthy of her; yet becauſe
Her youth is prone to fall againe, ungovern'd,
And marriage now may ſtay her, one of 'em:
And *Piſo*, ſince I underſtand him abler,
Shall be the man; the other beare the charges,
And willingly, as I will handle it.
I have a Ring here, which he ſhall believe
Is ſent him from a woman I have thought of:
But e're I leave it, I'le have one of his
In pawne worth two on't: for I will not looſe
By ſuch a meſſe of ſugar-ſops as this is:
I am too old.
Lod. It moves againe, let's meet it.
Fa. Now if I be not out, we ſhall have fine ſport,
I am glad I have met you Sir, ſo happily,
You do remember me, I am ſure.
Lod. I doe Sir.
Piſo. This is a ſhort præludium to a challenge.
Fa. I have a meſſage Sir, that much concerns you,
And for your ſpeciall good; Nay you may heare too.
Piſo. VVhat ſhould this fellow meane?
Fa. There is a Lady,
(How the poore thing begins to warme already)
Come to this Towne, (as yet a ſtranger here Sir)
Faire, young, and rich, both in poſſeſſions,
And all the graces that make up a woman,
A widow, and a vertuous one: It workes,
He needs no broath upon't.
Lod. VVhat of her Sir?
Fath. No more but this; ſhe loves you.
Lod. Loves me?
Fa. Yes.
And with a ſtrong affection, but a faire one,
If ye be wiſe and thankfull, you are made: ther's the whole (matter.
Lod. I am ſure I heare this.
Fath. Here is a Ring Sir, of no little value:
Which after ſhe had ſeen you at a window,
She bad me haſt, and give it, when ſhe bluſh'd
Like a blown roſe.
Lod. But pray Sir by your leave——
Me thinks your yeares ſhould promiſe no ill meaning.
Fa. I am no Bawd, nor cheater, nor a coarſer
Of broken-winded women: if you feare me
I'le take my leave: aud let my Lady uſe
A fellow of more forme; an honeſter
I am ſure ſhe cannot.
Lod. Stay, you have confirm'd me,
Yet let me feele, you are in health.
Fa. I hope ſo,
My water's well enough, and my pulſe.
Lod. Then
All may be excellent: pray pardon me;
For I am like a boy that had found money,
Afraid I dreame ſtill.
Piſo. Sir, what kind of woman?
Of what proportion is your *Lady*?
Lod. I,
Fa. I'le tell you preſently her very picture,
Do you know a woman in this towne they call,
Stay, yes, it is ſo, *Lelia*?
Piſo. Not by ſight.
Fa. Nor you Sir?
Lod. Neither.
Fa. Theſe are precious Rogues
To raile upon a woman they never ſaw;
So they would uſe their Kindred.
Piſo. We have heard though
She is very faire and goodly.
Fa. Such another,
Juſt of the ſame complexion, making, ſpeech,
But a thought ſweeter is my Lady.
Lod. Then
Shee muſt be excellent indeed.
Fa. Indeed ſhe is,
And you will finde it ſo; you do beleeve me?
Lod. Yes marry do I, and I am ſo alter'd——
Fa. Your happineſſe will alter any man.
Do not delay the time Sir: at a houſe
Where *Don Valaſco* lay, the Spaniſh Signior
(Which now is Signieur *Angelos*) ſhe is.
Lod. I know it.
Fa. But before you ſhew your ſelfe,
Let it be night by all meanes, willingly
By day ſhe would not have ſuch gallants ſeene
Repair unto her 'tis her modeſty.
Lod. I'le goe and fit my ſelfe.
Fa. Doe, and be ſure
You ſend proviſion in, in full abundance,
Fit for the marriage; for this night I know
Shee will be yours: Sir, have you never a token
Of worth to ſend her backe againe? you muſt,
Shee will expect it.
Lod. Yes, pray give her this,
And with it all I have; I am made for ever. *Exit L*
Piſo. Well, thou haſt fooles lucke; ſhould I live as lo
As an old oake, and ſay my prayers hourly
I ſhould not be the better of a penny.
I think the Devill be my ghoſtly Father;
Upon my conſcience I am full as handſome,
I am ſure I have more wit, and more performance,
Which is a pretty matter.
Fa. Do you thinke ſir,
That your friend *Signeur* Piſo will be conſtant
Unto my Lady? you ſhould know him well.
Piſo. Who? Signieur *Piſo*?
Fa. Yes, the Gentleman.
Piſo. VVhy, you are wide Sir.
Fa. Is not his name *Piſo*?
Piſo. No, mine is *Piſo*.
Fa. How?
Piſo. 'Tis indeed Sir,
And his is *Lodowicke*.
Fa. Then I am undone Sir,
For I was ſent at firſt to *Piſo*; what a raſcall

VVas I, ſo ignorantly to miſtake you?
Piſo. Peace.
There is no harme done yet.
Fa. Now 'tis too late,
I know my errour:
At turning of a Street,
For you were then upon the right hand of him,
You chang'd your places ſudainly: where I
(Like a croſſe Block-head) loſt my memory:
What ſhall I do? my Lady utterly
Will put me from her favour.
Piſo. Never feare it,
I'le be thy guard, I warrant thee; O, O,
Am I at length reputed? for the Ring,
I'le fetch it back with a light vengance from him:
Had better keep tame Devills, then that Ring;
Art thou not Steward?
Fa. No.
Piſo. Thou ſhalt be ſhortly
Fa. Lord how he takes it?
Piſo. I'le go ſhift me ſtreight;
Art ſure it was to *Piſo?*
Fa. O too ſure Sir.
Piſo. I'le mount thee if I live for't,
Give me patience heav'n to beare this bleſſing I beſeech
I am but man; I pre'thee breake my head (thee;
To make me underſtand, I am ſenſible.
Fa. Lend me your dagger, and I will Sir.
Piſo. No
I believe now like a good Chriſtian.
Fa. Good Sir make haſt; I dare not go without ye
Since I bave ſo miſtaken.
Piſo. 'Tis no matter,
Meet me within this halfe houre at St. *Margrets.* *Piſo.*
Well go thy wayes old leg, thou haſt the trick on't. *Exit.*
Enter Angilo, and Julio.
Ang. How now? the newes?
Fa. Well, paſſing well, I have 'em,
Both in a leaſh and made right for my purpoſe.
Jul. I am glad on't I muſt leave you.
Ang. Whether man?
Jul. If all go right, I may be faſt enough too.
Ang. I cry you mercie Sir, I know your meaning,
Clora's the woman, ſhe's *Francks* bedfellow,
Commend me to 'em, and go *Julio*
Bring 'm to ſupper all, to grace this matter;
They ſerve for witneſſes. (*another.*
Ju. I will, Farewell. *Exit Jul at one dore, & Ang, & Fa, at*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Clora, Franck, and Fredrick, and Maid.

Fred. Siſter, I brought you *Jacamo* to the doore,
He has forgot all that he ſaid laſt night:
And ſhame of that makes him more loath to come,
I left *Fabritio* perſwading him, but 'tis in vaine.
Fra. Alas my fortune *Clora.*
Clor. Now *Franck*, See what a kind of man you love,
That loves you when hee's drunk; If ſo
Faith I would marry him; My friends I hope
Would make him drink. (mours then,
Clor. 'Tis well conſider'd *Franck*, he has ſuch pretty hu-
Beſides being a Souldier, 'tis better he ſhould love (he
You when hee's drunck, then when hee's ſober, for then
Will be ſure to love you, the greateſt part on's life.
Fra. And were not I a happy woman then?
Clor. That ever was borne *Franck*. y'faith———
Fred. How now? what ſayes hee?
Enter Fabritio. (and bell
Fab. Faith you may as well tice a dog up with a whip,
As him, by telling him of love and women, he ſweares
They mock him.
Fred. Looke how my Siſter weepes.
Fab. VVhy who can helpe it?
Fred. Yes, you may ſafly ſweare ſhe loves him.
Fab. VVhy ſo I did; and may do all the oathes,
Arithmatique can make, ere he believe me,
And ſince he was laſt drunk, he is more jealous
They would abuſe him: If we could perſwade him
She lov'd, he would embrace it.
Fred. She her ſelfe
Shall bate ſo much of her owne modeſty
To ſweare it to him; with ſuch teares as now
You ſee raine from her.
Fab. I believe 'twould worke,
But would you have her do't i'th open ſtreet?
Or if you would hee'le run away from her,
How ſhall we get him hither?
Fred. By entreaty.
Fab. 'Tis moſt impoſſible, No, If we could
Anger him hither, as ther is no way
But that to bring him; and then hold him faſt
Women, and men, whilſt ſhe delivers to him the truth
Seal'd with her teares, he would be plaine
As a pleas'd child; he walkes below for me
Under the window.
Clor. VVee'le anger him I warrant ye,
Let one of the maides take a good bowle of water,
Or ſay it be a piſſ-pott, and power't on's head.
Fab. Content hang me If I like not the caſt of it rarely,
(for no queſtion it,
Is an approv'd receipt to fetch ſuch a fellow
Take all the women-kind in this houſe, betwixt the age
of one,
And one hundred, & let them take unto them a pott or a
Bowle containing ſeven quarts or upwards, & let them
Never leave, till the above named,
Pott or Bowle become full, then let one of them ſtretch out
Her arme and power it on his head, add *Probatum eſt*, it
VVill fetch him, for in his anger he will run up, & then let
Us alone.
Clor. Go you and do it. *Exit Maid.*
Fra. Good *Clora*, no. (that
Clor. Away I ſay & do it; never feare, we have enough of
Water ready diſtill'd.
Fra. Why this will make him mad *Fabritio*,
Hee'le neither love me drunke, nor ſober now.
Fab. I warrant you: what, is the wench come up?
Enter Wench above.
Clo. Art thou there wench?
Wench. I.
Fab. Looke out then if thou canſt ſee him. (could not
Wench. Yes I ſee him, & by my troth he ſtands ſo faire I
Hold were he my Father; his hat's of too, & he's ſcratching
His head.
Fab. O waſh that hand I pre'thee. (I have throwne thee
Wench. God ſend thee good luck, this the ſecond time,
Out to day, ha, ha, ha, juſt on's head.
Fra. Alas!
Fab. What does he now? (Street windows
Wench. He gathers ſtones, God's light, he breakes all the
Jac. Whore's Bawdes, your windowes, your windowes.
Wench. Now he is breaking all the low windowes with
his Sword,

Excellent ſport, Now he's beating a fellow that laugh'd
(at him;
Truely the man takes it patiently; Now he goes
(downe the Street
Gravely, looking on each ſide, ther's not one more dare
(laugh.
Fra. Does he go on?
Wench. Yes.
Fra. Fabritio, you have undone a Maid (*Fran. kneeles.*
By treachery ; know you ſome other better,
You would prefer your friend to? If you do not
Bring him againe, I have no other hope,
But you that made me looſe hope, If you faile me,
I ne're ſhall ſee him, but ſhall languiſh out
A diſcontented life, and dye contemn'd. (*up*
Fab. This vexes me; I pray you be more patient (*lift her*
If I have any truth, let what will happen,
I'le bring him preſently, Do you all ſtand
At the Street dore, the Maides, and all, to watth
When I come backe, and have ſome private place
To ſhuffle me into, for he ſhall follow
In fury, but I know I can out run him:
As he comes in, clap all faſt hold on him,
And uſe your owne diſcretions.
Fred. Wee will do it.
Fab. But ſudainly. for I will bring him hither,
With that unſtop'd ſpeed that you ſhall run over
All that's in's way: and though my life be ventur'd
'Tis no great matter, will do't.
Fra. I thanke you,
Worthy *Fabritio.* *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia

Enter Jacamo.

Iac. I ever knew no woman could abide me,
But am I growne ſo contemptible, by being once drunke
Amongſt 'em, that they begin to throw piſſe on my head?
For ſurely it was piſſe huh, huh. (*ſeeme to ſmell.*
Enter Fabritio.
Fab. Jacamo, how do'ſt thou?
Jac. Well, ſomething troubled with watriſh humours.
Fab. Foh, how thou ſtinck'ſt; pre'thee ſtand further of
me
Me things theſe humours become thee better then thy dry
Chollerick humours, or thy wine-wet humours; ha?
Jac. You'r pleaſant, but *Fabrito* know I am not in the
wood of
Suffering jeſt. (moody
Fab. If you be not i'th mood I hope you will not be
But truely I cannot blame the Gentlewoman, you ſtood
eveſdropping,
Under their window, and would not come up.
Jac. Sir, I ſuſpect now, by your idle talke
Your hand was in't, which if I once believe,
Be ſure you ſhall account to me. (to you already
Fab. The Gentlewomen and the Maides have counted
The next turne I ſee is mine.
Jac. Let me dye but this is very ſtrange; good *Fabritio*
Do not provoake me ſo. (ther's no
Fab. Provoke you? you'r growne the ſtrongeſt fellow;
Keeping company with you, phiſh; take you that.
Jac. O all the Devills? ſtand Slave.
Fab. follow me if thou dar'ſt.
Fab. givis him a box o'th ear ſodainly, & throws him from him, & goes his wails, whilſt Iaca. drawes his Sword.
Jac. Stay coward, ſtay.—— *Ja: runnes after Fabritio.*

Scæna quarta.

Enter Fred. Fra. Clora. and Servant and Maid

Clor. Be ready for I ſee *Fabritio* running,
And *Jacamo* behind him.
Enter Fabritio.
Fab. Wher's the place.
Fred. That way *Fabritio.* Exit F
Enter Jacamo.
Jac. Where art thou treacher? (*Fred. Clor, and Maid, l*
What is the matter Sirs? *hold on Jacamo.*
Why do you hold me? I am baſely wrong'd,
Torture, and hell, be with you; let me go. (*they drag*
Fred. Good *Iacamo* be patient, and but heare *to a ch*
What I can ſay, you know I am your friend, *and hold*
If you yet doubt it, by my ſoule I am. *downe*
Iac. S'death ſtand away;
I would my breath were poyſon.
Fred. As I have life that which was throwne on you,
And this now done, were but to draw you hither
For cauſes weighty, that concerne your ſelfe
Uoid of all malice, which this Maid my Siſter
Shall tell you.
Iac. Puh, a pox upon you all; you will not hold me
For ever here, and till you let me go,
I'le talke no more.
Franck. As you'r a Gentleman
Let not this boldneſſe make me be beleev'd,
To be immodeſt; If there were a way
More ſilently to be acquainted with you
God knowes, that I would chooſe, But as it is
Take it in plaineſſe: I do love you more
Then you do your content, If you refuſe
To pitty me, I'le never ceaſe to weepe,
And when mine eyes be out I will be told
How faſt the teares I ſhed for you do fall,
And if they do not flow abundantly,
I'le fetch a ſigh ſhall make 'em ſtart, and leap,
As if the fire weare under.
Iac. Fine mocking, fine mocking.
Fred. Mocking? looke how ſhe weepes.
Iac. Do's ſhe counterfeit crying too.
Fred. Behold how the teares flow, or pitty her
Or never more be call'd a man. (ſible thinke yo
Iac. How's this? ſoft you, ſoft you my Maſters: Is't po
She ſhould be in earneſt? (many ſleep
Clor. Earneſt? I in earneſt: ſhe's a foole to breake ſo
That would have been ſound ones, & venture ſuch a face,
So much life, for ere an humorous aſſe i'th world.
Fra. Why *Clora*? I have knowne you cry as much?
For *Julio,* that has not halfe his worth,
All night you write and weepe too much I feare
I do but what I ſhonld.
Clor. If I do write
I am anſwer'd *Franck.*
Fra. I would I might be ſo.
Jac. Good *Fredrick* let me go I would faine trye
If that thing do not counterfeit.
Fred. Give me your Sword then.
Jac. No, but take my word,
As I am man, I will not hurt a creature
Under this roofe, before I have deliver'd
My ſelfe, as I am now into your handes,
Or have your full conſent.
Fred. It is enough.

Jac. Gent

Ja Gentlwoman, I pray you let me fele your face; I am an
Infidell, if ſhe do not weepe: Stay, wher's my handkerchife?
I'le wipe the old wett off, the freſh teares come, pox on't
I am a handſome, gratious fellow amongſt women, and
Knew't not Gentlewoman; how ſhould I know theſe
For me? Is not your Mother dead? (teares are
Fra. By heaven they are for you. (morrow
Iac. Slight I'le have my head corld, and powderd to
By breake of day; If you love me, I pray you kiſſe me,
For If I love you, it ſhall be ſuch love, as I will not be
A ſham'd of, If this be a mock—— *kiſſes,*
It is the hartieſt, and the ſweeteſt mock
That ere I taſted, mock me ſo againe ——— *kiſſe againe*
Fred. Fy *Iacamo*? why do you let her kneele
So long?
Iac. It's true I had forgot it ——— *lift her up,*
And ſhould have done this twelve-moneth; pray you riſe
(ſhe could
Fredrick, If I could all this while have been perſwaded
Have lov'd me, doſt thou thinke I had not rather kiſſe her
Then another ſhould? and yet you may gull me for ought
I know, but if you do, hell take me If I do not cutt
All your throates ſleeping.
Fred. Oh do not thinke of ſuch a thing.
Jac. Otherwiſe, If ſhe be in earneſt, the ſhort is I am.
Fran. Alas, I am.
Iac. And I did not think it poſſible any woman
Could have lik'd this face, it's good for nothing, is't?
Clor. Yes it's worth forty ſhillings to pawne, being
(lind almoſt quite
Through with velvet.
Fra. 'Tis better then your *Iulio's.*
Iac. Thou thinkeſt ſo, (*kiſſing Franck.*
But otherwiſe, in faith it is not *Franck*— *whilſt Iacamo is*

Enter Fabritio.

Fab. Hiſt *Iacamo*; How do'ſt thou Boy? ha?
Iac. Why very well, I thank you Sir. (ſages,
Fab. Do'ſt thou perceive the reaſon of matters, and paſ-
Yet Sirah, or no?
Jac. 'Tis wondrous good Sir. (ten to ſome
Fab. I have done ſimply for you, but now you are beat-
Underſtanding, I pray you dally not with the Gentlewo-
(man
But diſpatch your Matrimony, with all convenient ſpeed.
Fred. He gives good counſell.
Jac. And I will follow it.
Fab. And I you, prethee do not take it unkindly,
For truſt me I boxt thee for thy advancement,
A fooliſh deſire I had to joggle thee into preferment.
Iac. I apprehend you Sir, & if I can ſtudy out a courſe
How a baſtinadoing may any waies raiſe your fortunes
In the State, you ſhall be ſure on't.
Fab. Oh Sir keepe your way, God ſend you much joy.
Clor. And me my *Iulio.*
O God I heare his voyce, now he is true, (*but Fred.*
Have at a marriage *Franck*, as ſoone as you— *Exeunt all*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Sir I would ſpeake with you.
Fred. What is your haſty buſines friend? (Court.
Meſſ. The Duke commandes your preſent attendance at
Fred. The cauſe?
Meſſ. I know not in particular; but this
Many are ſent for more, about affaires
Forraigne I take it Sir.
Fred. I will be there
Within this houre, returne my humble ſervice.
Meſſ. I will Sir. *Exit Meſſenger.*
Fred. Farewell friend, what new's with you?

Enter a Servant

Ser. My Miſtris would deſire you Sir to follow
With all the haſt you can, ſhe is gon to Church,
To marry Captaine *Iacamo*, and *Iulio*,
To do as much for the young merry Gentlewoman,
Faire Miſtris *Clora.*
Fred. *Julio*, marry *Clora?*
Thou art deceiv'd I warrant thee.
Ser. No ſure Sir,
I ſaw their lips as cloſe upon the bargaine
As Cockles.
Fred. Give 'em joy, I cannot now goe,
The Duke hath ſent for me in haſt. (where they are. *Ex.*
Ser. This note Sir: when you are free, will bring you
Fred. reades. You ſhall finde us all at Signeur *Angilo's*,
Where *Piſo*, and the worthy *Lelia*
Of famous memory are to be married,
And we not far behinde.
Would I had time
To wonder at this laſt couple in hell.

Enter Meſſenger againe.

Meſſ. You are ſtaid for Sir.
Fred. I come, pray God the buſineſſe
Hold me not from this ſport, I would not looſe it. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Father and Servant.

Ang. God give you joy, and make you live together
A happy paire.
Piſo. I do not doubt we ſhall. (fortune,
There was never poore Gentleman had ſuch a ſodaine
I could thruſt my head betwixt 2. pales, & ſtrip me out of
My old skin like a Snake: will the gueſts come thou ſaidſt
Thou ſenteſt for to ſolemnize the Nuptials?
Fa. They will, I looke for em ere this.

Enter Julio, Jacamo, Fabritio, Franke, Clora.

Iul. By your leave all.
Fath. They'r here Sir.
Jul. Eſpecially faire Lady
I aske your pardon, to whoſe marriage bed
I wiſh all good ſucceſſe, I have here brought you
Such gueſts as can diſcerne your happineſſe,
And beſt do know how to rejoyce at it;
For ſuch a fortune they themſelves have run,
The worthy *Iacamo*, and his faire Bride,
Noble *Fabritio*, whom this age of peace
Has not yet aught to love ought but the warrs,
And his true friends, this Lady who is but
A piece of me.
Lel. Sir, you are welcome all,
Are they not Sir? (foole: *Exit Fath.*
Piſo. Bring in ſome wine, ſome of the wine *Lodwick* the
Sent hither: who ever thou bid'ſt welcome ſhall finde it
Lel. An unexpected honour you have done
To our too haſty wedding.
Iac. Faith Madam, our weddings were as haſty as yours
We'ar glad to run up & downe any whether, to ſee where
We can get meat to our wedding.
Piſo. That *Lodwick* hath provided too, good Aſſe.
Ang. I thought you *Iulio*, would not thus have ſtollen a
(marriage
Without acquainting your friends.
Iul. Why I did give thee incklings. (er'e almoſt
Ang. If a marriage ſhould be thus ſlubberd up in a play.

Any body had taken notice you were in love, the Spec-
(tators
Would take it to be but ridiculous.
Iul. This was the firſt, and I will never hide
An other ſecret from you.
Enter Father.
Father. Sir, yonder's your friend *Lodwick*, hide your
And 'twill be the beſt ſport——— (ſelfe
Piſo Gentlemen, I pray you take no notice, I'm here.
The coxcomb *Lodwick* is coming in.
Enter Lodwick.
Lodwick. Is that that Lady?
Fath. That is my Lady.
Lod. As I live ſhe's a faire one; what make al theſe heere?
Fath. O Lord Sir ſhe is ſo peſterd——— (told us
Fab. Novv vvill the ſport be, it runnes right as *Iulio*
Lod. Faire Lady health to you; ſome vvords I have, that
Require an utterance more private,
Then this place can afford.
Lel. I'le call my husband
All buſineſſe I heare vvith his eares novv.
Lod. Good Madam no, bet I perceive your jeſt,
You have no husband, Iam the very man
That vvalk'd the ſtreetes ſo comely.
Lel Are you ſo?
Lod. Yes faith, vvhen *Cupid* firſt did prick your heart
I am not cruell, but the love began
I'th Street I'le ſatisfie i'th chamber fully.
Lel. To aske a Madman vvhether he be mad
Were but an idle queſtion, if you be,
I do not ſpeake to you, but if you be not
Walke in the Streetes againe and there perhaps
I may dote on you, here I not endure you.
Lod. Good Madam ſtay, do not you know this Ring?
Lel. Yes it vvas mine, I ſent it by my Man,
To change and ſo he did, it has a blemiſh,
And this he brought me for it; did you change it?
Are you a Goldſmith?
Lod. Sure the world is mad,
Sirrah, did you not bring me this ring from your Lady?
Fa. Yes ſurely Sir, did I, but your worſhip muſt ev'n
(beare with me;
For there was a miſtaking in it, and ſo: as I was
Saying to your worſhip, my Lady is now married.
Lod. Married? to whom?
Fa. To your worſhips friend *Piſo.*
Lod. S'death to *Piſo*?
Piſo. within. Ha, ha, ha.
Ang. Yes Sir I can aſſure you ſhe's maried to him, I ſaw't
With theſe gray eyes.
Lod. Why what a Rogue art thou then? thou haſt made
Me ſend in proviſion too. (in's mouth
Fa. O a Gentleman ſhould not have ſuch fowle wordes
But your Worſhips proviſion could not have come in at a
fitter time,
Will it pleaſe you to taſt any of your owne wine?
It may be the Vintner has cozend you.
Lod. Pox I am mad.
Ang. You have alwayes plots Sir, & ſee how they fall out.
Iac. You had a plott upon me, how do you like this?
Lod. I do not ſpeake to you.
Fab. Becauſe you dare not. (in this R
Lod. But I will have one of that old Rogues teeth
Fath. Do'ſt not thou know that I can beate thee?
Doſt thou know it now? (diſcovers himſelfe)
Lod. He beate me once indeed.
Fath. And if you have forgot it, I can call a witneſſe
Come forth *Piſo* ——— remember you it?
Piſo Faith I do call to minde ſuch a matter.
Fath. Aud if I cannot ſtill do't, you are young
And will aſſiſt your Father in law.
Piſo. My Father in law?
Ang. Your Father in law, as ſure as this is widow L
Piſo. How widow *Lelia*?
Fath. I faith 'tis ſhe, Sonne.
Lod. Ha, ha, ha, let my proviſion go, I am glad I
Have miſt the woman.
Piſo. Have you put a whore upon me?
Lel. By heaven you do me wrong, I have a heart
As pure as any womans, and I meane
To keep it ſo for ever.
Fa. There is no ſtarting now, Son, if you offer't
I can compell you, her eſtate is great,
But all made o're to me, before this match,
Yet if you uſe her kindly, as I ſweare
I thinke ſhe will deſerve, you ſhall enjoy it
During your life, all ſave ſome ſlender piece
I will reſerve for my own maintenance,
And if God bleſſe you with a childe by her,
It ſhall have all.
Piſo. So I may have the meanes
I doe not much care what the woman is:
Come my ſweet heart, as long as I ſhall finde
Thy kiſſes ſweet, and thy meanes plentifull,
Let people talke their tongues out.
Lel. They may talke
Of what is paſt, but all that is to come
Shall be without occaſions.
Iul. Shall we not make *Piſo*, and *Lodwick* friends?
Iac. Hang'em they dare not be Enemies, or if they b
The danger is not greate, vvelcome *Fredrick.*
Enter Fredrick.
Fredrick. Firſt joy unto you all; and next I think
We ſhall haue vvarres.
Iac. Give me ſome vvine, I'le drinke to that.
Fab. I'le pledge.
Fran. But I ſhall looſe you then. (a Soul
Iac. Not a vvhit vvench; I'le teach thee preſently t
Fred. *Fabritios* command, and yours are both reſtor
Iac. Bring me foure glaſſes then.
Fab. Where are they?
Ang. You ſhall not drink 'em here, 'tis ſupper time,
And from my houſe no creature here ſhall ſtir,
Theſe three dayes, mirth ſhall flow as well as wine.
Fa. Content, within I'le tell you more at large
How much I am bound to all, but moſt to you,
Whoſe undeſerved liberality
Muſt not eſcape thus unrequited.
Jac. 'Tis happinſſe to me, I did ſo well:
Of every noble action, the intent
Is to give worth reward, vice, puniſhment. *Exeunt O*

The Prologue.

TO pleaſe you with this Play, we feare will be
(So does the Author too) a myſtery
Somewhat above our Art; For all mens eyes,
Ears, faiths, and judgements, are not of one ſize.
For to ſay truth, and not to flatter ye,
This is nor Comody, nor Tragedy,
Nor Hiſtory, nor any thing that may
(Yet in a weeke) be made a perfect Play:
Yet thoſe that love to laugh, and thoſe that thinke
Twelve-pence goes farther this way then in drinke,
Or Damſels, if they marke the matter through,
May ſtumble on a fooliſh toy, or two
Will make'em ſhew their teeth: pray, for my ſake
(That likely am your firſt man) doe not take
A diſtaſte before you feele it: for ye may
When this is hiſt to aſhes, have a Play.
And here, to out-hiſſe this; be patient then,
(My honour done) y'are welcome Gentlemen.

The Epilogue.

IF you miſlike; (as you ſhall ever be
Your owne free Judges) this Play utterly,
For your owne Nobleneſſe, yet do not hiſſe,
But as you goe by, ſay it was amiſſe;
And we will mend: Chide vs, but let it be
Never in cold blood: O' my honeſty
(If I have any) this I'le ſay for all,
Our meaning was to pleaſe you ſtill, and ſhall.

* * *

BEGGARS BVSH.

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter a Merchant, and Herman.

Mer. IS he then taken ?
Her. And brought back even now ſir.
Mer. He was not in diſgrace ?
Her. No man more lov'd, (man.
Nor more deſerv'd it, being the onely
That durſt be honeſt in this Court.
Mer. Indeed
We have heard abroad ſir, that the State hath ſuffered,
A great change, ſince the counteſſe death.
Her. It hath ſir.
Mer. My five yeares abſence, hath kept me a ſtranger
So much to all the occurrents of my Country,
As you ſhall bind me for ſome ſhort relation
To make me underſtand the preſent times.
Her. I muſt begin then with a war was made
And ſeven yeares with all cruelty continued
Upon our *Flanders* by the Duke of *Brabant*,
The cauſe grew thus: during our Earles minority,
Woolfort, (who now uſurps) was employed thither
To treat about a match betweene our Earle (treaty
And the daughter and Heire of *Brabant*: during which
The *Brabander* pretends, this daughter was
Stolne from his Court, by practice of our State,
Though we are all confirm'd, 'twas a ſought quarrell
To lay an unjuſt gripe upon this Earledome,
It being here beleev'd the Duke of *Brabant*
Had no ſuch loſſe. This war upon't proclaim'd,
Our Earle, being then a Child, although his Father
Good *Gerrard* liv'd, yet in reſpect he was
Choſen by the Counteſſe favour, for her Husband
And but a Gentleman, and *Floriz* holding
His right unto this Country from his Mother,
The State thought fit in this defenſive war,
Woolfort being then the only man of marke,
To make him Generall.
Mer. Which place we have heard
He did diſcharge with honour.
Her. I, ſo long,
And with ſo bleſt ſucceſſes, that the *Brabander*
Was forc't (his treaſures waſted, and the choyce
Of his beſt men of Armes tyr'd, or cut off)
To leave the field, and ſound a baſe retreat
Back to his Countrey: but ſo broken both
In minde and meanes, er'e to make head againe,
That hitherto he ſitts downe by his loſſe,
Not daring, or for honour, or revenge
Againe to tempt his fortune. But this Victory
More broke our State, and made a deeper hurt
In *Flanders*, then the greateſt overthrow
She ever receiv'd: For *Woolfort*, now beholding
Himſelfe, and actions in the flattering glaſſe
Of ſelfe-deſervings, and that cheriſh't by
The ſtrong aſſurance of his power, for then
All Captaines of the Army, were his creatures,
The common Souldier too at his devotion,
Made ſo by full indulgence to their rapines
And ſecret bounties, this ſtrength too well knowne
And what it could effect, ſoone put in practice,
As furtherd by the child-hood of the Earle
And their improvidence, that might have peirc't
The heart of his deſignes, gave him occaſion
To ſieze the whole, and in that plight you find it.
Mer. Sir, I receive the knowledge of thus much
As a choyce favour from you
Her. Onely I muſt add
Bruges holds out.
Mer. Whether ſir, I am going
For there laſt night I had a ſhip put in,
And my horſe waits me. *Exit.*
Her. I wiſh you a good journey.

Enter Woolfort, Hubert.

Wool. What? *Hubert* ſtealing from me? who diſarm'd him,
It was more then I commanded; take your ſword,
I am beſt guarded with it in your hand,
I have ſeene you uſe it nobly.
Hub. And will turne it
On mine owne boſom, ere it ſhall be drawne
Vnworthily or rudely.
Wool. VVould you leave me
VVithout a farwell *Hubert*? fly a friend
Vnwearied in his ſtudy to advance you?
VVhat have I ev'r poſſeſſed which was not yours?
Or either did not court you to command it?
Who ever yet arriv'd to any grace,
Reward or truſt from me, but his approaches
Were by your faire reports of him prefer'd?
And what is more I made my ſelfe your Servant,
In making you the Maſter of thoſe ſecrets
Which not the rack of conſcience could draw from me,
Nor I, when I askt mercy, truſt my prayers with;
Yet after theſe aſſurances of love,
Theſe tyes and bonds of freindſhip, to forſake me,
Forſake me as an enemie? come you muſt
Give me a reaſon.
Hub. Sir, and ſo I will,
If I may do't in privat: and you heare it.
Wool. All leave the roome: you have your will, ſet downe
And uſe the liberty of our firſt friendſhip. (vaniſh'd
Hub. Friendſhip? when you prov'd Traitor firſt, that
Nor do I owe you any thought, but hate,
I know my flight hath forfeited my head;
And ſo I may make you firſt underſtand
What a ſtrange monſter you have made your ſelfe,
I welcome it.
Wool. To me this is ſtrange language.
Hub. To you? why what are you?
Wool. Your Prince and Maſter,
The Earle of *Flaunders*.
Hub. By a proper title,
Rais'd to it by cunning circumvention, force,
Blood, and proſcriptions.
Wool. And in all this wiſedome;
Had I not reaſon? when by *Gerrards* plotts
I ſhould haue firſt been call'd to a ſtrict accop
How, and which way I had conſum'd that maſſe
Of money, as they terme it in the warr,

VVho underhand, had by his Miniſters
Detracted my great action, made my faith
And loyalty ſo ſuſpected in which failing
He ſought my life by practice.
Hub. With what fore-head,
Do you ſpeake this to me? who(as I know't)
Muſt, and will ſay 'tis falſe,
Wool. My guard there.
Hub. Sir, you bad me ſit,& promis'd you would heare
Which I now ſay you ſhall, not a ſound more,
For I that am contemner of mine owne,
Am Maſter of your life; then heer's a Sword
Betweene you, and all aydes Sir, though you blind
The credulous beaſt, the multitude, you paſſe not
Theſe groſſe untruthes on me.
Wool. How? groſſe untruthes.
Hub. I, and it is favourable language,
They had bin in a meane man lyes, and foule ones.
Wool. You take ſtrange licence.
Hub. Yes, were not thoſe rumours
Of being called unto your anſwers, ſpread
By your owne followers; and weake *Gerrard* wrought
(But by your cunnig practiſe)to be beleeve
That you were dangerous; yet not to be
Puniſh'd by any formall courſe of law,
But firſt to be made ſure, and have your crimes
Layd open after, which your queint traine taking
You fled unto the Campe, and there crav'd humbly
Protection for your innocent life, and that,
Since you had ſcap'd the fury of the warr,
You might not fall by treaſon, and for proofe,
You did not for your owne ends make this danger;
Some that had been before, by you ſubornd,
Came forth and tooke their oathes they had been hir'd
By *Gerrard* to your murther. This once heard,
And eaſily beleev'd, th' inraged Souldier
Seeing no further then the outward man,
Snatch'd haſtily his Armes, ran to the Court,
Kill'd all that made reſiſtance, cut in pieces
Such as were Servants, or thought friends to *Gerrard*,
Vowing the like to him.
Wool. Will you yet end?
Hub. Which he foreſeeing, with his Sonne, the *Earle*,
Forſooke the Citty; and by ſecret wayes
As you give out, and we would gladly have it,
Eſcap'd their fury : though 'tis more then fear'd
They fell among the reſt; Nor ſtand you there
To let us onely mourne, the impious meanes
By which you got it, but your cruelties ſince
So farr tranſcend your former bloody ills,
As if compar'd, they onely would appeare
Eſſayes of miſchiefe; do not ſtop your eares,
More are behind yet.
Wool. O repeat them not,
'Tis hell to heare them nam'd.
Hub. You ſhould have thought,
That hell would be your puniſhment when you did them,
A Prince, in nothing but your princely luſts,
And boundleſſe rapines.
Wool. No more I beſeech you.
Hub. Who was the Lord of houſe or land, that ſtood
Within the proſpect of your coveteous eye?
Wool. You are in this to me a greater Tyrant,
Then ere I was to any.
Hub. I end thus
The generall griefe, now to my private wrong;
The loſſe of *Gerrards* daughter *Jaqueline*:
The hop'd for partner of my lawfull bed,
Your cruelty hath frighted from mine armes;
And her, I now was wandring to recouer.
Thinke you that I had reaſon now to leave you,
When you are growne ſo juſtly odious,
That ev'n my ſtay here with your grace and favour,
Makes my life irckſome? here ſurely take it,
And do me but this fruite of all your frendſhip,
That I may dye by you, and not your hang-man.
Wool. Oh *Hubert*, theſe your wordes and reaſons have
As well drawne drops of blood from my griev'd hart,
As theſe teares from mine eyes;
Deſpiſe them not
By all that's ſacred, I am ſerious *Hubert*,
You now have made me ſenſible, what furyes,
Whips, hangmen, and tormentors a bad man
Do's ever beare about him: let the good
That you this day have done, be ever numberd,
The firſt of your beſt actions;
Can you think,
Where *Floriz* is or *Gerrard*, or your love,
Or any elſe, or all that are proſcrib'd?
I will reſigne, what I uſurpe, or have
Unjuſtly forc'd; the dayes I have to live
Are too too few to make them ſatisfaction
With any penitence : yet I vow to practiſe
All of a man.
Hub. O that your hart and tongue
Did not now differ!
Wool. By my griefes they do not
Nake the good paines to ſearch them out; 'tis worth it,
You have made cleane a Leper : truſt me you have,
And made me once more fit for the ſociety,
I hope of good men.
Hub. Sir, do not abuſe
My aptneſſe to beleeve.
Wool. Suſpect not you
A faith that's built upon ſo true a ſorrow,
Make your owne ſafetyes : aske them all the ties
Humanity can give, *Hemskirick* too ſhall
Along with you to this ſo wiſh'd diſcovery,
And in my name profeſs all that you promiſe;
And I will give you this helpe to't : I have
Of late receiv'd certaine intelligence,
That ſome of them are in or about *Bruges*
To be found out: which I did then interpret,
The cauſe of that Townes ſtanding out againſt me;
But now am glad, it may direct your purpoſe
Of giving them their ſafety, and mee peace.
Hub. Be conſtant to your goodneſſe,& you have it.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter 3. Marchants.

1. *Mer.* T'is much that you deliver of this *Goſwin.*
2. *Mer.* But ſhort of what I could,yet have the Coun
Confirmd it true, and by a generall oath,
And not a man hazard his credit in it:
He beares himſelfe with ſuch a confidence
As if he were the Maſter of the Sea,
And not a winde upon the Sailers compaſſe,
But from one part or other, was his factor?
To bring him in the beſt commodities,
Merchant e're venturd for:
1. 'Tis ſtrange,
2. And yet;

Th

This do's in him deſerve the leaſt of wonder,
Compared with other his peculiar faſhions,
Which all admire: he's young, and rich, at leaſt
Thus far reputed ſo, that ſince he liv'd
In *Bruges*, there was never brought to harbour
So rich a Bottome, but his bill would paſſe
Unqueſtion'd for her lading.

3 *Mer.* Yet he ſtill
Continues a good man.

2 *Mer.* So good, that but
To doubt him, would be held an injury
Or rather malice, with the beſt that traffique;
But this is nothing, a great ſtocke, and fortune,
Crowning his judgement in his undertakings
May keep him upright that way: But that wealth
Should want the power to make him dote on it,
Or youth teach him to wrong it, beſt commends
His conſtant temper; for his outward habit
'Tis ſutable to his preſent courſe of life:
His table furniſh'd well, but not with dainties
That pleaſe the appetite only for their rareneſſe,
Or the deare price: nor given to wine or women,
Beyond his health, or warrant of a man,
I meane a good one: and ſo loves his ſtate
He will not hazard it at play; nor lend
Upon the aſſurance of a well-pen'd Letter,
Although a challenge ſecond the denyall
From ſuch as make th'opinion of their valour
Their meanes of feeding.

1 *Mer.* Theſe are wayes to thrive,
And the meanes not curs'd.

2 *Mer.* What follows this,
Makes many Venturers with him, in their wiſhes,
For his proſperity: for when deſert
Or reaſon leads him to be liberall,
His noble mind and ready hand contend
Which can add moſt to his free curteſies,
Or in their worth, or ſpeed to make them ſo.
Is there a Virgin of good fame wants dowre?
He is a father to her; or a Souldier
That in his Countreyes ſervice, from the warre
Hath brought him only ſcars, and want? his houſe
Receives him, and relieves him, with that care
As if what he poſſes'd had been laid up
For ſuch good uſes, and he ſteward of it.
But I ſhould looſe my ſelfe to ſpeake him further
And ſtale in my relation, the much good
You may be witneſſe of, if your remove
From *Brugis*, be not ſpeedy.

1 *Mer.* This report
I do aſſure you will not haſten it,
Nor would I wiſh a better man to deale with
For what I am to part with.

3 *Mer.* Never doubt it,
He is your man and ours, only I wiſh
His too much forwardneſſe to embrace all bargains
Sucke him not in the end.

2 *Mer.* Have better hopes,
For my part I am confident; here he comes.

Enter Florez & the fourth Merchant.

Flor. I take it at your own rates: your wine of *Cyprus*,
But for your *Candy* ſugars, they have met
With ſuch foule weather, and are priz'd ſo high
I cannot ſave in them.

4 *Mer.* I am unwilling
To ſeeke another Chap-man: make me offer
Of ſomething near my price, that may aſſure me
You can deale for them.

Flor. I both can, and will,
But not with too much loſſe; your bill of lading
Speakes of two hundred cheſts, valued by you
At thirty thouſand gilders. I will have them
At twenty eight; ſo, in the payment of
Three thouſand ſterling, you fall only in
Two hundred pound.

4 *Mar.* You know, they are ſo cheape.——

Flo. Why looke you; I'le deale fairly, ther's in priſon,
And at your ſuite, a Pirat, but unable
To make you ſatisfaction, and paſt hope
To live a weeke, if you ſhould proſecute
What you can prove againſt him: ſet him free,
And you ſhall have your money to a Stiver,
And preſent payment.

4 *Mar.* This is above wonder,
A Merchant of your ranke, that have at Sea
So many Bottoms in the danger of
Theſe water-Theeves, ſhould be a meanes to ſave 'em
It more importing you for your owne ſafety
To be at charge to ſcoure the Sea of them
Then ſtay the ſword of Juſtice, that is ready
To fall on one ſo conſcious of his guilt
That he dares not deny it.

Flo. You miſtake me,
If you thinke I would cheriſh in this Captaine
The wrong he did to you, or any man;
I was lately with him, (having firſt, from others
True teſtimony been aſſured, a man
Of more deſert never put from the ſhore)
I read his letters of Mart from this State granted
For the recovery of ſuch loſſes, as
He had receiv'd in *Spain*, 'twas that he aim'd at,
Not at three tuns of wine, bisket, or beefe,
Which his neceſſity made him take from you.
If he had pillag'd you neare, or ſunke your ſhip,
Or thrown your men o'r-boord, then he deſerv'd
The Lawes extreameſt rigour: But ſince want
Of what he could not live without, compel'd him
To that he did (which yet our State calls death)
I pitty his misfortune; and to worke you
To ſome compaſſion of them, I come up
To your own price: ſave him, the goods are mine;
If not, ſeeke elſe-where, I'le not deale for them.

4 *Mar.* Well Sir, for your love, I will once be lead
To change my purpoſe.

Flo. For your profit rather.

4 *Mar.* I'le preſently make meanes for his diſcharge,
Till when, I leave you.

2 *Mar.* What do you thinke of this?

1 *Mar.* As of a deed of noble pitty: guided
By a ſtrong judgement.

2 *Mar.* Save you Maſter *Goſwin.*

Flo. Good day to all.

2 *Mar.* We bring you the refuſall
Of more Commodities.

Flo. Are you the owners
Of the ſhip that laſtnight put into the Harbour?

1 *Mar.* Both of the Ship, and lading.

Flo. What's the fraught?

1 Mar. *Indico, Quitchineel*, choiſe *Chyna* ſtuffs.

3 *Mar.* And cloath of Gold brought from *Camball.*

Flo. Rich lading,
For which I were your Chapman, but I am
Already out of caſh.

1 *Mar.* I'le give you day
For the moiety of all.

Flo. How long?

3 *Mer.* Sixe moneths.
Flo. 'Tis a faire offer: which (if we agree
About the prizes) I, with thanks accept of,
And will make preſent payment of the reſt;
Some two hours hence I'le come aboord.
1 *Mer.* The Gunner ſhall ſpeake you welcome.
Flo. I'le not faile,
3 *Mer.* Good morrow. *Exit Merch.*
Flo. Heaven grant my Ships a ſafe returne, before
The day of this great payment: as they are
Expected three moneths ſooner: and my credite
Stands good with all the world. *Enter Gerrard.*
Ger. Bleſſe my good Maſter,
The prayers of your poor Beadſ-man ever ſhall
Be ſent up for you.
Flo. God 'a mercy *Clauſe*,
Ther's ſomething to put thee in minde hereafter
To thinke of me.
Ger. May he that gave it you
Reward you for it, with encreaſe, good Maſter.
Flo. I thrive the better for thy prayers.
Ger. I hope ſo.
This three yeares have I fed upon your bounties,
And by the fire of your bleſt charity warm'd me,
And yet, good Maſter, pardon me, that muſt,
Though I have now receiv'd your almes, preſume
To make one ſute more to you.
Flo. What is't *Clauſe*?
Ger. Yet do not think me impudent I beſeech you,
Since hitherto your charity hath prevented
My begging your reliefe, 'tis not for money
Nor cloaths (good Maſter) but your good word for me.
Flo. That thou ſhalt have, *Clauſe*, for I think thee honeſt.
Ger. To morrow then (dear Mr.) take the trouble
Of walking early unto *Beggars Buſh*,
And as you ſee me, among others (Brethren
In my affliction) when you are demanded
Which you like beſt among us, point out me,
And then paſſe by, as if you knew me not.
Flo. But what will that advantage thee?
Ger. O much Sir,
'Twill give me the preheminence of the reſt,
Make me a King among 'em, and protect me,
From all abuſe, ſuch as are ſtronger, might
Offer my age; Sir, at your better leizure
I will informe you further of the good
It may do to me.
Flo. 'Troth thou mak'ſt me wonder;
Have you a King and Common-wealth among you?
Ger. We have, & there are States are governd worſe.
Flo. Ambition among Beggars?
Ger Many great ones
Would part with halfe their States, to have the place,
And credit to beg in the firſt file, Maſter:
But ſhall I be ſo much bound to your furtherance
In my Petition?
Flo. That thou ſhalt not miſſe of,
Nor any worldly care make me forget it,
I will be early there.
Ger. Heaven bleſſe my Maſter. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Higgen, Ferret, Prig, Clauſe, Jaculine, Snap, Gynkes, and other Beggars.

Hig. COme Princes of the ragged regiment,
You 'o the blood, *Prig* my moſt upright Lord,
And theſe (what name or title, e're they beare)
Jarkman, or *Patrico*, *Cranke*, or *Clapperdudgeon*.
Frater, or *Abram-man*; I ſpeake to all
That ſtand in faire Election for the title
Of King of *Beggars*, with the command adjoyning,
Higgen, your Orator, in this Inter-regnum,
That whilom was your Dommerer, doth beſeech you
All to ſtand faire, and put your ſelves in ranke,
That the firſt Commer, may at his firſt view
Make a free choiſe, to ſay up the queſtion.
Fer. Pr. 'Tis done Lord *Higgen*.
Hig. Thankes to Prince *Prig*, Prince *Ferret*.
Fer. Well, pray my Maſters all, *Ferret* be choſen
Ye'ar like to have a mercifull mild Prince of me.
Prig. A very tyrant, I, an arrant tyrant.
If e're I come to reigne; therefore looke to't,
Except you do provide me hum enough
And Lour to bouze with: I muſt have my Capons
And Turkeys brought me in, with my green Geeſe,
And Ducklings i'th ſeaſon: fine fat chickens,
Or if you chance where an eye of tame Pheſants
Or Partridges are kept, ſee they be mine,
Or ſtraight I ſeize on all your priviledge,
Places, revenues, offices, as forfeit,
Call in your crutches, wooden legs, falſe bellyes,
Forc'd eyes and teeth, with your dead arms; not leave you
A durty clout to beg with o' your heads,
Or an old rag with Butter, Frankinſence,
Brimſtone and Rozen, birdlime, blood, and creame,
To make you an old ſore; not ſo much ſope
As you may fome with i'th Falling-ſickneſſe;
The very bag you beare, and the brown diſh
Shall be eſcheated. All your daintieſt dells too
I will deflowr, and take your deareſt Doxyes
From your warme ſides; and then ſome one cold night
I'le watch you what olde barne you goe to rooſt in,
And there I'le ſmoother you all i'th muſty hay.
Hig. This is tyrant-like indeed: But what would *Ginks*
Or *Clauſe* be here, if either of them ſhould raigne?
Ger. Beſt aske an aſſe, if he were made a Camell,
What he would be; or a dog, and he were a Lyon.
Ginks. I care not what you are, Sirs, I ſhall be
A Begger, ſtill, I am ſure, find my ſelfe there.
Enter Florez.
Snap. O here a Judge comes.
Hig. Cry, a Judge, a Judge.
Flo. What aile you Sirs? what means this out cry?
Hig. Maſter
A ſort of poor ſoules met: Gods fools, good Maſter,
Have had ſome little variance amongſt our ſelves
Who ſhould be honeſteſt of us; and which lives
Uprighteſt in his call: Now, 'cauſe we thought
We ne're ſhould gree on't our ſelves, becauſe
Indeed 'tis hard to ſay: we all diſſolv'd, to put it
To whom that ſhould come next, and that's your Maſterſhip,
Who, I hope, will termine it as your mind ſerves you,
Right, and no otherwiſe we aske it: which?
Which does your Worſhip thinke is he? ſweet Maſter
Looke over us all, and tell us; we are ſeven of us,
Like to the ſeven wiſe Maſters, or the Planets.
Flo. I ſhould judge this the man with the grave beard,
And if he be not——
Ger. Bleſſe you, good Maſter, bleſſe you.
Flo. I would he were: there's ſomething too, amongſt you
To keep you all honeſt. *Exit*
Snap. King of heaven goe with you.
Omn. Now good reward him,
May he never want it, to comfort ſtill the poor, in a good houre.

Fer. What is't ? ſee : *Snap* ha's got it.
Snap. A good crown, marry :
Prig. A crown of gold.
Fer. For our new King : good luck.
Ginks. To the common treaſury with it ; if't be gold,
Thither it muſt.
Prig. Spoke like a Patriot, *Ferret*——
King *Clauſe* I bid God ſave thee firſt, firſt, *Clauſe*,
After this golden token of a crowne ;
Wher's Oratour *Higgen* with his gratuling ſpeech now,
In all our names?
Fer. Here he is pumping for it.
Gin. H' has cough'd the ſecond time, 'tis but once more
And then it comes.
Fer. So, out with all : expect now——
Hig. That thou art choſen, venerable *Clauſe*,
Our King and Soveraign ; Monarch o'th Maunders.
Thus we throw up our Nab-cheats, firſt for joy,
And then our filches ; laſt, we clap our fambles,
Three ſubject ſignes, we do it without envy :
For who is he here did not wiſh thee choſen
Now thou art choſen ? aske 'em : all will ſay ſo,
Nay ſwear't : 'tis for the King, but let that paſſe ;
When laſt in conference at the bouzing ken
This other day we ſate about our dead Prince
Of famous memory : (reſt, goe with his rags:)
And that I ſaw thee at the tables end,
Riſe mov'd, and gravely leaning on one Crutch,
Lift the other like a Scepter at my head,
I then preſag'd thou ſhortly wouldſt be King
And now thou art ſo : but what need preſage,
To us, that might have read it, in thy beard,
As well, as he that choſe thee ? by that beard
Thou wert found out, and mark'd for Soveraignty.
O happy beard ! but happier Prince, whoſe beard,
Was ſo remark'd, as marked out our Prince,
Not bating us a haire. Long may it grow,
And thick, and faire, that who lives under it,
May live as ſafe, as under *Beggars Buſh*,
Of which this is the thing, that but the type.
Om. Excellent, excellent oratour, forward good *Higgen*
Give him leave to ſpit : the fine, well-ſpoken *Higgen*.
Hig. This is the beard, the buſh, or buſhy-beard,
Under whoſe gold and ſilver raigne 'twas ſaid
So many ages ſince, we all ſhould ſmile
On impoſitions, taxes, grievances,
Knots in a State, and whips unto a Subject,
Lye lurking in this Beard, but all hem'd out :
If now, the Beard be ſuch, what is the Prince
That owes the Beard ? a Father ; no, a Grandfather ;
Nay the great Grand-father of you his people.
He will not force away your hens, your bacon,
When you have ventur'd hard for't, nor take from you
The fatteſt of your puddings : under him
Each man ſhall eate his own ſtolne eggs, and butter,
In his owne ſhade, or ſun-ſhine, and enjoy
His owne deare Dell, Doxy, or Mort, at night
In his own ſtraw, with his owne ſhirt, or ſheet,
That he hath filch'd that day, I, and poſſeſſe
What he can purchaſe, backe, or belly-cheats
To his own prop : he will have no purveyers
For Pigs, and poultry.
Ger. That we muſt have, my learned Oratour,
It is our will, and every man to keep
In his own path and circuite.
Hig. Do you heare?
You mu't hereafter maund on your own pads he ſaies.
Ger. And what they get there, is their owne, beſides
To give good words.
Hig. Do you marke ? to cut bene whids,
That is the ſecond Law.
Ger. And keepe a-foote
The humble, and the common phraſe of begging,
Leſt men diſcover us.
Hig. Yes ; and cry ſometimes,
To move compaſſion : Sir, there is a table,
That doth command all theſe things, and enjoyns 'em;
Be perfect in their crutches : their fain'd plaiſters,
And their true paſ-ports, with the ways to ſtammer,
And to be dumb, and deafe, and blind, and lame,
There, all the halting paces are ſet downe,
I'th learned language.
Ger. Thither I refer them,
Thoſe, you at leiſure ſhall interpret to them,
We love no heapes of lawes, where few will ſerve.
Om. O gracious Prince, 'ſave, 'ſave the good K. *Clauſe*.
Hig. A Song to crowne him.
Fer. Set a Centinell out firſt.
Sn. The word ?
Hig. A Cove comes, and fumbumbis to it.—— *strike*.

The SONG.

Caſt our Caps and cares away : this is Beggars Holli-day,
At the Crowning of our King, thus we ever dance & ſing.
In the world looke out and ſee : where ſo happy a Prince as he ?
Where the Nation live ſo free, and ſo merry as do we ?
Be it peace, or be it war, here at liberty we are,
And enjoy our eaſe and reſt ; To the field we are not preſt ;
Nor are called into the Towne, to be troubled with the Gowne.
Hang all Offices we cry, and the Magiſtrate too, by;
When the Subſidies encreaſt, we are not a penny ceaſt.
Nor will any goe to law, with the Beggar for a ſtraw.
All which happineſſe he brags, he doth owe unto his rags.

Enter Snap, Hubert, and Hemskirke.

Snap. A Cove : Fumbumbis.
Prig. To your poſtures ; arme :
Hub. Yonder's the Towne : I ſee it.
Hemsk. Ther's our danger
Indeed afore us, if our ſhadows ſave not.
Hig. Bleſſe your good Worſhips :
Fer. One ſmall piece of money.
Prig. Amongſt us all poore wretches :
Ger. Blinde, and lame,
Ginks. For his ſake that gives all.
Hig. Pittifull Worſhips ;
Snap. One little doyt.

Enter Jaculine.

Jac. King, by your leave, where are you ?
Ger. To buy a litle bread,
Hig. To feed ſo many
Mouths, as will ever pray for you.
Prig. Here be ſeven of us.
Hig. Seven, good Maſter, ô remember ſeven,
Seven bleſſings.
Fer. Remember, gentle Worſhip.
Hig. 'Gainſt ſeven deadly ſins,
Prig. And ſeven ſleepers.
Hig. If they be hard of heart, and will give nothing—
Alas, we had not a charity this three dayes.
Hub. Ther's amongſt you all ?
Fer. Heaven reward you.
Prig. Lord, reward you ?
Hig. The Prince of pitty bleſſe thee.
Hub. Do I ſee ? or is't my fancy that would have it ſo ?

Ha ? 'tis her face : come hither Maid.
Jac. What ha', you
Bells for my ſquirrell? I ha' giv'n Bun meat,
You do not love me, do you? catch me a butter fly,
And I'le love you againe; when?can you tell?
Peace, we go a birding : I ſhall have a fine thing.
Hub. Her voyce too ſayes the ſame; but for my head
I would not that her manners, were ſo chang'd,
Heare me thou honeſt fellow; what's this Mayden,
That lives amongſt you here?
Gincks. Ao, ao, ao, ao.
Hub. How? nothing but ſignes?
Gin. Ao, ao, ao, ao.
Hub. This ſtrange,
I would faine have it her, but not her thus. (dumb Sir.
Hig. He is de-de-de-de-de-de-deafe, and du-du-dude—
Hub. Slid they did all ſpeak plain ev'n now me thought
Do'ſt thou know this ſame Maid? (foole
Sn. Why, why, why, why, which, gu, gu,gu,gu, Gods
She was bo-bo-bo-bo-borne at the barne younder,
By-be-be-be-be-Beggars Buſh-bo-bo-Buſh
Her name is, My-my-my-my-my-match : ſo was her Mo-
mo-mo-Mothers too-too
Hub. I underſtand no word ſhe ſayes; how long
Has ſhe been here? (go-go-go-good luck,
Sn. Lo-lo-long enough to be ni-ni-nigled: and ſhe ha'
Hub. I muſt be better inform'd,then by this way.
Here was another face too, that I mark'd
O the old mans : but they are vaniſh'd all
Moſt ſodainly : I will come here againe,
O, that I were ſo happy, as to finde it,
What I yet hope? it is put on.
Hem. What meane you Sir,
To ſtay there with that ſtammerer?
Hub. Farewell friend,———
It will be worth returne, to ſearch : Come,
Protect us our diſguize now, pre'thee *Hemskirck*
If we be taken, how do'ſt thou imagine
This Towne will uſe us, that hath ſtood ſo long
Out, againſt *Woolfort*?
Hem. Ev'n to hang us forth
Upon their walls a ſunning, to make Crowes meate,
If I were not aſſur'd 'o the *Burgomaſter*,
And had a pretty skuys, to ſee a niece there,
I ſhould ſcarce venture.
Hub. Come 'tis now too late
To looke back at the ports : good luck, and enter. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Floriz.

Flo. Still blow'ſt thou there? and from all other parts,
Do all my Agents ſleepe? that nothing comes?
Ther's a conſpiracy of windes, and ſervants.
If not of Elements, to ha' me breake;
What ſhould I thinke unleſſe the Seas, and Sandes
Had ſwallow'd up my ſhips? or fire had ſpoyl'd
My ware-houſes? or death devour'd my Facto
I muſt ha' had ſome returnes;
Enter Merchants.
1. *Mer.* 'Saue you Sir.
Flo. 'Save you.
1. *Mer.* No newes, yet 'o your Ships?
o. Not any yet Sir.
1. *Mer.* 'Tis ſtrange.
Flo. 'Tis true Sir : what a voyce was here now?
This was one paſſing bell, a thouſand ravens
Sung in that man now, to preſage my ruines.
2. *Mer.* *Goſwin*,good day,theſe winds,are very conſtant.
Flo. They are ſo Sir; to hurt———
2. *Mer.* Ha?you had no letters,
Lately from *England*, nor from *Denmark*?
Flo. Neither. (land
2. *Mer.* This winde brings them;nor no newes over
Through *Spaine*, from the *Straights*?
Flo. Not any.
2. *Mer.* I am ſorry Sir.
Flo. They talke me downe : and as 'tis ſaid, of Vultures
They ſent a feild fought, and do ſmell the carkaſſes
By many hundred miles: So do theſe, my wracks
At greater diſtances:why thy will heaven
Come on, and be: yet if thou pleaſe, preſerve me;
But in my owne adventure, here at home,
Of my chaſt love, to keep me worthy of her,
It ſhall be put in ſcale againſt all ill fortunes:
I am not broken yet : nor ſhould I fall,
Me thinkes with leſſe then that, that ruines all. Exi

Scæna Tertia.

Enter. Van-dunck. Hubert. Hemſkirck. and Margaret. Boores.

Van. Captaine you are welcome; ſo is this your friend
Moſt ſafely welcome, though our Towne ſtand out
Againſt your Maſter; you ſhall finde good quarter:
The troth is, we not love him : *Meg*: ſome wine,
Let's talke a little treaſon, If we can
Talk treaſon,gain' the Traitors;by your leave,Gentleme
We here in *Brugis*, thinke he do's uſurpe,
And therefore I am bold with him.
Hub. Sir, your boldneſſe,
Happely becomes your mouth, but not our eares,
While we are his ſervants; And as we come here,
Not to aske queſtions, walke forth on your walls;
Viſit your courtes of guard, view your Munition,
Aske of your corne-proviſions, nor enquire
Into the leaſt, as ſpies upon your ſtrengthes,
So let's entreate, we may receive from you
Nothing in paſſage or diſcourſe, but what
We may with gladneſſe, and our honeſties here,
And that ſhall ſeale our welcome.
Van. Good : let's drinke then,
Mage: fill out, I keep mine old pearle ſtill Captaine.
Mar. I hang faſt man.
Hem. Old Iewels, commend their keeper,Sir.
Van. Heer's to you with a hart, my Captaines friend,
With a good heart, and if this make us ſpeake
Bold words, anon : 'tis all under the Roſe
Forgotten : drowne all memory, when we drinke.
Hub. 'Tis freely ſpoken noble *Burgomaſter*,
I'le do you right.
Hem. Nay Sir mine heire *Van-dunck*,
Is a true Stateſmen. (*Woolfor*
Van. Fill my Captaines cup there, ô that your Maſter
Had been an honeſt man.
Hub. Sir?
Van. Under the Roſe.
Hem. Heer's to you *Marget.*
Mar. Welcom; welcom Captaine.
Van. Well ſaid my pearle ſtill,

Van. Well ſaid, my pearl ſtill,
Hem. And how does my Niece ?
Almoſt a woman ; I thinke ? This friend of mine,
I drew along with me, through ſo much hazard,
Only to ſee her : ſhe was my errand.
Van. I, a kinde Uncle you are (fill him his glaſſe)
That in ſeven yeares, could not find leizure.——
Hem. No,
It's not ſo much.
Van. I'le bate you nev'r an houre on't,
I was before the *Brabander* gan his war,
For moone-ſhine, i'th water there, his daughter
That never was loſt : yet you could not finde time
To ſee a Kinſwoman : But ſhee is worth the ſeeing Sir.
Now you are come, you aske if ſhe were a woman?
Shee is a woman Sir ; fetch her forth *Margee.* *Exit Marg.*
And a fine woman, and has Suitors.
Hem. How ?
What Suitors are they.
Van. Bachellors : young Burgers :
And one, a gallant, the young Prince of Merchants,
We call him here, in Bruges.
Hem. How ? a Merchant ?
I thought *Van-doncke*, you had underſtood me better,
And my Niece too, ſo truſted to you by me :
Then t'admit of ſuch in name of Suitors.
Van. Such ? he is ſuch a ſuch, as were ſhe mine
I'de give him thirty thouſand crownes with her.
Hem. But the ſame things Sir, fit not you and me. *Exit.*
Van. Why, give's ſome wine, then ; This will fit us all:
Here's to you ſtill, my Captains friend : All out :
And ſtill, would *Woolfort* were an honeſt man,
Under the Roſe, I ſpeake it : but this Merchant
Is a brave boy : he lives ſo, i'the towne here,
We know not what to thinke on him : At ſometimes
We feare he will be Bankrupt ; he do's ſtretch
Tenter his credite ſo ; embraces all,
And too't, the winds have been contrary, long.
But then, if he ſhould have all his returnes,
We thinke he would be a King, and are halfe ſure on't.
Your Maſter is a Traytor, for all this
Under the Roſe : here's to you ; and uſurps
The Earldome ftom a better man.
Hub. I marry Sir,
Where is that man?
Van. Nay ſoft : and I could tell you
'Tis ten to one I would not : here's my hand,
I love not *Woolfort* : ſit you ſtill, with that :
Here comes my Captaine againe, and his fine Niece,
And ther's my Merchant : view him well, fill wine here.

Enter Hemskirke, Bertha, *and Florez.*

Hem. You muſt not only know me for your Uncle,
Now, but obey me ; you, goe caſt your ſelfe
Away, upon a dunghill here ? a Merchant ?
A petty fellow ? one that makes this trade
With oathes and perjuries?
Flo. What is that you ſay Sir?
If it be me you ſpeake of ; as your eye
Seemes to direct : I wiſh you would ſpeake to me, Sir.
Hem. Sir, I do ſay, ſhe is no Merchandize,
Will that ſuffice you ?
Flo. Merchandize good Sir,
Though ye be Kinſman to her : take no leave thence
To uſe me with contempt : I ever thought
Your Niece above all price.
Hem. And do ſo ſtill, Sir,
I aſſure you, her rate's at more then you are worth.
Flo. You do not know, what a Gentleman's worth ſir,
Nor can you value him.
Hub. Well ſaid Merchant.
Van. Nay,
Let him alone, and ply your matter.
Hem. A Genntleman ?
What, o' the wool-pack ? or the Sugar-cheſt ?
Or liſts of Velvet ? which is't ? pound, or yard,
You vent your Gentry by ?
Hub. O *Hemskirke*, fye.
Van. Come, do not mind 'em;drink,he is no *Woolfort*,
Captaine, I adviſe you.
Hem. Alas, my pretty man,
I think't be angry, by its looke : Come hither,
Turne this way, a little : if it were the blood
Of *Charlemaine*, as't may (for ought I know)
Be ſome good Botchers iſſue, here in *Bruges.*
Flo. How ?
Hem. Nay : I'me not certaine of that ; of this I am,
If it once buy, and ſell, its Gentry is gone.
Flo. Ha, ha :
Hem. You are angry, though ye laugh.
Flo. No, now 'tis pitty
Of your poor argument. Do not you, the Lords,
Of land (if you be any) ſell the graſſe,
The corne, the ſtraw, the milke, the cheeſe ?
Van. And butter :
Remember butter ; doe not leave out butter. (ſtor'd with ?
Flo. The Beefs and Muttons that your grounds are
Swine, with the very maſt, beſide the woods ?
Hem. No, for thoſe ſordid uſes, we have Tenants,
Or elſe our Bayliffs.
Flo. Have not we Sir, Chap-men,
And Factors, then to anſwer theſe ? your errour
Fetch'd ftom the Heralds *A B C.* and ſaid over
With your Court faces, once an houre, ſhall never
Make me miſtake my ſelfe. Do not your Lawyers
Sell all their practiſe, as your Prieſts their prayers ?
What is not bought, and ſold ? The company
That you had laſt, what had you fort, y'faith ?
Hem. You now grow ſawcy.
Flo. Sure I have been bred
Still, with my honeſt liberty, and muſt uſe it.
Hem. Upon your equals, then.
Flo. Sir, he that will
Provoke me firſt, doth make himſelfe my equall.
Hem. Do ye heare ? no more.
Flo. Yes Sir, this little, I pray you,
And't ſhall be aſide, then after, as you pleaſe,
You appeare the Uncle, ſiir, to her I love,
More then mine eyes ; and I have heard your ſcorns
With ſo much ſcoffing, and ſo much ſhame,
As each ſtrive which is greater : But, beleeve me
I ſuck'd not in this patience with my milke.
Do not preſume, becauſe you ſee me young,
Or caſt deſpights on my profeſſion
For the civility and tameneſſe of it.
A good man beares a contumely worſe
Then he would do an injury. Proceed not
To my offence : wrong is not ſtill ſucceſſefull,
Indeed it is not : I would approach your Kinſ-woman
With all reſpect, done to your ſelfe and her.
Hem. Away Companion:handling her ? take that.
Flo. Nay, I do love no blows, ſir, there's exchange.
Hub. Hold ſir,
Mar. O murther.
Ber. Help, my *Goſwin.*
Mar. Man.
Van. Let 'em alone ; my life for one.
Flo. Nay come

If you have will.
Hu. None to offend you, I, Sir.
Flo. He that had, thank himſelf: not hand her? yes Sir,
And claſpe her, and embrace her; and (would ſhe
Now goe with me) bear her through all her race,
Her Father, Brethren, and her Uncles, arme'd,
And all their Nephews, though they ſtood a wood
Of pikes, and wall of Canon: kiſſe me *Gertrude*,
Quake not, but kiſſe me.
Van-d. Kiſſe him, girle, I bid you;
My Merchant royall; feare no Uncles: hang 'em,
Hang up all Uncles: Are we not in Bruges?
Under the Roſe here?
Flo. In this circle, Love,
Thou art as ſafe, as in a towre of braſſe;
Let ſuch as do wrong, feare.
Van. I, that's good,
Let *Woolfort* looke to that.
Flo. Sir, here ſhe ſtands,
Your Niece, and my beloved. One of theſe titles
She muſt apply to; if unto the laſt,
Not all the anger can be ſent unto her,
In frowne, or voyce, or other art, ſhall force her,
Had *Hercules* a hand in't: Come, my Joy,
Say thou art mine, aloud Love, and profeſſe it.
Van. Doe: and I drinke to it.
Flo. Prethee ſay ſo, Love.
Ger. 'Twould take away the honour from my bluſhes:
Doe not you play the Tyrant, ſweet: they ſpeake it.
Hem. I thanke you Niece.
Flo. Sir, thanke her for your life,
And fetch your ſword within.
Hem. You inſult too much
With your good fortune, Sir. *Exit Florez.*
Hub. A brave cleare ſpirit;
Hemskirke, you were too blame: a civill habit
Oft covers a good man: and you may meete
In perſon of a Merchant, with a ſoule
As reſolute, and free, and all wayes worthy,
As elſe in any file of man-kinde: pray you,
What meant you ſo to ſlight him?
Hem. 'Tis done now,
Aske no more of it; I muſt ſuffer. *Exit Hemskirk.*
Hub. This,
Is ſtill the puniſhment of raſhneſſe, ſorrow;
Well; I muſt to the woods, for nothing here
Will be got out. There, I may chance to learne
Somewhat to help my enquiries further.
Van. Ha?
A Looking-glaſſe?
Hub. How now, brave Burgo-maſter?
Van. I love no *Woolforts*, and my name's *Vandoncke*,
Hub. *Van-drunke* it's rather: Come, go ſleep within.
Van. Ear'le *Florez* is right heir, and this ſame *Woolfort*
Under the Roſe I ſpeake it. —
Hub. Very hardly.
Van-d. Uſurpes: and a ranke Traitor, as ever breath'd,
And all that do uphold him. Let me goe,
No man ſhall hold me, that upholds him;
Doe you uphold him?
Hub. No.
Van. Then hold me up. *Exeunt.*

Enter Florez and Hemskirke.

Hem. Sir, I preſume, you have a ſword of your owne,
That can ſo handle an others.
Flo. Faith you may Sir.
He. And ye have made me have ſo much better thoughts (of you
As I am bound to call you forth.
Flo. For what Sir?
Hem. To the repairing of mine honour, & hurt here.
Flo. Expreſſe your way.
Hem. By fight, and ſpeedily.
Flo. You have your will: Require you any more?
Hem. That you be ſecret: and come ſingle.
Flo. I will.
Hem. As you are the Gentlemã you would be thought.
Flo. Without the Conjuration: and I'le bring
Only my ſword, which I will fit to yours,
I'le take his length within.
Hem Your place now Sir?
Flo. By the Sand-hills.
Hem. Sir, nearer to the woods,
If you thought ſo, were fitter.
Flor. There, then.
Hem. good.
Your time?
Flo. 'Twixt ſeven and eight.
Hem. You'l give me Sir
Cauſe to report you worthy of my Niece,
If you come, like your promiſe.
Flo. If I do not
Let no man think to call me unworthy firſt,
I'le doe't my ſelfe: and juſtly wiſh to want her.— *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius, Scæna Prima.

Enter three or foure Boores.

1 B. Come, *Engliſh* beer Hoſteſs, *Engliſh* beer bil'th belly
2 B. Start beer boy, ſtout & ſtrong beer: ſo, ſit down
And drinke me upſey-Dutch: (La
Frollicke, and feare not.

Enter Higgen *like a Sow-gelder, ſinging.*

Hig. *Have ye any worke for the Sow-gelder, hou,*
My horne goes to high to low, to high to low.
Have ye any Piggs, Calves, or Colts,
Have ye any Lambs in your holts
To cut for the Stone
Here comes a cunning one.
Have ye any braches to ſpade,
Or e're a faire maide
That would be a Nun,
Come kiſſe me, 'tis done.
Harke how my merry horne doth blow,
Too high too low, too high too low.

(pence
1 B. O excellent! two-pence a piece boyes, two-pe
Give the boys ſome drink there. Piper, wet your whi
Canſt tell me a way now, how to cut off my wives Con
Hig. I'le ſing ye a Song for't. (cupiſcence

The Song.

Take her, and hug her,
And turn her & tug her,
And turn her again boy, again,
Then if ſhe mumble,
Or if her taile tumble,
Kiſſe her amain boy, amain.
Do thy endeavour,
To take off her feaver,
Then her diſeaſe no longer will (raign.
If nothing will ſerve her,
Then thus to preſerve her,
Swinge her amain boy amain
Give her cold jelly
To take up her belly,
And once a day ſwinge her ag
If ſhe ſtand all theſe paines
Then knock out her braines,
Her diſeaſe no longer will rem

1 Bo. More excellent,more excellent,ſweet Sow-gelder.
2 Bo. Three-pence a peice,three-pence a peice.
Hig. Will you heare a Song how the Divel was gelded?
3 Bo. I, I, lets heare the Divell roare, Sow-gelder.
1 Bo. Groats a piece, groats a piece, groats a piece,
There ſweet Sow-gelder.

Enter Prig. and Ferret.

Prig. Will ye ſee any feates of activity,
Some ſleight of hand, leigerdemaine? hey paſſe,
Preſto, be gone there?
2 Bo. Sit downe Jugler.
Prig. Sirha, play you your art well; draw neer piper:
Looke you, my honeſt friends, you ſee my hands;
Plaine dealing is no Divel: lend me ſome money;
Twelve-pence a piece will ſerve.
1. 2. B. There, there.
Prig. I thanke you,
Thanke ye heartily: when ſhall I pay ye?
All B. Ha, ha, ha, by'th maſſe this was a fine trick.
Prig. A merry ſleight toy: but now I'le ſhew your Wor-
A tricke indeed. (ſhips
Hig. Marke him well now my Maſters.
Prig. Here are three balls,
Theſe balls ſhall be three bullets,
One, two, and three: *aſcentibus malentibus.*
Preſto, be gone: they are vaniſh'd: faire play Gentlemen,
Now theſe three, like 3. bullets, from your three noſes
Will I plucke preſently: feare not, no harme boyes,
Titere, tu patule.
1 B. Oh, oh, oh.
Prig. *Recubans ſub jermine fagi.*
2 B. Ye pull too hard; ye pull too hard.
Prig. Stand faire then:
Silvertramtrim-tram.
3 B. Hold, hold, hold.
Prig Come aloft bullets three, with a whim-wham:
Have ye their moneys?
Hig. Yes, yes.
1 B. Oh rare Jugler,
2 B. Oh admirable Jugler,
Prig. One tricke more yet;
Hey, come aloft: *ſa, ſa, flim, flum, taradumbis?*
Eaſt, weſt, north, ſouth, now flye like *Jacke* with a *bumbis.*
Now all your money's gone: pray ſearch your pockets.
1 B. Humh.
2 B. He,
3 B. The Divell a penny's here.
Prig. This was a rare tricke.
1 B. But'twould be a far rarer to reſtore it.
Prig. I'le doe ye that too: looke upon me earneſtly,
And move not any wayes your eyes from this place,
This button here: pow, whir, whiſs, ſhake your pockets.
1 B. By'th maſſe 'tis here againe boyes.
Prig. Reſt ye merry;
My firſt tricke has paid me.
All B. I, take it, take it,
And take ſome drinke too.
Prig. Not a drop now I thanke you;
Away, we are diſcover'd elſe. *Exit.*

Enter Gerrard like a blinde Aquavitæ-man,
and a boy ſinging the Song.

BRing out your Cony-skins, faire maids to me,
And hold 'em faire that I may ſee;
Grey, blacke, and blew: for your ſmaller skins,
I'le give ye looking-glaſſes, pins.
And for your whole Coney, heer's ready ready money.
Come gentle Jone, *do thou begin*
With thy blacke, blacke, blacke Cony-skin.
And Mary *then, and* Jane *will follow,*
With their ſilver-hair'd skins, and their yellow.
The white Cony-skin, I will not lay by,
For though it be faint, tis faire to the eye,
The grey it is warme, but yet for my money,
Give me the bonny, bonny blacke Coney.
Come away faire maides, your skins will decay:
Come, and take money maids, put your ware away.
Cony-skins, Cony-skins, have ye any Cony-skins,
I have fine brace-lets, and fine ſilver pins.

Ger. Buy any brand wine, buy any brand wine?
Boy. Have ye any Cony-skins. (ſhip,
2 B. My fine Canary-bird, ther's a cake for thy wor-
1 B. Come, fill, fill, fill, fill ſuddenly: let's ſee Sir,
What's this?
Ger. A penny Sir.
1 B. Fill till't be ſix-pence,
And there's my pig.
Boy. This is a counter Sir.
1 B. A counter? ſtay ye, what are theſe then?
O execrable Jugler! ô damn'd Jugler!
Look in your hoſe, hoa: this comes of looking forward.
3 B. Divell a Dunkirke! what a rogue's this Jugler,
This hey paſſe, repaſſe, h'as repaſt us ſweetly.
2 B. Doe ye call theſe tricks.

Enter Higgen.

Hig. Have ye any ends of gold or ſilver. (copper.
2 B. This fellow comes to mock us; gold or ſilver? cry
1 B. Yes my good friend,
We have e'ne an end of all we have.
Hig. 'Ts well Sir,
You have the leſſe to care for: gold and ſilver, *Exit.*
Enter Prig. (to ſel. *Exit.*
Pr. Have ye any old cloaks to ſel, have ye any old clokes
1 B. Cloakes? looke about ye boyes: mine's gone.
2 B. A ——— juggle 'em?
——— o' their Preſtoes: mine's gone too.
3 B. Here's mine yet.
1 B. Come, come, let's drink then: more brand wine.
Boy. Here Sir. (ſtrip him;
1 B. If e're I catch your Sow-gelder, by this hand I'le
Were ever fooles ſo ferkt? we have two cloakes yet,
And all our caps; the Divell take the flincher.
All B. Yaw, yaw, yaw, yaw.

Enter Hemskirke.

Hem. Good do'n my honeſt fellows,
You are merry here I ſee.
3 B. 'Tis all we have left Sir.
Hem. What haſt thou? Aquavitæ?
Boy. Yes.
Hem. Fill out then,
And give theſe honeſt fellows round.
All b. We thanke ye.
Hem. May I ſpeake a word in private to ye?
All b. Yes Sir.
Hem. I have a buſineſſe for you, honeſt friends,
If you dare lend your help, ſhall get you crownes.
Ger. Ha?
Lead me a little nearer, boy.
1 B. What is't Sir?
If it be any thing to purchaſe money,
Which is our want, command us.
Boors. All, all, all Sir.
Hem. You know the young ſpruce Merchant in *Brugis.*
2 B. Who? Maſter *Goſwin?*

Hem. That : he owes me money,
And here in towne there is no ſtirring of him.
Ger. Say ye ſo ?
Hem. This day, upon a ſure appointment,
He meets me a mile hence, by the Chaſe ſide
Under the row of Okes, do you know it ?
All b. Yes Sir.
Hem. Give 'em more drinke : there if you dare but venture
When I ſhall give the word to ſeize upon him,
Here's twenty pound.
3 Boy Beware the Jugler.
Hem. If he reſiſt, downe with him, have no mercy.
1 Boy. I warrant you : wee'l hamper him.
Hem. To diſcharge you,
I have a warrant here about me.
3 Boy. Her's our warrant,
This carries fire i'the tayle.
Hem. Away with me then,
The time draws on,
I muſt remove ſo inſolent a Suitor,
And if he be ſo rich, make him pay ranſome
Ere he ſee *Bruges* towres againe : thus wiſe men
Repaire the hurts they take by a diſgrace,
And piece the Lyons skyn with the Foxes caſe.
Ger. I am glad I have heard this ſport yet.
Hem. Ther's for thy drink; come pay the houſe within boyes,
And looſe no time.
Ger. Away with all our haſt too. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Florez.

Flo. No winde blow faire yet ? no returne of moneys?
Letters? nor any thing, to hold my hopes up ?
Why then 'tis deſtin'd, that I fall, fall miſerably,
My credite I was built on, ſinking with me.
Thou boyſtrous North-wind, blowing my miſ-fortunes,
And froſting all my hopes to cakes of coldneſſe,
Yet ſtay thy fury : give the gentle South
Yet leave to court thoſe ſailes that bring me ſafety,
And you auſpicious fires, bright twins in heaven
Daunce on the ſhrowds : he blows ſtill, ſtubbornly,
And on his boyſtrous racke rides my ſad ruine ;
There is no help, there can be now no comfort,
To morrow with the Sun-ſet ſets my credite.
Oh miſery ! thou curſe of man, thou plague,
In the midſt all our ſtrength thou ſtrik'ſt us ;
My vertuous Love is toſs'd too : all, what I have been,
No more hereafter to be ſeen then ſhadow ;
To priſon now ? well, yet ther's this hope left me,
I may ſinke fairely under this dayes venture
And ſo to morrow's croſs'd, and all thoſe curſes :
Yet manly I'le invite my fate, baſe fortune
Shall never ſay, ſhe has cut my throate in feare.
This is the place his challenge call'd me too,
And was a happy one at this time for me,
For let me fall before my foe i'the field,
And not at Bar, before my Creditors,
Ha's kept his word : now Sir, your ſwords tongue only
Loud as you dare, all other language——

Enter Hemskirke.

Hem. Well Sir,
You ſhall not be long troubled : draw.
Flo. 'Tis done Sir,
And now have at ye.
Hem. Now.

Enter Boores.

Flo. Betray'd to Villains ?
Slaves ye ſhall buy me bravely,
And thou baſe coward.

Enter Gerrard and Beggars.

Ger. Now upon 'em bravely,
Conjure 'em ſoundly boyes.
Boores. Hold, hold.
Ger. Lay on ſtill,
Down with that Gentleman rogue, ſwinge him to ſirrup:
Retire Sir, and take breath : follow and take him,
Take all, 'tis lawfell prize.
Boores. We yield.
Ger. Downe with 'em
Into the wood, and rifle 'em, tew 'em, ſwinge 'em,
Knocke me their braines into their breeches. *Exeunt.*
Boors. Hold, hold.
Flo. What theſe men are I know not, nor for what cauſe
They ſhou'd thus thruſt themſelves into my danger,
Can I imagine. But ſure heavens hand was in't,
Nor why this coward knave ſhould deale ſo baſely
To eate me up with ſlaves : but heaven, I thanke thee,
I hope thou haſt reſerv'd me to an end
Fit for thy creature, and worthy of thine honour :
Would all my other dangers here had ſuffered,
With what a joyfull heart ſhould I goe home then?
Wher now, heaven knows, like him that waits his ſentẽ
Or heares his paſſing bell ; but ther's my hope ſtill.

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. Bleſſing upon you Maſter.
Flo. Thanke ye ; leave me,
For by my troth I have nothing now to give thee.
Ger. Indeed I do not aske Sir, only it grieves me
To ſee ye looke ſo ſad ; now goodneſſe keepe ye
From troubles in your minde.
Flo. If I were troubled
What could thy comfort do? prethee *Clauſe*, leave me.
Ger. Good Maſter be not angry ; for what I ſay
Is out of true love to ye..
Flo. I know thou lov'ſt me.
Ger. Good Mr. blame that love then, if I prove ſo ſawc
To aske ye why ye are ſad.
Flo. Moſt true, I am ſo,
And ſuch a ſadneſſe I have got will ſinke me.
Ger. Heaven ſhield it, Sir.
Flo. Faith thou muſt looſe thy Maſter.
Ger. I had rather looſe my neck Sir : would I knew—
Flo. What would the knowledg do thee good, ſo miſerable,
Thou canſt not help thy ſelfe? when all my ways
Nor all the friends I have——
Ger. You do not know Sir,
What I can doe : cures ſometimes, for mens cares
Flow, where they leaſt expect 'em.
Flo. I know thou wouldſt doe,
But fare-well *Clauſe*, and pray for thy poore Maſter.
Ger. I will not leave ye.
Flo. How ?
Ger. I dare not leave ye,
And till ye beate me dead, I muſt not leave ye.
By what ye hold moſt pretious, by heavens goodneſſe,
As your faire youth may proſper, good Sir tell me :
My minde beleeves yet ſomething's in my power
May eaſe you of this trouble.
Flo. I will tell thee
For a hundred thouſand crownes upon my credit,
Taken up of Merchants to ſupply my traffiques,
The

The windes and weather envying of my fortune,
And no returne to help me off, yet ſhewing
To morrow, Clauſe, to morrow, which muſt come
In ſpron, thou ſhalt finde me poore, and broken.
Ger. I cannot blame your griefe Sir.
Flo. Now, what ſay'ſt thou?
Ger. I ſay you ſhould not ſhrinck, for he that gave ye,
Can give you more; his power can bring ye off Sir,
When friends and all forſake ye, yet he ſees you.
Flo. That's all my hope.
Ger. Hope ſtill Sir, are you tide
Within the compaſſe of a day, good Maſter,
To pay this maſſe of money?
Flo. Ev'n to morrow;
But why do I ſtand mocking of my miſery?
Is't not enough the floods, and friends forget me?
Ger. Will no leſſe ſerve?
Flo. What if it would?
Ger. Your patience,
I do not aske to mock ye: 'tis a great ſum,
A ſum for mighty men to ſtart, and ſtick at;
But not for honeſt: have ye no friends left ye,
None that have felt your bounty? worth this duty?
Flo. Duty? thou know'ſt it not.
Ger. It is a duty,
And as a duty, from thoſe men have felt ye,
Should be return'd againe: I have gain'd by ye,
A daily almes theſe ſeven yearess you have ſhowr'd me,
Will halfe ſupply your want.
Flo. Why do'ſt thou foole me?
Can'ſt thou worke miracles?
Ger. To ſave my Maſter,
I can worke this.
Flo. Thou wilt make me angry with thee.
Ger. For doing good?
Flo. What power haſt thou?
Ger. Enquire not:
So I can do it, to preſerve my Maſter;
Nay if it be three parts.
Flo. O that I had it,
But good *Clauſe*, talke no more, I feele thy charity,
As thou has felt mine: but alas!
Ger. Diſtruſt not.
'Tis that that quenches ye: pull up your ſpirit,
Your good, your honeſt, and your noble ſpirit;
For if the fortunes of ten thouſand people
Can ſave ye, reſt aſſur'd; you have forgot Sir,
The good ye did, which was the power you gave me;
Ye ſhall now know the King of Beggars treaſure:
And let the windes blow as they pleaſe, the Seas roare,
Yet, here to morrow, you ſhall finde your harbour'
Here faile me not, for if I live I'le fit ye.
Flo. How faine I would believe thee.
Ger. If I ly Maſter,
Believe no man hereafter.
Flo. I will trye thee,
But he knowes, that knowes all.
Ger. Know me to morrow,
And if I know not how to cure ye, kill me;
So paſſe in peace, my beſt, my worthieſt Maſter. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Hubert like a Hunteſman.

Hub. Thus have I ſtolne away diſguiz'd from *Hemskirck*
To try theſe people, for my heart yet tells me
Some of theſe Beggars, are the men I looke for
Appearing like my ſelfe, they have no reaſon
(Though my intent is faire, my maine end honeſt)
But to avoyde me narrowly, that face too,
That womans face, how neere it is: ô may it
But prove the ſame, and fortune how I'le bleſſe thee;
Thus, ſure they cannot know me, or ſuſpect me,
If to my habit I but change my nature;
As I muſt do; this is the wood they live in,
A place fit for concealement: where, 'till fortune
Crowne me with that I ſeeke, I'le live amongſt 'em. *Exit.*

Enter Higgen. Prig. Ferret. Gynks. and the reſt of the Boores.

Hig. Come bring 'em out, for here we ſit in juſtice:
Give to each one a cudgell, a good cudgell:
And now attend your ſentence, that you are rogues,
And miſcheivous baſe raſcalls, (ther's the point now)
I take it, is confeſſ'd.
Prig. Deny it if you dare knaves.
Boores. We are Rogues Sir.
Hig. To amplify the matter then rogues as ye are,
And lamb'd, ye ſhall be ere we leave ye.
Boores. Yes Sir.
Hig. And to the open handling of our juſtice,
Why did ye this upon the proper perſon
Of our good Maſter? were you drunk when you did it?
Boores. Yes indeed were we.
Prig. You ſhall be beaten ſober.
Hig. Was it for want you undertooke it?
Boores. Yes Sir.
Hig. You ſhall be ſwing'd aboundantly.
Prig. And yet for all that,
You ſhall be poore rogues ſtill.
Hig. Has not the Gentleman,
Pray marke this point Brother *Prig*, that noble Gentleman
Releiv'd ye often, found ye meanes to live by,
By imploying ſome at Sea, ſome here; ſome there;
According to your callings?
Boores. 'Tis moſt true Sir.
Hig. Is not the man, an honeſt man?
Boores. Yes truly.
Hig. A liberall Gentleman? and as ye are true raſcalls
Tell me but this, have ye not been drunk, and often,
At his charge?
Boores. Often, often.
Hig. Ther's the point then,
They have caſt themſelves, brother *Prig*.
Prig. A ſhrew'd point Brother.
Hig. Brother, proceed you now; the cauſe is open,
I am ſome what weary.
Prig. Can you do theſe things?
You moſt abhominable ſtincking Raſcalls,
You turnip-eating Rogues.
Boores. We are truly ſorry.
Prig. Knock at your hard harts Rogues, and preſently
Give us a ſigne you feele compunction,
Every man up with's cudgell, and on his neighbour
Beſtow ſuch almes, 'till we ſhall ſay ſufficient,
For there your ſentence lyes without partiality;
Either of head, or hide, Rogues, without ſparing,
Or we ſhall take the paines to beat you dead elſe:
You ſhall know your doom.
Hig. One, two, and three about it.
Prig. That fellow in the blew, has true compunction,
He beates his fellowes bravely, oh, well ſtruck boyes,

Enter Gerrard.

Hig. Up with that blew breech, now playes he the Divell,
So get ye home, drink ſmall beere, and be honeſt;
Call in the Gentleman.

Ger. Do,bring him preſently,
His cauſe I'le heare my ſelfe.
Enter Hemskirck.
Hig. Prig. With all due reverence,
We do reſigne Sir.
Ger. Now huffing Sir, what's your name?
Hem. What's that to you Sir?
Ger. It ſhall be ere we part.
Hem. My name is *Hemskirk*,
I follow the Earle, which you ſhall feele.
Ger. No threatning,
For we ſhall coole you Sir; why did'ſt thou baſely
Attempt the murder of the Merchant *Goſwin*?
Hem. What power haſt thou to aske me?
Ger. I will know it.
Or flea thee till thy paine diſcover it.
Hem. He did me wrong, baſe wrong.
Ger. That cannot ſave ye,
Who ſent ye hither? and what further villanies
Have ye in hand?
Hem. Why would'ſt thou know? what profit,
If I had any private way, could riſe
Out of my knowledge, to do thee commodity?
Be ſorry for what thou haſt done, and make amends foole
I'le talke no further to thee: nor theſe raſcalls.
Ger. Tye him to that tree.
Hem. I have told you whom I follow.
Ger. The Divell you ſhould do,by your villanies,
Now he that has the beſt way, wring it from him.
Hig. I undertake it: turne him to the Sun boyes;
Give me a fine ſharpe ruſh, will ye confeſſe yet? (me
Hem. Ye have rob'd me already, now you'le murder
Hig. Murder your noſe a little:does your head purge
To it againe, 'twill do ye good. (Sir?
Hem. Oh,
I cannot tell you any thing.
Ger. Proceed then.
Hig. Ther's maggots in your noſe, I'le fetch em out Sir.
Hem. O my head breakes.
Hig. The beſt thing for the rhewme Sir,
That falls into your worſhips eyes.
Hem. Hold, hold.
Ger. Speake then.
Hem. I know not what.
Hig. It lyes in's braine yet,
In lumps it lyes, I'le fetch it out the fineſt;
What pretty faces the foole makes? heigh!
Hem. Hold,
Hold, and I'le tell ye all,looke in my doublet;
And there within the lining in a paper,
You ſhall finde all.
Ger. Go fetch that paper hither,
And let him looſe for this time.
Enter Hubert.
Hub. Good ev'n my honeſt feiends.
Ger. Good ev'n good fellow.
Hub. May a poore huntſman, with a merry hart,
A voyce ſhall make the forreſt ring about him,
Get leave to live amongſt ye? true as ſteele, boyes?
That knowes all chaſes, and can watch all howres,
And with my quarter ſtaffe, though the Divell bid ſtand,
Deale ſuch an almes, ſhall make him roare again? (walkes
Prick ye the fearefull hare through croſſe wayes, ſheepe
And force the crafty Reimald climb the quikſetts;
Rouſe ye the lofty Stag, and with my bell-horne,
Ring him a knell, that all the woods ſhall mourne him,
'Till in his funerall teares he fall before me?
The *Polcat*, *Marterne*, and the rich skin'd *Lucerne*,
I know to chaſe, the Roe, the winde out-ſtripping
Iſgrin himſelfe, in all his bloody anger;
I can beate from the bay, and the wild Sounder
Single, and with my arm'd ſtaffe, turne the Boare,
Spight of his fomy tuſhes, and thus ſtrike him;
'Till he fall downe my feaſt.
Ger. A goodly fellow.
Hub. What mak'ſt thou here, ha?
Ger. We accept thy fellowſhip.
Hub. *Hemskirck*, thou art not right I feare, I feare thee.
Enter Ferret. a letter.
Fer. Here is the paper: and as he ſaid we found it.
Ger, Give me it, I ſhall make a ſhift yet, old as I am
To finde your knavery: you are ſent here, Sirra
To diſcover certaine Gentlemen, a ſpy-knave
And if ye finde 'em, If not by perſwaſion
To bring 'em back, by poyſon to diſpatch 'em.
Hub. By poyſon, ha?
Ger. Here is an other, H*ubert*;
What is that H*ubert* Sir?
H*em.* You may perceive there.
Ger. I may perceive a villany and a ranke one,
Was he joyn'd partner of thy knavery?
H*em.* No.
He had an honeſt end, would I have had ſo,
Which makes him ſcape ſuch cut throates.
Ger. So it ſeemes,
For here thou art commanded; when that H*ubert*
Has done his beſt and worthieſt ſervice, this way
To cut his throat, for here he's ſet downe dangerous.
Hub. This is moſt impious.
Ger. I am glad we have found ye,
Is not this true?
Hem. Yes? what are you the better;
Ger. You ſhall perceive Sir, ere you get your fredome
Take him aſide, and friend, we take thee to us,
Into our company, thou dar'ſt be true unto us?
Hig. I, and obedient too?
Hub. As you had bred me.
Ger. Then take our hand:thou art now a ſervant to
Welcom him all.
Hig. Stand off, ſtand off:I'le do it,
We bid yee welcome three wayes; firſt for your perſon,
Which is a promiſing perſon, next for your quallity,
Which is a decent, and a gentle quality,
Laſt for the frequent meanes you have to feed us,
You can ſteale 'tis to be preſum'd.
Hub. Yes, venſon,
Or if I want——
Hig. 'Tis well you underſtand right,
And ſhall learne dayly:you can drink too?
Hub. Soundly.
Hig. And ye dare know a woman from a weathercoc
Hub. Yes, if I handle her.
Ger. Now ſweare him.
Hig. You are welcom Brother. (keep
All. Welcom, welcom, welcom, but who ſhall have
Of this fellow?
Hub. Thank ye friends,
And I beſeech ye, if you dare but truſt me;
For if I have kept wilde doggs and beaſtes for wonder,
And made 'em tame too:give into my cuſtody
This roaring raſcall I ſhall hamper him,
With all his knacks and knaveryes, and I feare me
Diſcover yet a further villany in him;
O he ſmells ranck 'oth raſcall.
Ger. Take him to thee,
But if he ſcape——

Hub. Let me be ev'n hang'd for him,
Roome Sir, I'le tye ye to my leaſh.
Hem. A way Raſcall.
Hub. Be not ſo ſtubborne : I ſhall ſwindge ye ſoundly,
And ye play tricks with me.
Ger. Now ſweare him.
Hig. I crowne thy nab, with a gag of benbouſe,
And ſtall thee by the ſalmon into the clowes,
To mand on the pad, and ſtrike all the cheates;
To mill from the Ruffmans, commiſion and ſlates,
Twang dell's, i' the ſtiromell, and let the Quire Cuffin:
And Herman Beck ſtrine, and trine to the Ruffin.
Ger. Now interpret this unto him.
Hig. I powre on thy pate a pot of good ale,
And by the Rogues oth a Rogue thee inſtall:
To beg on the way, to rob all thou meetes;
To ſteale from the hedge, both the ſhirt and the ſheetes:
And lye with thy wench in the ſtraw till ſhe twang,
Let the Conſtable, Iuſtice, and Divell go hang.
Ger. So, now come in,
But ever have an eye Sir, to your priſoner.
Hub. He muſt blinde both mine eyes, if he get from me.
Ger. Go, get ſome victualls, and ſome drink, ſome good (drink
For this day wee'le keep holly to good fortune,
Come and be frollick with us.
Hig. ye are a ſtanger. *Exeunt.*

Scæna quarta.

Enter Floriz. and Bereha.

Ber. Indeed yae'r welcom : I have hard your ſcape,
And therefore give her leave, that onely loves you;
(Truely and dearely loves ye) give her joy leave,
To bid ye welcom : what'iſt makes you ſad man?
Why do you looke ſo wilde? is't I offend ye?
Be ſhrew my heart, not willingly.
Flo. No *Jertred.*
Ber. Is't the delay of that ye' long have look'd for,
A happy marriage? now I come to urge it:
Now when ye pleaſe to finiſh it.
Flo. No newes yet?
Ber. Do you heare Sir?
Flo. Yes.
Ber. Do you love me?
Flo.. Have I liv'd,
In all the happineſſe fortune could ſeat me,
In all mens faire opinions?
Ber. I have provided
A Prieſt, that's ready for us.
Flo. And can the Divell,
In one ten dayes, that Divell chance devour me?
Ber. Wee'le fly to what place you pleaſe.
Flo. No ſtar proſperous?
All at a ſwoope?
Ber: You do not love me *Goſwin*?
You will not looke upon me?
Flo. Can mens prayers
Shot up to heaven, with ſuch a zeale as mine are,
Fall back like lazy miſts, and never proſper?
Geyves, I muſt weare, and cold muſt be my comfort;
Darkneſſe, and want of meat; alas ſhe weepes too,
Which is the top of all my ſorrowes, *Jertred.*
Ber. No, no, you will not know me; my poore beauty,
Which has been worth your eyes.
Flo. The time growes on ſtill:
And like a tumbling wave, I ſee my ruine,
Come rolling over me.
Ber. Yet will ye know me?
Flo. For a hundred thouſand crownes.
Ber. Yet will ye love me?
Tell me but how I have deſerv'd your ſlighting.
Flo. For a hundred thouſand crownes?
Ber. Farewell diſſembler.
Flo. Of which I have ſcarce ten : ô how it ſtarts me.
Ber. And may the next you love, hearing my ruine.
Flo. I had forgot my ſelfe, ô my beſt *Gertred*,
Crowne of my joyes, and comforts.
Ber. ſweet what ayle ye?
I thought you had been vext with me.
Flo. My minde wench,
My minde o're flow'd with ſorrow, ſunck my memory.
Ber. Am I not worthy of the knowledge of it?
And cannot I as well affect your ſorrowes,
As your delights? you love no other woman?
Flo. No I proteſt.
Ber. You have no ſhips loſt lately?
Flo. None that I know of.
Ber. I hope you have ſpilt no blood : whoſe innocence
May lay this on your conſcience.
Flo. Cleare, by heaven.
Ber. Why ſhould you be thus then?
Flo. Good *Jertred*, aske not,
Ev'n By the love you beare me.
Ber. I am obedient.
Flo. Go in my faire; I will not be long from ye,
Nor long I feare me with thee, At my returne
Deſpiſe me as you pleaſe.
Ber. The good gods guide ye. *Exit.*
Flo. Now for my ſelfe which is the leaſt I hope for,
And when that failes, for mans worſt fortune, pitty. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus Scæna prima.

Enter Floriz. and 4. Merchants.

Flo. WHy Gentlemen,'tis but a week more I intreat (you
But 7. ſhort daies, I am not runnig from ye,
Nor, if you give me patience, is it poſſible
All my adventures faile; you have ſhips abroad,
Endure the beating both of winde, or weather:
I am ſure 'twould vex your hearts, to be proteſted
Ye are all faire Merchants,
1. *Mer.* Yes, and muſt have faire play;
There is no lying here elſe, one howres failing
Failes us of all our friends, of all our credits:
For my part I would ſtay; but my wants tell me,
I muſt wrong others in't.
Flo. No mercy in ye?
2. *Mer.* 'Tis fooliſh to depend on others mercy:
Keepe your ſelfe right, and even, cut your cloth Sir,
According to your calling : you have liv'd here
In Lordlike prodigality; high, and open,
And now ye finde what 'tis : the liberall ſpending
The ſummer of your youth, which you ſhould gleane in,
And like the labouring Ant, make uſe and gaine of,
Has brought this bitter ſtormy winter on ye,
And now you cry.
3. *Mer.* Alas before your poverty,
We were no men, of no marke, no endeavour;

You ſtood alone, tooke up all trade, all buſineſs,
Running through your hands, ſcarce a ſayle at Sea;
But loaden with your goods: we poore weak pedlers,
When by your leave, and much intreaty to it:
We could have ſtoage for a little cloth,
Or a few wines, put of and thanke your worſhip
Lord, how the world's chang'd with ye? now I hope Sir,
We ſhall have ſea-roome

Flo. Is my miſery,
Become my ſcorne too? have ye no humanity,
No part of men left? are all the bountyes in me
To you, and to the Towne; turn'd my reproaches?

4. *Mer.* Well, get your monyes ready: 'tis but 2. howres
We ſhall proteſt ye elſe, and ſodainly.

Flo. But two dayes.

1. *Mer.* Not an howre, ye know the hazard. *Exit.*

Flo. How ſoone my light's put out: hard harted *Bruges*;
Within thy walls, may never honeſt Merchant
Venture his fortunes more : ô my poore wench too;

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. Good fortune Maſter.

Flo Thou miſtak'ſt me *Clauſe*,
I am not worth thy bleſſing.

Ger. Stil a ſad man?

Enter Higgen. and Prig. like Porter.

No beliefe gentle Maſter? come bring it in then,
And now believe your Beadeſman.

Flo. Is this certaine?
Or do'ſt thou work upon my troubled ſence?

Ger. 'Tis gold Sir,
Take it and try it.

Flo. Certainely 'tis treaſure,
Can there be yet this bleſſing?

Ger. Ceaſe your wonder,
You ſhall not ſinke, for nev'r a ſowſt Flap-dragon:
For nere a pickell'd pilcher of 'em all Sir,
'Tis there your full ſumm, a hundred thouſand crownes,
And good ſweet Maſter, now Be merry; pay 'em
Pay the poore pelting knaves, that know no goodneſſe:
And cheere your heart up handſomely.

Flo. Good *Clauſe*,
How cam'ſt thou by this mighty ſumm? if naughtily—
I muſt not take it of thee, 'twill undo me.

Ger. Feare not : you have it by as honeſt meanes
As though your father gave it : Sir, you know not
To what a maſſe, the little we get dayly,
Mounts in ſeven yeares; we beg it for heavens charity,
And to the ſame good, we are bound to render it.

Flo. What great ſecurity?

Ger. Away with that Sir,
Were not ye more then all the men in *Bruges*;
And all the money in my thoughts——

Flo. But good *Clauſe*,
I may dye preſently.

Ger, Then this dyes with ye-
Pay when you can good Maſter, I'le no parchments,
Onely this charity I ſhall intreat ye,
Leave me this Ring.

Flo. Alas, it is to poore *Clauſe*.

Ger. 'Tis all I aſke, and this with all, that when
I ſhall deliver this back, you ſhall grant me
Freely one poore petition.

Flo. There I confeſſe it,
And may my faith forſake mee when I ſhun it.

Ger. Away, your time drawes on. Take up the money
And follow this young Gentleman.

Flo. Farewell *Clauſe*,
And may thy honeſt memory live ever.

Ger. Heaven bleſſe ye and ſtill keep ye, farewell Ma
Ex

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. I have lockt my youth up cloſe enough for
In an olde tree, and ſet watch over him.

Enter Jaculine.

Now for my Love, for ſure this wench muſt be ſhe,
She follows me ; Come hither, pretty Minche.

Jac, No, no, you'l kiſſe,

Hub. So I will.

Jac. Y'ded law ?
How will ye kiſſe me, pray you ?

Hub. Thus : ſoft as my loves lips.

Jac. Oh!

Hub. What's your Fathers name ?

Jac. He's gone to heaven.

Hub. Is it not *Gerrard*, ſweet ?

Jac. I'le ſtay no longer,
My mother's an olde woman, and my Brother
Was drown'd at ſea, with catching Cockles. O love:
O how my heart melts in me : how thou fir'ſt me!

Hub. 'Tis certain ſhe : pray let me ſee your hand, f

Jac. No, no, you'l bite it.

Hub. Sure I ſhould know that Gymmall;

Jac. 'Tis certaine he : I had forgot my ring too.
O *Hubert*, *Hubert*.

Hub. Ha ? me-thought ſhe nam'd me——
Doe you know me, Chicke ?

Jac. No indeed, I never ſaw ye,
But me-thinks you kiſſe finely.

Hub. Kiſſe againe then ;
By heaven 'tis ſhe.

Jac. O what a joy he brings me.

Hub. You are not *Minche* ?

Jac. Yes pretty Gentleman,
And I muſt be married to morrow to a Capper.

Hub. Muſt ye my ſweet , and doe's the Capper love

Ja. Yes, yes, he'l give me pye, & look in mine eys th
Tis he : 'tis my deare Love ; ô bleſt fortune.

Hub. How fain ſhe would conceal her ſelfe? yet ſhe
Will ye love me, and leave that man ? I'le ſerve.

Jac. O I ſhall looſe my ſelfe.

Hub. I'le waite upon ye,
And make ye dainty Noſe-gayes.

Jac. And where will ye ſticke 'em?

Hub. Here in boſome, and make a crown of Lillies
For your faire head.

Jac. And will ye love me, deed-law ?

Hub. With all my heart.

Jac. Call me to morrow then,
And we'l have brave chear, and goe to Church togeth
Give you good ev'n Sir.

Hub. But one word faire Minche.

Jac. I muſt be gone a milking.

Hub. Ye ſhall preſently.
Did you never heare of a young Maid called *Jaculine*?

Ja. I am diſcovered : hark in your eare, I'le tell ye;
You muſt not know me : kiſſe and be conſtant ever.

Hub. Heaven curſe me elſe; tis ſhe, and now I am cert
They are all here : now for my other project.— *Exeu*

Sc

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Floriz. 4. Merchants, Higgen, and Prig.

1. *Mer.* Nay if it would do you courteſy.
Flo. None at all Sir;
Take it 'tis yours: ther's your ten thouſand for ye,
Give in my Bills: your ſixteene.
3. *Mer.* Pray be pleas'd Sir,
To make a further uſe.
Flo. No.
3. *Mer.* What I have Sir,
You may command; pray let me be your Servant.
Flo. Put your hatts on: I care not for your courtiſies,
They are moſt untimely don, and no truth in 'em.
2. *Mer.* I have a frought of pepper.
Flo. Rot your pepper,
Shall I truſt you againe? ther's your ſeven thouſand.
4. *Mer.* Or if you want fine ſuger, 'tis but ſending.
Flo. No, I can ſend to *Barbary*, thoſe people
That never yet knew faith, have nobler freedoms:
Theſe carry to *Vanlock*, and take my Bills in
To *Peter Zuten* theſe: bring back my Iewells;
Why are theſe peices?
Enter Saylor.
Saylor. Health to the noble Merchant,
The *Suſan* is return'd.
Flo. Well?
Say. Well, and rich Sir,
And now put in.
Flo. Heaven thou haſt heard my prayers.
Say. The brave *Rebecca* too: bound from the ſtraights,
With the next tide is ready to put after.
Flo. What newes o'th' fly-boate?
Say. If this winde hold till midnight,
She will be here, and wealthy, ſcap't fairely.
Flo. How, pre'thee *Saylor*?
Say. Thus Sir, ſhe had fight
Seven howers together, with ſix Turkiſh Gallyes,
And ſhe fought bravely: but at length was borded:
And over lai'd with ſtrength: when preſently
Comes boring up the winde Captaine *Van-noke*,
That valiant Gentleman, you redeem'd from priſon;
He knew the Boate, ſet in: and fought it bravely:
Beate all the Gallies off; ſunk three, redeem'd her,
And as a ſervice to ye, ſent her home Sir.
Flo. An honeſt noble Captaine, and a thankfull;
Ther's for thy new's: go drink the Merchants health, *Saylor*
Say. I thanke your bounty, and I'le do it to a doyt, Sir,
Exit Saylor.
1. *Mer.* What miracles are powr'd upon this fellow?
Flo. This ye are I hope my friends, I ſhall ſcape priſon,
For all your cares to catch me.
2. *Mer* You may pleaſe Sir
To think of your poor ſervants in diſpleaſure,
Whoſe all they have, goods, monyes, are at your ſervice.
Flo. I thank you,
When I have need of you I ſhall forget you:
You are paid I hope.
All. We joy in your good fortunes.
Enter Van-donck.
Van-d. Come Sir, come take your eaſe you muſt go
With mee, yonder is one weepes and howles. (home
Flo. Alas how does ſhe?
Van-d. She will be better ſoone I hope.
Flo. Why ſoone ſir?
Van-d. Why when you have her in your armes, this
My boy ſhe is thy wife (night,
Flo. With all my hart I take her.
Van-d. We have prepar'd, all thy friends will be there,
And all my Roomes ſhall ſmoake to ſee the revell;
Thou haſt been wrong'd and no more ſhall my ſeruice,
Waite on the knaue her Vncle, I have hard all,
All his baites for my Boy, but thou ſhalt have her;
Haſt thou diſpatch't thy buſineſſe?
Flo. Moſt.
Van-d. By the maſſe Boy,
Thou tumbleſt now in wealth, and I joy in it,
Thou art the beſt Boy, that Bruges ever nouriſh'd
Thou haſt been ſad, I'le cheere thee up with Sack,
And when thou art luſty I'le fling thee to thy Miſtris.
Shee'l hug thee, ſirha.
Flo. I long to ſee it,
I had forgot you: ther's for you my friends:
You had but heavy burthens, commend my love
To my beſt love, all the love I have
To honeſt *Clauſe*, ſhortly I will thanke him better. *Exit.*
Hig. By the maſſe a royall Merchant,
Gold by the handfull, here will be ſport, ſoone *Prig.*
Prig. It partly ſeemes ſo, and here will I be in a trice.
Hig. And I boy,
Away a pace we are look'd for.
Prig. Oh theſe bak'd meates,
Me thinkes I ſmell them hither.
Hig. Thy mouth waters. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Hubert, and Hemſkirck.

Hub. I Muſt not,
Hemſ. Why?'tis in thy power to do it, and in mine
To reward thee to thy wiſhes.
Hub. I dare not, nor I will not.
Hem. Gentle Huntſman,
Though thou haſt kept me hard: though in thy duty,
Which is requir'd to do it, th' haſt uſed me ſtubbornly;
I can forgive thee freely.
Hub. You the Earles ſervant.
Hemſ. I ſweare I am neare as his owne thoughts to him;
Able to doe thee——
Hub. Come, come, leave your prating.
Hemſ. If thou dar'ſt but try.
Hub. I thanke you hartily, you will be
The firſt man that will hang me, a ſweet recompence,
I could do, but I do not ſay I will,
To any honeſt fellow that would thinke on't:
And be a benefactor.
Hem. If it be not recompenc'd, and to thy owne deſires,
If within theſe ten dayes I do not make thee——
Hub. What, a falſe knave?
Hemſ. Prethee, prethee conceive me rightly, any thing
Of profit or of place that may advance thee.
Hub. Why what a Gooſecap would'ſt thou make me,
Do not I know that men in miſery will promiſe
Any thing, more then their lives can reach at?
Hemſ. Beleeve me Huntſman,
There ſhall not one ſhort ſillable
That comes from me, paſſe
Without it's full performance.
Hub. Say you ſo Sir?

Have ye e're a good place for my quality.
Hem. A thouſand Chaſes, Forreſts, Parks: I'le make thee
Chiefe ranger over all the games.
Hub. When?
Hem. Preſently. (too.
Hub. This may provoke me: and yet to prove a knave
Hem. 'Tis to prove honeſt: 'tis to do good ſervice,
Service for him thou art ſworn to, for thy Prince,
Then for thy ſelfe that good; what fool would live here,
Poore, and in miſery, ſubject to all dangers,
Law, and lewd people can inflict, when bravely
And to himſelfe he may be law, and credit?
Hub. Shall I believe thee?
Hem. As that thou holdſt moſt holy;
Hub. Ye may play tricks.
Hem. Then let me never live more.
Hub. Then you ſhall ſee Sir, I will do a ſervice
That ſhall deſerve indeed.
Hem. 'Tis well ſaid, huntſ-man,
And thou ſhalt be well thought of. (meer nothing,
Hub. I will do it: 'tis not your letting free, for that's
But ſuch a ſervice, if the Earl be noble,
He ſhall for ever love me.
Hem. What is't huntſ-man?
Hub. Do you know any of theſe people live here?
Hem. No.
Hub. You are a foole then: here be thoſe to have 'em,
I know the Earl ſo well, would make him caper.
Hem. Any of the old Lords that rebel'd?
Hub. Peace, all,
I know 'em every one, and can betray 'em.
Hem. But wilt thou doe this ſervice?
Hub. If you'l keep
Your faith, and free word to me.
Hem. Wilt thou ſwear me?
Hub. No, no, I will beleeve ye: more then that too,
Here's the right heire.
Hem. O honeſt, honeſt huntſ-man!
Hub. Now, how to get theſe Gallants, ther's the matter,
You will be conſtant, 'tis no work for me elſe.
Hem. Will the Sun ſhine agen?
Hub. The way to get 'em.
Hem. Propound it, and it ſhall be done.
Hub. No ſleight;
(For they are Devilliſh crafty, it concerns 'em,)
Nor reconcilement, (for they dare not truſt neither)
Muſt doe this tricke.
Hem. By force?
Hub. I, that muſt doe it.
And with the perſon of the Earl himſelfe,
Authority (and mighty) muſt come on 'em:
Or elſe in vaine: and thus I would have ye do it.
To morrow-night be here: a hundred men will bear 'em,
(So he be there, for he's both wiſe and valiant)
And with his terrour will ſtrike dead their forces,
The houre be twelve a clock, now for a guide
To draw ye without danger on theſe perſons,
The woods being thicke, and hard to hit, my ſelfe
With ſome few with me, made unto our purpoſe,
Beyond the wood, upon the plain, will wait ye
By the great Oke.
Hem. I know it: keep thy faith huntſ-man,
And ſuch a ſhowr of wealth——
Hub. I warrant ye:
Miſſe nothing that I tell ye.
Hem. No.
Hub. Farewell;
You have your liberty, now uſe it wiſely;
And keep your houre, goe cloſer about the wood there,
For feare they ſpy you.
Hem. Well.
Hub. And bring no noyſe with ye. (Exi
Hem. All ſhall be done to'th purpoſe: farewel huntſ-ma

Enter Gerrard, Higgen, Prig, Ginks, Snap, Ferret.

Ger. Now, what's the news in towne?
Ginks. No news, but joy Sir;
Every man wooing of the noble Merchant,
Who has his hearty commendations to ye.
Fer. Yes, this is news, this night he's to be married.
Ginks. By'th maſſe that's true, he marryes *Vandoncks*
The dainty black-ey'd bell. (daught
Hig. I would my clapper
Hung in his baldricke, what a peale could I ring?
Ger. Marryed?
Gin. 'Tis very true Sir, ô the pyes,
The piping-hot mince-pyes.
Prig. O the Plum-pottage. (bo
Hig. For one leg of a gooſe now would I ventur a li
I love a fat gooſe, as I love allegiance,
And——upon the Boors, too well they know it,
And therefore ſtarve their powltry.
Ger. To be married
To *Vandonks* daughter?
Hig. O this pretious Merchant:
What ſport he will haue? but hark ye brother *Prig*,
Shall we do nothing in the fore-ſaid wedding?
Ther's money to be got, and meate I take it,
What thinke ye of a moriſe?
Prig. No, by no meanes,
That goes no further then the ſtreet, there leaves us,
Now we muſt think of ſomething that muſt draw us
Into the bowels of it, into'th buttery,
Into the Kitchin, into the Cellar, ſomething
That that old drunken Burgo-maſter loves,
What think ye of a waſſell?
Hig. I think worthily.
Prig. And very fit it ſhould be, thou, and *Ferret*,
And *Ginks* to ſing the Song: I for the ſtructure,
Which is the bowle.
Hig. Which muſt be up-ſey *Engliſh*,
Strong, luſty London beer; let's think more of it,
Ger. He muſt not marry.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. By your leave in private,
One word Sir, with ye; *Gerrard*: do not ſtart me,
I know ye, and he knows ye, that beſt loves ye:
Hubert ſpeakes to ye, and you muſt be *Gerrard*,
The time invites you to it.
Ger. Make no ſhow then,
I am glad to ſee you Sir; and I am *Gerrard*.
How ſtands affaires?
Hub. Faire, if ye dare now follow,
Hemskirke I have let goe, and theſe my cauſes,
I'le tell ye privately, and how I have wrought him,
And then to prove me honeſt to my friends,
Looke upon theſe directions; you have ſeen his.
Hig. Then will I ſpeak a ſpeech, and a brave ſpeech
In praiſe of Merchants, where's the Ape
Prig. ——Take him,
A gowty Beare-ward ſtole him the other day.
Hig. May his Beares worry him, that Ape had paid
What dainty tricks?——o' that whorſon Bear-w
In his french doublet, with his baſter'd bullions,
In a long ſtock ty'd up; o how daintily
Would I have made him waite, and change a trenche
Cary a cup of wine? ten thouſand ſtinks
Waite on thy mangy ſoule, thou lowzy Bear-ward.

Ger. Tis paſſing well, I both beleeve and joy in't
And will be ready ; keepe you here the meane while,
And keepe this in, I muſt a while forſake ye,
Upon mine anger no man ſtir, this two houres.
Hig. Not to the wedding ſir?
Ger. Not any whither.
Hig. The wedding muſt be ſeene ſir ; we want meat too,
VVe be monſtrous out of meat.
Prig. Shall it be ſpoken,
Fatt Capon ſhak't their tailes at's in defiance?
And turkey toombs ſuch honorable monuments,
Shall piggs, ſir, that the Perſons ſelfe would envy,
And deintie Ducks?
Ger. Not a word more, obey me. *Exit Ger.*
Hig. VVhy thencome dolefull death, this is flat tyrany
And by this hand ——
Hub. VVhat?
Hig. Ile goe ſleepe upon't. *Exit Hig.*
Prig. Nay, and there be a wedding, and we wanting
Farewell our happie daies: we doe obey ſir. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter two young Merchants.

1. *Mer.* VVell met ſir, you are for this luſty wedding.
2. *Mer.* I am ſo, ſo are you I take it.
1. *Mer.* Yes,
And it much glads me, that to doe him ſervice
Who is the honour of our trade, and luſter,
VVe meet thus happily.
2. *Mer.* He's a noble fellow,
And well becomes a bride of ſuch a beauty.
1. *Mer.* She is paſſing faire indeed, long may their loves
Continue like their youths, in ſpring of ſweetneſſe,
All the young Merchants will be here
No doubt on't,
For he that comes not to attend this wedding
The curſe of a moſt blind one fall upon him,
A lowd wife, and a lazie : here's *Vanlock.*
Enter Vanlock and Francis.
Vanl. VVell overtaken gentlemen : ſave ye. (cis,
1. *Mer.* The ſame to you ſir ; ſave ye faire Miſtris *Fran-*
I would this happie night might make you bluſh too.
Vanl. She dreames a pace,
Fran. That's but a drowſie fortune.
3. *Mer.* Nay take us with ye too ; we come to that end,
I am ſure ye are for the wedding.
Vanl. Hand and heart man :
And what their feet can doe, I conld have tript it
Before this whorſon gout
Enter Gerrard.
Ger. Bleſſe ye Maſters. (Maſter,
Vanl. *Clauſe*? how now *Clauſe*; thou art come to ſee thy
(And a good maſter he is to all poore people)
In all his joy, tis honeſtly don of thee.
Ger. Long may hee live ſir, but my buſineſſe now is
If you would plaſe to doe it, and to him too.
Enter Florez.
Vanl. He's heere himſelfe.
Flo. Stand at the doore my friends?
I pray walke in : welcome faire Miſtris F*rancis,*
See what the houſe affords, ther's a young Lady
VVill bid you welcome,
Vanl. VVe joy your happineſſe. *Exit.*
Flo. I hope It will be ſo : *Clauſe* nobly welcome,
My honeſt, my beſt friend, I have been carefull
To ſee thy monys ——
Ger. Sir, that brought not me,
Do you know this Ring againe?
Flo.. Thou hadſt it of me. (me
Ger. And do you well remēber yet, the boone you gave
Upon returne of this?
Flo. Yes, and I grant it,
Be it what it will: aske what thou can'ſt, I'le do it;
Within my power.
Ger. Ye are not married yet
Flo. No,
Ger. Faith I ſhall aske you that that will diſturb ye,
But I muſt put ye to your promiſe.
Flo. Do,
And if I faint and flinch in't ——
Ger. Well ſaid Maſter,
And yet it grieves me too : and yet it muſt be.
Flo. Prethee diſtruſt me not.
Ger. You muſt not marry,
That's part of the power you gave me: which to make up,
You muſt preſently depart, and follow me.
Flo Not marry *Clauſe*?
Ger. Not if you keep your promiſe,
And give me power to aske.
Flo. Pre'thee thinke better,
I will obey, by heaven.
Ger. I have thought the beſt Sir.
Flo. Give me thy reaſon, do'ſt thou feare her honeſty?
Ger. Chaſte as the yce, for any thing I know, Sir.
Flo. Why ſhould'ſt thou light on that then? to what
Ger. I muſt not now diſcover. (purpoſe?
Flo. Muſt not marry?
Shall I breake now when my poore hart is pawn'd?
When all the preparation?
Ger. Now or never. (fright me
Flo. Come, 'tis not that thou would'ſt: thou doſt but
Ger. Upon my ſoule it is Sir, and I binde ye.
Flo. *Clauſe*, can'ſt thou be ſo cruell?
Ger. You may breake Sir,
But never more in my thoughts, appeare honeſt.
Flo. Did'ſt ever ſee her?
Ger. No:
Flo. She is ſuch a thing,
O *Clauſe*, ſhe is ſuch a wonder, ſuch a mirror,
For beauty, and faire vertue, *Europe* has not:
Why haſt thou made me happy, to undo me?
But looke upon her: then if thy heart relent not,
I'le quit her preſently, who waites there?
Ser. within. Sir.
Flo. Bid my faire love come hither, and the company,
Pre'thee be good unto me; take a mans hart
And looke upon her truly : take a friends hart
And feele what miſery muſt follow this,
Ger. Take you a noble hart and keep your promiſe ;
I forſooke all I had, to make you happy.
Enter Bertha. Van-donck, and the reſt Merchants.
Can that thing call'd a woman, ſtop your goodneſſe?
Flo. Looke there ſhe is, deale with me as thou wilt now
Did'ſt ever ſee a fayrer?
Ger. She is moſt goodly.
Flo. Pray ye ſtand ſtill.
Ber. What ayles my love?
Flo. Did'ſt thou ever,
By the faire light of heaven, behold a ſweeter?
O that thou knew'ſt but love, or ever felt him,
Looke well, looke narrowly upon her beauties. (ſo.
1. *Mer.* Sure h'as ſome ſtrange deſigne in hand, he ſtarts

2 *Mer.* This Beggar has a ſtrong power over his pleaſure
Flo. View all her body.
Ger. 'Tis exact and excellent.
Flo. Is ſhe a thing then to be loſt thus lightly?
Her mind is ten times ſweeter, ten times nobler,
And but to heare her ſpeak, a Paradiſe,
And ſuch a love ſhe beares to me, a chaſte love,
A vertuous, faire, and fruitfull love: 'tis now too
I am ready to enjoy it; the Prieſt ready: *Clauſe*,
To ſay the holy words ſhall make us happy,
This is a cruelty beyond mans ſtudy,
All theſe are ready, all our joyes are ready,
And all the expectation of our friends,
T will be her death to do it.
Ger. Let her dye then.
Flo. Thou canſt not: 'tis impoſſible.
Ger. It muſt be.
Flo. 'Twill kil me too, 'twil murder me: by heaven *Clauſ*
Ile give thee halfe I have; come thou ſhalt ſave me.
Ger. Then you muſt goe with me: I can ſtay no longer
If ye be true, and noble.
Flo. Hard heart, I'le follow:
Pray ye all goe in againe, and pray be merry,
I have a weighty buſineſſe, give my cloake there.
Enter Servant (with a Cloake.)
Concerns my life, and ſtate; make no enquiry,
This preſent houre befaln me: with the ſooneſt
I ſhall be here againe: nay pray goe in Sir,
And take them with you, tis but a night loſt, Gentlemen.
Van. Come, come in, we will not looſe our meat yet,
Nor our good mirth, he cannot ſtay long from her
I am ſure of that.
Flo. I will not ſtay; beleeve Sir. *Exit.*
Gertrud, a word with you;
Ber. Why is this ſtop, Sir?
Flo. I have no more time left me, but to kiſſe thee,
And tell thee this, I am ever thine: farewell wench. *Exit.*
Be. And is that all your ceremony? Is this a wedding?
Are all my hopes and prayers turnd to nothing?
Well, I will ſay no more, nor ſigh, nor ſorrow; oh me,
Till to thy face I prove thee falſe. *Exit.*

Actus Quintus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Bertha, and a Boore.

Ber. Lead, if thou thinkſt we are right: why doſt thou make
Theſe often ſtands? thou ſaidſt thou knewſt the way.
Boo. Fsar nothing, I doe know it: would twere homeward.
Ber. Wrought from me, by a Beggar? at the time
That moſt ſhould tye him? Tis ſome other Love
That hath a more command on his affections,
And he that fetcht him, a diſguiſed Agent,
Not what he perſonated; for his faſhion
Was more familiar with him, and more powerfull
Then one that ask'd an almes: I muſt finde out
One, if not both: kind darkneſſe be my ſhrowd
And cover loves too curious ſearch in me,
For yet, ſuſpition, I would not name thee.
Boor. Miſtris, it grows ſome-what pretty and dark.
Ber. What then?
Boor. Nay, nothing; do not thinke I am afraid,
Although perhaps you are.
Ber. I am not, forward.
Boo. Sure but you are: give me your hand, fear nothing.
There's one leg in the wood, do not pull backward:
What a ſweate one on's are in, you or I?
Pray God it do not prove the plague; yet ſure
It has infected me; for I ſweat too,
It runs out at my knees, feele, feele, I pray you.
Ber. What ailes the fellow?
Boor. Hark, hark I beſech you,
Doe you heare nothing?
Ber. No.
Boor. Lyſt: a wilde hog,
He grunts: now 'tis a beare: this wood is full of 'em,
And now, a wolfe Miſtris, a wolfe a wolfe,
It is the howling of a wolfe.
Ber. The braying of an aſſe, is it not.
Boor. Oh, now one has me;
Oh, my left ham, farewell.
Ber. Looke to your ſhankes,
Your breech is ſafe enough, the wolfe's a Fern-brake.
Boo. But ſee, ſee, ſee. There is a ſerpent in it,
It has eyes as broad as platters; it ſpits fire;
Now it creeps towards us, help me to ſay my prayers:
It hath ſwallowed me almoſt, my breath is ſtopt,
I cannot ſpeake; do I ſpeake Miſtris? tell me.
Ber. Why, thou timerous Sot, canſt thou perceive
Any thing i'the buſh, but a poore glo-worme?
Boo. It may be tis but a glo-worm now, but 'twill
Grow to a fire-drake preſently.
Ber. Come thou from it:
I have a pretious guide of you; and a courteous
That gives me leave to lead my ſelfe the way thus.
Boor. It thunders, you heare that now.
Ber. I heare one hollow.
Boo. 'Tis thunder, thunder:
See, a flaſh of *Lightning*:
Are you not blaſted Miſtris? pull your maske off,
It has plaid the barber with me here: I have loſt
My beard, my beard, pray God you be not ſhaven,
'Twill ſpoile your marriage Miſtris.
Ber. What ſtrange wonders,
Feare fancies in a Coward?
Boor. Now, the earth opens.
Ber. Prethee hold thy peace.
Boor. Will you on then?
Ber. Both love and jealouſie have made me bold,
Where my fate leads me, I muſt goe.
Boor. God be with you then.
Enter Woolfort, Hemskirke, and Attendants.
Hem. It was the fellow ſure, he that ſhould guide me,
The hunts-man that did hollow us.
Woolf. Beſt make a ſtand
And liſten to his next: ha?
Hem. Who goes there?
Boor. Miſtris, I am taken.
Hem. Miſtris? look forth ſouldiers.
Woolf. What are you ſirha?
Boo. Truly all is left
Of a poore Boore, by day-light, by night uo body,
You might have ſpar'd your drum, and guns, & pikes to
For I am none that will ſtand out Sir, I.
You may take me in with a walking ſticke
Enen when you pleaſe, and hold me with a pack-threed
Hem. What woman was't you call'd to.
Boor. VVoman? none Sir.
Woolf. None? did you not name Miſtris?
Boor. Yes, but ſhee's
No woman yet! ſhe ſhould have been this night,
But that a Beggar ſtole away her Bridegroome,
VVhom we were going to make hue and cry after;

I tell you true Sir, ſhe ſhould ha' bin maried to day,
And was the Bride, and all; but in came *Clauſe*,
The old lame Beggar, and whips up Mr. *Goſwin*;
Under his arme; away with him as a Kite,
Or an old Fox, would ſwoope a way a goſling.
Hems. 'Tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe, 'tis ſhe, Niece?
Ber. Ha?
Hem. She Sir,
This was a noble entrance to your fortune,
That being on the point thus to be married.
Upon her venture here: you ſhould ſurpriſe her.
Woolf. I begin *Hemskirck*, to believe my fate,
Works to my ends.
Hem. Yes Sir, and this adds truſt,
Unto the fellow our guide, who aſſur'd me *Floris*,
Liv'd in ſome Merchants ſhop, as *Gerrard* did:
I' the old beggars, and that he would uſe
Him for the traine, to call the other forth, *(againe*
All which we finde is done—That's he againe—— *Holla*
Woolf. Good we ſent out to meet him.
Hems. Heer's the Oke.
Ber. O I am miſerably loſt, thus falne
Into my vncles hands from all my hopes,
Can I not thinke away my ſelfe and dye?
O I am miſerably loſt; thus fallen
Into my Uncles hands, from all my hopes:
No matter now, where thou be falſe or no,
Goſwin, whether thou love an other better;
Or me alone; or where thou keep thy vow,
And word, or that thou come, or ſtay: for I
To thee from henceforth, muſt be ever abſent,
And thou to me: no more ſhall we come neere,
To tell our ſelves, how bright each other eyes were,
How ſoft our language, and how ſweet our kiſſes,
Whil'ſt we made one our food, th' other our feaſt,
Not mix our ſoules by ſight, or by a letter
Hereafter, but as ſmall relation have,
As two new gon to in habiting a grave:
Can I not thinke away my ſelfe and dye?
Enter Hubert. *Higgen. Prig. Ferret. Snap. Gincks. like Boores.*
Hub. I like your habits well: they are ſafe, ſtand cloſe
Hig. But what's the action we are for now? ha?
Robbing a Ripper of his fiſh?
Prig. Or taking,
A poultrer priſoner, without ranſome, Bullyes?
Hig. Or cutting off a convoy of butter?
Fer. Or ſurpriſing a Boores ken, for granting cheates?
Prig. Or cackling cheates?
Hig. Or mergery-praters, Rogers,
And Tibs o'th the Buttry?
Prig. O' I could drive a Regiment
Of geeſe afore me, ſuch a night as this
Ten leagues with my hatt, and ſtaff, and not a hiſſe
Heard, or a wing of my troopes diſordered.
Hig. Tell us,
If it be milling of a lag of duds,
The fetching of a back of clothes or ſo;
We are horribly out of linnen.
Hub. No ſuch matter.
Hig. Let me alone for any Farmers dog,
If you have a minde to the cheeſe-loft: 'tis but thus:
And he is a ſilenc'd Maſtiff, during pleaſure.
Hub. Would it would pleaſe you to be ſilent.
Hig. Mum.
Woolf. Who's there?
Hub. A friend, the Huntſman.
Hems. O 'tis he.
Hub. I have kept touch Sir, which is the Earle of theſe?
Will ye know a man now?
Hems. This my Lord's the friend,
Hath undertooke the ſervice.
Hub. If 't be worth
His Lordſhips thanks anon, when 'tis done
Lording, I'le looke for't, a rude woodman,
I know how to pitch my toyles, drive in my game:
And I have don't. both *Floriz* and his Father
Old *Gerrard*, with Lord *Arnold* of *Benthuiſen*,
Cozen, and *Jaqueline*, young *Floris* Siſter;
I haue 'em all.
Wool. Thou ſpeak'ſt too much, too happy,
To carry faith with it.
Hub. I can bring you
Where you ſhall ſee, and finde 'em.
Wool. We will double,
What ever *Hemskirck* then hath promis'd thee.
Hub. And I'le deſerve it treble; what horſe ha' you?
Woolf. A hundred.
Hub. That's well: ready to take
Upon ſurpriſe of 'em?
Hems. Yes.
Hub. Devide then,
Your force into five Squadrous; for there are
So many out lets, wayes, thorough the wood,
That iſſue from the place: where they are lodg'd;
Five ſeverall wayes, of all which paſſages
We muſt poſſes our ſelves, to round 'em in,
For by one ſtarting hole, they'll all eſcape elſe;
I and 4. Boores here, to me will be guides,
The Squadron, where you are, my ſelfe will lead:
And that they may be more ſecure, I'le uſe
My wonted whoopes, and hollowes, as I were
A hunting for 'em; which will make them reſt,
Careles of any noyſe, and be a direction
To the other guides, how we approch 'em ſtill.
Wool. 'Tis orderd well, and reliſheth the Souldier,
Make the diviſion *Hemskirck*: you are my charge
Faire one, I'le looke to you.
Boo. Shall no body need
To looke to me? I'le looke unto my ſelfe.
Hub. 'Tis but this, remember.
Hig. Say 'tis don boy. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Gerrard and Floriz.

Ger. By this time Sir I hope you want no reaſons
Why I broke off your marriage, for though I
Should as a Subject ſtudy you my Prince
In things indifferent, it will not therefore
Diſcredit you, to acknowledge me your Father,
By harkning to my neceſſary counſells.
Flo. Acknowledge you my Father? Sir I do,
And may impiety, conſpiring with
My other Sinnes, ſinck me, and ſodainly
When I forget to pay you a Sonnes duty
In my obedience, and that help'd forth
With all the cheerefullneſſe.
Ger. I pray you riſe,
And may thoſe powers that ſee and love this in you,
Reward you for it: Taught by your example
Having receiv'd the rights due to a Father,
I tender you th' allegance of a Subject:
Which as my Prince accept of.

Flo. Kneele to me?
May mountaines firſt fall down beneath their valleys,
And fire no more mount upwards, when I ſuffer
An act in nature ſo prepoſterous;
I muſt o'recome in this, in all things elſe
The victory be yours: could you here read me,
You ſhould perceive how all my faculties
Triumph in my bleſt fate, to be found yours;
I am your ſon, your ſon Sir, and am prouder
To be ſo, to the Father, to ſuch goodneſſe
(Which heaven be pleas'd, I may inherit from you)
Then I ſhall ever of thoſe ſpecious titles
That plead for my ſucceſſion in the Earldome
(Did I poſſeſſe it now) left by my mother.
Ger. I do beleeve it: but——
Flo. O my lov'd Father,
Before I knew you were ſo, by inſtinct,
Nature had taught me, to look on your wants,
Not as a ſtrangers: and I know not how,
What you call'd charity, I thought the payment
Of ſome religious debt, nature ſtood bound for;
And laſt of all, when your magnificent bounty
In my low ebb of fortune, had brought in
A flood of bleſſings, though my threatning wants
And feare of their effects, ſtill kept me ſtupid,
I ſoone found out, it was no common pitty
That lead you to it.
Ger. Thinke of this hereafter
When we with joy may call it to remembrance,
There will be a time, more opportune, then now
To end your ſtory, with all circumſtances,
I add this only: when we fled from *Woolfort*
I ſent you into *England*, and there placed you
With a brave *Flanders* Merchant, call'd rich *Goſwin*,
A man ſupplyed by me unto that purpoſe,
As bound by oath never to diſcover you,
Who dying, left his name and wealth unto you
As his reputed Son, and yet receiv'd ſo;
But now, as *Florez*, and a Prince, remember
The countreys, and the ſubjects generall good
Muſt challenge the firſt part in your affection:
The faire maid, whom you choſe to be your wife,
Being ſo far beneath you, that your love
Muſt grant ſhee's not your equall.
Flo. In diſcent
Or borrowed glories, from dead Anceſtors,
But for her beauty, chaſtity, and all vertues
Ever remembred in the beſt of women,
A Monarch might receive from her, not give,
Though ſhe were his Crownes purchaſe; In this only
Be an indulgent Father: in all elſe,
Uſe my authority.
Enter Hubert, Hemskirke, Woolfort, Bertha and Souldiers.
Hub. Sir, here be two of 'em,
The Father and the Son, the reſt you ſhall have
As faſt as I can rouze them.
Ger. Who's this? *Woolfort?*
Wool. I Criple, your faigned crutches wil not help you,
Nor patch'd diſguiſe that hath ſo long conceal'd you,
It's now no halting: I muſt here finde *Gerrard*,
And in this Merchants habit, one called *Florez*,
Who wou'd be an Earl.
Ger. And is, wert thou a ſubject.
Flo. Is this that Traitor *Woolfort?*
Woolf. Yes, but you
Are they that are betraid: *Hemskirke*;
Ber. My *Goſwin*
Turn'd Prince? ô I am poorer by this greatneſſe,
Then all my former jealouſies or misfortunes.
Flo. Gertrud?
Woolf. Stay Sir, you were to day too neare her,
You muſt no more ayme at thoſe eaſy acceſſes,
Leſſe you can do't in aire, without a head,
Which ſhall be ſodainly tri'de.
Ber. O take my heart, firſt,
And ſince I cannot hope now to enjoy him,
Let me but fall a part of his glad ranſome.
Woolf. You know not your own value, that entreat
Ger. So proud a fiend as *Woolfort.*
VVoolf. For ſo loſt
A thing as *Florez.*
Flo. And that would be ſo
Rather then ſhe ſhould ſtoop againe to thee;
There is no death, but's ſweeter then all life,
When *VVoolfort* is to give it: O my *Gertrude*,
It is not that, nor Prince-dome that I goe from,
It is from thee, that loſſe includeth all. (ſay
Wool. I, if my young Prince knew his loſſe, hee wo
VVhich that he yet may chew on, I will tell him
This is no *Gertrude*, nor no *Hemskirks* Niece,
Nor *Vandoncks* daughter; this is *Bertha*, *Bertha*,
The heir of *Brabant*, ſhe that caus'd the warr,
Whom I did ſteale, during my treaty there,
For your minority, to raiſe my ſelfe;
I then fore-ſeeing 'twould beget a quarrell.
That, a neceſſity of my employment,
The ſame employment, make me maſter of ſtrength,
That ſtrength, the Lord of *Flanders*, ſo of *Brabant*,
By marrying her: which had not been to doe Sir,
She come of years, but that the expectation
Firſt of her Fathers death, retarded it,
And ſince the ſtanding out of *Bruges*, where
Hemskirke had hid her, till ſhe was neer loſt:
But Sir, we have recover'd her: your Merchant ſhip
May breake, for this was one of your beſt bottoms
I thinke.
Ger. Inſolent Devill!
Enter Hubert, with Jaqueline, Gynks and Coſtin.
Woolf. Who are theſe, *Hemskirke?*
Hem. More, more, Sir.
Flo. How they triumph in their treachery?
Hem. Lord *Arnold* of Benthuſin, this Lord *Coſtin*,
This *Jaqueline* the ſiſter unto *Florez*. (ro
Wol. All found? why here's brave game, this was
And puts me in thought of a new kind of death for
Huntſ-man, your horn: firſt wind me *Florez* fall,
Next *Gerrards*, then his daughter *Jaquelins*,
Thoſe raſcalls, they ſhall dye without their rights:
Hang 'em *Hemskirke* on theſe trees; Il'e take
The aſſay of theſe my ſelfe.
Hub. Not here my Lord,
Let 'em be broken up, upon a ſcaffold,
T'will ſhew the better when their arbour's made.
Ger. Wretch art thou not content thou haſt bet
But mocke us too?
Ginks. Falſe *Hubert*, this is monſtrous.
Wool. Hubert?
Hem. VVho, this?
Ger. Yes, this is *Hubert*, *Woolfort*,
I hope he ha's helpt himſelfe to a tree.
Woolf. The firſt,
The firſt of any, and moſt glad I have you Sir,
I let you goe before, but for a traine;
Is't you have done this ſervice?
Hub. As your Huntſ-man,

But now as *Hubert*; ſave your ſelves, I will,
The *Woolf's* a foote, let ſlip; kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter with a drum Van-donck, Merchants, Higgen, Prig,
Ferret, Snap.

Woolf. Betray'd?
Hub. No, but well catch'd: and I the Huntſman.
Van-d. How do you *Woolfort*? Raſcall, good knave *Wool:*
I ſpeake it now without the Roſe, and *Hemskirck*,
Rogue *Hemskirck*, you that have no neice, this Lady
Was ſtolen by you, aud tane by you, and now
Reſign'd by me, to the right owner here:
Take her my Prince.
Flo. Can this be poſſible,
Welcom my love, my ſweet, my worthy love. (& thanke
Van-d. I ha' giv'n you her twice: now keep her better
Lord *Hubert*, that came to me in *Gerrards* name,
And got me out, with my brave Boyes, to march
Like *Cæſar*, when he bred his Comentaryes,
So I, to end my Chronicle, came forth
Cæſar Van-donck, & veni, vidi, vici,
Give me my Bottle, and ſet downe the drum;
You had your tricks Sir, had you? we ha' tricks too,
You ſtole the Lady?
Hig. And we led your Squadrons
Where they ha' ſcratch'd their leggs a little, with brambles,
If not their faces.
Prig. Yes, and run their heads
Againſt trees.
Hig. 'Tis Captaine *Prig*, Sir.
Prig. And Coronell *Higgen*. (leggs
Hig. We have fill'd a pitt with your people ſome with
Some with armes broken, and a neck, or two
I think be looſe.
Prig. The reſt too, that eſcap'd,
Are not yet out o'the briars,
Hig. And your horſes, Sir,
Are well ſet up in *Bruges* all by this time:
You looke as you were not well Sir, and would be
Shortly let blood; do you want a ſcarfe?
Van-d. A halter.
Ger. 'Twas like your ſelfe, honeſt, and noble *Hubert:*
Can'ſt thou behold theſe mirrors altogether,
Of thy long, falſe, and bloody uſurpation?
Thy tyrranous proſcription, and freſh treaſon:
And not ſo ſee thy ſelfe, as to fall downe
And ſincking, force a grave, with thine owne guilt,
As deep as hell, to couer thee and it? (me
Woolf No, I can ſtand: and praiſe the toyles that tooke
And laughing in them dye, they were brave ſnares.
Flo. 'Twer truer valour, if thou durſt repent
The wrongs th' haſt don, and live.
Woolf. Who, I repent?
And ſay I am ſorry? yes, 'tis the fooles language
And not fot *Woolfort*.
Van-d. *Woolfort* thou art a Divell,
And ſpeaks his language, oh that I had my longing
Under this rew of trees now would I hang him.
Flo. No let him live, untill he can repent,
But baniſh'd from our State, that is thy doome. (*skirck*
Van-d. Then hang his worthy Captaine here, this Hem-
For profit of th' example.
Flo. No let him,
Enjoy his ſhame too: with his conſcious life,
To ſhew how much our innocence contemnes;
All practiſe from the guiltieſt, to moleſt us.
Van-d. A noble prince.
Ger. Sir, you muſt helpe to joyne
A paire of hands, as they have don their heartes here,
And to their loves with joy·
Flo. As to mine owne,
My gratious Siſter, worthieſt Brother:
Van. I'le go afore, and have the bon-fire made,
My fire-workes, and flap dragons, and good backrack,
With a peck of little fiſhes, to drink downe
In healthes to this day.
Hig. Slight, here be changes,
The Bells ha' not ſo many, nor a dance, *rig.*
Prig. Our Company's growne horrible thin by it,
What think you *Ferret*?
Fer. Marry I do thinke,
That we might all be Lords now, if we could ſtand for't
Hig. Not I if they ſhould offer it: I'le diſlodge firſt,
Remove the Buſh to another climat.
Ger. Sir, you muſt thanke this worthy *Burgomaſter*,
Here be friends aske to be look'd on too:
And thank'd, who though their trade, and courſe of life
Be not ſo perfect, but it may be betterd,
Have yet us'd me with curteſy, and bin true
Subjects unto me, while I was their King,
A place I know not well, how to reſigne.
Nor unto whom: But this I will entreat
Your grace, command them, follow me to *Bruges*;
Where I will take the care on me, to finde
Some manly, and more profitable courſe
To fit them, as a part of the Republique.
Flo. Do you heare Sirs? do ſo.
Hig. Thankes to your good grace.
Prig. To your good Lordſhip.
Fer. May you both live long. (*all but Beggars.*
Ger. Attend me at *Van-doncks*, the Burgomaſters. *Ex.*
Hig. Yes, to beat hemp, and be whipt twice a weeke,
Or turne the wheele, for Crab the Rope-maker:
Or learne to go along with him, his courſe;
That's a fine courſe now, i' the Common-wealth, *Prig*,
What ſay you to it?
Prig. It is the backwardſt courſe,
I know i'the world.
Hig. Then *Higgen* will ſcarce thrive by it,
You do conclude?
Prig. 'Faith hardly, very hardly.
Hig. Troth I am partly of your minde, Prince *Prig*;
And therefore farewell *Flanders*, *Higgen* will ſeek
Some ſafer ſhelter, in ſome other Clymat:
With this his tatterd Colony: Let me ſee
Snap, *Ferret*, *Prig*, and *Higgen*, all are left
O the true blood: what? ſhall we into *England*?
Prig. Agreed,
Hig. Then beare up bravely with your Brute my lads
Higgen hath prig'd the prancers in his dayes,
And ſold good peny-worthes; we will have a courſe,
The ſpirit of *Bottom*, is growne bottomleſſe.
Prig. I'le mand no more, nor cant.
Hig. Yes, your ſixpenyworth
In private, brother, ſixpence is a ſumm,
I'le ſteale you any mans dogg for
Prig. For Sixpence more,
You'l tell the owner where he is.
Hig. 'Tis right,
Higgen muſt practiſe, ſo muſt *Prig* to eat;
And write the Letter: and gi' the word, But now
No more, as either of theſe.
Prig. But as true Beggars,
As ere we were.
Hig. We ſtand here, for an Epilogue;
Ladyes, your bountyes firſt; the reſt will follow,

For womens favours, are a leading almes,
If you be pleas'd look cheerely throw your eyes:
Out at your maskes.
Prig. And let your beauties ſparkle.
Hig. So may you ne'er want dreſſings, Iewells, gownes
Still i' the faſhion.
Prig. Nor the men you love,
VVealth nor diſcourſe to pleaſe you.
Hig. May you Gentlemen,
Never want good freſh ſuites nor liberty.
Prig. May every Merchant here ſee ſafe his ventures.
Hig. And every honeſt Citizen his debts in.
Prig. The Lawyers gaine good Clyents.
Hig. And the Clyents good Councell.
Prig. All the Gameſters here good fortune.
Hig. The Drunkards too good wine.
Prig. The eaters meate
Fit for their taſts and pallats.
Hig. The good wives kind Husbands.
Prig. The young maides choyce of Sutors.
Hig. The Midwives merry hearts.
Prig. And all good cheere.
Hig. As you are kinde unto us and our Buſh,
We are the Beggars and your dayly Beadſmen,
And have your money, but the Almes we aske
And live by, is your Grace, give that and then
VV'eel boldly ſay our word is, *Come agen.*

THE COXCOMBE.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter Richardo and Viola.

Rich. LEt us make uſe of this ſtolne privacy,
And not looſe time in proteſtation, miſtris,
For twere in me a kind of breach of faith,
To ſay againe I love you.
Vio. Sweet ſpeake ſoftly
For though the venture of your love to me,
Meetes with a willing, and a full returne:
Should it arrive unto my Fathers knowledge;
Theſe were our laſt diſcourſe.
Rich. How ſhall he know it?
Viol. His watching cares are ſuch, for my advancement,
That every where his eye is fix'd upon me:
This night that does afford us ſome ſmall freedom,
At the requeſt and much entreaty of,
The miſtris of the houſe, was hardly given me:
For I am never ſufferd to ſtir out,
But he hath ſpies upon me, yet I know not
You have ſo won upon me, that could I thinke
You would love faithfully (though to entertaine
Another thought of you, would be my death)
I ſhould adventure on his utmoſt anger.
Rich. Why, do you thinke I can be falſe?
Vio. No faith,
You have an honeſt face, but if you ſhould——
Rich. Let all the ſtored vengeance of heavens juſtice—
Vio. No more, I do believe you, the dance ended,
Which this free womans gheſts have vow'd to have
Ere they depart, I will make home, and ſtore me
With all the Iewells, Chaines, and gold are truſted
Unto my cuſtody, and at the next corner,
To my Fathers houſe, before one at the fartheſt,
Be ready to receive me.
Rich. I deſire
No bond beyond your promiſe, let's go in,
To talke thus much before the doore, may breed,
Suſpition. *Enter Mercury and Antonio talking.*
Viol. Here are company too.
Rich. Away,
Thoſe powers that proſper true and honeſt loves
Will bleſſe our undertakeings.
Vio. 'Tis my wiſh Sir. *Exit Rich and Viol.*
Mer. Nay, Sir, excuſe me, I have drawne you to,
Too much expence already in my travell:
And you have been to forward in your love;
To make my wants your owne, allow me manners
Which you muſt grant I want, ſhould I encreaſe,
The bond in which your courtiſyes have tide me:
Be ſtill conſuming you, give me leave
To take mine owne wayes now; and I ſhall often
With willingneſſe come to viſit you, and then thanke you.
Ant. By this hand I could be angry, what do you thinke
Muſt we that have ſo long time, beene as one (me?
Seene Cityes, Countryes, Kingdomes, and their wonders
Beene bedfellowes, and in our various journey
Mixt all our obſervations, part (as if
We were 2. Carriers at 2. ſeverall wayes,
And as the forehorſe guides, cry God be with you)
Without or complement, or cerimony?
In travelers that know tranſalpine garbes,
Though our deſignes are neere ſo ſerious, friend,
It were a capitall crime; it muſt not be,
Nay what is more, you ſhall not, you ere long
Shall ſee my houſe, and finde what I call mine
Is wholly at your ſervice.
Mer, 'Tis this tires me,
Sir I were eaſily woo'd if nothing elſe
But my will lay in the choyce, but 'tis not ſo
My friends and kindred that have part of me,
And ſuch on whom my chiefeſt hopes depend,
Iuſtly expect the tender of my love
After my travell, then mine owne honeſty
Tells me 'tis poore, having indifferent meanes
To keep me in my quallity and rank,
At my returne to tire anothers bounty,
And let mine owne grow luſty, pardon me.
Ant. I will not, cannot, to conclude I dare not:
Can any thing confer'd upon my friend
Be burthenſome to me? for this excuſe
Had I no reaſon elſe you ſhould not leave me,
By a travellers faith you ſhould not, I have ſaid,
And then you know my humour, ther's no contending.
Mer. Is there no way to ſcape this Inundation?
I ſhall be drown'd with folly if I go:
And after 9. dayes men may take me up,
With my gall broken.
Ant. Are you yet reſolv'd?
Mer. Wood you would ſpare me.
Ant. By this light I cannot
By all, that may be ſworne by.
Mer. Patience helpe me,
And heaven grant his folly be not catching:
If it be, the townes undone, I now would give
A reaſonable ſum of gold to any ſheriff,
That would but lay an execution on me,
And free me from his company; while he was abroad,
His want of witt and language kept him dumbe:
But *Balaam's* Aſſe will ſpeake now without ſpurring.
Ant. Speake, have I won you?—— ——

Enter Servant and Muſitian.

Mer. You are not to be reſiſted.
Ser. Be ready I entreat you the dance done,
Beſides a liberall reward I have,
A bottle of ſherry in my power ſhall beget
New crotchets in your heads.
Muſit. Tuſh feare not us, wee'le do our parts.
Ser. Go in,
Ant. I know this fellow.
Belong you to the houſe?
ser. I ſerve the Miſtris.
Ant. Pretty, and ſhort, pray you ſir then informe her,
Two Gentlemen are covetous to be honour'd,
With her faire preſence.
Ser. She ſhall know ſo much,
This is a merry night with us, and forbid not
Welcom to any that lookes like a man:

Pe

I'le guide you the way.
Ant. Nay follow, I have a trick in't. *Exit.*

Enter Vberto, Siluio, Richardo, Maria, Pedro.
Portia, Viola, with others.

Vber. Come wher's this maſque? faireſt for our cheare,
Our thankes and ſervice, may you long ſurviue,
To joy in many of theſe nights.
Mar. I thanke you.
Vber. We muſt have muſique too, or ells you give us,
But halfe a welcom.
Mar. Pray you Sir excuſe me.
Silu. By no meanes Lady.
Vber. Weele crowne your liberall feaſt,
With ſome delightfull ſtraine fitting your love:
And this good company.
Mar. Since you enforce it,
I will not plead the excuſe of want of skill
Or be, or nice, or curious, every year,
I celebrate my marriage night; and will
'Till I ſee my abſent husband.
Vber. 'Tis fit freedome.
Silu. *Richardo* thou art dull—

Enter Servant.

Rich. I ſhall be lighter,
When I have had a heate.
Mar. Now Sir, the newes?
Ser. Miſtris there are 2. Gentlemen.
Mar. Where?
Ser. Complementing who ſhould firſt enter.
Mar. What are they?
Ser. Heaven knowes, but for their ſtrangeneſſe, have you never ſeen a Cat waſh her face?
Vber. Yes.
Ser. Iuſt ſuch a ſtir they keep if you make but haſt,
You may ſee 'em yet before they enter.

Enter Antonio and Mercurie.

Mer. Let 'em be what they will, wee'le give them faire
Entertaine, and gentle welcome.
Ant. It ſhall be ſo.
Mer. Then let it be your pleaſure.
Ant. Let's ſtand a ſide and you ſhall ſee us have
Fine ſport anon.
Mer. A faire ſociety, do you know theſe Gentle women?
Ant. Yes.
Mer. What are they? (*Viola.*
Ant. The ſecond is a neighbours daughter, her name is
There is my kinſmans wife, *Portia* her name, and a
Friend too.
Mer. Let her———what's ſhe that leades the dance?
1. *Ser.* A Gentlewoman.
Mer. I ſee that.
1. *Ser.* Indeed?
Mer. What?
1. *Ser.* A Gentlewoman. (dance?
Mer. Udsfoote, good Sir what's ſhe that leades the
2. *Ser.* My Miſtris.
Mer. VVhat els?
2. *Ser.* My Miſtris, Sir.
Mer. Your Miſtris? a pox on you,
What a fry of fooles are here? I ſee 'tis treaſon to underſtād in this houſe; if nature were not better to them, then they can be to themſelves, they would ſcant hitt their mouthes; my Miſtris? Is there any one with ſo much witt in's head, that can tell me at the firſt ſight, what Gentlewoman that is that leades the dance?
Ant. 'Tis my wife.
Mer. Hum.
Ant. How do'ſt thou like her?
Mer. VVell, a pretty Gentlewoman.
Ant. Prethee be quiet.
Mer. I would I could
Let never any hereafter that's a man,
That has affections in him and free paſſions,
Receive the leaſt tye from ſuch a foole as this is,
That holds ſo ſweet a wife, 'tis lamentable to conſider
What right he robbs himſelfe of, and what wrong (tr
He doth the youth of ſuch a Gentlewoman?
That knowes her beauty is no longer hers,
Then men will pleaſe to make it ſo, and uſe it
Neither of which lyes freely in a husband,
O what have I don, what have I don, Coxcomb?
If I had never ſeen, or never taſted
The goodneſſe of this kix, I had beene a made man,
But now to make a Cuckold is a ſinne
Againſt all forgiveneſſe, worſe then a murther;
I have a Woolfe by the eares, and am bitten both wayes.
Ant. How now friend, what are you thinking of?
Mer. Nothing concerning you, I muſt be gone.
Ant. Pardon me, Ile have no going ſir.
Mer. Then good ſir give me leave to goe to bed,
I am very weary and ill tempered.
Ant. You ſhall preſently, the dance is done.
1 *Ser.* Miſtris, theſe are the gentlemen.
Mar. My husband will come home, deare ſir. (o
Mer. She's faire ſtill, O that I were a knave or durſt
For thy ſake coxcōbe; he that invented honeſty, undid
Ant. I had you had not knowne me, y'are merry tis
And how iſt with theſe worthy Gent? (thoug
Vb. & *Sil.* We are glad to ſee you here againe (
Ant. Oh Gent, what ha'you loſt? but get you into
There you may learne, I cannot ſay what hidden vert
Mer. Hidden from you I am ſure,
My blood boyles like a furnace,
Shees a faire one.
Ant. Pray entertaine this Gent. with all the curteſie,
Fitting my moſt eſpeciall friend.
Mar. What this poore houſe may yeild,
To make you welcome deare ſir command
Without more complement.
Mer. I thanke you:
Shee's wiſe and ſpeakes well too, oh what a bleſſing
Is gone by me neere to be recovered?
Well, twas an old ſhame the Devill laid up for mee, now has hit me home; if there be any waies to bee diſ neſt and ſave my ſelfe yet, —— No it muſt not bee, ſhould I bee a foole to——Yet thoſe eyes would tem another Adam, how they call to me, and tell me —— Sfoote they ſhall not tell me any thing, ſir will you wal in.
Ant. How iſt Signior?
Mer. Crazie a litle.
Mar. What ayle you ſir?
Whats in my power pray make uſe of, ſir. (me ſu
Mer. Tis that muſt doe me good, ſhe do's not mock
An't pleaſe you nothing, my diſeaſe is only wearineſſe.
Vb. Come Gent. weele not keepe you from your be too long.
Rich. I ha ſome buſineſſe, and tis late, and you far fro your lodging.
Sil. Well. *Exit. Manent, Ant. Mar. and M*
Ant. Come my deare *Mercury*, ile bring you to yo chamber, and then I am for you, *Maria*, thou art a ne wife to me now, and thou ſhalt finde it, ere I ſleepe.
Mer. And I, an old aſſe to my ſelfe, mine owne ro whips me, — good ſir no more of this, tis tedious, yo
ar

are the beſt guide in your owne houſe — goe ſir———

Exit Ant. & Mer.

This foole, and his faire wife have made me franticke
From two ſuch phyſickes for the ſoule, deliver me.

Enter Richardo, Vberto, Pedro, & Silvio.

Vb. VVell, you muſt have this wench then.

Ric. I hope ſo, I am much o'th bow hand elſe.

Ped. VVood I were hangd, tis a good loving little foole that dares venture her ſelfe upon a coaſt ſhe never knew yet, but theſe women, when they are once thirteene, god ſpeede the plough.

Sil. Faith they'le venture further, ſo their lading then a Merchant, and through as many ſtormes, but theyle bee fraughted, they are made like Carrecks only ſtrength and ſtorage.

Ric. Come, come, you talke, you talke.

Sil. VVe doe ſo, but tell me *Richardo*, woote thou marry her?

Ric. Marry her? why what ſhould I do with her?

Ped. Pox, I thought we ſhould have had all ſhares in her like lawfull prize.

Ric. No by my faith ſir, you ſhall pardon me, I lancht her at my owne charge without partners, and ſo ile keepe her.

Vb. VVhats the houre?

Rich. Twelve.

Vb. VVhat ſhall we doe the while? tis yet ſcarce eleven.

Sil. Theres no ſtanding here, is not this the place?

Ric. Yes.

Ped. And to go back unto her fathers houſe, may breede ſuſpition. lets ſlip into a Taverne, for an houre, tis very cold.

Vb. Content, there is one hard by, a quart of burnt ſack will recover us, I am as cold as Chriſtmas, this ſtealing fleſh in the froſty weather, may be ſure 'ith eating, but ſure the woodmen have no great catch on't; ſhall's go?

Rich. Thou art the ſtrangeſt lover of a taverne, what ſhall we doe there now? looſe the hower and our ſelves too?

Vb. Looſe a pudding; what do'ſt thou talke of the howre; will one quart muzle us? have wee not eares to heare, and tongues to aske the drawers, but wee muſt ſtand here like bawds to watch the minuts?

Sil. Prethee content thy ſelfe, we ſhall ſcout here, as though we went a haying, and have ſome mangey prentice, that cannot ſleepe for ſcratching, over heare us, come will you goe ſirs? when your love fury is a little frozen, youle come to us.

Ric. VVill you drinke but one quart then?

Ped. No more I faith.

Sil. Content.

Ric. VVhy then, have with you, but letts be very watchfull

Vb. As watchfull as the belman, come Ile lead, becauſe I hate good manners, they are too tedious. *Exeunt.*

Enter Viola with a Key and a little Casket.

The night is terrible and I encloſ'd
With that my vertue and my ſelf hate moſt;
Darkeneſſe; yet muſt I feare that which I wiſh,
Some company, and every ſtep I take
Sounds louder in my fearefull eares to night
Then ever did, the ſhrill and ſacred bell
That rang me to my prayers; the houſe will riſe
When I unlock the doore, were it by day
I am bold enough, but then a thouſand eyes
Warne me from going, might not God have made
A time for envious prying folke to ſleepe
Whilſt lovers met, and yet the ſunne have ſhone?
Yet I was bold enough, to ſteale this key
Out of my fathers Chamber, and dare yet
Venture upon mine enemy, this night,
Arm'd onely with my love, to meet my friend.
Alas how valiant, and how fraid at once
Love makes a Virgin? I will throw this key
Back through a windowe, I had wealth enough
In Iewels with me, if I hold his love
I ſteale e'm for; farewell my place of birth,
I never make account to looke on thee againe;
And if there be as I have heard men ſay,
Theſe houſhold gods, I doe beſeech them looke
To this my charge, bleſſe it from theeves and fire,
And keepe till happily my love I win
Me from thy doore, and hold my Father in. *Exit.*

Enter Richardo, Pedro, Vberto, Silvio, and Drawer with a Candle.

Ric. No more for God ſake, how is the night boy?

Draw. Faith ſir tis very late.

Vb. Faith ſir you lye, is this your jack i'th clock-houſe? will you ſtrike ſir? gi's ſome more ſack, you varlet.

Ric. Nay, if you love me, good *Vberto* goe,
I am monſtrous hot with wine.

Vb. Quench it againe with love, Gent. I will drinke one health more, and then if my leggs ſay mee not ſhamefully nay, I will goe with you, give me a ſingular quart.

Draw. Of what wine ſir?

Vber. Of Sack, you that ſpeake confuſion at the bar, of ſack I ſay, and every one his quart, what a devill letts be merry.

Draw. You ſhall ſir. *Exit.*

Pet. We will ſir, and a dryed tongue.

Sil. And an Olive, boy, and a whole bunch of fidlers, my head ſwimmes plaguely, vds pretious I ſhall be claud.

Enter Drawer with foure quarts of wine.

Ric. Pray goe, I can drinke no more, thinke on your promiſe, tis midnight Gentlemen.

Vb. O that it were dum midnight now, not a word more, every man on's knees, and betake himſelfe to his ſaint, heer's to your wench, ſeigneour, all this, & then away.

Rich. I cannot drinke it.

Ped. Tis a toy, a toye, away wo't.

Vber. Now dare I ſpeake any thing, to any body living, come whers the fault? off with it.

Ric. I have broke my wind, call you this ſack?———
I wonder who made it? he was a ſure workeman, for tis plaguy ſtrong worke, is it gone round?

Vb. Tis at the laſt out of my way, good boy, is the moon up yet?

Draw. Yes ſir.

Vb. Where is ſhe boy?

Draw. There ſir.

Vb. We ſhall have raine and thunder, boy.

Draw. When ſir?

Vb. I cannot tell, but ſure we ſhall, boy.

Draw. The Gent. is wine wiſe.

Vber. Drawer? *Draw.* Here ſir.

Vb. Can you procure?

Draw. What ſir?

Vber. A whore or two or three as need ſhall ſerve, boy?

Sil. I, a good whore were worth money, boy.

Draw. I proteſt ſir we are all together unprovided.

Ric. The mor's the pitty, boy, can you not vize us where my child?

Draw. Neither, in troth ſir.

Ped. Why where were you brought up boy? no jugling of a whore? no ayme my boy?

Vber. It cannot ſink in my head now, that thou ſhouldſt marry, why ſhouldſt thou marry, tell me?

Rich. I marry? Ile be hang'd firſt: ſome more wine boy.

Sil. Is ſhe not a whore tranſlated? & ſhe be, lets repaire to her.

Ric. I cannot tell, ſhe may be an offender; but ſignior *Silvio* I ſhall ſcratch your head, indeed I ſhall.

Sil. Judge me I do moſt jeſt with thee, what an ſhe were inverted with her heeles upward,like a traitors Coate?

Vb I, hang her,ſhall we fall out for her? (what care I.

Rich. I am a little angry, but theſe wenches, did you not talke of wenches?

Sil. Boy lend me your candle.

Draw. VVhy Sir?

Sil. To ſet fire to your rotten ſeeling, you'le keep no Whores,Rogue,no good members;

Draw. VVhores Sir? (your hogsheads ?

Silu. I,whores,Sir,do you think we come to lye with

Rich. I muſt beate the watch, I have long'd for't any time this three weekes.

Silu. VVee'le beate the towne too, and thou wilt, we are proofe boy; ſhall wee kill any body?

Rich. No but wee'le hurt 'em dangerouſly.

Vber. Silu. Now muſt I kill one,I cannot avoide it, boy eaſily afore there with your candle;wher's your Miſtris?

Draw. A bed, Sir.

Sil. VVith whom?

Draw. VVith my Maſter.

Vber. You lye Boy,ſhee's better brought up then to lye with her husband, has he not caſt his head yet? next yeare he will be a velvet-headed Cuckold. (*Exeunt.*

Draw. You are a merry Gentleman,there Sir, take hold

Enter Viola.

Viola. This is the place I have out told the Clock,
For haſt,he is not here. *Richardo*? no ;
Now every power that loves and is belov'd :
Keep me from ſhame to night, for all you know
Each thought of mine is innocent, and pure,
As fleſh and blood can hold : I cannot back;
I threw the key within, and ere I raiſe
My Father up, to ſee his daughters ſhame,
I'le ſet me downe, and tell the Northern winde,
That it is gentler then the curling Weſt;
If it will blow me dead,but he will come ;
Ifaith 'tis cold; if hee deceive mee thus,
A woman will not eaſily truſt a man. Hark what's that ?

Sil within. Th'art over long at thy pott,tom, tom,thou art over long at the pott tom.

Viol. Bleſſe me ! whoſe that?

Pedro within. Whoo!

Vber within. There Boyes.

Viol. Darkeneſſe be thou my cover, I muſt fly,
To thee I haſt for help ——

Enter Richardo, Pedro, Vberto, Drawer with a torch.

Viol. They have a light,
Winde if thou lov'ſt a virgine blow it out,
And I will never ſhut a window more,
To keep thee from me.

Rich. Boy?

Draw. Sir.

Rich. Why Boy?

Draw. What ſay you Sir?

Rich. Why boy? art thou drunk boy?

Draw. What would you Sir?

Rich. Why very good, where are wee ?

Vber. I, that's the point.

Draw. Why Sir, you will be at your lodging preſently.

Rich. I'le go to no lodging Boy.

Draw. VVhether will you go then Sir?

Rich. I'le go no farther.

Draw. For Gods ſake Sir, do not ſtay here all night.

Rich. No more I will not boy, lay me downe, and rowle me to a whore.

Vber. And mee.

Ped. There ſpoke an ——

Silvio. Then ſet your foote to my foote,& up tailes al

Viola. That is *Richardo*, what a noyſe they make ?
'Tis ill don on 'em : heere Sirs, *Richardo?*

Rich.. What's that Boy?

Dra. 'Tis a wench Sir, pray Gent. come away.

Viol. O my deare love ! how doeſt thou?

Rich. My ſweet hart ? even as thou ſeeſt.

Ped. Wher's thy wench?

Vber. VVher's this bed worme?

Viol. Speake ſoftly for the love of heaven.

Draw. Miſtris get you gone, and doe not entice t gent. now you ſee thei're drunke , or Ile call the watc and lay you faſt enough.

Vio. Alas what are you?or what doe you meane ?
Sweet love wher's the place?

Ric. Marry ſweet love, ee'n here, lye downe Ile feeſe

Vio. Good god ! what meane you? (yo

Ped. Ile have the wench.

Vber. If you can get her.

Sil. No Ile lye with the wench to night, and ſhe ſhall yours to morrow. *Ped.* Let goe the wenc

Sil. Let you goe the wench.

Viol. O Gent. as you had mothers!

Vber. They had no mothers,they are the ſons of bitch

Ric. Let that be maintain'd.

Sil. Marry then.

Viol. Oh bleſſe me heaven !

Vber. How many is there ons?

Ric. About five.

Vber. Why then lets fight three to three.

Sil. Content. (*Draw and fall dow*

Draw. The watch?the watch? the watch?where are yo

Ric. Where are theſe cowards? (Ex

Ped. Ther's the whore.

Viol. I never ſaw a drunken man before,
But theſe I thinke are ſo.

Sil. Oh!

Ped. I miſt you narrowly there.

Viol. My ſtate is ſuch,I know not how to thinke,
A prayer fit for me, only I could move,
That never maiden more might be in love. Ex

Enter Drawer, Conſtable and Watch.

Watch. Where are they, boy ?

Draw. Make no ſuch haſt ſir,they are no runners.

Vb. I am hurt,but that's all one,I ſhall light upon ſo
Pedro thou art a tall Gent. let me kiſſe thee. (of

Watch. My friend.

Vber. Your friend? you ly.

Ric. Stand further off, the watch,you are full of flea

Conſt. Gent. either be quiet, or we muſt make you qu

Rich. Nay good Mr.Conſtable,be not ſo Rigorous.

Vber. Mr.Conſtable lend me thy hand of juſtice.

Conſt. That I will ſir. (ſo bl

Vber. Fy Mr. Conſtable what golls you have? is juſt ſhe cannot ſee to waſh your hands ? I cry you mercy Si Your gloves are one.

Dra. Now you are up Sir, will you go to bed?

Ped. I'le truckle heere Boy, give me another pillow.

Draw. VVill you ſtand up and let me lay it on then ?

Ped. Yes. (be going Mr. Conſta

Draw. There hold him two of yee, now they are u

Rich. And this way, and that way,tom.

Vber. And heere away and there away tom.

Silu. This is the right way the others the wrong.

Ped. Th' others the wrong.

All. Thou art over long at the pott tom,tom.

Rich. Lead valiantly ſweet Conſtable,whoop!ha Boye

Conſt. This wine hunts in their heads.

Rich. Give me the bill, for I'le bee the Sergeant.

Conſt. Looke to him Sirs.

Rich. Keep your Ranks you Raſcalls, keep your Ranks.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus Scena Prima.

Enter Mercury.

Mercury. I Cannot ſleep for thinking of this Aſſes wife, I'le be gon preſently, ther's no ſtaying heere, with this Divell about me ?hoe, this is the houſe of ſleep, hoe? againe ther'sfoote the darkneſſe, and this love together, will make mee lunaticke; ho?

Enter a Servingman aboue unready.

Ser. Who calls there?

Mer. Pray take the paines to riſe and light a candle.

Ser. Preſently,

Mer. Was ever man but I in ſuch a ſtockes? well this ſhal be a warning to me, and a faire one too, how I betray my ſelfe to ſuch a dunce, by way of benefit.

Enter Servingman.

Ser. Did you call?

Mer. Yes, pray doe me the kindneſſe ſir, to let me out and not to enquire why, for I muſt needs be gone.

Ser. Not to night, I hope ſir.

Mer. Good ſir to night, I would not have troubled you elſe, pray let it be ſo.

Ser. Alas ſir, my Maſter will be offended.

Mer. That I have buſineſſe? no I warrant yee.

Ser. Good ſir take your reſt.

Mer. Pray my good friend let me appoint my owne reſt.

Ser. Yes ſir.

Mer. Then ſhew me the way out, I'le conſider you.

Ser. Good Lord, ſir.

Mer. If I had not an excellent tempered patience, now ſhould I breake this fellowes head, and make him underſtand 'twere neceſſary; the onely plague of this houſe is the unhandſome love of ſervants, that neere doe their duty in the right place, but when they muſter before dinner, and ſweep the table with a wodden dagger, and then they are troubleſom too, to all mens ſhoulders, the Woodcocks fleſht agen, now I ſhall have a new ſtir.

Enter Antonio.

Ant VVhy how now friend? what do you up ſo late? are you well? do you want any thing? pray ſpeake.

Mer. Onely the cauſe I riſe for.

Ant. What knaues are theſe? what do you want? why ſirrah?

Mer. Nothing i'the world, but the keyes to let me out of dores; I muſt be gon, bee not againſt it, for you cannot ſtay me.

Ant. Begon at this time? that were a merry jeſt.

Mer. If there be any mirth in't, make you uſe on't, but I muſt go.

Ant. Why for loves ſake?

Mer. 'Twill benefit your underſtanding nothing to know the cauſe, pray go to bed, I'le trouble your man only.

Ant. Nay Sir you have rais'd more, that has reaſon to curſe you, and you knew all, my wifes up, and comming downe too.

Mer. Alas it will be a trouble, pray go up to her and let me diſturbe no more, 'tis unmannerly.

Enter Wife as out of her bed.

Ant. Shee's here already; ſweet hart: how ſay you by this Gentleman? he would away at midnight.

Wife. That I am ſure hee will not.

Mer. Indeed I muſt.

Mari. Good Sir let not your homely entertainement preſſe you to leave your bed at midnight; if you want, what my houſe or your towne may afford you, make it your own fault if you call not for it; pray go to bed again; let me compell you, I am ſure you have no power to denye a woman; the ayre is piercing, & to a body beaten with long travell, 'twill prove an ill Phyſitian.

Mer. If ſhe ſpeake longer I ſhall be a knaue, as ranke as ever ſweat for't; Sir if you will ſend your wife up preſently, I will either ſtay with you, d'ye marke, me or deliver you, ſo juſt a cauſe, that you your ſelfe, ſhall thruſt me out of doores, both ſuddainly and willingly.

Ant. I would faine heare that faith, pray thee go up ſweet hart, I have halfe perſwaded him, beſides, he hath ſome private buſineſſe with mee.

Mer. Good night Sir, and what content you would have, I wiſh with you. *Exit.*

Mer. Could any man that had a back aske more? o me! o me!

Ant. Now deale directly with me: why ſhould you go?

Mer. If you be wiſe do not enquire the cauſe, 'twill trouble you:

Ant. VVhy? prithee why?

Mer. Faith I would not have you know it, let me go, 'twill be far better for you.

Ant. Who's that, that knocks there? i'ſt not at the ſtreet doore?

Ser. Yes ſir.

Ant. Who's there, cannot you ſpeake?

Within Vio. A poore diſtreſſed maid, for gods ſake let me in.

Mer. Let her in and me out together, 'tis but one labour, tis pity ſhee ſhould ſtand ith' ſtreet, it ſeemes ſhe knowes you.

Ant. There ſhee ſhall ſtand for me, you are ignorant; this is a common cuſtome of the Rogues that lie about the looſe parts of the City.

Mer. As how?

Ant. To knock at doores in dead time of night, and uſe ſome fained voyce to raiſe compaſſion, and when the doores are open, in they ruſh, and cut the throats of all and take the booty, we cannot be too carefull.

Within Vi. As ever you had pity let me in, I am undone elſe.

Ant. Who are you?

Vio. My name is *Viola*, a Gentlewoman, that ill chance hath diſtreſſed, you know my father,

Mer. Alas of god we'll let her in, 'tis one of the Gentlewomen were here ith' evening, I know her by her name, (poore ſoule) ſhee's cold I warrant her, let her have my warme Bed, and Ile take her fortune; come, pray come.

Ant. It is not *Viola* that's certaine, ſhe went home to her fathers, I am ſure,

Vio. Will not you be ſo good to let me in?

Ant. Ile be ſo good to have you whipt away if you ſtay a litle longer: Shee's gone I warrant her, now let mee know your cauſe for I will heare it, and not repent the knowing.

Mer. Since you are ſo importunate, I'le tell you, I love your wife extreamly.

Ant. Uery well.

Mer. And ſo well that I dare not ſtay.

Ant. VVhy?

Mer. For wronging you I know I am fleſh and blood, and you have done me friendſhips infinite and often, that muſt require me honeſt and a true man, and I will be ſo or I'le breake my heart.

Ant. VVhy, you may ſtay for all this, me thinks.

Mer. No, though I wood be good, I am no ſaint, nor is it ſafe to try mee, I deale plainely.

Ant. Come, I dare try you, do the beſt you can.

Mer. You ſhall not when I am right agen, I'le come and ſee you, till when, I'le uſe all Countryes and all meanes, but I will looſe this folly, 'tis a Divell.

Ant. Is there no way to ſtay you?

Mer. No, unles you will have me ſuch a villaine to you as all men ſhall ſpit at mee.

Ant. Do's ſhe know you love her?

Mer. No I hope not, that were recompence fit for a Rogue to render her.

Ant. If ever any had a faithfull friend I am that man, and I may glory in't, this is he, that *ipſe*, he that paſſes all Chriſtendome for goodneſſe, hee ſhall not over go me in his friendſhip twere recreant and baſe, and I'le be hang'd firſt, I am reſolv'd, go thy wayes, a wife ſhall never part us, I have conſider'd and I finde her nothing to ſuch a friend as thou art; I'le ſpeake a bold word, take your time and woe her, you have overcome me cleerely, and do what's fitting with her, you conceive mee, I am glad at hart you love her: by this light, ne're ſtare upon me for I will not flye from it, if you had ſpoken ſooner, ſure you had bin ſerv'd; Sir, you are not every man, now to your taske, I give you free leave, and the ſinne is mine if there be any in it.

Mer. Hee will be hang'd before he makes this good, hee cannot be ſo innocent a Coxcombe, he can tell ten ſure, if I had never knowne you as I have done, I might be one, as others perhaps ſooner, but now 'tis impoſſible ther's too much good betweene us.

Ant. Well thou art een the beſt man—I can ſay no more, I am, ſo over joy'd, you muſt ſtay this night, and in the morning go as earely as you pleaſe, I have a toy for you.

Mer. I thought this pill would make you ſicke.

Ant. But where you meane to be I muſt have notice,
And it muſt be hard by too, do you marke me?

Mer. Why? what's the matter?

Ant. There is a thing in hand.

Mer. Why? what thing?

Ant. A ſound one, if it take right, and you be not peeviſh
We two will be——you would little thinke it; as famous for our friendſhip——

Mer. How?

Ant. If God pleaſe, as ever *Damon* was and *Pytheas* or *Pylades*, and *Oreſtes*, or any two that ever were: do you conceive me yet?

Mer. No by my troth Sir; he will not help me up ſure.

Ant. You ſhall anon, and for our names, I thinke they ſhal live after us, and be remember'd while there is a ſtory; or I looſe my aime.

Mer What a vengeance ailes hee? how do you?

Ant. Yes faith, wee two wilbe ſuch friends as the world ſhall ring off.

Mer. And why is all this?

Ant. You ſhall enjoy my wife.

Mer. Away, away.

Ant. The wonder muſt begin, ſo I have caſt it, 'twill be ſcurvy elſe, you ſhall not ſtirr a foote i'nt, pray be quiet 'till I have made it perfect.

Mer. What ſhall a man do with this wretched fellow? there is no mercy to be uſed towards him, he is not capable of any pitty, he will in ſpight of courſe be a Cuckold, And who can help it? muſt it begin ſo needs Sir?——thinke agen.

Ant. Yes marry muſt it, and I my ſelfe will woe this w man for you, do you perceive it now? ha?

Mer. Yes now I have a little ſight i'th matter; o th thy head ſhould be ſo monſtrous, that al thy Servants ha may hang upon't! but do you meane to do this?

Ant. Yes certaine, I will woe her, and for you, ſtrive n againſt it, 'tis the overthrow of the beſt plott that e was then.

Mer. Nay I'le aſſure you Sir, I'le do no harme, you ha too much about you of your owne.

Ant. Have you thought of a place yet?

Mer. A place?

Ant. I a place where you will bide, pre'thee no more this modeſty, 'tis fooliſh, and we were not determinde to abſolute friends indeed, 'twere tolerable.

Mer. I have thought, and you ſhall heare from me.

Ant. Why? this will gaine me everlaſting glory; I ha the better of him, that's my comfort, good night. Ex

Mer. Good night, well go thy wayes, thou art the diest wittall this day I thinke a bove ground, and yet t end for all this muſt bee mottly. Ex

Enter a Tincker, with a cord, and Dorathy.

Tinck. 'Tis bitter cold; a plague upon theſe Rogu how wary they are growne? not a doore open now, b double bard, not a window, but up with a caſe of wo like a ſpice box, and their locks unpickable, the ve ſmithes that were halfe venturers, drink penitent ſingle Ale, this is the Iron age, the Ballad ſings of; we ſhall meet with ſome of our looſe Linnen yet, good fe lowes muſt not ſtarve; heer's he ſhall ſhew you Go mighties dog bolts, if this hold.

Dorathy. Faith thou art but too mercifull, that's t fault thou art as ſweete a thiefe, that ſin excepted e ſufferd, that's a proud word and I'le maintaine it.

Tinck. Come prethee let's ſhogg off, & brouze an ho er or two, ther's ale will make a Cat ſpeake, at the ba row, we ſhall get nothing now, without we batter, growne too neere morning, the Rogues ſleep ſober, a are watchfull.

Dorit. Wee want a Boy extreamely for this functi kept under for a yeare, vvith milke and knott-graſſe; in t time I have ſeene a boy do vvonders *Robbin* the red Tin er had a boy *Reſt* his ſoule he ſufferd this time 4. yeares f two ſpoones, & a Pevvter Candleſtick, that ſvveet man b a Boy as I am Curſtend Whore, vvould have run thro a Cat hole, he vvold have boulted ſuch a peece of lin in an evening——

Tinck. Well, vve vvill have a Boy, prethee lets go, I vengeance cold I tell thee.

Dorithy. I'le be hang'd before I ſtirr vvithout ſome p chaſe by theſe ten bones, I'le turne ſhe ape and unt houſe, but I'le have it, it may be I have an humour to b hang'd, I cannot tell

Enter Viola,

Tinck. Peace, you flead vvhore, thou haſt a mouth lik Bloodhounde, heere comes a night ſhade.

Dorit. A Gentlevvoman vvhore, by this darkeneſſe I caſe her to the skin.

Tinck. Peace I ſay.

Viola. What feare have I endured this diſmall night?
And vvhat diſgrace if I vvere ſeene and knovvne?
In vvhich this darkeneſſe, onely is my friend,
That onely has undone me; a thouſand curſes
Light on my eaſy, fooliſh childiſh, love,
That durſt ſo lightly lay a confidence
Upon a man, ſo many being falſe;

my wearineſſe, and weeping makes me ſleepie, I muſt lye downe.

Tin. VVhats this? a prayer, or a homilie, or a Ballad of good councell? ſhe has a gowne, I am ſure.

Dor. Knock out her braines and then ſhee'le neere byte

Tin. Yes I will knock her, but not yet, you? woman?

Viol. For gods ſake what are you?

Tin. One of the groomes of your wardrobe, come uncaſe, uncaſe; byr lady a good Kerſey.

Vio. Pray doe not hurt me ſir.

Dor. Lets have no pitty, for if you doe, heres that ſhall cutt your whiſtle.

Viol. Alas what would you have? I am as miſerable
as you can mak me any way.

Dor. That ſhall be tryde.

Vio. Here, take my gowne if that will doe you pleaſure.

Tin. Yes marry will it, looke in the pockets *Doll*, there may be birds.

Dor. They are flovvn a pox goe vvith them, I'le have this Hatt, and this Ruffe too, I like it, novv vvill I flouriſh like a Lady, brave I faith boy.

Vio. Y'are ſo gentle people to my ſeeming,
That by my truth I could live vvith you.

Tin. Could you ſo? a pretty young round vvench, vvell bloudded, I am for her, theeves.

Dor But by this I am not, coole your Codpiece, Rogue, or Ile clap a ſpell upon't, ſhall take your edge off with a very vengeance.

Tin. Peace horſe-fleſh, peace, Ile caſt off my Amazon, ſhe has walked too long, and is indeede notorious, ſheele fight and ſcould, and drinke like one of the worthies.

Dort. Vds pretious you young contagious whore muſt you be ticing? and is your fleſh ſo wrank ſir, that two may live upon't? I am glad to heare your cortall grovvne ſo luſty; he was dry foundered tother day, weehee my pampered lade of *Aſia*.

Vio. Good woman doe not hurt me, I am ſorry that I have given any cauſe of anger.

Dor. Either binde her quickly and come away, or by this ſteele Ile tell though I truſſe for company; now could I eate her broyld, or any way, without vinegar, I muſt have her noſe.

Vio. By any thing you love beſt, good ſir, good woman.

Tin. Why her noſe *Dorithy*?

Dor. If I have it not and preſently and warme, I looſe that I goe withall.

Tin. Wood the Devill had that thou goeſt withall, and thee together, for ſure he got thy whelps if thou haſt any, ſhees thy deere dad, whore! put up your cutpurſe; an I take my ſwich up, twill be a black time with you elſe ſheth your bung whore.

Dor. Will you binde her? we ſhall ſtand here prating and be hang both.

Tin. Come I muſt bind you, not a word, no crying.

Vio. Doe what you will, indeed I will not cry.

Tin. Hurt her not, if thou doſt by Ale and Beare Ile clout thy old bald braine pan, with a peece of braſſe, you bitch incarnate.

Exeunt Tinker and Dorithy.

Viola. O God to what am I reſerved, that knew not
Through all my childiſh howers and actions
More ſinne then poore imagination,
And too much loving of a faithleſſe man?
For which I am paid, and ſo, that not the day
That now is riſing to protect the harmeleſſe,
And give the innocent a ſanctuary
From theeves and ſpoylers, can deliver me
From ſhame, at leaſt ſuſpition———

Enter Valerio.

Val. Sirrah leade downe the horſes eaſily, I'le walke a foot till I be downe the hill, tis very early, I ſhall reach home betimes. How now, whoſe there?

Vio. Night that was ever friend to lovers, yet
Has rais'd ſome weary ſoule, that hates his bed
To come and ſee me bluſh, and then laugh at me.

Val. H'ad a rude heart that did this.

Vio. Gentle ſir,
If you have that which honeſt men call pitty,
And be as far from evill as you ſhew;
Helpe a poore maide, that this night by bad fortune
Has beene thus us'd by Robbers.

Val. A pox upon his heart that would not helpe thee, this theefe was halfe a Lawyer, by his bands, how long have you bin tyed here?

Viol. Alas this hower, and with cold and feare am almoſt periſht.

Val. Where were the watch the while? good ſober Gent. they were like carefull members of the City, drawing in diligent ale and ſinging catches, while *Mr.* Conſtable contrived the toſts: theſe fellowes would bee more ſeverely puniſht then wandring Gipſies, that every ſtatute whipps, for if they had every one two eyes a peece more, three pots would put them out.

Viol. I cannot tell I found no Chriſtian to give me ſuccour.

Val. When they take a theefe, I'le take Oſtend agen; the whorſons drinke opium in their Ale, & then they ſleep like topps; as for their bills, they onely ſerve to reach downe Bacon to make Raſhers on; now let mee know whom I have done this courteſie too, that I may thanke my early riſing for it?

Viol. Sir, All I am, you ſee.

Val. You have a name I'm ſure, and a kindred, a father, friend or ſomething that muſt owne you; ſhee's a handſome young wench; what Rogues were theſe to Rob her?

Vio. Sir you ſee all I dare reveale,
And as you are a Gent preſſe me no further;
For there begins a griefe whoſe bitterneſſe
Will breake a ſtronger heart then I have in me,
And twill but make you heavie with the hearing,
For your owne goodneſſe ſake deſire it not.

Val. If you would not have me enquire that, how do you live then?

Viol. How I have lived, is ſtill one queſtion,
Which muſt not be reſolu'd———
How I deſire to live, is in your liking,
So worthy an opinion I have of you,

Val. Is in my liking? how I pray thee? tell me, ifaith I'le do you any good lys in my power; ſhe has an eye would raiſe a bedrid man; come leave your feare and tell mee, thats a good wench.

Viol. Sir I would ſerve———

Val. Who wouldſt thou ſerve? doe not weepe and tell me.

Viol. Faith ſir even ſome good woman, and ſuch a wife if you be married, I doe imagine yours.

Val. Alas! thou art young and tender, let me ſee thy hand, this was neere made to waſh or wind up water, beate cloaths, or rub a floore, by this light, for one uſe that ſhall be nameleſſe, tis the beſt wanton hand that ere I lookt on.

Vio. Dare you accept me ſir, my heart is honeſt,
Among your vertuous charitable deeds,
This will not be the leaſt.

Val. Thou canſt in a Chamber.

Vio. In a Chamber ſir.

Val. I meane waite there upon a Gentlewoman,
How quick ſhe is, I like that mainely too;
Ile have her, though I keepe her with maine ſtrength like a beſieged towne, for I know I ſhall have the enemy afore me within a weeke.

Viol. Sir I can ſow too, and make pretty laces,
Dreſſe a head handſome, teach young gentlewomen,
For in all theſe I have a little knowledge.

Val. Tis well, no doubt I ſhall encreaſe that knowledge; I like her better ſtill, how ſhe provokes me; pritty youngmaid you ſhall ſerve a good Gentlewoman, though I ſay't that will not be unwilling you ſhould pleaſe mee, nor I forgetfull if you doe.

Viol. I am the happier.

Val. My man ſhall make ſome ſhift to carry you behind him, can you ride well?

Viola. But I'le hold faſt for catching of a fall.

Val. That's the next way to pull another on you, I'le worke her as I go I know ſhee's wax, now, now, at this time could I begett a worthy on this wench.

Viol. Sir for this Gentleneſſe, may heaven requite you (tenfold.

Val. 'Tis a good vvench hovv ever others uſe thee, be ſure I'le bee a loving maſter to thee, come. *Exeunt.*

Enter Antonio like an Iriſh Footman, with a letter.

Ant. I hope I am vvilde enough for being knovvne I have vvrit a letter here, and in it have abus'd my ſelfe moſt bitterly, yet all my feare is not enough, for that muſt do it, that muſt lay it on, I'le vvin her out i'th flint, 'tvvill be more famous, novv for my language.

Enter Servingman.

Ser. Now Sir vvho vvould you ſpeake vvith?

Ant. Where be thy Maſtres man? I vvould ſpeake vvith (her. I have a letter.

Ser. Cannot I deliver it?

Ant. No by my trot and fait can'ſt thou not man.

Ser. Well Sir I'le call her to you, pray ſhake your eares vvithout a little. *Exit. Servingman.*

Ant. Cran a Cree do it quickly; this rebbell tonge ſticks in my teeth vvorſe then a toughe hen, ſure it vvas nere knovvne at Babell, for they ſoul'd no apples, and this vvas made for certaine at the firſt planting of Orchards 'tis ſo crabbed.

Enter. Wife, and ſervingman.

Mar. Whats he wood ſpeake with me?

Ser. A kill kenny ring, there he ſtands Madam.

Mar. What would you have with me, friend?

Ant. He has a letter for other women, wilt thou read it.

Mar. From whence?

Ant. De Croſſe creeſt from my Maſter.

Mar. Who is your Maſter?

Ant. I pray do you looke.

Mar. Doe you know this fellow?

Ser. No Maddam not I; more then an Iriſh footman ſtand further friend, I doe not like your roperunners, what ſtallion Rogues are theſe, to weare ſuch dovvſetts, the very Cotton may commit adultery.

Mar. I cannot find whoſe hand this ſhould be, Ile reade, to the beauteous vvife of *Don Antonio,* ſure this is ſome blind ſcrib —vvell novv vvhat follovves?

Ant. Pray God it take, I have given her, that will ſtirr her conſcience, how it workes with her; hope if it be thy will let the fleſh have it.

Mar. This is the moſt abhor'd, intollerable knavery, that ever ſlave entertain'd, ſure there is more then thine owne head in this villany, it goes like practic'd miſcheiſe, diſabled in his body? o good God, as I live he lyes fearefully, and baſely, 'ha? I ſhould know that Iewell, 'tis m husband, come hither ſhat, are you an Iriſh man?

Ant. Sweete woman a Cree I am an Iriſh man.

Mar. Now I know it perfectly; is this your trick Sir? I' trick you for it; how long have you ſerv'd this Gentle man?

Ant. Pleaſe thee a little day, o my *Mac dermond* put m to my maſtree, 'tis don I know.

Mar. By my faith he ſpeakes as well as if he had bee louſy for the language a yeare or two; well Sir, you ha bin better have kept your owne ſhape as I will uſe you what have I don that ſhould deſerve this tryall, I neve made him cuckold to my knowledge, Sirrah com hithe

Ant. Now will ſhe ſend ſome Iewell, or ſome lette I know her minde as well; I ſhall be famous.

Mar. Take this Iriſh bawde heere.

Ant. How?

Mar. And kicke him till his breeches and breech bee o one colour a bright blew both.

Ant. I may be well ſwing'd thus, for I dare not revea my ſelfe, I hope ſhee does not meane it, o hone o hone, St. *Patricke,* o a Cree, o ſweet woman.

Mar, No turne him and kick him o tother ſide, tha (we

Ant. O good waiting man, I beſeech thee good waiti man, a pox fyre your leggs.

Mar. You Rogue you enimy to all, but little breech how darſt thou come to me with ſuch a letter?

Ant. Prethee pitty the poore Iriſhman, all this ma for me, if I win her yet, I am ſtill more glorious.

Mar. Now could I weep at what I have don, but I' harden my hart agen, go ſhut him up, 'till my husba comes home, yet thus much ere ye go, ſirrah thatch'd hea would'ſt not thou be whipt & think it juſtice? well *Aqu vitæ* Barrell, I will bounce you.

Ant. I pray do, I beſeech you be not angry.

Mar. O you hobby headed Raskall, I'le have you flea and troſſers made of thy skin to tumble in, go a way wi him, let him ſee no ſun, 'till my husband come hom ſir I ſhall meet with you for your knavery, I feare it not

Ant. Wilt thou not let mee go? I do not like this.

Mar. Away with him.

Servingman. Come I'le lead you in by your Iacke a la haire, go quietly or I'le make your crupper cracke.

Mar. And do you heare me ſirrah? and when you ha done, make my Coach ready.

Serving. Yes forſooth. *Exit. Servingman with Ant*

Mar. Locke him up ſafe enough I'le to this Gentlem
I know the reaſon of all this buſineſſe, for I do ſuſpect
If he have this plott, I'le ring him ſuch a peale, ſhall ma
his eares deafe for a moneth at leaſt. *E*

Enter Richardo.

Ric. Am I not mad? can this weake temper'd head,
That will be mad with drink, endure the wrong
That I have done a virgin and my love?
Be mad, for ſo thou ought'ſt, or I vvill beate
The vvalls and trees, dovvne vvith thee, and vvill let
Either thy memory out or madneſſe in,
But ſure I never lov'd faire *Viola*:
I never lov'd my Father nor my Mother,
Or any thing but drinke; had I had love;
Nay, had I knovvne ſo much charity,
As would have ſav'd an Infant from the fire,
I had bin naked, raving in the ſtreet:
With halfe a face, gaſhing my ſelfe with knives,
Two howers ere this time.

Enter Pedro, Siluio, Uberto.

Ped. Good morrow Sir.

Rich. Good morrow Gentlemen, ſhal we go drink a

I have my witts.

Ped. So have I but they are unſetled ones, would I had ſome porrige.

Rich. The taverne boy was here this morning with mee
And told me that there was a Gentlewoman,
Which he tooke for a whore that hung on me:
For whom we quarrel'd, and I know not what.

Ped. Ifaith nor I.

Ube. I have a glimmering of ſome ſuch thing.

Rich. Was it you *Silvio*,
That made me drinke ſo much? 'twas you or *Pedro*.

Ped. I know not who.

Sil. We were all apt enough.

Rich. But I wil lay the fault on none but me,
That I would be ſo entreated, come *Silvio*,
Shall we goe drinke agen, come Gentlemen,
Why do you ſtay, let's never leave off now,
Whilſt we have Wine and throates, I'le practiſe it,
Till I have made it my beſt quality;
For what is beſt for me to do but that?
For Gods ſake come and drinke; when I am nam'd
Men ſhall make anſwer, which *Richado* meane you?
The excellent drinker? I will have it ſo,
Will you goe drinke?

Silv. We drunke too much too lately.

Rich. Why there is then the leſſe behind to drinke,
Let's end it all, diſpatch that, wee'l ſend abroad,
And purchaſe all the Wine the world can yield,
And then drinke it off, then take the fruits o'the earth,
Diſtill the Juice from them, and drinke that off;
Wee'l catch the raine before it fall to ground,
And drinke off that that never more may grow;
Wee'l ſet our mouths to Springs, and drinke them off,
And all this while wee'l never thinke of thoſe
That love us beſt, more then we did laſt night.
We will not give unto the poore a drop
Of all this drinke, but when we ſee them weepe,
Wee'l run to them, and drinke their teares off too,
Wee'l never leave whilſt there is heate or moyſture,
In this large globe, but ſuck it cold and dry,
Till we have made it Elementall earth,
Meerly by drinking.

Ped. Is't flattery to tell you, you are mad?

Rich. If it be falſe,
There's no ſuch way to bind me to a man;
He that will have me, lay my goods and lands,
My life down for him, need no more, but ſay
Richardo thou art mad, and then all theſe
Are at his ſervice, then he pleaſes me,
And makes me thinke that I had vertue in me,
That I had love, and tenderneſſe of heart,
That though I have committed ſuch a fault,
As never creature did, yet runinng mad,
As honeſt men ſhould doe for ſuch a crime,
I have expreſt ſome worth, though it be late:
But I alas have none of theſe in me,
But keep my wits ſtill like a frozen man,
That had no fire within him.

Sil. Nay good *Richardo* leave this wild talk, and ſend a letter to her, I'le deliver it.

Rich. 'Tis to no purpoſe; perhaps ſhe's loſt laſt night,
Or ſhe got home agen, ſhe's now ſo ſtrictly
Look'd to, the wind can ſcarce come to her, or admit
She were her ſelfe; if ſhe would hear from me,
From me unworthy, that have us'd her thus,
She were ſo fooliſh, that ſhe were no more
To be beloved. *Enter Servant with a Night-gown.*

Ser. Sir, we have foũd this night-gown ſhe took with her.

An. Where?

Riob. Where? where? ſpeake quickly.

Ser. Searching in the Suburbs, we found a Tinker and his whore, that had in it a ſap-houſe, whom we apprehended, and they confeſt they ſtole it from her.

Rich. And murthered her?

Sil. What aile you Man?

Rich. Why all this doth not make me mad.

Sil. It does, you would not offer this elſe, good *Pedro* looke to his ſword.

Ser. They do deny the killing of her, but ſwore they left her tyed to a tree, in the fields, next thoſe Suburbs that are without our Ladies gate, neer day, & by the rode, ſo that ſome paſſinger muſt needs unty her quickly.

And. The will of heaven be done? Sir I wil only entreat you this, that as you were the greateſt occaſion of her loſſe, that you will be pleaſed to urge your friends, and be your ſelfe earneſt in the ſearch of her; if ſhe be found, ſhe is yours, if ſhe pleaſe, I my ſelfe only, ſee theſe people better examin'd, and after follow ſome way in ſearch, God keepe you Gentlemen. *Exit.*

Sil. Alas good man!

Ric. VVhat think you now of me, I think this lump
Is nothing but a piece of fleagme congeal'd
VVithout a ſoule, for where theres ſo much ſpirit
As would but warm a flea, thoſe faults of mine
VVould make it glow and flame in this dull heart,
And run like molten gold through every ſin,
Till it could burſt theſe walls and fly away.
Shall I intreat you all to take your horſes,
And ſearch this innocent?

Ped. VVith all our hearts.

Ric. Do not devide your ſelves till you come there,
VVhere they ſay ſhe was ty'd, I'le follow too,
But never to return till ſhe be found.
Give me my ſword good *Pedro*, I will do
No harme believe me with it, I am now
Farre better temper'd; If I were not ſo,
I have enow beſides, God keep you all,
And ſend us good ſucceſſe. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius, Scæna Prima.

Enter Mercury and Servant.

Mer. WHo is it? can you tell?

Ser. By my troth Sir I know not, but 'tis a Gentlewoman

Mer. A Gentleman I'le lay my life you puppy, h'as ſent his wife to me: if he have, fling up the bed.

Ser. Here ſhe is Sir.

Enter VVife with a letter.

VVife. I am glad I found you Sir, there take your letter and keepe it till you have another friend to wrong, 'tis too malicious falſe to make me ſin, you have provoked mee to be that I love not, a talker, and you ſhall heare me.
VVhy ſhould you dare to imagine me
So light a huſwife, that from four hours knowledge
You might preſume to offer to my credite
This rude and ruffian tryall, I am ſure
I never courted you, nor gave you tokens,
That might concerne aſſurance, you are a foole.

Mer. I cannot blame you now, I ſee this letter
Though you be angry, yet with me you muſt not,
Unleſſe you'l make me guilty of a wrong,
My worſt affections hate——

VVife. Did not you ſend it?

Mer. No upon my faith, which is more, I under-

and it not ; the hand is as far from my knowledg, as the malice.

Wife. This is ſtrange.

Mer It is ſo, and had been ſtranger, and indeed more (hatefull, Had I, that have receiv'd ſuch courteſies, & owe ſo many Thanks, done this baſe office.

Wife. Your name is at it.

Mer. Yes, but not my nature, and I ſhall hate my name worſe then the manner , for this baſe broking ; you are wiſe and vertuous, remove this fault from me ; for on the love I beare to truth and goodneſſe , this letter dare not name me for the author.

Wife. Now I perceive my husbands knavery, if my man can but finde where he has been, I will goe with this Gentleman whatſoever comes on't *;* and as I meane to carry it both he and all the world ſhall thinke it fit, and thank me for it.

Mer. I muſt confeſſe I loved you, at firſt, however this made me leave your houſe unmannerly , that might provoke me to do ſomething ill, both to your honour & my faith, and not to write this letter , which I hold ſo truly wicked, that I will not thinke on't.

Wife. I do beleeve you, and ſince I ſee you are free , my words were not meant to you, but this is not the halfe of my affliction.

Mer. 'Tis pitty you ſhould know more vexation ; may I enquire?

Wife. Faith Sir I feare I have loſt my husband.

Mer. Your husband ? it cannot be *:* I pitty her , how ſhee's vext? *Enter Servant.*

Wife. How now? what news? nay ſpeake , for we muſt know.

Ser. Faith I have found at length by chance where he (has been

Wife. Where?

Ser. In a blind out-houſe in the Suburbs, pray God all be well with him.

Wife. Why?

Ser. There are his cloaths, but what's become of him, I cannot yet enquire.

Wife. I am glad of this ; ſure they have murtherd him, what ſhall I do?

Mer. Be not ſo grieved before you know the truth, you have time enough to weepe, this is the ſodainſt miſchiefe; did you not bring an Officer to ſearch there , where you ſay you found his cloaths.

Ser. Yes , and wee ſearcht it , and charg'd the fellow with him *;* but he like a rogue, ſtubborn rogue, made anſwer, he knew not where he was ; he had been there , but where he was now, he could not tell : I tell you true I fear him.

Wife. Are all my hopes and longings to enjoy him,
After this 3 yeares travell, come to this?

Ser. It is the rankeſt houſe in all the City , the moſt curſed roguy bawdi-houſe ? hell fire it.

Mer. This is the worſt I heard yet ; will you go home? I'le beare you company, and give you the beſt help I may *:* this being here will wrong you.

Wife. As you are a Gentleman, and as you loved your dead friend, let me not goe home, that will but heape one ſorrow on another.

Mer. Why purpoſe any thing and I'le perform't ; I am at my wits end too.

Ser. So am I, O my deare Maſter!

Mer. Peace you great foole.

Wife. Then good Sir cary me to ſome retired place, far from the ſight of this unhappy City, whether you will indeed, ſo it be far enough.

Mer. If I might councel you, I think 'twere better to go (home, and try what may be done yet , hee may bee at home afo you, who can tell?

Wife. O no, I know he's dead, I know hee's murder'd tell me not of going home, you murder me too.

Mer. Well, ſince it pleaſes you to have it ſo, I will more perſwade you to go home , I'le be your guide in t Countrey, as your griefe doth command me; I have a M ther dwelling from this place ſome 20. miles , the hou though homely , yet able to ſhew ſomething like a w come : thither I'le ſee you ſafe with all your ſorrows.

Wife. With all the ſpeed that may be thought upon have a Coach here ready, good Sir quickly ; I'le fit your fine husband.

Mer. It ſhall be ſo; if this fellow be dead, I ſee no band any other man, to tye me from my will, and I will fo low her with ſuch carefull ſervice , that ſhe ſhall either my Love or Wife ; will you walke in ?

Wife. I thank you Sir, but one word with my man, a I am ready ; keepe the *Iriſh* fellow ſafe , as you love yo life, for he I feare has a deep hand in this , then ſearch gen, & get out warrants for that naughty man, that ke the bad houſe, that he may anſwer it, if you find the bo give it due buriall ; farewell. You ſhall heare from m keep all ſafe. *Exeu*

Ser. O my ſweet Mr!

Antonio knocking within.

Ant. within. Man-a-cree, the Devill take thee, wilt th kill me here, I prethee now let me goe ſeeke my Mr. I ſh be very cheel elſe. *Enter Servant.*

Ser. Do you hear man-a-cree, i'le cree your coxcom and you keep not ſtill, down you rogue.

Ant. Good ſweet fact ſerving-man, let me out I beſe de, and by my trot I will give dye Worſhip 2. ſhillings good argott, to buy dy VVorſhip pippines.

Ser. This rogue thinks all the worth of man conſiſt Peepins ; by this light I'le beate rebellion out of you ever.

Ant. Wilt thou not heare me man ? is fet , i'le give t all I have about me.

Ser. I thank you Sir, ſo I may have picking worke,

Ant. Here is five ſhillings man,
Here is a cudgell, a very good one.

Enter two Serving-men.

2 *Ser.* How now, what's the matter, wher's the *Iriſh*

1 *Ser.* There, a wyth take him, he makes more noyſe lone there, then ten Lawyers can do with double & a fo vy Caſe.

2 *Ser.* Let him out, I muſt talke with him.

Enter *Antonio.*

Ant. Wilt thou give me ſome drinke, ô hone? I am v dry man.

2 *Ser.* You ſhall have that ſhall quench your thirſt, (frie

Ant. Fate doſt thou meane man.

2 *Ser.* Even a good tough halter.

Ant. A halter ? ô hone!

2 *Ser.* Sirha you are a miſchievous rogue, that's the (tru

Ant. No fet I am not.

1 *Ser* Shall I knocke out his braines ? I have kill'd d have been worth three of him for all uſes.

2 *Ser.* Sirah, the truth on't is , you muſt with mee Juſtice. O *Roger, Roger.*

1 *Ser.* Why, what's the matter *William?*

2 *Ser.* Heavy newes *Roger,* heavy newes, God comfo

1 *Ser.* What is't man?

Ant. What's the matter now ? I am e'ne weary of t way, would I were out on't.

1 *Ser.* My Mr. ſure is murdered , *Roger,* and this cu (ro feare has had a hand in't.

Ant. No fet not.

1 *Ser*. Stand away, i'le kickt out of him: come ſirha, mount, i'le make you dance, you Raſcall, kill my Maſter? If thy breech were cannon proofe, having this good cauſe on my ſide, I would encounter it; hold faire, *Shamrocke*.

Ant. Why how now ſirs? you wil not murder me indeed.

2 *ser*. Bleſſe us *Roger*!

Ant. Nay, I am no ſpirit.

2 *Ser*. How do you Sir, this is my very Maſter.

Ant. Why well enough yet, but you have a heavy foote of your owne; where's my wife?

1 *Ser*. Alas poor ſorrowfull Gentlewoman, ſhe thinks you are dead, and has given o're houſe-keeping.

Ant. Whether is ſhe gone then?

1 *ser*. Into the Countrey with the Gentleman your friend Sir, to ſee if ſhe can wear her ſorrows out there; ſhe weeps and takes on too too——

Ant. This falls out pat; I ſhall be everlaſting for a name: doe you hear? upon your lives and faiths to me, not one word I am living, but let the ſame report paſſe along, that I am murther'd ſtill; I am made for ever.

1 *Ser*. Why Sir?

Ant. I have a Cauſe Sir that's enough for you; well, if I be not famous, I am wrong'd much; for any thing I know I will not trouble him this weeke at leaſt, noe, let them take their way one of another.

1 *Ser*. Sir, will you be ſtill an *Iriſh-man*.?

Ant. Yes a while.

2 *Ser*. But your Worſhip will be beaten no more?

Ant. No I thanke you *William*.

1 *Ser*. In truth Sir, if it muſt be ſo, I'le doe it better then a ſtranger.

Ant. Goe, you are Knaves both, but I forgive you, I am almoſt mad with the apprehenſion of what I ſhall be, not a word I charge you. *Exeunt*.

Enter Valerio, and Viola.

Val. Come pretty ſoul, we now are neer our home,
And whilſt our horſes are walkt downe the hill,
Let thou and I walke here over this Cloſe:
The foot-way is more pleaſant, 'tis a time
My pretty one, not to be wept away,
For every living thing is full of love;
Art not thou ſo too? hah?

Vio. Nay, there are living things empty of love,
Or I had not been here, but for my ſelfe!
Alas, I have too much.

Val. It cannot be, that ſo much beauty, ſo much youth and grace ſhould have too much of love.

Vio. Pray what is love? for I am full of that I doe not (know.

Val. Why, love faire maid is an ex tream deſire,
That's not to be examin'd but fulfil'd,
To aske the reaſon why thou art in love,
Or what might be the nobleſt end in love,
Would overthrow that kindly riſing warmth,
That many times ſlides gently o're the heart,
'Twould make thee grave, & ſtaid thy thoughts would be,
Like a thrice married Widow, full of ends,
And void of all compaſſion, and to fright thee
From ſuch enquiry, whereas thou art now
Living in ignorance, mild, freſh, and ſweet,
And but ſixteen, the knowing what love is,
Would make thee ſixe and forty.

Vio. Would it would make me nothing, I have heard
Schollers affirme the world is upheld by love,
But I beleeve women maintain all this,
For ther's no love in men.

Val. Yes, in ſome men.

Vio. I know them not.

Val. Why, there is love in me.

Vio. Ther's charity I am ſure towards me.

Val. And love; which I will now expreſſe, my pretty (maide,
I dare not bring thee home, my Wife is foule,
And therefore envious, ſhe is very old,
And therefore Jealous; thou art faire and young,
A ſubject fit for her unlucky vices.
To worke upon, ſhe never will endure thee.

Vio. Shee may endure
If ſhe be ought, but Divell, all the friendſhip
That I will hold with you; can ſhe endure
I ſhould be thankfull to you? may I pray
For you and her, will ſhe be brought to thinke
That all the honeſt induſtry I have
Deſerves browne bread? if this may be endur'd,
Shee'l picke a quarrell with a ſleeping childe,
E're ſhe fall out with me.

Val. But truſt me ſhe doe's hate all handſomeneſſe.

Vio. How fell you in love with ſuch a creature?

Val. I never lov'd her.

Vio, And yet married her?

Val. Shee was a rich one.

Vio. And you ſwore I warrant you, ſhe was a faire one (then too.

Val. Or beleeve me I thinke I had not had her.

Vio. Are you men all ſuch? wood you wood wall us in (a place
Where all we women, that are innocent,
Might live together.

Val. Do not weep at this,
Although I dare not for ſome weighty reaſon
Diſpleaſe my Wife, yet I forget not thee.

Vio. VVhat will you do with me?

Val. Thou ſhalt be plac'd
At my mans houſe, and have ſuch food and rayment
As can be bought with money: theſe white hands
Shall never learn to worke, but they ſhall play
As thou ſaiſt they were wont, teaching the ſtrings
To move in order, or what elſe thou wilt.

Vio. I thanke you Sir, but pray you cloath me poorly,
And let my labour get me meanes to live.

Val. But faire one, you I know do ſo much hate
A foule ingratitude, you will not looke
I ſhould do this for nothing.

Vio. I will worke as much out as I can, and take as litle
That you ſhall have as duly paid to you
As ever ſervant did.

Val. But give me now a tryall on't, I may beleeve
We are alone, ſhew me how thou wilt kiſſe
And hug me hard, when I have ſtolne away
From my too clamorous Wife that watches me,
To ſpend a bleſſed houre or two with thee.

Vio. Is this the love you mean? you would have that
Is not in me to give, you would have luſt.

Val. Not to diſſemble, or to mince the word,
'Tis luſt I wiſh indeed.

Vio. And by my troth I have it not: for heavens ſake uſe mee kindely.
Though I be good, and ſhew perhaps a monſter,
As this world goes.

Val. I doe
But ſpeak to thee, thy anſwers are thy owne,
I compell none, but if thou refuſe this motion,
Thou art not then for me; alas good ſoule?
What profit can thy worke bring me.

Vio. But I feare: I pray goe, for luſt they ſay will grow
Outragious being deni'd, I give you thankes
For all your courteſies, and there's a Jewell
That's worth the taking, that I did preſerve
Safe from the robbers, pray you leave me here

Juſt as you found me, a poor innocent,
And Heaven will bleſſe you for it.

Val. Pretty maid I am no Robber nor no Raviſher,
I pray thee keepe thy Jewel, I have done
No wrong to thee, though thou beeſt vertuous
And in extremity, I doe not know,
That I am bound to keepe thee.

Viol. No ſir, for gods ſake if you know an honeſt man in all theſe countries, give me ſome directions to find him out.

Val. More honeſt then my ſelfe good ſooth I doe not know; I would have lain with thee with thy conſent, and who would not in all theſe parts, is paſt my memory, I am ſorry for thee, farwell gentle maid, god keepe thee ſafe. *Exit.*

Vio. I thanke you ſir, and you;
Woman they ſay, was onely made of man,
Me thinks tis ſtrange they ſhould be ſo unlike,
It may be all the beſt was cut away
To make the woman and the nought was left
Behind with him, I'le ſit me downe and weepe,
All things have caſt me from 'em but the earth;
The evening comes and every little flower
Droops now, as well as I.

Enter two Milkmaides with pailes.

Nan. Good *Madg* lets reſt a little, by my troth I am weary, this new pail is a plaguy heavie one, would *Tom* were hang'd for chooſing it, 'tis the antowardſt foole in a Country.

Mag. With all my heart, and I thanke you too, Nan.

Vio. What true contented happineſſe dwells here,
More then in Cities? wood to God my father
Had lived like one of theſe and bred me up
To milke and doe as they doe: me thinks
Tis a life that I wood chooſe, if I were now
To tell my time agen, above a princes; maids for charity
Give a poore wench one draught of Milke
That wearineſſe and hunger have nigh famiſht.

Nan. If I had but one Cows Milke in all the world, you ſhould have ſome on't; there, drink more, the cheeſe ſhall pay for it, alas poore heart! ſhees dry.

Mag. Doe you dwell here abouts?

Vio. No, would I did.

Nan. Madge if ſhe do not looke like my coſen Sue o'th more lane as one thing can looke like another——

Mag. Nay Sue has a hazell eye, I know Sue well, and by your leave not ſo trim a body neither, this is a feate bodied thing I tell you.

Nan. She laces cloſe by the maſſe I warrant you, and ſo does Sue too.

Vio. I thanke you for your gentleneſſe faire maids.

Nan. Drinke agen pray thee.

Vio. I am ſatisfied, and heaven reward thee for't, yet thus far I will compell you to accept theſe trifles, toyes onely that expreſſe my thanks, for greater worth, I'm ſure they have not in them; indeed you ſhall, I found e'm as I came.

Nan. Madge, look you here Madge.

Mag. Nay I have as fine a one as you, mine's all gold and painted, and pretious ſtone in't; I warrant it coſt a crowne wench.

Nan. But mine is the moſt ſumptuous one that ere I ſaw.

Viol. One favour you muſt doe me more, for you are well acquainted here.

Nan. Indeed wee'le doe you any kindneſſe ſiſter.

Vio. Onely to ſend me to ſome honeſt place, where I may finde a ſervice.

Nan. Vds me, our Dorithy went away but laſt weeke and I know my Miſtris wants a Maid, and why may ſh not be placed there? this is a likely wench I tell you tru ly, and a good wench I warrant her.

Mag. And tis a hard caſe if wee that have ſerved fou yeares apiece cannot bring in one ſervant, we will prefe her; harke you ſiſter, pray what's your name?

Viol. Melvia.

Nan. A feate name ifaith; and can you milke a Cow and make a merry-buſh? that's nothing.

Vio. I ſhall learne quickly.

Nan. And dreſſe a houſe with flowers? and ſerve a pigg this you muſt doe, for we deale in the dary, and make bed or two?

Vio. I hope I ſhall.

Nan. But be ſure to keepe the men out, they will ma all that you make elſe, I know that by myſelfe; for I ha been ſo touz'd among e'm in my days, come you ſhall e home with us and be our fellow, our houſe is ſo hone and we ſerve a very good woman, and a Gentlewoma and we live as merrily, and dance a good dayes after eve ſong, our wake ſhall be on Sunday; doe you know wh a wake is? we have mighty cheer then, and ſuch a coy 'twould bleſſe ye; you muſt not be ſo baſhfull, you'l ſpoi all.

Mag. Let's home for Gods ſake, my Miſtris thinkes b this time we are loſt, come wee'l have a care of you, I wa rant you; but you muſt tell my Miſtris where you we borne, and every thing that belongs to you, & the ſtra geſt things you can deviſe, for ſhe loves thoſe extream 'tis no matter whether they be true or no, ſhee's not ſcrupulous; you muſt be our ſiſter, and love us beſt, a tell us every thing, and when cold weather comes wee'l together, will you do this?

Viola. Yes.

Nan. Then home again a gods name, can you go apa

Vio. I warrant you. *Exeu*

Actus Quartus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Pedro and Vberto, ſeverally.

Pedro. How now, any good newes yet?

Siluio. Faith not any yet.

Ped. This comes a tipling; would 'twere treaſon a pleas'd God to drinke more then three draughts a meale.

Sil. When did you ſee *Richardo*?

Ped. I croſt him twice to day.

Sil. You have heard of a young wench that was ſeen l (nigh

Ped. Yes.

Sil. Has *Richard* hard of this?

Ped. Yes and I thinke hee's ridden after, farewell I have another round.

Sil. If you heare any thing, pray ſpare no horſe-fle I'le do the like.

Ped. Do. *Exeu*

Enter Richardo, and Valerio.

Rich. Sir, I did thinke 'twas you by all diſcriptions.

Val. Tis ſo,
I tooke her up indeed, the manner how
You have heard already, and what ſhe had about her,
As Iewels, gold and other trifling things:
And what my end was, which becauſe ſhe ſlighted,
I left her there i'the feildes.

Rich. Left i'th feildes? could any but a Rogue
That had deſpis'd humanity and goodneſſe,

Co

God, law and credit? and had ſet himſelfe
To looſe his nobleſt part,and be a beaſt,
Have left ſo innocent, unmatch'd a virtue,
To the rude mercy of a wilderneſſe?
Val. Sir If you come to raile, pray quit my houſe,
I do not uſe to have ſuch language given;
Within my doores to me; for your wench,
You may go ſeeke her with more patience,
Shee's tame enough I warrant you.
Ric. Pray forgive me.
I do confeſſe my much forgetfullneſſe;
And weigh my words no farther I be ſeech you,
Then a meere madneſſe; for ſuch a griefe has ſeiz'd mee
So ſtrong and deadly,as a puniſhment,
And a juſt one too,
That 'tis a greater wonder I am living,
Then any thing I utter;yet let me tel you thus much,
'Twas a fault for leaving her
So in the fieldes.
Val. Sir I will thinke ſo now, and credit me,
You have ſo wrought me with your griefe, that I
Do both forgive and pitty you:
And if youle pleaſe to take a bed this night heere;
Too morrow I'le bring you where I left her.
Rich. I thanke you, no, ſhall I be ſo unworthy,
To think upon a bed, or eaſe or comfort,
And have my heart ſtray from me God knowes where,
Cold and forſaken, deſtitute of friends,
And all good comforts elſe, unleſſe ſome tree
Whoſe ſpeechleſſe charity muſt better ours,
With which the bitter eaſt winds made thier ſport
And ſung through hourely, hath invited her
To keep off halfe a day? ſhall ſhee be thus,
And I draw in ſoft ſlumbers? God forbid.
No, night and bitter coldneſſe I provoke thee,
And all the dewes that hang upon thy locks, (prime
Showers, hailes, ſnowes,froſts, & two edged windes that
The maiden bloſſoms, I provoke you all,
And dare expoſe this body to your ſharpneſſe,
'Till I be made a land marke.
Val. Will you then ſtay and eate with mee?
Rich. Y'are angry with me, I know you'r angry,
You would not bid me eate elſe; my poore Miſtris,
For ought I know thou art famiſh't, for what elſe
Can the feilds yeeld thee, and the ſtubborne ſeaſon,
That yet holds in the fruite? good Gentle Sir,
Thinke not ill manners in mee for denying
Your offer'd meate, for ſure I canno t eate
While I do thinke ſhe wants; well I'me a raſcall;
A villaine, ſlave, that onely was begotten,
To murder women and of them the beſt.
Val. This is a ſtrange affliction.
If you'le accept no greater courtiſy, yet drink Sir.
Ric. Now I am ſure you hate me, and you knew
What kinde of man I am, as indeed 'tis fitt,
That every man ſhould know me to avoide me.
If you have peace within you Sir, or goodneſſe
Name that abhor'd word drinke no more unto mee,
You had ſafer ſtrike me.
I pray you do not, if you love me do not.
Val. Sir, I meane no ill by it.
Rich. It may be ſo,
Nor let me ſee
None ſir, if you love heaven;
You know not what offence it is unto mee,
Nor good now, do not aske me why:
And I warne you once againe, let no man elſe ſpeake of't,
I feare your ſervants will be prating to me.
Val. Why Sir what aile you?
Rich. I hate drinke, ther's the end on't,
And that man that drinkes with meate is dambn'd
without an age of prayers and repentance,
And ther's a hazard too; good Sir no more,
If you will do me a free courtiſy;
That I ſhall know for one, go take your horſe,
And bring me to the place where you left her:
Val. Since you are ſo importunate I will;
But I will wiſh Sir you had ſtay'd to night
Upon my credit, you ſhall ſee no drinke.
Rich. Be gon the hearing of it makes me giddy,
Sir will you be intreated to forbeare it,
I ſhall be mad elſe.
Val. I pray no more of that,I am quiet,
I'le but walke in and away ſtraight.
Rich. Now I thanke you,
But what you do, do in a twinckling, Sir.
Val. As ſoone as may bee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mother, Viola, and 2. Milckmaides.

Moth. Is this the wench? you have brought me ſome catch I warrant;
How injuringly ſhe looks upon the matter?
Madge. Yes forſooth this is the maiden.
Moth. Come hither, wood you ſerve?
Viola If it ſhalt pleaſe you to accpt my ſervice I hope I ſhall do ſomething that ſhall like you, though it be but truth, and often praying for you.
Moth. You are very curious of your hand me thinks,
You preſerve it ſo with gloves, let me ſee it;
I marry,here's a hand of march-pane wenches:
This pretty palme never knew ſorrow yet;
How ſoft it is I warrant you, and ſupple:
O' my word this is fitter for a pocket to filch withall
Then to worke, I feare me little one,
You are no better then you ſhonld be; goe too.
Vio. My Conſcience yet is but one witneſſe to me,
And that heaven knows is of mine innocence,
Tis true, I muſt confeſſe, with ſhame enough,
The time that I have lead yet never taught me
What t'was to breake a ſleep,or to be weary.
Moth. You can ſay well: if you be mine, Wench, you muſt doe well too, for words are but ſlow workers, yet ſo much hope I have of you, that I'le take you ſo you'l bee diligent, and do your duty: how now?

Enter Alexander.

Alex. There is a meſſenger come from your ſon
That brings you word he is return'd from travell,
And will be here this night.
Moth. Now joy upon thee for it, thou art ever
A bringer of good tidings, there, drinke that:
In troth thou haſt much contented me, my ſon?
Lord how thou haſt pleas'd me, ſhall I ſee my Son
Yet e're I dye? take care my houſe be handſome,
And the new ſtooles ſet out, and boughes and ruſhes,
And flowers for the window,and the Turky Carpet,
And the great parcell ſalt, *Nan*, with the Cruets,
And prethee *Alexander* goe to the Cooke,
And bid him ſpare for nothing, my ſon's come home,
Who's come with him?
Alex. I heare of none yet, but a GentleWoman?
Moth. A Gentlewoman? what Gentlewoman.
Alex. I know not.but ſuch a one there is, he ſayes.
Moth. Pray God he have not caſt away himſelfe
Upon ſome ſnout-faire piece, I do not like it.
Alex. No ſure, my Maſter has more diſcretion.
Moth. Well, be it how it will, he ſhall be welcome.
Sirs, to your tasks, and ſhew this little novice

How to beſtir her ſelfe, I'le ſort out things. *Exit.*

Madg. We will forſooth, I can tell you my miſtris is a ſtirring woman.

Nan. Lord how ſhee'le talke ſome times? tis the maddeſt cricket———

Vio. Mee thinks ſhe talkes well, and ſhewes a great deale of good huſwifry, pray let me deck the chambers, ſhall I?

Nan. Yes you ſhall, but doe not ſcorne to be avis'd ſiſter, for there belongs more to that then you are aware on; why would you venture ſo fondly upon the ſtrowings? ther's mighty matters in them I'le aſſure you, and in the ſpreading of a bough pot, you may miſſe if you were ten yeares elder, if you take not a ſpeciall care before you.

Vio. I will learne willingly, if that be all.

Nan. Sirrah where is't they ſay my young maſter hath beene?

Mag. Faith I know not, beyond the ſea, where they are borne without noſes.

Nan. Ieſſe bleſſe us! without noſes? how doe they doe for handkerchers?

Mag. So Richard ſaies, and ſirrah, their feet ſtands in their foreheads.

Nan. Thats fine by my troth, theſe men have peſtilence running heads then; doe they ſpeake as we doe?

Mag. No, they never ſpeake.

Nan. Are they curſend?

Mag. No they call them Infidells, I know not what they are.

Nan. Sirrah we ſhall have fine courting now my young maſter is come home, were you never courted ſiſter?

Vio. Alas I know it not.

Mag. What is that courting ſirrah?

Nan. I can tell, for I was once courted in the matted chamber, you know the party Madge, faith hee courted finely.

Mag. Pray thee what iſt?

Nan. Faith nothing but he was ſome what figent with me, faith tis fine ſport, this courting.

Alex.within. Where be the Maids there?

Mag. We ſhall be hang'd anon, away good wenches, and a care you dight things handſomely, I will looke over you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mercury and Maria.

Mer. If your ſorrow will give you ſo far leave, pray thinke your ſelfe moſt welcome to this place, for ſo upon my life you are, and for your owne faire ſake, take truce a while with theſe immoderate mournings.

Wife. I thanke you ſir, I ſhall doe what I may;
Pray leade me to a chamber.

Enter Mother and Alexander.

Mer. Preſently,
Before your bleſſing mother, I entreate ye
To know this Gentlewoman, and bid her welcome,
The vertuous wife of him that was my ſelfe
In all my travells.

Moth. Indeed ſhe is moſt welcom, ſo are you ſon(*kneele.*
Now all my bleſsing on thee; thou haſt made me
Younger by 20 yeares, then I was yeſterday,
Will you walke in? what ayles this Gentlewoman?
Alas I feare ſhe is not well, good Gentlewoman.

Mer. You feare right.

Moth. She has faſted over long,
You ſhall have ſupper preſently o'th boord.

Mer. She will not eate I can aſſure you mother,
For Gods ſake let your maide conduct her up
Into ſome faire becomming Chamber
Fit for a woman of her being and
As ſoone as may be,
I know ſhee's very ill, and wood have reſt.

Moth. There is one ready for her, the blew chamber.

Mer. Tis well, I'le leade you to your Chamber doo
And there I'le leave you to your quiet, Miſtris.

Wife. I thanke you Sir, good reſt to every one,
You'le ſee me once againe to night I hope. Ex

Mer. When you ſhall pleaſe, I'le waite upon you Lady.

Moth. Where are theſe maides attend upon the Gentl woman, and ſee ſhe want no good thing in the hou goodnight with all my heart forſooth, good Lord ho you are growne? is he not *Alexander?*

Allex. Yes truly he's ſhot up finely god be thanked.

Mer. An ill weed Mother will do ſo.

Allex. You ſay true Sir, an ill weede growes a pace.

Mer. *Allexander* the ſharpe, you take me very quickly.

Moth. Nay I can tell, *Allexander* will do it, do you re madcapp ſtill?

Allex. Some times forſooth.

Moth. But faith ſon what countries have you travel

Mer. Why many, Mother, as they lay befor me, *Fran* *Spaine*, *Italy* and *Germany*, and other Provinces that la ſure you are not betterd by, when you heare of them.

Moth. And can you theſe tongues perfectly?

Mer. Of ſome a little, Mother.

Moth. Pray ſpout ſome french ſonne.

Mer. You underſtand it not, and to your eares 'tw go like an unſhod cart upon the ſtones, onely a rough u handſome ſound.

Moth. Faith I would faine heare ſome french.

Allex. Good Sir ſpeake ſome french to my Miſtris.

Mer. At your entreaty *Allexander*, I will, who ſha ſpeake to?

Allex. If your worſhip will do me the favour Sir, to m

Mer. *Mounſeir, Poultron, Coukew, Cullione, Beſay, Man*

Allex. *Awe Mounſeir.*

Moth. Ha, ha, ha, this fine indeed, gods bleſſing 'on th hart Son, by my troth thou art growne a proper Gentl man, cullen and pullen, good god what aucey words th uſe beyond the ſeas, ha, ha, ha?

Allex. Did not you ſweare right?

Mer. Yes good *Allexander*, if you had done ſo to But good Mother I am very hungry and have rid far day and am faſting.

Moth. You ſhall have your ſupper preſently my ſw Sonne.

Mer. As ſoone as you pleaſe, which once ended,
I'le go and viſit you ſicke gentlewoman.

Mo. Come then. Exeu

Enter Antonio, like a Poſt, with a letter.

Ant. I have ridden like a fury to make up this wo and I will do it bravely ere I leave it, this is the hou am ſure.

Enter. Allexander.

Allex. Whood you ſpeake with Sir?

Ant. Marry Sir I would ſpeake with a Gentlewom came this night late heere from the City, I have ſo letters of Importance to her, I am a Poſt Sir and would diſpatch'd in haſt.

Allex. Sir, cannot I deliver 'em? for the truth is ſhee and in her chamber.

Ant. Pray pardon me I muſt needes ſpeake with her, buſineſſe is ſo weighty.

Allex. I'le tell her ſo, and bring you preſent word.

Ant. Pray do ſo, and I'le attend her, pray god griefe of my imaginde death ſpoyle not what I inte hope it will not.

En

Enter Allexander.

Allex. Though ſhe be very ill, and deſires no trouble, Yet if your buſineſſe be ſo urgent, you may come up and ſpeake with her.

Ant. I thanke you Sir, I follow you. *Exeit. Allex.*

Enter *Wife.*

Wife. What ſhould this fellow be i'th name of heaven that comes with ſuch Poſt buſineſſe? ſure my husband hath reveal'd himſelfe, and in this haſt ſent after me, are you the Poſt my friend?

Enter *Antonio.*

Ant. Yes for ſooth Miſtris. (Poſt?

Wife. What good newes haſt thou brought me gentle
For I have woe and griefe too much already.

Ant. I would you had leſſe, Miſtris, I could wiſh it, beſhrow my hart ſhe moves me cruelly.

Wife. Have I found you once more Iugler? well Iewell, thou haſt onely vertue in thee, of all I read of yet; what eares has this aſſe to betray him with? well, what's your buſineſſe then?

Ant. I have brought a letter from your ſervant, Miſtris, in haſt.

Wife. Pray give it me, I hope the beſt ſtill.

Ant. This is the upſhot and I know I have hit it,
Well if the ſpirits of the dead do walke, I ſhall
Heare more of this one hundred yeares hence.

Wife. By any meanes you muſt have ſpeciall care, for now the Citty is poſſeſt for certaine, my Maſter is made away, which for ought I knowe is a truth indeed; good Miſtris leave your griefe and ſee your danger, and let that wiſe and noble Gentleman with whome you are, bee your right hand in all things.

Ant. Now do I know I have the better on't by the languiſhing of her eye at this neere inſtant, 'tis ſtil ſimming in her blood, in coyning ſomewhat to turne *Mercury* I know it.

Wife. He is my husband, and 'tis reaſonable he ſhould command in all things, ſince he will be an aſſe againſt the haire at his one perill be it, in the morne you ſhall have a packet, 'till I muſt intreate you ſtay, you ſhall not looſe by it.

Ant. I do not doubt it, Miſtris; I'le leave you to your reſt and waite your pleaſure.

Wife. Do, and ſpeake out the Gentleman of the houſe, bid him come to me preſently.

Ant. Who, Mr. *Mercury*?

Wife. Do you know him, poſt?

Ant. Onely by ſight forſooth, now I remember your ſervant wild me to let you know he is the onely man, you and your fortunes, are now to reſt upon.

Wife. Prethee no more, I know all this already.

Ant I'le take my leave now, I am made for ever. *Exit.*

Wife. Good night I am provided for you my fine youth *Exit.*

Enter Mother beating Viola, Allexander, with a broken glaſſe.

Mother. I'le make thee have more care.

Viola. Good Miſtris pardon me.

Moth. Thou't neere be good I warrant thee, can your fine fingers hold no faſter?

Viola. Indeed it was againſt my will.

Moth. Allexander, let's ſee the glaſſe, as I am true kirſome woman, it is one of the chriſtall glaſſes my cozen ſent mee and the baggage hath broake it where it cannot bee mended, *Allexander*, can *Humfrey* mend this thinke you?

Allex. No truly this will neere be mended.

Vola. Truly I meant but to waſh it for the Gentlewoman, that is ſick above, and ſhaking out the water, knockt it againſt the paile ſide.

Moth. Did you ſo? be ſure I'le ſtop it, 'twill make a good gap in your quarters wages, can tell you.

Viola. I pray forgive me, and let me have no wages this firſt quarter.

Moth. Go whimling, and fetch two or three grating loaves out of the kitching, to make gingerbread of, 'tis ſuch an untoward thing. *Exit. Viola.*

Allex. Shee's ſomewhat ſimple indeed, ſhe knew not what a kimnell was, ſhe wants good nurture mightily.

Moth. My Sonne tells me, *Allexander*, that this young widdow meanes to ſojourne here, ſhe offers largly for her board, I may offer her good cheere, preythee make a ſtep i'th morning downe to the parſonage for ſome Pigions? what are you mad there; what noyſe is that? are you at bowles within? why do you whine?

Enter Viola, weeping.

Viola. I have done another fault, I beſeech you ſweete Miſtris ofrgive me.

Mother. What's the matter.

Viola. As I was reaching for the bread that lay upon the ſhelfe, I have throwne downe the minct meate, that ſhould have made the pyes to morrow.

Moth. Get thee out of my houſe thou filthy deſtroying Harlot, thou, I'le not keepe thee an howre longer.

Viola. Good Miſtris beate me rather for my fault as much as it deſerves, I do not know whether to go.

Moth. No I warrant thee, out of my dores.

Viola. Indeed I'le mend, I pray ſpeake you for me.

Allex. If thou had'ſt hurl'd downe any thing but the pye meate, I would have ſpoake for thee, but I cannot finde in my hart now.

Moth. Art thou here yet? I thinke I muſt have an officer to thruſt thee out of my dores, muſt I?

Viola. Why you may ſtop this in my wages too,
For Gods ſake do, I'le finde my ſelfe this yeare;
And let me ſtay.

Mer. Thou't ſpoyle ten times as much, I'le cudgell thee out of my dores.

Viola. I am aſſur'd you are more mercifull,
Then thus to beate me and diſcharge me too.

Moth. Doſt thou diſpute with mee, *Allexander* carry the prating hilding forth.

Viola. Good Miſtris heare me I have heere a Jewell,
My Mother left me and 'tis ſomething worth:
Receive it and when all my faultes together
Come to the worth of that, then turne me forth,
'Till then I pray you keep mee.

Moth. What giggombob have wee here? pray god you have not pilfer'd this ſome where; th'art ſuch a puling thing, wipe your eyes, and riſe go your wayes, *Allexander*, bid the Cook mince ſome more meate, come and get you to bed quickly that you may up betime i'th morning a milking or you and I ſhall fall out worſe yet.

Exit Mother and Allexander.

Viola. She has hurt my arme; I am a fraid, ſhe is a very angry woman, but bleſſe him heaven that did me the moſt wrong, I am a fraide *Antonious* wife ſhould ſee mee, ſhe will knowe mee

Mother within. Melvia.

Viola. I am coming, ſhee's not angry agen I hope. *Exit.*

Enter Mercury.

Mer. Now what am I the better for enjoying
This woman that I lov'd? ſo all I finde,
That I before immaginde to be happy:
Now I have done, it turnes to nothing elſe
But a poore pittied and a baſe repentance,
Udsfoote I am monſtrous angry with my ſelfe:

Why ſhould a man that has diſcourſe and reaſon,
And knowes how neere he looſes all in theſe things,
Covet to have his wiſhes ſatisfied;
Which when they are, are nothing but the ſhame
I do begin to loath this woman ſtraingly,
And I thinke juſtly too, that durſt adventure,
Flinging away her modeſty to take
A ſtranger to her bed, her husbands body
Being ſcarce cold in the earth for her content,
It was no more to take my ſences with,
Then if I had an idle dream had in ſleep
Yet I have made her promiſes : which grieves me,
And I muſt keep 'em too, I thinke ſhe hunts me :
The Devill cannot keep theſe women off,
When they are fletched once.

Enter VVife in night atire.

VVife. To bed for gods ſake Sir, why do you ſtay heer?
Some are up i'th houſe, I hard the wife,
Good deare ſweete hart to bed.
Merc. Why I am going? why do you follow me?
You would not have it knowne I hope, pray get you
Back to your chamber, the dores hard by for mee,
Let me alone I warrant you, this it is
To threſh well, I have got a cuſtomer,
Will you go to bed?
VVife. Will you?
Mer. Yes I am going.
VVife. Then remember your promiſe you made to marry mee.
Mer. I will, but it was your fault, that it came
To this pinch now, that it muſt neede remembrance:
For out of honeſty I offer'd you
To marry you firſt, why did you ſlacke that offer?
Wife. Alas I told you the inconvenience of it,
And what wrong it would appeare to the world
If I had married you in ſuch poſt haſt
After his death : beſide, the fooliſh people
VVould have beene bold to have thought wee had lyen together in his time, and like enough imagin'd
VVe two had murthered him.
Mer. I love her tongue yet,
If I were a Saint
A gilded Saint, and ſuch a thing as this
Should prate thus wittily and feelingly
Unto my holineſſe, I cannot tell,
But I feare ſhrewdly I ſhould doe ſomething
That would quite ſcratch me out o'the Kallender,
And if I ſtay longer talking with her,
Though I am mad at what I have done already,
Yet I ſhall forget my ſelfe againe;
I feele the Divell
Ready to hold my ſtirrop; pray to bed, god-night.
Wife. This kiſſe, god-night ſweet Love,
And peace goe with thee : thou haſt prov'd thy ſelfe
The honeſteſt man that ever was entic'd
To that ſweet ſin as people pleaſe to call it,
Of lying with anothers VVife, and I,
I thinke the honeſteſt woman without bluſhing,
That ever lay with another man, I ſent my husband
Into a Cellar, poſt, fearing, and juſtly,
He ſhould have knowne him, which I did not purpoſe
Till I had had my end.
VVell, now this plot is perfect, let him bragge on't.
Exit.

Actus Quintus Scena Prima.

Enter Juſtice, and Curio with a paper.

Juſt. BIrlady Sir you have rid hard that you have.
Cur. They that have buſineſſe muſt do ſo I take it.
Juſt. You ſay true, when ſet you out my friend?
Cur. A bout ten a clock and I have rid all night.
Juſt. By the maſſe you are tough indeed, I have ſee the day, I would have rid too with the proudeſt of the and fling durt in their faces, and I have don't with th foolish boy ſir many a time; but what can laſt alwayes? 't done, 'tis done now Sir, age, care, and office, brings u to our footecloathes, the more the pitty.
Curio. I believe that Sir, but will it pleaſe you to rea the buſineſſe?
Juſt. My friend I can read an I can tell you when.
Cur. Would I could too Sir, for my haſt requires it.
Juſt. Whence comes it do you ſay?
Cur. Sir from the Citty.
Juſtice. O from the City 'tis a reverent place.
Curio. And his juſtice bee as ſhort as his memory,
A Dudgion Dagger will ſerve him to mow downe ſin withall,
What clod pole Commiſſioner is this?
Juſt. And by my faith govern'd by worthy member,
Diſcreete and upright.
Curio. Sir they are beholding to you, you have giv ſome of them a commendations, they were not worth of this twenty yeares.
Juſt. Go to go to, you have a merry meaning, I ha found you ſir ifaith, you are a wag, away, fye, now I'le rea Your letter.
Curio. Pray do ſir; what a miſery 'tis,
To have an urgent buſineſſe, wait the Juſtice,
Of ſuch an old Tufftaffity that knowes not,
Nor can be brought to underſtand more ſence,
Then how to reſtore ſuppreſt Ale-houſes,
And have his man compound ſmall treſpaſſes,
For ten groates.
Juſt. Sir it ſeems here your buſineſſe is of deeper circum ſtance then I conceiv'd it for; what do you meane Sir?
Cur. 'Tis for mine owne eaſe I'le aſſure your VVorſhi
Juſt. It ſhall not be ifaith friend, here I have it,
That one *Antonio* a Gentleman, I take it ſo,
Yes it is ſo, a Gentleman is lately thought to
Have been made away, and by my faith upon a
Perles ground too, if you conſider; wel, there's
Knavery in't, I ſee that without ſpectacles.
Cur. Sure this fellow deals in revelation he's ſo hidd
Goe thy wayes, thou wilt ſticke a bench ſpit as formall
And ſhew thy agot, and hatch'd chaine
As well as the beſt of them.
Juſt. And now I have conſider'd, I beleeve it.
Cur. VVhat Sir?
Juſt. That he was murdered.
Cur. Did you know him?
Juſt. No.
Cur. Nor how it is ſuppos'd.
Juſt. No, nor I care not two-pence, thoſe are toyes a yet I verily beleeve hee was murdered, as ſure as I bele thou art a man, I never failde in theſe things yet, wear man that's beaten to theſe matters, experience is a certai conceal'd thing that failes not; pray let me aske you c
thi

thing, why doe you come to me?

Cur. Becauſe the letter is addreſt to you, being the neareſt Juſtice.

Iuſt. The neareſt*?* is that all*?*

Cur. I thinke it be Sir, I would be loth you ſhould bee the wiſeſt.

Iuſt. Well Sir, as it is, I will endeavour in it; yet if it had come to me by name, I know not, but I thinke it had beene as ſoone diſpatcht as by another, and with as round a wiſedome, I, and as happily, but that's all one*:* I have borne this place this thirty yeares, and upwards, and with ſufficient credit*:* and they may when they pleaſe, know me better; to the neareſt? well.

Curio. Sir, it is not my fault, for had I knowne you ſooner———

Iuſt. I thanke you Sir, I know it.

Cur. I'le beſworne you ſhould have plaid for any buſineſſe now.

Iuſtice And further, they have ſpecified unto mee, his Wife is ſorely ſuſpected in this matter, as a maine cauſe,

Curio I thinke ſhe be Sir, for no other cauſe can be yet found.

Iuſt. And one *Mercury* a traveller, with whom they ſay directly ſhee is runne away, and as they thinke this way.

Cur. I knew all this before.

Iuſtice. Well Sir, this *Mercury* I know, and his breeding, a neighbours childe hard by, you have been happy Sir in comming hither.

Cur. Then you know where to have him Sir?

Iuſt. I do Sir, he dwells neare me.

Cur. I doubt your Worſhip dwels neare a Knave then.

Iuſt. I think ſo; pray put on*:* but 'tis a wonder
To ſee how graceleſſe people are now given,
And how baſe vertue is accounted with them
That ſhould be all in all as ſayes a wiſe man.

I tell you Sir, and it is true, that there have beene ſuch murthers, and of late dayes, as 'twould make your very heart bleede in you, and ſome of them as I ſhall bee enabled I will tell you, it fell out of late dayes.

Cur. It may be ſo, but will it pleaſe you to proceede in this?

Iuſt. An honeſt Weaver, and as good a work-man as ere ſhot ſhuttle, and as cloſe: but every man muſt dye; this honeſt Weaver being a little mellow in his Ale, that was the evidence *verbatim*, Sir, God bleſſe the marke, ſprung his necke juſt in this place: wel *Iarvis*, thou hadſt wrongs, & if I live ſome of the beſt ſhall ſweat fort, then a wench———

Cur. But Sir you have forgot my buſineſſe.

Iuſt. A ſober pretty maide about 17. they ſay, certainly howſoever 'tis ſhuffled, ſhee burſt her ſelfe, and fondly, if it be ſo, with Furmety at a Churching, but I thinke the Divell had another agent in't: either of which if I can catch ſhall ſtretch for't.

Cur. This is a mad Juſtice that will hang the Devill; but I would you would be ſhort in this, before that other notice can be given?

Iuſtice. Sir I will doe diſcreetly what is fitting; what, *Antonio?*

Ant. within. Your Worſhip?

Iuſt. Put on your beſt coate, and let your fellow *Marke* goe to the Conſtable & bid him aide me with all the ſpeed hee can, and all the power, and provide pen and inke to take their Confeſſions, and my long ſword, I cannot tell what danger wee may meete with; you'le goe with us?

Curio. Yes, what elſe? I came to that end to accuſe both parties.

Iuſt. May I crave what you are?

Cur. Faith Sir one that to be knowne would not profit you, more then a meere Kinſman of the dead *Antonio's.*

Iuſt. 'Tis well, I am ſorry for my neighbour, truly, that hee had no more grace, 'twill kill his Mother; ſhee's a good olde woman, will you walke in? I'le but put my Cloake on, and my Chaine off, and a cleane band, and have my ſhooes blackt over, and ſhift my Jerkin, and wee'l to our buſineſſe, and you ſhall ſee how I can bolt theſe matters.

Cur. As ſoone as't pleaſe you Sir. *Exit.*

Enter Valerio, and Richardo.

Val. This is the place; here did I leave the Maid
Alone laſt night drying her tender eyes,
Uncertaine what to do, and yet deſirous
To have me gone.
Rich. How rude are all we men,
That take the name of *Civill* to our ſelves*?*
If ſhe had ſet her foote upon an earth
Where people live that we call barbarous;
Though they had had no houſe to bring her too,
They would have ſpoil'd the glory that the ſpring
Has deckt the trees in, and with willing hands
Have torne their branches downe, and every man
Would have become a builder for her ſake.
What time left you her there?
Val. I left her, when the Sun had ſo much to ſet,
As he is now got from his place of riſe.
Rich. So near the night ſhe could not wander far;
Faire *Viola*?
Val. It is in vaine to call, ſhe ſought a houſe
Without all queſtion.
Rich. Peace, faire *Viola*?
Faire *Viola?* who ſhould have left her here
On ſuch a ground? if you had meant to looſe her,
You might have found there were no Inches here
To take her name and carry it about,
When her true Lover came to mourn for her,
Till all the neighbouring valleys and the hills,
Reſounded *Viola*,———
And ſuch a place,
You ſhould have choſe———
You pity us becauſe
The dew a little wets our feete,
Unworthy far to ſeeke her in the wet;
And what becomes of her? where wandred ſhe,
With 2 ſhowers raining on her, from her eyes
Continually, abundantly, from which
There's neither tree nor houſe to ſhelter her;
Will you goe with me to travell?
Val. Whither?
Rich. Over all the world.
Val. No by my faith, I'le make a ſhorter journey
When I do travell.
Rich. But theres no hope
To gaine my end in any ſhorter way.
Val. Why, what's your end?
Rich. It is to ſearch the earth,
Till we have found two in the ſhapes of men,
As wicked as our ſelves.
Val. 'Twere not ſo hard to find out thoſe.
Rich. Why, if we finde them out,
It were the better; for what brave villany,

Might wee 4. do? wee wood not keepe together:
For every one has treachery enough
For 20. Countryes, one ſhould trouble *Aſia*,
A nother ſhould ſowe ſtrife in *Affrica*;
But you ſhould play the knave, at home in *Europ*,
And for *America* let me alone.
Vale. Sir I am hone e ;
Then you know how to bee, and can no more
Bee wrong'd but I ſhall finde my ſelfe a right.
Rich. If you had any ſparke of honeſty,
You would not think that honeſter then I,
Were a praiſe high enough to ſerve your turne:
If men were commonly ſo bad as I,
Theeves would be put in Callenders for Saints;
And bones of murderers would worke miracles.
I am a kinde of knave, of knave ſo much ——
There is betwixt mee and the vileſt elſe,
But the next place of all to mine is yours.

Enter 2. Milkemaides, and Viola, with pailes.

Val. That laſt is ſhe, 'tis ſhee.
Rich. Let us away, we ſhall infect her, let her have the winde,
And wee will kneele downe here.
Viola. Wenches away for here are men.
Valerio. Faire maide I pray you ſtay.
Vio. Alas, agen? (her go.
Rich. Why do you lay hold on her? I pray hartily let
Val. With all my heart, I do not meane to hurt her.
Rich. But ſtand away then for the pureſt bodyes
VVill ſooneſt take infection, ſtand away ,
But for infecting her my ſelfe, by heaven,
I would come there and beate thee further off.
Viola. I know that voyce and face.
Val. You are finely mad, god bwy Sir, now you are here together, I'e leave you ſo, god ſend you good lucke, both when you are ſoberer, you'le give me thanks. *Exit.*
Madge. VVilt thou go milke? come.
Nan. VVhy doſt not come?
Madge. She nods, ſhee's a ſleepe.
Nan. VVhat, wert up ſo early?
Madge. I think your man's mad to kneele there, nay come away ves body, *Nan*, help ſhe looks black 'ith face, Shee's in a ſound.
Nan. And you bee a man com hither, & helpe a woman.
Rich. Come thither? you are a foole.
Nan. And you a knave and a beaſt that you are.
Rich. Come hither? 'twas being my now ſo neare,
That made her ſowne, and you are wicked people,
Or you wood do ſo too, my venom eyes
Strike innocency dead at ſuch a diſtance,
Here I'le kneele for this is out of diſtance.
Nan. Th'art a prating Aſſe ther's no goodneſſe in thee, I warrant, how doſt thou?
Vio. Why? well.
Madge. Art thou able to go?
Vio. No, pray go you and milke, if I be able to come
I'le follow you, if not I'le ſit here,
'Till you come back.
Nan. I am loth to leave thee here with you wild foole.
Vio. I know him well, I warrant thee, he will not hurt mee.
Madge. Come then *Nan*. *Exeunt Maides.*
Rich. How do you? be not fearefull, for I hold my hands
Before my mouth and ſpeake, and ſo
My breath can never blaſt you.
Vio. 'Twas enough to uſe me ill, though you had never ſought me too mock me to, why kneele you ſo farr Off, were not that geſture better us'd in prayer, ha dealt ſo with you, I ſhould not ſleep, till God and you ha both forgiven me.
Rich. I do not mock, nor lives there ſuch a villane
That can do any thing contemptible,
To you, but I do kneele becauſe it is,
An action very fit, and reverent ,
In preſence of ſo pure a creature,
And ſo farr off, as fearefull to offend,
One too much wrong'd already.
Vio. You confeſſe you did the fault, yet ſcorne to come,
So far as hither to aske pardon for't;
Which I could willingly afford to come,
To you to grant, good Sir if you have
A better love, may you be bleſt together,
Shee ſhall not wiſh you better then I will,
I but offend you; there are all the Iewels
I ſtole, and all the love I euer had,
I leave behinde with you, I'le carry now
To give another, may the next maide you try
Love you no worſe, nor be no worſe then I.
Rich. Do not leave me yet for all my fault,
Search out the next things too impoſſible,
And put me on them when they are effected,
I may with better modeſty receive
Forgiveneſſe from you.
Vio. I will ſet no pennance,
To gaine the great forgiveneſſe you deſire:
But to come hither and take me and it,
Or elſe I'le come and beg ſo you will grant,
That you will be content to be forgiven.
Rich. Nay I will come ſince you will haue it ſo,
And ſince you pleaſe to pardon me I hope
Free from infection, here I am by you;
A careleſſe man, a breaker of my faith,
A lothſome drunkard and in that wild fury:
A hunter after whores I do beſeech you,
To pardon all theſe faultes, and take me up
An honeſt ſober and a faithfull man. (mend
Vio. For gods ſake urge your faultes no more, bu
All the forgiveneſſe I can make you is,
To love you which I will do and deſire,
Nothing but love againe, which if I have not,
Yet I will love you ſtill.
Rich. O women that ſome one of you will take,
An everlaſting pen into your hands:
And grave in paper which the writ ſhall make,
More laſting then the marble monuments,
Your matchleſſe vertues to poſterityes:
Which the defective race of envious man,
Strive to conceale.
Vio. Me thinkes I would not now for any thing,
But you had miſt me, I have made a ſtory,
Will ſerve to waſt many a winters fier
When we are old, I'le tell my daughters then,
The miſeryes their Mother had in love:
And ſay my girles bee wiſer, yet I would not
Have had more witt my ſelfe, take up thoſe Iewells,
For I thinke I heare my fellowes coming.

Enter the Milkemaides with their pailes.

Madge. How doſt thou now? (hom
Vio. Why? very well I thanke you, 'tis late ſhall I ha
Nan. I prethee vvee ſhall be ſhent ſoundly.
Madge. VVhy doe's that railing man go vvith us?
Vio. I preythee ſpeake vvell of him, on my vvord, Hee's an honeſt man.
Nan. There was never any ſo one's complexion, Getleman?

I'd

I'de be aſham'd to have ſuch a foule mouth. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mother, Alexander, Andrugio,
and his man Rowland.

Moth. How now *Alexander*, what Gentleman is this?

Alex. Indeed forſooth I know not, I found him at the market full of woe, crying a loſt daughter, and telling all her tokens to the people; and wot you what? by all ſubſcription in the world, it ſhould be our new maid *Melvia*, one would little thinke it, therefore I was bold to tel him of her Miſtriſs.

Mother. Melvia? it cannot be, foole, alas you know ſhee is a poore wench, and I tooke her in upon meere charity.

And. So ſeem'd my daughter when ſhee went away, as ſhe had made her ſelfe.

Moth. What ſtature was your childe of, Sir?

And. Not high, and of a browne complexion,
Her haire aborne, a round face, which ſome friends that flattered mee, would ſay 'twould bee a good one.

Alex. This is ſtill *Melvia*, Miſtriſs, that's the truth on't.

Moth. It may be ſo I'le promiſe you.

Alex. Well, goe thy wayes, the flower of our towne, For a hand and a foote, I ſhall never ſee thy fellow.

Moth. But had ſhee not ſuch toyes, as bracelets, rings, and Jewels?

And. Shee was ſomething bolde indeed, to take ſuch things that night ſhe left me.

Moth. Then belike ſhe run away?

And. Though ſhe be one I love, I dare not lye, ſhee did indeed.

Moth. What thinke you of this Jewel?

And. Yes, this was one of them, and this was mine, you have made mee a new man, I thanke you for it.

Moth. Nay, and ſhe be given to filching, there is your Jewell, I am cleare on't: but by your leave Sir, you ſhall anſwer me for what is loſt ſince ſhe came hither, I can tell you there lye things ſcattering in every place about the houſe.

Alex. As I am vertuous, I have the lyingſt olde Gentlewoman to my Miſtris, and the moſt malicious, the Devill a good word will ſhee give a ſervant, that's her olde rule; and God be thanked they'l give her as few, there is perfect love on both ſides, it yearns my heart to heare the wench miſconſtrued, a carefull ſoule ſhee is i'le beſworne for her, and when ſhee's gone, let them ſay what they will, they may caſt their Capps at ſuch another.

And. What you have loſt by her, with all my heart
I'le ſee you double paid, for you have ſav'd
With your kinde pitty two that muſt not live
Unleſſe it be to thanke you; take this Jewell,
This ſtrikes off none of her offences, Miſtris,
Would I might ſee her.

Moth. Alexander, runne, and bid her make haſt home, ſhee's at the milking Cloſe; but tell her not by any means whoe's here, I know ſhee'l be too fearfull.

Alex. Wel, wee'l have a poſſet yet at parting, that's my comfort, and one round, or elſe i'le looſe my will. *Exit.*

And. You ſhall finde *Silvio*, *Uberto*, and *Pedro* enquiring for the Wench at the next Towne, tell them ſhee is found, and where I am, and with the favour of this Gentlewoman, deſire them to come hither,

Mo. I pray doe, they ſhall be all welcome. *Exit Servant.*

Enter Juſtice, Curio, and Mark.

Juſtice. By your leave forſooth you ſhall ſee me find the parties by a ſlight.

Moth. who's that? Mr Juſtice? how do you Sir.

Iuſt. Why very well, and buſie, wher's your ſon.

Moth. Hee's within Sir.

Iuſt. Hum, and how does the young woman my Cozen that came downe with him.

Moth. Shee's above, as a woman in her caſe may be.

Iuſtice. You have confeſt it? then ſirha call in the Officers; ſhee's no Couzen of mine; a meere tricke to diſcover all.

Moth. To diſcover? what?

Enter Marke and Officers.

Iuſtice. You ſhall know that anon: I thinke you have over-reached you; ô welcome, enter the houſe, and by vertue of my warrant which you have there, ſeize upon the bodily perſons of thoſe whoſe names are there written, to wit, one *Mercury*, and the wife of one *Antonio.*

Moth. For what.

Iuſt. Away I ſay,
This Gentleman ſhall certifie you for what. *Exit Officer.*

Mother. Hee can accuſe my Sonne of nothing, hee came from travell but within theſe two dayes?

Iuſt. There hangs a tale.

Moth. I ſhould be ſorry this ſhould fall out at any time: but eſpecially now Sir; will you favour mee ſo much, as to let me know of what you accuſe him?

Cur. Upon ſuſpition of murther.

Moth. Murther? I defie thee.

Curio. I pray GOD hee may prove himſelfe innocent.

Iuſt. Fye, ſay not ſo, you ſhew your ſelfe to be no good Common-wealths man: for the more are hang'd, the better 'tis for the Common-wealth.

Mother. By this rule you were beſt hang your ſelfe.

Iuſt. I forgive your honeſt mirth ever: O, welcome, welcome *Marke.*

Enter Marke and Officers, with Mercury and the Wife.

Your penne, inke, and paper to take their examinations.

Mer. Why do you pull me ſo? I'le goe alone.

Iuſt. Let them ſtand, let them ſtand quietly, whilſt they are examin'd?

Wife. What will you examine us of?

Iuſt. Of *Antonio's* murther.

Mer. Why, he was my friend.

Wife. He was my husband.

Iuſt. The more ſhame for you both; *Marke*, your penne and inke.

Moth. Pray God all be well, I never knew any of theſe Travellers come to good; I beſeech you, Sir, be favourable to my Sonne.

Iuſt. Gentlewoman hold you content, I would it were come to that?

Mer. For gods ſake mother why kneele you to ſuch a pig bribe fellow? he has ſurfetted of geeſe, and they have put him into a fit of Juſtice, let him do his worſt.

Iuſt. Is your paper ready?

Mark. I am ready Sir.

Enter Antonio.

Juſt. Accuſe them Sir, I command thee to lay down accuſations againſt theſe perſons in behalfe of the State, and firſt looke upon the parties to be accus'd, and deliver your name.

Cu. My name is *Curio*, my murthered Kinſman
If he were living now, I ſhould not know him,
'Tis ſo long ſince we ſaw one another.

Ant. My cozen *Curio* ?

Cur But thus much from the mouths of his ſervants, & others, whoſe examinations I have in writing about me, I can accuſe them of; this *Mercury* , the laſt night , but this laſt, lay in *Antonio's* houſe, and in the night he roſe, raiſing Antonio, where privately they were in talke an houre, to what end I know not : but of likely-hood, finding *Antonio's* houſe not a fit place to murther him in, hee ſuffered him to goe to bed againe , but in the morning early, he train'd him I think forth , after which time hee never ſaw his home ; his cloathes were found neere the place where *Mercury* was , and the people at firſt denyed they ſaw him : but at laſt he made a frivolous tale , that there he ſhifted himſelfe into a foote-mans habit : but in ſhort, the next houre this woman went to *Mercury* , and in her Coach they poſted hither ; true accuſations , I have no more, and I will make none.

Juſt. No more ? wee need no more , Sirha, be drawing their Mittimus before wee heare their anſwer. What ſay you Sir? are you guilty of this murther ?

Mer. No Sir.

Juſt. Whether you are or no , confeſſe, it will bee the better for you.

Mer. If I were guilty, your Rhetoricke could not fetch it forth : but though I am innocent , I confeſſe , that if I were a ſtander by, theſe circumſtances urg'd , which are true, would make me doubtleſs beleeve the accuſed parties to be guilty.

Juſt. Write downe , that hee being a ſtander by, for ſo you ſee he is, doth doubtleſſely beleeve the accuſed parties, which is himſelfe, to be guilty.

Mer. I ſay no ſuch thing.

Juſt. Write it downe I ſay, wee'l try that.

Mer. I care not what you write, pray God you did not kill him for my love, though I am free from this, we both deſerve.

Wife. Govern your tongue I pray you, all is well , my husband lives, I know it, and I ſee him.

Juſt. They whiſper, ſever them quickly I ſay Officers why do you let them prompt one another, Gentlewoman, what ſay you to this, are not you guilty?

Wife. No as I hope for mercy.

Juſ. But are not thoſe circumſtances true, that this Gentleman hath ſo ſhortly and methodically deliver'd ?

Wife. They are; and what you do with me I care not,
Since he is dead, in whome was all my care :
You knew him not .

Juſ. No an't bin better for you too, and you had never knew'd him.

Wife. Why then you did not know the worlds chiefe joy
His face ſo manly, as it had been made,
To fright the world, yet he ſo ſweetly temper'd;
That he would make himſelfe a naturall foole,
To do a noble kindneſſe for a friend,
He was a man whoſe name I'le not out live,
Longer then heaven whoſe will muſt be obay'd;
Will have me do.

Ant. And I will quit thy kindneſſe.

Juſt. Before me ſhe has made the teares ſand in mi eyes, but I muſt be auſtere Gentlewoman , you muſt co feſſe this murder.

Wife. I cannot Sir, I did it not, but I de ſire to ſee tho examinations which this Gentleman acknowledges t have about him, for but late laſt night I receiv'd lette from the Citty, yet I heard of no confeſſion, then.

Juſt. You ſhall ſee them time enough I warrant you, bu letters you ſay you had, where are thoſe letters?

Wife. Sir they are gon.

Juſt. Gone? whether are they gone?
How have you diſpos'd of 'em?

Wife. Why Sir they are for womens matters, and ſo uſe 'em.

Juſt. Who writ em?

Wife. A man of mine.

Juſt. VVho brought 'em?

Wife. A Poſt.

Juſt. A Poſt? there was ſome great haſt ſure, a ha whe is that Poſt?

Wife. Sir there he ſtands.

Juſt. Doe's hee ſo? bring hither that Poſt, I am a fra that Poſt will prove a knave; come hither Poſt, what? wh can you ſay concerning the murder of *Antonio?*

Ant. VVhats that to you ?

Juſt. O Poſt, you have no anſwer ready have you? I'l have one from you.

Ant. You ſhall have no more from mee then you ha you examine an honeſt Gentleman and Gentlewoma heere, 'tis pitty ſuch fooles as you ſhould bee i'the com miſſion.

Juſt. Say you ſo Poſt, take away that Poſt, whip hi and bring him againe quickly, I'le hamper you Poſt.

Mer. 'Tis A*ntonio*, I know him now as well, what an i regular foole is this?

A*nt.* VVhip me? hold off.

Wife. O good Sir whip him, by his murmuring I ſhould know ſome thing of my husbands death; that m quit me, for gods ſake fetch't out.

Juſt. Whip him I ſay.

A*nt.* who 'iſt dares whip me now?

Wife. O my lou'd husband.

Mer. My moſt worthy friend ? where have you been long?

A*nt.* I cannot ſpeake for joy.

Juſt. VVhy, what's the matter now, and ſhall not la then have her courſe?

A*ndra.* It ſhall have no other courſe then it has I thin

Juſt. It ſhall have other courſe before I go, or I'le bea my braines, and I ſay it was not honeſtly done of him t diſcover himſelfe before the parties accus'd were exec ted that law might have had her courſe, for then t kingdome flouriſhes.

A*nt.* But ſuch a wife as thou, had never any man, an ſuch a friend as he, beleeve me wife, ſhall never be a go wife, love my frend, friend love my wife, harke friend.

Juſt. Mark . if wee can have nothing to doe , you ſha ſweare the peace of ſome body.

Mark. Yes Sir.

A*nt.* By my troth I am ſorry my wife is ſo obſtina ſooth if I could yet doe thee any good , I wood , fait wood.

Mer. I thanke you Sir, I have loſt that paſſion.

Ant. Couzen *Curio*, you and I muſt be better acquain ted.

Cur. It is my wiſh Sir.

A*nt.* I ſhould not have known you neither, 'tis ſo lon ſince we ſaw, we were but children then: but you have ſhewd your ſelfe an honeſt man to me.

Cur. I would be ever ſo.

Enter Richardo and Viola.

Moth. Looke you, whoe's there.

And. Say nothing to me, for thy peace is made.

Ric. Sir, I can nothing ſay,
But that you are her Father, you can both
Not only pardon, when you have a wrong,
But love where you have moſt injury.

Juſt. I think I ſhall heare of no hanging this yeare, thers A Tinker and a Whore yet, the Cryer ſaid that rob'd her, and are in priſon, I hope they ſhall be hang'd.

And. No truly ſir, they have broke priſon.

Inſt. 'Tis no matter, then the Jaylor ſhall be hang'd.

And. You are deceiv'd in that to ſir, 'twas known to bee againſt his will, and he hath got his pardon, I thinke for nothing, but if it doth coſt him any thing, I'le pay it.

Juſt. Marke up with your papers, away.

Mer. O you ſhal ſtay dinner, I have a couple of brawling neighbours, that Ile aſſure you will not agree, and you ſhall have the hearing of their matter.

Juſt. With all my heart.

Mer. Go, Gentlemen, go in.

Rich. O *Viola*, that no ſucceeding age,
Might looſe the memory of what thou wert,
But ſuch an overſwayed ſex is yours,
That all the vertuous actions you can do,
Are but as men will call them, and I ſweare,
'Tis my beliefe that women want but wayes;
To praiſe their deeds, but men want deeds to praiſe.

Exeunt omnes.

THE

The Prologue.

THis Comedy long forgot, by ſome thought dead,
By us preſerv'd, once more doth raiſe her head.
And to your noble cenſures does preſent,
Her outward forme, and inward ornament.
Nor let this ſmell of arrogance, ſince 'tis known,
The makers that confeſt it for their owne
Were this way ſkilfull, and without the crime
Of flatteries I may ſay did pleaſe the time;
The worke it ſelfe too, when it firſt came forth,
In the opinion of men of worth,
Was well receiv'd, and favour'd, though ſome rude
And harſh among the ignorant multitude,
(That reliſh groſſe food better then a diſh,
That's cook'd with care, and ſerv'd into the wiſh,
Of curious pallats) wanting wit and ſtrength,
Truly to judge, condemn'd it for the length,
That fault's reform'd, and now 'tis to be tri'd,
Before ſuch Judges 'twill not be deni'd
A free and noble bearing, nor feare I,
But 'twill deſerve to have free liberty,
And give you cauſe (and with content) to ſay,
Their care was good that did revive this Play.

The Epilogue.

TIs ended; but my hopes, and feares begin,
Nor can it bee imputed as a ſinne
In me to wiſh it favour, if this night,
To the Judicious it hath given delight,
I have my ends, and may ſuch for their grace,
Vouchſafed to this, finde theirs in every place.

THE FALSE ONE.

A TRAGEDY.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter Achillas and Achoreus.

Ach. I Love the K. nor do diſpute his power,
For that is not confin'd, nor to be cenſurd
By me, that am his Subject) yet allow me
The liberty of a man, that ſtill would be
A friend to Juſtice, to demand the Motives
That did induce young *Ptolomy*, or *Photinus*
(To whoſe directions he gives up himſelfe,
And I hope wiſely) co commit his Siſter
The Princeſſe *Cleopatra* (if I ſaid
The Queen (*Achillas*) twere (I hope) no treaſon,
Shee being by her *Fathers* teſtament
(Whoſe memory I bow to) left Co-heire
In all he ſtood poſſeſt of.

Achil. Tis confeſt
(My good *Achoreus*) that in theſe Eaſtern Kingdomes
Women are not exempted from the Scepter,
But claime a priviledge, equall to the Male;
But how much ſuch diviſions have tane from
The Majeſty of *Egypt*, and what factions
Have ſprung from thoſe partitions, to the ruine
Of the poor Subject, (doubtfull which to follow,)
We have too many and too ſad examples,
Therefore the wiſe *Photinus*, to prevent
The murthers, and the maſſacres, that attend
On diſ-united Government, and to ſhew
The King, without a partner, in full ſplendor,
Thought it convenient, the faire *Cleopatra*,
(An attribute not frequent in this Clymate)
Should be committed to ſafe cuſtody,
In which ſhe is attended like her Birth,
Untill her Beauty, or her royall Dowre,
Hath found her out a Husband.

Ach. How this may
Stand with the rules of policy, I know not;
Moſt ſure I am, it holds no correſpondence
With the rites of *Ægypt*, or the lawes of Nature;
But grant that *Cleopatra* can ſit downe
With this diſgrace (though inſupportable)
Can you imagine, that *Romes* glorious Senate
(To whoſe charge, by the will of the dead King
This government was deliverd) or great *Pompey*,
(That is appointed *Cleopatra*'s Guardian
As well as *Ptolomies*) will ere approve
Of this raſh Counſell, their conſent not ſought for,
That ſhould authorize it?

Achil. The Civill war
In which the *Roman* Empire is embarq'd
On a rough Sea of danger, does exact
Their whole care to preſerve themſelves, and give them
No vacant time to think of what we do,
Which hardly can concern them.

Ach. What's your opinion
Of the ſucceſſe? I have heard, in multitudes
Of ſouldiers, and all glorious pomp of war,
Pompey is much ſuperiour.

Achil. I could give you
A Catalogue of all the ſeverall Nations
From whence he drew his powers: but that were tedious
They have rich armes, are ten to one in number,
Which makes them think the day already wonne;
And *Pompey* being maſter of the Sea,
Such plenty of all delicates are brought in,
As if the place on which they are entrench'd,
Were not a Camp of ſouldiers, but *Rome*,
In which *Lucullus* and *Apicius* joyn'd
To make a publique Feaſt: they at *Dirachium*
Fought with ſucceſſe; but knew not to make uſe of
Fortunes faire offer: ſo much I have heard
Cæsar himſelfe confeſſe.

Ach. Where are they now?

Achil. In *Theſſalie*, neere the *Pharſalian* plains
Where *Cæſar* with a handfull of his Men
Hems in the greater number: his whole troops
Exceed not twenty thouſand, but old Souldiers
Fleſh'd in the ſpoiles of *Germany* and *France*,
Enur'd to his Command, and only know
To fight and overcome; And though that *Famine*
Raignes in his Camp, compelling them to taſt
Bread made of rootes, forbid the uſe of man,
(Which they with ſcorne threw into *Pompeys* Camp
As in deriſion of his Delicates)
Or corne not yet halfe ripe, and that a Banquet:
They ſtill beſiege him, being ambitious only
To come to blows, and let their ſwords determine
Who hath the better Cauſe.

Enter Septinius.

Ach. May Victory
Attend on't, where it is.

Achil. We every houre
Expect to heare the iſſue.

Sep. Save my good Lords;
By *Iſis* and *Oſiris*, whom you worſhip;
And the foure hundred gods and goddeſſes
Ador'd in *Rome*, I am your Honours ſervant.

Ach. Truth needs (*Septinius*) no oaths.

Achil. You are cruell,
If you deny him ſwearing, you take from him
Three full parts of his language.

Sep. Your Honour's bitter,
Confound me, where I love I cannot ſay it,
But I muſt ſwear't: yet ſuch is my ill fortune,
Nor vowes, nor proteſtations win beliefe,
I think, and (I can finde no other reaſon)
Becauſe I am a *Roman*.

Ach. No *Septinius*,
To be a *Roman*, were an honour to you,
Did not your manners, and your life take from it,
And cry aloud, that from *Rome*, you bring nothing
But *Roman* Vices, which you would plant here,
But no ſeed of her vertues.

Sep. With your reverence
I am too old to learn.

Ach. Any thing honeſt,
That I beleeve, without an oath.

Sept. I feare
Your Lordſhip has ſlept ill to night, and that
Invites this ſad diſcourſe: 'twill make you old
Before your time: [redacted] o' theſe vertuous Moralls,
And old religious princ[illegible] that foole us;
I have brought you a new Song, will make you laugh,
Though you were at your prayers.

Ach. What is the ſubject?
Be free *Septinius.*

Sep. 'Tis a Catalogue
Of all the Gamſters of the Court and City,
Which Lord lyes with that Lady: and what Gallant
Sports with that Merchants wife; and does relate
Who ſells her honour for a Diamond,
Who, for a tiſſew robe: whoſe husband's jealous,
And who ſo kind, that, to ſhare with his Wife
Will make the match himſelfe?
Harmleſſe conceits,
Though fooles ſay they are dangerous: I ſang it
The laſt night at my Lord *Photinus* table.

Ach. How? as a Fidler?

Sep. No Sir, as a Gueſt,
A welcome gueſt too: and it was approv'd of
By a dozen of his friends, though they were touch'd in't:
For looke you, 'tis a kind of merriment,
When we have laid by fooliſh modeſty
(As not a man of faſhion will weare it)
To talke what we have done: at leaſt to heare it:
If merrily, ſet down, it fires the blood,
And heightens Creſt-falne appetite.

Ach. New doctrine!

Achil. Was't of your owne compoſing?

Sep. No, I bought it
Of a skulking Scribler for two Ptolomies:
But the hints were mine owne; the wretch was fearfull:
But I have damnd my ſelfe, ſhould it be queſtion'd,
That I will owne it.

Ach. And be puniſhed for it:
Take heed: for you may ſo long exerciſe
Your ſcurrilous wit againſt authority,
The Kingdomes Counſels: and make profane Jeſts,
(Which to you (being an atheiſt) is nothing)
Againſt Religion, that your great maintainers
(Unleſſe they would be thought Co-partners with you)
Will leave you to the Law: and then (*Septinius*)
Remember there are whips.

Sep. For whores I grant you,
Till they are out of date, till then are ſafe too,
Or all the Gallants of the Court are Eunuchs,
And for mine owne defence I'le only add this,
I'le be admitted for a wanton tale
To ſome moſt private Cabinets, when your Prieſt-hood
(Though laden with the myſteries of your goddeſſe)
Shall waite without unnoted: ſo I leave you
To your pious thoughts. *Exit.*

Achil. 'Tis a ſtrange impudence,
This fellow does put on.

Ach. The wonder great,
He is accepted of.

Achil. Vices, for him,
Make as free way as vertues doe for others.
'Tis the times fault: yet great ones ſtill have grace'd
To make them ſport, or rub them o're with flattery,
Obſervers of all kinds.

Enter Photinus and Septinius.

Ach. No more of him,
He is not worth our thoughts: a Fugitive
From *Pompeys* army: and now in a danger
When he ſhould uſe his ſervice.

Achil. See how he hangs
On great *Photinus* Eare.

Sep. Hell, and the furies,
And all the plagues of darkneſſe light upon me:
You are my god on earth: and let me have
Your favour here, fall what can fall hereafter.

Pho. Thou art beleev'd: doſt thou want money?

Sep. No Sir.

Pho. Or haſt thou any ſuite? theſe ever follow
Thy vehement proteſtations.

Sep. You much wrong me;
How can I want, when your beames ſhine upon me,
Unleſſe employment to expreſſe my zeale
To do your Greatneſſe ſervice? doe but thinke
A deed ſo darke, the Sun would bluſh to looke on,
For which Man-kind would curſe me, and arme all
The Powers above, and thoſe below againſt me:
Command me, I will on.

Pho. When I have uſe,
I'le put you to the teſt.

Sep. May it be ſpeedy,
And ſomething worth my danger: you are cold,
And know not your own powers: this brow was faſhio
To weare a Kingly wreath, and your grave judgment,
Given to diſpoſe of Monarchies, not to govern
A childes affaires, the peoples eyes upon you,
The Souldier courts you; will you weare a garment
Of ſordid loyalty when 'tis out of faſhion?

Pho. When *Pompey* was thy Generall (*Septinius*)
Thou ſaidſt as much to him.

Sep. All my love to him,
To *Cæſar*, *Rome*, and the whole world is loſt
In the Ocean of your Bounties: I have no friend,
Project, deſigne, or Countrey, but your favour,
Which I'le preſerve at any rate.

Pho. No more;
When I call on you, fall not off: perhaps
Sooner then you expect, I may employ you,
So leave me for a while.

Sep. Ever your Creature.

Pho. Good day *Achoreus*; my beſt friend *Achillas*,
Hath fame delivered yet, no certaine rumour
Of the great *Roman action.*

Achil. That we are
To enquire, and learn of you Sir: whoſe grave care
For *Egypts* happineſſe; and great *Ptolomies* good,
Have eyes and eares in all parts.

Enter Ptolomy, Labienus, Guard.

Pho. I'le not boaſt,
What my Intelligence coſts me: but 'ere long
You ſhall know more. The King, with him a *Roman,*

Ach. The ſcarlet livery of unfortunate war
Dy'de deeply on his face.

Achil. 'Tis *Labienus*
Cæſars Lieutenant in the wars of *Gaul*,
And fortunate in all his undertakings:
But ſince theſe Civill Jars he turn'd to *Pompey*,
And though he followed the better Cauſe
Not with the like ſucceſſe.

Pho. Such as are wiſe
Leave falling buildings, flye to thoſe that riſe;
But more of that hereafter.

Lab. In a word (Sir,)

Theſe gaping wounds, not taken as a ſlave,
Speake *Pompeys* loſſe : to tell you of the Battaile,
How many thouſand ſeverall bloody ſhapes
Death wore that day, in triumph : how we bore
The ſhocke of *Cæſars* charge : or with what fury
His ſouldiers came on as if they had been
So many *Cæſars*, and like him ambitious,
To tread upon the liberty of *Rome* :
How Fathers kill'd their Sons, or Sons their Fathers,
Or how the *Roman* Peils on either ſide
Drew *Roman* blood, which ſpent, the Prince of weapons,
(The ſword) ſucceeded, which in Civill wars,
Appoints the Tent, on which wing'd victory
Shall make a certaine Stand, then, how the Plaines
Flowd o're with blood, and what a cloud of vulturs
And other birds of prey, hung o're both armies,
Attending when their ready Servitors,
(The ſouldiers, from whom the angry gods
Had tooke all ſenſe of reaſon, and of pity)
Would ſerve in their owne carkaſſes for a feaſt.
How *Cæſar* with his Javelin force'd them on
That made the leaſt ſtop, when their angry hands
Were lifted up againſt ſome known friends face;
Then comming to the body of the army
He ſhews the ſacred *Senate*, and forbids them
To waſte their force upon the Common ſouldier,
Whom willingly, if ere he did know pity,
He would have ſpar'd.
Ptol. The reaſon *Labienus* ?
Lab. Full well he knows, that in their blood he was
To paſſe to Empire, and that through their bowels,
He muſt invade the Laws of *Rome*, and give
A period to the liberty of the world.
Then fell the *Lepidi*, and the bold *Corvini*,
The fam'd *Torquati*, *Scipio's*, and *Marcelli*,
(Names next to *Pompeys*, moſt renown'd on earth)
The Nobles, and the Commons lay together,
And Pontique, Punique, and *Aſſyrian* blood
Made up one crimſon Lake : which *Pompey* ſeeing,
And that his, and the fate of *Rome* had left him
Standing upon the Ramper of his Camp,
Though ſcorning all that could fall on himſelfe,
He pities them whoſe fortunes are embarqu'd
In his unlucky quarrell ; cryes aloud too
That they ſhould ſound retreat, and ſave themſelves :
That he deſir'd not, ſo much noble blood
Should be loſt in his ſervice, or attend
On his misfortunes : and then, taking horſe
With ſome few of his friends, he came to *Leſbos*,
And with *Cornelia*, his Wife, and Sons,
He's touch'd upon your ſhore : the King of *Parthia*
(Famous in his defeature of the *Craſſi*)
Offer'd him his protection, but *Pompey*
Relying on his Benefits, and your Faith,
Hath choſen *Ægypt* for his Sanctuary,
Till he may recollect his ſcattered powers,
And try a ſecond day : now *Ptolomy*,
Though he appeare not like that glorious Thing,
That three times rode in triumph, and gave lawes
To conquer'd Nations, and made Crownes his guift,
(As this of yours, your noble Father tooke
From his victorious hand, and you ſtill weare it
At his devotion) to do you more honour
In his declinde eſtate, as the ſtraighteſt Pyne
In a full grove of his yet flouriſhing friends,
He flyes to you for ſuccour, and expects
The entertainment of your Fathers friend,
And Guardian to your ſelfe.
Ptol. To ſay I grieve his fortune
As much as if the Crowne I weare (his gift)
Were raviſh'd from me, is a holy truth,
Our Gods can witneſſe for me : yet, being young,
And not a free diſpoſer of my ſelf ;
Let not a few hours, borrowed for advice,
Beget ſuſpition of unthankfulneſſe,
(Which next to hell I hate) pray you retire,
And take a little reſt, and let his wounds
Be with that care attended, as they were
Carv'd on my fleſh : good *Labienus*, thinke
The little reſpite, I deſire ſhall be
Wholly emploid to find the readieſt way
To doe great *Pompey* ſervice.
Lab. May the gods
(As you intend) protect you. *Exit.*
Ptol. Sit : ſit all,
It is my pleaſure : your advice, and freely.
Ach. A ſhort deliberation in this,
May ſerve to give you counſell to be honeſt,
Religious and thankfull, in themſelves
Are forcible motives, and can need no flouriſh
Or gloſſe in the perſwader, your kept faith,
(Though *Pompey* never riſe to the height he's fallen from)
Cæſar himſelfe will love ; and my opinion
Is (ſtill committing it to graver cenſure)
You pay the debt you owe him, with the hazard
Of all you can call yours.
Ptol. What's yours (*Photinus* ?)
Pho. *Achoreus* (great *Ptolomy*) hath counſaild
Like a religious, and honeſt man,
Worthy the honour that he juſtly holds
In being Prieſt to *Iſis* : But alas,
What in a man, ſequeſterd from the world,
Or in a private perſon, is preferd,
No policy allows of in a King,
To be or juſt, or thankfull, makes Kings guilty,
And faith (though prais'd, is puniſh'd) that ſupports
Such as good Fate forſakes : joyne with the gods,
Obſerve the man they favour, leave the wretched,
The Stars are not more diſtant from the Earth
Then profit is from honeſty ; all the power,
Prerogatives, and greatneſſe of a Prince
Is loſt, if he deſcend once but to ſteere
His courſe, as what's right, guides him ; let him leave
The Scepter, that ſtrives only to be good,
Since Kingdomes are maintain'd by force and blood.
Ach. Oh wicked.
Ptol. Peace : goe on.
Pho. Proud *Pompey* ſhews how much he ſcorns your (youth,
In thinking that you cannot keepe your owne
From ſuch as are ore-come. If you are tired
With being a King, let not a ſtranger take
What nearer pledges challenge : reſigne rather
The government of *Ægypt* and of *Nyle*
To *Cleopatra*, that has title to them,
At leaſt defend them from the *Roman* gripe,
What was not *Pompeys*, while the wars endured,
The Conquerour will not challenge, by all the world
Forſaken and deſpis'd, your gentle Guardian
His hopes and fortunes deſperate, makes choiſe of
What Nation he ſhall fall with : and purſu'd
By their pale Ghoſts, ſlaine in this Civill War,
He flyes not *Cæſar* only, but the Senate,
Of which, the greater part have cloid the hunger
Of ſharpe *Pharſalian* fowle he flies the Nations
That he drew to his Quarrell, whoſe Eſtates
Are ſunk in his : and in no place receiv'd,

Hath found out *Ægypt*, by him yet not ruin'd:
And *Ptolomy*, things conſider'd, juſtly may
Complaine of *Pompey*: wherefore ſhould he ſtaine
Our *Ægypt*, with the ſpots of Civill warre?
Or make the peaceable, or quiet *Nyle*
Doubted of *Cæſar*? wherefore ſhould he draw
His loſſe, and overthrow upon our heads?
Or chooſe this place to ſuffer in? already
We have offended *Cæſar*, in our wiſhes,
And no way left us to redeeme his favour
But by the hand of *Pompey*.
Ach. Great *Oſiris*,
Defend thy *Ægypt* from ſuch cruelty,
And barbarous ingratitude!
Pho. Holy trifles,
And not to have place in deſignes of State;
This ſword, which Fate commands me to unſheath,
I would not draw on *Pompey*, If not vanquiſh'd,
I grant it rather ſhould have paſs'd through *Cæſar*,
But we muſt follow where his fortune leads us;
All provident Princes meaſure their intents
According to their power: and ſo diſpoſe them;
And thinkſt thou (*Ptolomy*) that thou canſt prop
His Ruines, under whom ſad *Rome* now ſuffers?
Or tempt the Conquerours force when 'tis confirm'd?
Shall we, that in the Battail ſate as Neuters
Serve him that's over-come? No, no, hee's loſt.
And though 'tis noble to a ſinking friend
To lend a helping hand while there is hope
He may recover, thy part not engag'd:
Though one moſt deare, when all his hopes are dead,
To drowne him, ſet thy foote upon his head.
Ach. Moſt execrable Councell.
Achil. To be follow'd,
'Tis for the Kingdomes ſafety.
Ptol. We give up
Our abſolute power to thee: diſpoſe of it
As reaſon ſhall direct thee.
Pho. Good *Achillas*,
Seeke out *Septimius*: doe you but ſooth him,
He is already wrought: leave the diſpatch
To me; of *Labienus*: 'tis determin'd
Already how you ſhall proceed: nor Fate
Shall alter it, ſince now the dye is caſt,
But that this hour to *Pompey* is his laſt. *Exit*.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Apollodorus, Eros, Arſino.

Ap. Is the Queen ſtirring (*Eros*?)
Er. Yes, for in truth
Shee touch'd no bed to night.
Ap. I am ſorry for it,
And wiſh it were in me, with my hazard
To give her eaſe.
Arſ. Sir, ſhe accepts your will,
And does acknowledge ſhe hath found you noble,
So far, as if reſtraint of liberty
Could give admiſſion to a thought of mirth,
Shee is your debtor for it.
Ap. Did you tell her
Of the ſports I have prepar'd to entertaine her?
Shee was us'd to take delight, with her faire hand,
To angle in the Nyle, where the glad fiſh
(As if they knew who 'twas ſought to deceive 'em)
Contended to be taken: other times
To ſtrike the Stag, who wounded by her arrows,
Forgot his teares in death, and kneeling thanks her
To his laſt gaſpe, then prouder of his Fate,
Then if with Garlands Crown'd, he had been choſen
To fall a Sacrifice before the altar
Of the Virgin Huntreſſe: the King, nor great *Photinus*
Forbid her any pleaſure; and the Circuite
In which ſhe is confin'd, gladly affords
Variety of paſtimes, which I would
Encreaſe with my beſt ſervice.
Er. O, but the thought
That ſhe that was borne free, and to diſpence
Reſtraint, or liberty to others, ſhould be
At the devotion of her Brother, whom
She only knows her equall, makes this place
In which ſhe lives (though ſtor'd with all delights)
A loathſome dungeon to her.
Ap. Yet, (howere
She ſhall interpret it) I'le not be wanting
To do my beſt to ſerve her: I have prepar'd
Choiſe Muſicke neare her Cabinet, and compos'd
Some few lines, (ſet unto a ſolemn time)
In the praiſe of impriſonment. Begin boy.

The Song.

Looke out bright eyes, and bleſſe the ayre:
Even in ſhadowes you are faire.
Shut-up-beauty is like fire,
That breakes out clearer ſtill and higher.
Though your body be confin'd,
And ſoft Love a priſoner bound,
Yet the beauty of your mind,
Neither checke, nor chaine hath found.
Looke out nobly then, and dare,
Even the Fetters that you weare.

Enter Cleopatra.

Cleo. But that we are aſſur'd this taſts of duty,
And love in you (my *Guardian*) and deſire
In you (my *Siſter*) and the reſt, to pleaſe us,
We ſhould receive this, as a ſawcy rudeneſſe
Offer'd our private thoughts. But your intents
Are to delight us: alas, you waſh an *Ethiop*:
Can *Cleopatra*, while ſhe does remember
Whoſe daughter ſhe is, and whoſe Siſter? (O
I ſuffer in the name) and that (in Juſtice)
There is no place in *Ægypt*, where I ſtand,
But that the tributary Earth is proud
To kiſſe the foote of her, that is her Queen,
Can ſhe (I ſay) that is all this, e're reliſh
Of comfort, or delight, while baſe *Photinus*,
Bond man *Achillas*, and all other monſters
That raigne ore *Ptolomy*, make that a Court,
Where they reſide, and this, where I a Priſoner?
But there's a *Rome*, a *Senate*, and a *Cæſar*,
(Though the great *Pompey* leane to *Ptolomy*)
May thinke of *Cleopatra*.
Ap. *Pompey* (Madam?)
Cleo. What of him? ſpeake: if ill (*Appollodorus*)
It is my happineſſe: and for thy newes
Receive a favour (*Kings* have kneel'd in vaine for)
And kiſſe my hand.
Ap. Hee's loſt.
Cleo. Speake it againe?
Ap. His army routed: he fled and purſu'd

By the all-conquering *Cæſar.*
Cleo. Whether bends he ?
Ap. To *Egypt.*
Cleo. Ha ! in perſon?
Ap. 'Tis receiv'd,
For an undoubted truth,
Cleo. I live againe,
And if aſſurance of my love, and beauty
Deceive me not, I now ſhall finde a Judge,
To do me right : but how to free my ſelfe,
And get acceſſe? the *Guardes* are ſtrong upon me,
This doore I muſt paſſe through, *Appollodorus*;
Thou often haſt profeſs'd (to do me ſervice,)
Thy life was not thine owne.
Ap. I am not alterd;
And let your excellency propound a meanes,
In which I may but give the leaſt aſſiſtance,
That may reſtore you, to that you were borne to ,
(Though it call on the anger of the King,
Or, (what's more daedly) all his Minion
Photinus can do to me, I, unmov'd,
Offer my throate to ſerve you : ever provided,
It beare ſome probable ſhew to be effected,
To looſe my ſelfe upon no ground, were madneſſe :
Not loyall duty.
Cleo. Stand off : to thee alone,
I will diſcover what I dare not truſt
My Siſter with, *Ceſar* is amarous,
And taken more with the title of a Queene,
Then feature or proportion, he lov'd *Evnoe*;
A *More*, deformed too, I have heard, that brought
No other object to inflame his blood,
But that her husband was a King, on both
He did beſtow rich preſents; ſhall I then,
That with a Pincly birth, bring beauty with me,
That know to prize my ſelfe at mine owne rate,
Deſpaire his favour? art thou mine?
Ap. I am.
Cleo. I have found out away ſhall bring me to him,
Spight of *Photinus* watches, if I proſper,
(As I am confident I ſhall) expect
Things greater then thy wiſhes, though I purchaſe
His grace, with loſſe of my virginity,
It skills not, if it bring home Majeſty. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus Scena Prima.

Enter Septimius, with a head, Achillas Guard.

Sep. 'TIs here, 'tis done, behold you fearefull viewers,
Shake, and behold the modell of the world here,
The pride, and ſtrength, looke, looke againe, 'tis finiſhed;
That, that whole Armyes, nay whole nations ,
Many and mighty Kings, have been ſtrooke blinde at,
And fled before wingd with their feares and terrours,
That ſteele warr waited on, and fortune courted,
That high plum'd honour built up for her owne:
Behold that mightineſſe, behold that fierceneſſe,
Behold that child of warr, with all his glories;
By this poore hand made breathleſſe, here (my *Achillas*,
Egypt, and *Ceſar*, owe me for this ſervice,
And all the conquer'd Nations.
Ach. Peace *Septimius*,
Thy words ſound more ungratefull then thy actions,
Though ſometimes ſafety ſeeke an inſtrument
Of thy unworthy nature, thou (loud boaſter)
Think not ſhe is bound to love him too, that's barbarous,
Why did not I, if this be meritorious
And bindes the King unto me, and his bounties,
Strike this rude ſtroke? I'le tell thee (thou poore *Roman*)
It was a ſacred head, I durſt not heave at,
Not heave a thought.
Sep. It was.
Ach. I'le tell thee truely,
And if thou ever yet heard'ſt tell of honour ,
I'le make thee bluſh : It was thy Generalls;
That mans that fed thee once, that mans that bred thee,
The aire thou breath'ſt was his: the fire that warm'd thee;
From his care kindled euer, nay, I'le ſhow thee,
(Becauſe I'le make thee ſenſible of thy buſineſſe :
And why a noble man durſt not touch at it)
There was no peece of Earth, thou puts thy foote on
But was his conqueſt; and he gave thee motion,
He triumph'd three times, who durſt touch his perſon?
The very walls of *Rome*, bow'd to his preſence,
Deare to the Gods he was, to them that feard him
A faire and noble Enemy, didſt thou hate him?
And for thy love to *Ceſar*, ſought his ruine?
Armed the red *Pharſalian* feilds (*Septimius*)
Where killing was in grace, and wounds were glorious,
Where Kings were faire competitours for honour ,
Thou ſhould'ſt have come up to him, there have ſought him.
There, ſword, to ſword.
Sep. I kill'd him on commandment,
If Kings commands be faire, when you all fainted,
When none of you durſt looke ——
Ach. On deeds ſo barbarous,
What haſt thou got?
Sep. The Kings love, and his bounty,
The honour of the ſervice, which though you raile at;
Or a thouſand envious ſoules fling their foames on me,
Will dignifie the cauſe, and make me glorious:
And I ſhall live.
Ach. A miſerable villaine,
What reputation, and reward belongs to it?
Thus (with the head) I ſeize on, and make mine;
And be not impudent to aske me why (Sirha)
Nor bold to ſtay, read in mine eyes, the reaſon :
The ſhame and obloquy, I leave thine owne,
Inherit thoſe rewardes, they are fitter for thee,
Your oyle's ſpent, and your ſnuff ſtinks : go out baſely.
Sep. The King will yet conſider. *Exit.*
Enter Ptolomy, Achareus, Photinus.
Achil. Here he comes Sir.
Ach. Yet if it be undon : heare me great Sir,
If this inhumane ſtroake be yet unſtrooken,
If that adored head be not yet ſeverd
From the moſt noble Body, weigh the miſeryes :
The deſolations that this great Eclipſe works,
You are young, be provident : fix not your Empire
Upon the Tombe of him, will ſhake all *Egypt*,
Whoſe warlike groanes will raiſe ten thouſand Spirits,
(Great as himſelfe) in every hand a thunder;
Deſtructions darting from their lookes and ſorrowes,
That eaſy womens eyes ſhall never empty.
Pho. You have done well; and 'tis done, ſee *Achillas*,
And in his hand the head.
Ptol. Stay come no nearer,
Me thinks, I feele the very earth ſhake under me,
I do remember him, he was my guardian,
Appointed by the Senate to preſerve me:
What a full Majeſty ſits in his face yet?
Pho. The King is troubled : be not frighted Sir,

Be not abus'd with feares; his death was neceſſary,
If you conſider (Sir) moſt neceſſary,
Not to be miſs'd: and humbly thanke great *Iſis:*
He came ſo opportunely to your hands;
Pitty muſt now give place to rules of ſafety,
Is not victorious *Cæſar*, new arriv'd:
And enter'd *Alexandria*, with his friends,
His *Navy* riding by to wait his charges?
Did he not beate this P*ompey*, and purſude him?
Was not this great man, his great enemy?
This Godlike vertuous man, as people held him,
But what foole dare be friend to flying vertue?

Enter Cæſar, Anthony, Dollobella, Sceva.

I heare their Trumpets, 'tis too late to ſtagger,
Give me the head, and be you confident:
Haile Conquerour, and head of all the world,
Now this head's off.

Cæſar. Ha?

Pho. Do not ſhun me (*Cæſar*)
From kingly *Ptolomy*, I bring this preſent,
The Crowne, and ſweat of thy *Pharſalian* labour:
The goale and marke of high ambitious honour,
Before thy victory had no name (*Cæſar*)
Thy travell and thy loſſe of blood, no recompence,
Thou dreamſt of being worthy, and of warr;
And all thy furious conflicts were but ſlumbers,
Here they take life: here they inherit honour,
Grow fixt, and ſhoot up everlaſting triupmhes,
Take it, and looke upon thy humble ſervant,
With noble eyes looke on the Princely *Ptolomy*,
That offers with this head (moſt mighty C*æſar*)
What thou would'ſt once have given for it, all E*gypt*.

Ach. Nor do not queſtion it (moſt royall Conquerour)
Nor diſ-eſteeme the benefit that meetes thee,
Becauſe 'tis eaſily got, it comes the ſafer:
Yet let me tell thee (moſt imperious *Cæſar*)
Though he oppos'd no ſtrength of Swords to win this,
Nor labourd through no ſhowres of darts, and lances:
Yet here he found a fort, that faced him ſtrongly
An inward warr: he was his Grand ſires Gueſt;
Friend to his Father, and when he was expell'd
And beaten from this Kingdome by ſtrong hand,
And had none left him, to reſtore his honour,
No hope to finde a friend, in ſuch a miſery;
Then in ſtept *Pompey*: tooke his feeble fortune:
Strengthend, and cheriſh'd it, and ſet it right againe,
This was a love to *Ceſar*.

Sceva. Give me, hate, Gods.

Pho. This *Ceſar*, may account a little wicked,
But yet remember, if thine owne hands (Conquerour)
Had fallen upon him, what it had bin then?
If thine owne Sword had touch'd his throat, what that way!
He was thy Son in law, there to be tainted,
Had bin moſt terrible: let the worſt be renderd,
We have deſerv'd for keeping thy hands innocent.

Ceſar. Oh *Sceva*, *Sceva*, ſee that head: ſee Captaines,
The head of godlike *Pompey*.

Sce. He was baſely ruinde,
But let the Gods be griev'd that ſufferd it,
And be you *Ceſar*———

Ceſar. Oh thou Conquerour,
Thou glory of the world once, now the pitty:
Thou awe of Nations, wherefore didſt thou fall thus?
What poore fate followed thee, and pluckt thee on
To truſt thy ſacred life to an E*gyptian*;
The life and light of *Rome*, to a blind ſtranger:
That honourable war nere taught a nobleneſſe,
Nor worthy circumſtance ſhew'd what a man was,
That never heard thy name ſang, but in banquets;
And looſe laſcivious pleaſures? to a Boy,
That had no faith to comprehend thy greatneſſe:
No ſtudy of thy life to know thy goodneſſe;
And leave thy Nation, nay, thy noble friend,
Leave him (diſtruſted) that in teares falls with thee?
(In ſoft relenting teares) heare me (great *Pompey*
(If thy great ſpirit can heare) I muſt taske thee:
Thou haſt moſt unnobly rob'd me of my victory,
My love, and mercy.

Ant. O how brave theſe teares ſhew?
How excellent is ſorrow in an Enemy?

Dol. Glory appeares not greater then this goodneſſe.

Ceſar. *Egyptians*, dare you thinke your high *Pyram*
Built to out-dare the Sun, as you ſuppoſe,
Where your unworthy Kings, lye rak'd in aſhes:
Are monuments fit for him? no, (brood of *Nilus*)
Nothing can couer his high fame, but heaven;
No P*yramides* ſet off his memoryes:
But the eternall ſubſtance of his greateneſſe
To wich I leave him, take the head away,
And (with the body) give it noble buriall,
Your Earth ſhall now be bleſs'd to hold a *Roman*,
Whoſe braveryes all the worlds-earth cannot ballance.

Sce. If thou bee'ſt thus loving, I ſhall honour thee,
But great men may diſſemble; 'tis held poſſible,
And be right glad of what they ſeeme to weepe for,
Xhere are ſuch kinde of Phyloſophers; now do I wo
How he would looke if P*ompey* were alive againe,
But how he would ſet his face?

Ceſar. You looke now (King)
And you that have beene Agents in this glory,
For our eſpeciall favour?

Ptol. We deſire it.

Ceſar. And doubtleſſe you expect rewards.

Sce. Let me give 'em:
I'le give 'em ſuch as nature never dreampt of,
I'le beat him and his Agents (in a morter)
Into one man, and that one man I'le bake then.

Ceſar. Peace: I forgive you all that's recompence:
You are young, and ignorant, that pleads your pardo
And feare it may be more then hate provok'd ye;
Your Miniſters I muſt thinke wanted judgement,
And ſo they erd: I am bountifull to thinke this;
Beleeve me moſt bountifull: Be you moſt thankfull,
That bounty ſhare amongſt ye, if I knew
What to ſend you for a preſent King of *Egypt*;
(I meane a head of equall reputation
And that you lov'd) though it were your brighteſt Siſte
(But her you hate) I would not be behinde ye.

P*tol*: Heare me (great *Ceſar.*)

Ceſar. I heave hard too much
And ſtudy not with ſmooth ſhewes, to invade
My noble minde, as you have done my conqueſt:
Ye are poore and open: I muſt tell you roundly,
That man that could not recompence the benefits;
The great and bounteous ſervices of Pompey
Can never doate upon the name of *Ceſar*;
Though I had hated Pompey, and allowd his ruine,
I gave you no comiſſion to performe it:
Haſty to pleaſe in blood, are ſeldome truſty,
And but I ſtand invirond with my victories;
My fortune never failing to be friend me,
My noble ſtrengthes, and friends about my perſon,
I durſt not trye ye, nor expect a courtiſy,
Above the pious love, you ſhewd to P*ompey*,
You have found me mercifull in arguing with ye:

Swordes, Hangers, Fires, deſtructions of all natures,
Demoliſhments of Kingdomes, and whole Ruines
Are wont to be my Orators, turne to teares,
You wretched, and poore Seedes of Sun-burnt Egypt,
And now you have found the nature of a Conquerour,
That you cannot decline, with all your flatteries,
That where the day gives light, will be himſelfe ſtill.
Know how to meet his worth with humane courteſies,
Go,and embalme thoſe bones of that great Souldier;
Howle round about his pile, fling on your Spices,
Make a *Sabean* bed, and place this Phenix
Where the hot Sun may emulate his vertues,
And draw another *Pompey* from his aſhes
Divinely great, and fixe him 'mongſt the worthies.

Ptol. We will doe all.

Ceſar. You have rob'd him of thoſe teares
His kindred, and his friends kept ſacred for him:
The Virgins of their funerall Lamentations:
And that kind Earth that thought to cover him,
(His Countries Earth) will cry out 'gainſt your crueltie,
And weepe unto the Ocean for revenge,
Till *Nilus* raiſe his ſeven heads and devoure ye:
My griefe has ſtopt the reſt; when *Pompey* liv'd
He us'd you nobly, now he is dead, uſe him ſo. *Exit.*

Ptol Now where's your confidence? your aime (*Photinus*)
The Oracles, and faire Favors from the Conquerour
You rung into mine eares? how ſtand I now?
You ſee the tempeſt of his ſterne diſpleaſure,
The death of him you urged a Sacrifice
To ſtop his rage, preſaging a full ruine;
Where are your Councells now?

Ach. I told ye Sir,
(And told the truth) what danger would fly after:
And though an Enemie, I ſatisfied you
He was a Roman, and the top of honour;
And howſoever this might pleaſe great *Cæſar*,
I told ye that the fowleneſſe of his death
The impious baſeneſſe——

Pho. Peace, ye are a foole,
Men of deepe ends, muſt tread as deepe waies to'm;
Cæſar I know is pleas'd, and for all his ſorrowes
(Which are put on for formes and meere diſſemblings)
I am confident he's glad: to have told ye ſo,
And thanke ye outwardly, had bin too open,
And taken from the wiſedome of a Conquerour.
Be confident, and proud ye have done this ſervice;
Ye have deſerv'd, and ye will finde it highly:
Make bold uſe of this benefit, and be ſure
You keepe your Siſter, (the high-ſould-*Cleopatra*,)
Both cloſe and ſhort enough, ſhe may not ſee him:
The reſt, if I may councell ſir.——

Ptol. Doe all:
For in thy faithfull ſervice reſts my ſafetie. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Septinius.

Sep. Heere's a ſtrange alteration in the Court;
Mens faces are of other ſetts, and motions,
Their minds of ſubtler ſtuffe: I paſſe by now
As though I were a Raſcall, no man knowes me,
No eye lookes after: as I were a plague,
Their doores ſhut cloſe againſt me: and I wondred at
Becauſe I have done a meritorious Murther,
Becauſe I have pleas'd the Time, does the Time plague me?
I have knowne the day they would have huggd me for it:
For a leſſe ſtroke then this, have done me reverence:
Opend their hearts, and ſecret cloſets to me
Their purſes, and their pleaſures, and bid me wallow.
I now perceive the great Theeves eate the leſſe,
And the huge *Leviathans* of Villany
Sup up the merits, nay the men and all
That doe them ſervice, and ſpowt'em out againe
Into the ayre, as thin, and unregarded
As drops of water; that are loſt i'th Ocean;
I was lov'd once for ſwearing, and for drinking,
And for other principall Qualities, that became me,
Now a fooliſh unthankfull murther has undone me,
If my Lord *Photinus* be not mercifull *Enter Photinus.*
That ſet me on: And he comes, now fortune.

Pho. Cæſars unthankfulneſſe a little ſtirrs me
A little frets my blood: take heede, proud Roman,
Provoke me not; ſtir not my anger farther:
I may finde out a way unto thy life too,
(Though arm'd in all thy Victories) and ſeize it,
A Conquerour has a heart, and I may hit it.

Sep. May it pleaſe your Lordſhip?

Pho. O *Septinius!*

Sep. Your Lordſhip knowes my wrongs.

Pho. Wrongs?

Sep. Yes my, Lord,
How the Captaine of the Guard *Achillas*, ſlights me.

Pho. Thinke better of him, he has much befriended thee,
Shew'd thee much love in taking the head from thee.
The times are altered (Souldier) *Cæſars* angry,
And our deſigne to pleaſe him, loſt, and periſh'd:
Be glad thou art unnam'd 'tis not worth the owning;
Yet, that thou maiſt be uſefull——

Sep. Yes my Lord,
I ſhall be ready.

Pho. For I may employ thee
To take a rubbe or too out of my way
As time ſhall ſerve: ſay that it be a Brother?
Or a hard Father?

Sep. 'Tis moſt neceſſary,
A Mother, or a Siſter; or whom you pleaſe (ſir.)

Pho. Or to betray a noble friend.

Sep. Tis all one.

Pho. I know thou wilt ſtir for gold.

Sep. Tis all my motion.

Pho. There take that for thy ſervice, and farewell:
I have greater buſineſſe now.

Sep. I am ſtill your owne, Sir.

Pho. One thing I charge thee; ſee me no more (*Septinius*)
Vnleſſe I ſend. *Exit.*

Sep. I ſhall obſerve your houre.
So, this brings ſomething in the mouth; ſome ſavour,
This is the Lord I ſerve, the power I worſhip,
My friends, Allyes, And here lyes my Allegeance.
Let people talke as they pleaſe of my rudeneſſe,
And ſhun me for my deede: bring but this to'em,
(Let me be damn'd for blood) yet ſtill I am honourable,
This God creates new tongues, and new affections:
And though I had killd my Father, give me gold,
I'le make men ſweare I have done a pious Sacrifice.
Now I will out-brave all: make all my Servants,
And my brave deed ſhall be writ in wine, for vertuous.
Exit.

Scena

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cæſar, Antony, Dollobella, Sceva.

Cæſar. Keepe ſtrong guardes, and with wary eyes (my friends)
There is no truſting to theſe baſe *Egyptians:*
They that are falſe to pious benefits,
And make compelld neceſſityes their faithes
Are traitors to the Gods.
Ant. Weel'e call a ſhore,
A legion of the beſt.
Cæſar. Not a man (*Antony*)
That were to ſhew our feares, and dim our greatneſſe:
No 'tis enough my name's a ſhore.
Sce. Too much too,
A ſleeping *Cæſar*, is enough to ſhake them;
There are ſome two or three malitious Raſcalls
Trained up in villany, beſides that *Cerberus*
That *Roman* dog, that lick'd the blood of Pompey.
Dol. 'Tis ſtrange; a *Roman* Souldier?
Sce You are cozend,
There be of us, as be of all other nations,
Villaines, and Knaves; 'tis not the name containes him,
But the obedience: when that's once forgotten,
And duty flung away, then welcom Devill,
Photinus and *Achillas*, and this vermine:
That's now become a naturall Crocadile,
Muſt be with care obſeru'd.
Ant. And 'tis well counſell'd
No confidence, nor truſt ——
Sce. Ile truſt the Sea firſt,
When with her hollow murmurs ſhe invites me,
And cluches in her ſtormes, as politique Lyons
Conceale their clawes: Ile truſt the Devill firſt:
The rule of ill, I le truſt before the dore.
Cæſar. Go to your reſts: & follow your own wiſedomes,
And leave me to my thoughts: pray no more complement,
Once more ſtrong watches.
Dol. All ſhall be obſerv'd, Sir. Exit.
Cæſar. I am dull, and heavy: yet I cannot ſleepe,
How happy was I, in my lawfull warrs
In *Germany*, and *Gaul*, and B*ritany?*
When euery night with pleaſure I ſat downe
What the day miniſtred? the ſleepe came ſweetely.
But ſince I undertooke this home-diviſion,
This civill war, and paſt the Rubicon,
What have I done, that ſpeakes an antient *Roman*?
A good, great Man? I have enterd Rome by force,
And on her tender wombe, (that gave me life)
Let my inſulting Souldiers rudely trample,
The deare vaines of my Country, I have opend
And faild upon the torrents that flowd from her,
The bloody ſtreames, that in their confluence
Carried before 'em thouſand deſolations;
I rob'd the treaſury, and at one gripe
Snatch'd all the wealth, ſo many worthy triumphs,
Placed there as ſacred to the peace of *Rome*;
Raiz'd *Maſſilia*, in my wanton anger:
Petreius and *Affrinius* I defeated.
Pompey I over threw; what did that get me?
The ſlubbord name of an authoriz'd enemy; *noiſe within.*
I heare ſome noiſes: they are the watches ſure,
What friends have I tyde faſt, by theſe ambitiones?
Cato; the lover of his Countryes freedom
Is paſt now into *Affrik*, to affront me,
Juba, (that kill'd my friend) is up in armes too:
The Sonnes of *Pompey*, are Maſters of the Sea,
And from the reliques of their ſcatterd faction,
A new head's ſprung: Say I defeate all theſe too:
I come home Crown'd an honourable Rebell,
I heare the noiſe ſtill, and it comes ſtill nearer:
Are the guards faſt? who waites there?
Enter Sceva, with a packet, Cleopatra in it.
Sce. Are ye awake Sir?
Cæſar. 'Ith name of wonder.
Sce. Nay I am a Porter,
A ſtrong one too: or elſe my ſides would cracke Sir,
And my ſinnes were as waighty, I ſhould ſcarce
with 'em.
Cæſar. What haſt thou there?
Sce. Aske them which ſtay without,
And brought it hither, your preſence I denide 'em:
And put 'em by: tooke up the load my ſelfe,
They ſay 'tis rich: and valude at the Kingdome,
I am ſure 'tis heavy: if you like to ſee it;
You may, if not I'le give it back.
Cæſar. Stay *Sceva*,
I would faine ſee it.
Sce. I'le begin to worke then:
No doubt to flatter ye, they have ſent ye ſomething,
Of a rich vallue, Iewells, or ſome Treaſure;
May be a Rogue within, to do a miſchief:
I pray you ſtand farther off, if there be villany,
Better my danger firſt: he ſhall ſcape hard too,
Ha? what art thou?
Cæſar. Stand farther off (good *Sceva*)
What heavenly viſion? do I wake or ſlumber?
Farther off that hand friend.
Sce. What apparition,
What Spirit have I rais'd? ſure 'tis a woman:
She lookes like one: Now ſhe begins to move too:
A tempting Devill, ô my life: go off *Cæſar*,
Bleſſe thy ſelfe off, a baud growne in mine old dayes?
Bawdry advanced upon my back? 'tis noble;
Sir, if you be a Souldier come no nearer,
She is ſent to diſpoſſeſſe you of your honour,
A ſpunge, a ſpunge, to wipe away your victories:
And ſhe would be coold (Sir) let the Souldiers trim he
They'le give her that ſhe came for, and diſpatch her;
Be loyall to your ſelfe: thou damned woman
Do'ſt thou come hither with thy flouriſhes,
Thy flaunts, and faces, to abuſe mens manners?
And am I made the inſtrument of bawdry?
I'le finde a lover for ye, one ſhall hugg ye;
Cæſar. Hold on thy life: and be more temperate,
Thou beaſt.
Sce. Thou beaſt?
Cæſar. Could'ſt thou be ſo inhumane,
So farr from noble men to draw thy weapon,
Upon a thing divine?
Sce. Divine, or humane,
They are never better pleas'd, nor more at harts-eaſe,
Then when we draw with full intent upon 'em.
Cæſar. Move this way (Lady)
Pray ye let me ſpeake to ye.
Sce. And woman, you had beſt ſtand.
Cæſar. By the Gods,
But that I ſee her here, and hope her mortall:
I ſhould imagine ſome celeſtiall ſweetneſſe,
The treaſure of ſoft love.
Sce. Oh, this ſoundes mangely,
Poorely; and ſcurvely in a Souldiers mouth:

You had beſt be troubled with the Tooth-ach too:
For lovers ever are, and let your noſe drop
That your celeſtiall beauty may be-friend ye:
At theſe yeares do you learne to be fantaſticall?
After ſo many bloody feildes, a foole?
She brings her bed along too; ſhee'le looſe no time,
Carryes her Litter to lye ſoft, do you ſee that?
Invites ye like a Gamſter: note that impudence,
For ſhame reflect upon your ſelfe, your honour,
Looke back into your noble parts and bluſh:
Let not the deare ſweat of the hot *Pharſalia*,
Mingle with baſe *Embraces*; am I he
That have receiv'd ſo many woundes for *Cæſar*?
Upon my Target, groves of darts ſtill growing?
Have I endur'd all hungers, colds, diſtreſſes,
And as I had been bred that Iron that arm'd me)
Stood out all weathers, now to curſe my fortune?
To ban the blood I loſt for ſuch a Generall?

Cæſar. Offend no more: be gon.

Sce. I will, and leave ye,
Leave ye to womens wars, that will proclaime ye:
You'le conquer *Rome* now, and the Capitoll
With Fans, and Looking-glaſſes, farwell *Cæſar*.

Cleo. Now I am private ſir, I dare ſpeake to ye:
But thus low firſt, for as a God I honour ye.

Sce. Lower you'le be anon.

Cæſar. Away.

Sce. And privater,
For that you covet all. *Exit.*

Cæſar. Tempt me no farther.

Cleo. Contemne me not, becauſe I know thus (*Cæſar*)
I am a Queene, and coheire to this country,
The ſiſter to the mighty *Ptolomy*,
Yet one diſtreſſd, that flyes unto thy juſtice,
One that layes ſacred hold on thy protection
As on a holy Altar, to preſerve me.

Cæſar. Speake Queene of beauty, and ſtand up.

Cleo. I dare not,
'Till I have found that favour in thine eyes,
That godlike great humanity to helpe me,
Thus, to thy knees muſt I grow: (ſacred *Cæſar*,)
And if it be not in thy will, to right me,
And raiſe me like a Queene from my ſad ruines,
If theſe ſoft teares cannot ſinke to thy pitty;
And waken with their murmurs thy compaſſions:
Yet for thy nobleneſſe, for vertues ſake,
And if thou beeſt a man, for deſpis'd beauty,
For honourable conqueſt, which thou do'ſt on:
Let not thoſe cankers of this flouriſhing Kingdome,
Photinus, and *Achillas*, (the one an Evnuch,)
The other a baſe bondman, thus raigne over me,
Seize my inheritance, and leave my brother
Nothing of what he ſhould be, but the Title:
As thou art wonder of the world.

Cæſar. Stand up then
And be a Queene, this hand ſhall give it to ye,
Or choſe a greater name, worthy my bounty:
A common love makes Queenes: choſe to be worſhiped,
To be divinely great, and I dare promiſe it,
A ſuitor of your ſort, and bleſſed ſweetneſſe:
That hath adventur'd thus to ſee great *Cæſar*,
Muſt never be denied, you have found a patron
That dare not in his private honour, ſuffer
So great a blemiſh to the heaven of beauty:
The God of love would clap his angry wings,
And from his ſinging bow, let flye thoſe arrowes
Headed with burning grieves, and pining ſorrowes:
Should I neglect your cauſe would make me monſtrous,
To whom and to your ſervice I devote me.

Enter Sceva.

Cle. He is my conqueſt now, and ſo I'le worke him,
The conquerour of the world will I lead captive,

Sce. Still with this woman? tilting ſtill with Babies?
As you are honeſt thinke the Enemy,
Some valiant Foe indeed now charging on ye:
Ready to breake your ranks, and fling theſe——

Cæſar. Heare me,
But tell me true, if thou hadſt ſuch a treaſure:
(And as thou art a Souldier, do not flatter me)
Such a bright gem, brought to thee, wouldſt thou not
Moſt greedily accept?

Sce. Not as an Emperour,
A man that firſt would rule him ſelfe, then others,
As a poore hungry Souldier, I might bite, Sir,
Yet that's a weakneſſe too: heare me, thou Tempter:
And heare thou *Cæſar* too, for it concerns thee,
And if thy fleſh be deaf yet let thine honour,
The ſoule of a commander, give ear to me,
Thou wanton bane of warr, thou guilded Lethergy,
In whoſe embraces, eaſe (the ruſt of Armes)
And pleaſure, (that makes Souldiers poore) inhabites.

Cæſar. Fye, thou blaſphem'ſt.

Sce. I do, when ſhe is a goddeſſe,
Thou melter of ſtrong mindes, dar'ſt thou preſume
To ſmother all his triumphes, with thy vanityes,
And tye him like a ſlave, to thy proud beautyes?
To thy imperious lookes? that Kings have follow'd
Proud of their chaines? have waited on? I ſhame Sir. *Exit.*

Cæſar. Alas thou art rather mad: take thy reſt *Sceva*,
Thy duty makes thee erre, but I forgive thee:
Go: go I ſay, ſhew me no diſobedience:
'Tis well, farewell, the day will breake deare Lady,
My Souldiers will come in; pleaſe you retire,
And thinke upon your ſervant?

Cleo. Pray you Sir, know me,
And what I am.

Cæſar. The greater, I more love ye,
And you muſt know me too.

Cleo. So far as modeſty,
And majeſty gives leave Sir, ye are too violent.

Cæſar. You are too cold to my deſires.

Cleo. Sweare to me,
And by your ſelfe (for I hold that oath ſacred)
You will right me as a Queene——

Cæſar. Theſe lips be witneſſe,
And if I breake that oath——

Cleo. You make me bluſh Sir,
And in that bluſh interpret me.

Cæſar. I will do,
Come let's go in, and bluſh againe: this one word,
You ſhall beleeve.

Cleo. I muſt, you are a conquerour. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius Scena Prima.

Enter Ptolomy, Photinus.

Pho. GOod Sir, but heare.

Ptol. No more, you have undon me,
That, that I howrely fear'd, is falne upon me,
And heavily, and deadly.

Pho. Heare a remedy.

Ptol. A remedy now the diſeaſe is ulcerous?

And has infected all?your ſecure negligence
Has broke through all the hopes I have, and ruinde me:
My Siſter is with *Cæſar*, in his chamber,
All night ſhe has bin with him; and no doubt
Much to her honour.
Pho. Would that were the worſt, Sir,
That will repaire it ſelfe: but I feare mainely,
She has made her peace with *Cæſar*.
Ptol. 'Tis moſt likely,
And what am I then?
Pho. 'Plague upon that Raſcall
Apollodorus, under whoſe command,
Under whoſe eye——— *Enter Achillas.*
Ptol. Curſe on you all, ye are wreches.
Pho. 'Twas providently don (*Achillas*.
Achil. Pardon me. (watchfull.
Pho. Your guardes were rarely wiſe,and woundrous
Achil. I could not helpe it, if my life had laine for't,
Alas, who would ſuſpect a pack of bedding:
Or a ſmall Truſſe of houſhould furniture?
And as they ſaide for *Cæſars* uſe:)or who durſt
(Being for his private chamber)ſeeke to ſtop it?
I was abus'd. *Enter Achoreus.*
Ach. 'Tis no hower now for anger:
No wiſedome to debate with fruitleſſe choler,
Let us conſider timely what we muſt do,
Since ſhe is flowne to his protection:
From whom we have no power to ſever her,
Nor force conditions———
Ptol. Speake (good *Achoreus*)
Ach. Let indirect and crooked counſells vaniſh,
And ſtraight, and faire directions———
Pho. Speake your minde Sir.
Ach. Let us choose *Cæſar*, and endeare him to us,)
An Arbitrator in all differe nces,
Betwixt you, and your ſiſter; this is ſafe now:
And will ſhew off, moſt honourable.
Pho. Baſe,
Moſt baſe and poore; a ſervile, cold ſubmiſſion: (lours,
Heare me, and pluck your hearts up, like ſtout Counſel-
Since we are ſenſible this *Cæſar* loades us,
And have begun our fortune, with great *Pompey*
Be of my minde.
Ach. 'Tis moſt uncomely ſpoken,
And if I ſay moſt bloodily, I lye not:
The law of hoſpitality, it poyſons,
And calls rhe Gods in queſtion that dwell in us,
Be wiſe O King.
Ptol. I will be: go my counſellour,
To *Cæſar* go, and do my humble ſervice:
To my faire ſiſter my commends negotiate,
And here I ratefie what e're thou treat'ſt on.
Ach. Crown'd with faire peace, I go. *Exit.*
Ptol. My love go with thee,
And from my love go you, you cruell vipers:
You ſhall know now I am no ward, *Photinus*. *Exit.*
Pho. This for our ſervice?
Princes do their pleaſures,
And they that ſerve obey in all diſgraces:
The loweſt we can fall to, is our graves,
There we ſhall know no difference:heark *Achillas*,
I may do ſomething yet, when times are ripe,
To tell this rare unthankfull King.
chil. *Photinus*,
What e're it be I ſhall make one: and zealouſly:
For better dye attempting ſomething nobly,
Then fall diſgraced.
Pho. Thou lou'ſt me and I thanke thee. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Antony, Dollobella, Sceva.

Dol. Nay there's no rowſing him:he is bewitchd ſure
His noble blood crudled, and eold within him;
Growne now a womans warriour.
Sce. And a tall one:
Studies her fortifications, and her breaches,
And how he may advance his ram to batter
The Bullworke of her chaſtitie.
Ant. Be not too angry,
For by this light, the woman's a rare woman,
A Lady of that catching youth, and beauty,
That unmatch'd ſweetneſſe———
Dol. But why ſhould he be foold ſo?
Let her be what ſhe will, why ſhould his wiſedome,
His age, and honour———
Ant. Say it were your owne caſe,
Or mine, or any mans, that has heate in him:
'Tis true at this time when he has no promiſe
Of more ſecurity then his ſword can cut through,
I do not hold it ſo diſcreete:but a good face(Gentleman)
And eyes that are the winningſt Orators:
A youth that opens like perpetuall ſpring,
And to all theſe, a tongue that can deliver
The Oracles of Love———
Sce. I would you had her,
With all her Oracles, and Miracles,
She were fitter for your turne.
Ant. Would I had (*Sceva*)
With all her faultes too: let me a lone to mend 'em,
O that condition I made thee mine heire. (lo
Sce. I had rather have your black horſe, then your h
Dol. *Cæſar* writes *Sonnetts* now, the ſound of war
Is growne to boyſtrous for his mouth:he ſighes too.
Sce. And learnes to fidle moſt mellodiouſly,
And ſings, 'twould make your eares prick up, to heare h
Shortly ſhee'le make him ſpin: & 'tis thought (Gen
He will prove an admirable maker of Bonelace,
And what a rare guift will that be in a generall?
Ant. I would he could abſtaine.
Sce. She is a witch ſure,
And workes upon him with ſome damn'd inchantment
Dol. How cunning ſhe will cary her behaviours,
And ſet her countenance in a thouſand poſtures:
To catch her ends?
Sce. She will be ſick, well,ſullen,
Merry, coy,over-joyd, and ſeeme to dye
All in one halfe an houre, to make an aſſe of him,
I make no doubt ſhe will be drunk too:damnably,
And in her drinke will fight, then ſhe fitts him.
Ant. That thou ſhoulds bring her in?
Sce. 'Twas my blinde fortune,
My Souldiers told me, by the waite 'twas wicked:
Would I had carried *Milos* Bull a furlong,
When I brought in this Cow-Calfe:he has advanced me
From an old Soldier, to a baw'd of memory:
O, that the Sonnes of *Pompey* were behinde him,
The honor'd *Cato*, and feirce *Juba* with 'em,
That they might whip him from his whore,& rowze hi
That their feirce Trumpets, from his wanton trances,
Might ſhake him like an Earthquake.
Enter Septinius.
Ant. What's this fellow? (cloth
Dol. Why, a brave fellow, if we judge men by their

Ant. By my faith he is brave indeed: he's no cõmander.
Sce. Yes, he has a Roman face, he has been at faire wars
And plenteous too, and rich, his Trappings ſhew it.
Sep. And they will not know me now, they'l never know
Who dare bluſh now at my acquaintance? ha? (me,
Am I not totally a ſpan-new Gallant
Fit for the choyceſt eyes? have I not gold?
The friendſhip of the world? if they ſhun me now?
(Though I were the arranteſt Rogue, as I am well for-
Mine owne curſe, and the Devills are light on me. (ward,
Ant. Is't not *Septinius*?
Sce. Yes.
Dol. He that killd *Pompey*?
Sce. The ſame Dog, Scab; that guilded botch, that raſcal
Dol. How glorions villany appeares in *Egypt*?
Sep. Gallants, and Soldiers, ſure they doe admire me.
Sce. Stand further off, thou ſtinkeſt
Sep. A likely matter:
Theſe Cloaths ſmell muſtily, doe they not Gallants?
They ſtinke they ſtinke, alas poore things, contemptible
By all the Gods in Egypt, the perfumes
That went to trymming theſe cloathes, coſt me——
Sce. Thou ſtinkeſt ſtill.
Sep. The powdring of this head too——
Sce. If thou haſt it
I'll tell thee all the Gumms in ſweet *Arabia*
Are not ſufficient, were they burnt about thee,
To purge the ſent of a ranck Raſcall from thee,
Ant. I ſmell him now: fie, how the Knave perfumes him,
How ſtrong he ſents of Traitor?
Dol. You had an ill Millaner,
He laid too much of the Gum of Ingratitude
Upon your Coate, you ſhould have waſht off that ſir,
Fie, how it choakes, too litle of your loyaltie
Your honeſty, your faith, that are pure Ambers,
I ſmell the rotten ſmell of a hired Coward,
A dead Dog is ſweeter.
Sep. Ye are merry Gentlemen
And by my troth, ſuch harmeleſſe mirth takes me too,
You ſpeake like good blunt Souldiers; and 'tis well e-
But did you live at Court, as I doe (Gallants) (nough,
You would refine, and learne an apter language;
I have done ye ſimple ſervice on your *Pompey*,
You might have lookt him yet this brace of twelve
And hunted after him, like founderd Beagles, (moneths
Had not this fortunate hand——
Ant. He brags on't too:
By the good Gods, rejoyces in't; thou wretch
Thou moſt contemptible Slave.
Sce. Dog, mangy Mongrell,
Thou murdring miſchiefe, in the ſhape of Souldier
To make all Souldiers hatefull; thou diſeaſe
That nothing but the Gallowes can give eaſe to. ——
Dol. Thou art ſo impudent, that I admire thee
And know not what to ſay.
Sep. I know your anger
And why you prate thus: I have found your mellencholly
Ye all want money, and you are liberall Captaines
And in this want, will talke a little deſperatly:
Heere's gold, come ſhare; I love a brave Commander:
And be not peeviſh, doe as *Cæſar* does:
He's merry with his wench now, be you joviall,
And let's all laugh and drinke: would ye have partners?
I doe conſider all your wants, and weigh'em,
He has the Miſtris, you ſhall have the maids,
I'le bring'em to ye, to your armes.
Ant. I Bluſh,
All over me, I bluſh, and ſweat to heare him:
Upon my conſcience, if my Armes were on now
Through them I ſhould bluſh too: pray ye let's be walk-
Sce. Yes, yes: but ere we goe, I'le leave this leſſon, (ing.
And let him ſtudy it: firſt Rogue, then Pander,
Next Devill that will be; get thee from mens preſence,
And where the name of Souldier has beene heard of
Be ſure thou live not: to ſome hungry deſert
Where thou canſt meete with nothing but thy conſcience,
(And that in all the ſhapes of all thy villanies)
Attend thee ſtill, where bruit Beaſts will abhor thee,
And even the Sun will ſhame to give thee light
Goe hide thy head: or if thou think'ſt it fitter
Goe hang thy ſelfe.
Dol. Harke to that clauſe,
Sce. And that ſpeedily
That nature may be eas'd of ſuch a Monſter. *Exit.*
Sep. Yet all this moves not me: nor reflects on me:
I keepe my God ſtill, and my confidence,
Their want of breeding, makes theſe fellowes murmur
Rude valorus, ſo I let'em paſſe; rude honours:
There is a wench yet, that I know, affects me
And company for a King: a young plump villaine,
That when ſhe ſees this gold, ſhee'll leap upon me,

Enter Eros.

And here ſhe comes: I am ſure of her at midnight,
My pretty *Eros* welcome.
Eros. I have buſineſſe.
Sep. Above my love, thou canſt not.
Er. Yes indeede ſir,
Far, far above.
Sep. Why, why ſo coy? 'pray ye tell me
We are alone.
Er. I am much aſham'd we are ſo. (tecote,
Sep. You want a new Gowne now, & a handſome Pet-
A Skarfe, and ſome odd toyes: I have gold here ready,
Thou ſhalt have any thing.
Eros. I want your abſence:
Keepe on your way, I care not for your company.
Sep. How? how? you are very ſhort: doe you know
And what I have beene to ye? (me *Eros*?
Eros. Yes I know ye:
And I hope I ſhall forget ye: Whilſt you were honeſt
I lou'd ye too.
Sep. Honeſt? come prethee kiſſe me.
Eros. I kiſſe no knaves: no Murderers, no Beaſts,
No baſe betrayers of thoſe men, that fed 'em,
I hate their looks; and though I may be wanton,
I ſcorne to nouriſh it, with blood purchaſe,
Purchaſe ſo fowly got; I pray ye nnhand he,
I had rather touch the plagne, then one unworthy:
Goe ſeeke ſome Miſtris, that a horſe may marry
And keepe her company, ſhee is too good for ye. *Exit.*
Sep. Marry this goes neere; now I perceive I am hatefull,
When this light ſtuffes can diſtinguiſh, it growes dange-
For mony ſeldome they refuſe a Leaper: (rous,
But ſure I am more odious, more diſeas'd too:

Enter three lame Souldiers.

It ſits cold here; what are theſe? three poore Souldiers?
Both poore and lame: their miſery may make 'em
A little looke upon me, and adore me,
If theſe will keepe me company, I am made yet.
1. *Sol.* The pleaſure *Cæſar* ſleepes in, makes us miſerable,
We are forgot, our maymes, and dangers laughed at;
He Banquets, and we beg.
2. *Sol.* He was not wont
To let poore Soldiers that have ſpent their Fortunes,
Their Bloods, & limbes, walk up & down like vagabonds,

Sep. Save ye good Souldiers: good poore men, heaven help ye:
You have borne the brunt of warr, and ſhew the ſtory.
1. *Sould.* Some new commander ſure.
Sep You looke (my good friends)
By your thin faces, as you would be Suitors.
2. *Sol.* *Cæſar*, for our meanes (Sir.)
Sep. And 'tis fit Sir.
3. *Sol.* We are poore men, and long forgot.
Sep. I grieve for it:
Good Souldiers ſhould have good rewardes, and favours,
I'le give up your petitions, for I pitty ye,
And frely ſpeake to *Cæſar*.
All. O we honour ye.
1. *Sould.* A good man ſure ye are: the Gods preſerve ye.
Sep. And to releive your wants the while, hold ſouldiers
Nay 'tis no dreame: 'tis good gold: take it freely,
'Twill keepe ye in good heart.
2. *Sold.* Now goodneſſe quit ye.
Sep. I'le be a friend to your afflictions,
And eate, and drink with ye too, and wee'le be merry:
And every day I'le ſee ye.
1. *Sol.* You are a ſouldier,
And one ſent from the Gods, I think.
Sep. I'le cloth ye,
Ye are lame, and then provide good lodging for ye:
And at my Table, where no want ſhall meete ye.
Enter Sceva.
All. Was never ſuch a man.
1. *Sold.* Deare honour'd Sir,
Let us but know your name, that we may worſhip ye.
2. *Sold.* That we may ever thank?
Sep. Why, call me any thing,
No matter for my name that may betray me.
Sce. A cunning thiefe, call him *Septinius* (ſouldiers)
The villaine that kil'd *Pompey*.
All. How?
Sce. Call him the ſhame of men. Exit.
1. *Sold.* O that this money,
Were waight enough to breake thy braines out: fling all:
And fling our curſes next: let them be mortall,
Out bloody wolfe, doſt thou come guilded over,
And painted with the charities, to poyſon us?
2. *Sold.* I know him now: may never Father owne thee,
But as a monſtrous birth ſhun thy baſe memory:
And if thou hadſt a Mother (as I cannot
Beleeve thou wert a naturall Burden, let her womb,
Be curſed of women for a bed of vipers.
3. *Sold.* Me thinks the ground ſhakes to devoure this Raſcall,
And the kinde aire turnes into foggs, and vapours
The infectious miſts, to Crowne his villanies,
Thou maiſt go wander, like a thing heaven hated.
1. *Sold.* And valiant minds hold poyſonous to remember
The Hangman will not keepe thee company,
He has an honourable houſe to thine,
No, not a theife though thou couldſt ſave his life for't
Will eate thy bread, nor one, for thirſt ſtarv'd, drinke with thee.
2. *Sould.* Thou art no company for an honeſt dog,
And ſo wee'le leave thee to a ditch (thy deſtiny) *Exeunt.*
Sep. Contemned of all? and kickt too? now I finde it;
My vallours fled too, with mine honeſty,
For ſince I would be knave I muſt be Coward:
This 'tis to be a Traitor, and betrayer,
What a deformity dwells round about me?
How monſtrous ſhewes that man, that is ungratefull?
I am a fraide the very beaſts will teare me,
Inſpir'd with what I have done: the windes will blaſt me:
Now I am paid, and my reward dwells in me,
The wages of my fact, my ſoules oppreſt,
Honeſt and noble mindes, you finde moſt reſt. Exi

Scena Tertia.

Enter Ptolemy, Achoreus, Photinus, Achillas.

Ptol. I have commanded, and it ſhall be ſo,
A preparation I have ſet o' foote,
VVorthy the frendſhip and the fame of *Cæſar*,
My Siſters favours ſhall ſeeme poore and wither'd:
Nay ſhe her ſelfe, (trim'd up in all her beautyes)
Compar'd to what I'le take his eyes with all,
Shall be a dreame.
Pho. Do you meane to ſhew the glory,
And wealth of *Egypt*?
Ptol. Yes: and in that luſtre,
Rome ſhall appeare in all her famous Conqueſts,
And all her riches of no note unto it.
Ach. Now you are reconcilde to your faire Siſter,
Take heed Sir, how you ſtep into a danger:
A danger of this præcipice: but note ſir,
For what *Rome* ever rais'd her mighty armyes?
Firſt for ambition: then for wealth: 'tis madneſſe,
Nay more, a ſecure impotence, to tempt
An armed Gueſt: feed not an eye, that conquers,
Nor teach a fortunate ſword the way to be coveteous.
Ptol. Ye judge a miſſe: and far to wide to alter me,
Yet all be ready, as I gave direction:
The ſecret way of all our wealth appearing
Newly, and handſomely: and all about it:
No more diſſwading: 'tis my will.
Ach. I grieve for't.
Ptol. I will dazell *Cæſar*, with exceſſe of glory.
Pho. I feare you'le curſe your will we muſt obey ye. E

Scena Quarta.

Enter Cæſar, Antony, Dollabella, Sceva, above.

Cæſar. I wonder at the glory of this Kingdome,
And the moſt bounteous preparation,
Still as I paſſe, they Court me with.
Sce. I'le tell ye:
In *Gaul*, and *Germany*, we ſaw ſuch viſions,
And ſtood not to admire 'em, but poſſeſſe em:
VVhen they are ours, they are worth our admiration.
Enter Cleopatra.
Ant. The young Queen comes: give roome.
Cæſar. VVelcome (my deareſt)
Come bleſſe my ſide.
Sce. I mary: here's a wonder,
As ſhe appears now, I am no true Souldier,
If I be not readieſt to recant.
Cleo. Be merry Sir,
My brother wil be proud to do you honour
That now appeares himſelfe.
Enter Ptolomy, Achoreus, Achillas, Photinus, Appollodorus.
Ptol. Haile to great *Cæſar*
My Royall Gueſt, firſt I will feaſt thine eyes
VVith wealthy *Ægypts* ſtore: and then thy palat
And waite my ſelfe upon thee. *Treaſure brought in.*
Cæſar. VVhat rich Service?

What mines of treaſure? richer ſtill?
Cleo. My *Cæſar*,
What do you admire? pray ye turn, and let me talk to ye.
Have ye forgot me Sir? how, a new object?
Am I grown old o'th ſodaine? *Cæſar?*
Cæſar. Tell me
From whence comes all this wealth?
Cleo. Is your eye that way?
And all my Beauties baniſht?
Ptol. I'le tell thee *Cæſar*,
We owe for all this wealth to the olde *Nylus*:
We need no dropping raine to cheer the husband-man,
Nor Merchant that ploughs up the Sea, to ſeeke us;
Within the wealthy wombe of reverent *Nylus*,
All this is nouriſhed: who to do thee honour,
Comes to diſcover his ſeven Deities,
(His conceal'd heads) unto thee: ſee with pleaſure
Cæſar. The matchleſſe wealth of this Land!
Cleo. Come, ye ſhall heare.
Cæſar. Away: let me imagine.
Cleo. How? frown on me?
The eyes of *Cæſar* wrapt in ſtormes?
Cæſar. I am ſorry:
But let me thinke——

Muſicke, Song.
Enter Iſis, and three Labourers.

ISis, the Goddeſſe of this Land,
Bids thee (great Cæſar*) underſtand*
And marke our Cuſtomes, and firſt know,
With greedy eyes theſe watch the flow
Of plenteous Nylus*: when he comes,*
With Songs, with Daunces, Timbrels, Drums,
They entertaine him: cut his way,
And give his proud Heads leave to play:
Nylus *himſelfe, ſhall riſe, and ſhow*
His matchleſſe wealth in Over-flow.

Labourers Song.

COme let us help the reverend Nyle,
Hee's very olde (alas the while)
Let us dig him eaſie wayes,
And prepare a thouſand Playes:
To delight his ſtreames let's ſing,
Aloud welcome to our spring.
This way let his curling Heads,
Fall into our new made Beds.
This way let his wanton ſpawnes,
Friske, and glide it o're the Lawnes.
This way profit comes, and gaine:
How he tumbles here amaine.
How his waters haſt to fall
Into our Channells? Labour *all*
And let him in: Let Nylus *flow,*
And perpetuall plenty ſhow.
With Incenſe let us bleſſe the brim,
And as the wanton fiſhes ſwim
Let us Gums, and Garlands fling,
And loud our Timbrels ring.
Come (olde Father) come away,
Our labour is our holy-day.

Iſis. *HEre comes the aged River now*
With Garlands of great Pearl, his Brow
Begirt and rounded: In his Flow,
All things take life; and all things grow.
A thouſand wealthy Treaſures ſtill,
To doe him ſervice at his will,
Follow his riſing Flood, and powre
Perpetuall bleſſings in our ſtore.
Heare him: and next there will advance,
His ſacred Heads to tread a Dance,
In honour of my Royall Gueſt,
Marke them too: and you have a Feaſt.

Cleo. A little droſſe betray me?
Cæſar. I am aſham'd I warr'd at home, (my friends)
When ſuch wealth may be got abroad? what honour?
Nay everlaſting glory had *Rome* purchas'd,
Had ſhe a juſt cauſe but to viſit *Ægypt?*

Nylus SONG, *and Dance.*

MAke roome for my rich waters fall,
and bleſſe my Flood,
Nylus *comes flowing, to you all*
encreaſe and good.
Now the Plants and Flowers ſhall ſpring,
And the merry Plough-man ſing.
In my hidden waves I bring,
Bread, and wine, and every thing.
Let the Damſells ſing me in:
Sing aloud that I may riſe:
Your holy Feaſts and houres begin,
And each hand bring a Sacrifice.
Now my wanton Pearls I ſhow
That to Ladies faire neckes grow.
Now my gold
And treaſures that can ne're be told,
shall bleſſe this Land, by my rich Flow,
And after this, to crowne your Eyes,
My hidden holy head ariſe.

Cæſar. The wonder of this wealth, ſo troubles me,
I am not well: good-night.
Sce. I am glad ye have it:
Now we ſhall ſtir againe.
Ptol. Thou wealth, ſtill haunt him.
Sce. A greedy ſpirit ſet thee on: we are happy.
Ptol. Lights: lights for *Cæſar*, and attendance.
Cleo. Well,
I ſhall yet finde a time to tell thee *Cæſar*,
Thou haſt wrong'd her Love: the reſt here.
Ptol. Lights along ſtill:
Muſicke, and Sacrifice to ſleep for, *Cæſar*. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus Scena Prima.

Enter Ptolomy, Photinus, Achillas, Achoreus.

Ach. I Told ye carefully, what this would prove to,
What this ineſtimable wealth and glory
Would draw upon ye: I adviſ'd your Majeſty
Never to tempt a Conquering Gueſt: nor add
A bayte, to catch a mind, bent by his Trade
To make the whole world his.
Pho. I was not heard Sir:
Or what I ſaid, loſt, and contemn'd: I dare ſay,
(And freſhly now) 'twas a poore weakneſſe in ye,
A glorious Childiſhneſs: I watch'd his eye,
And ſaw how Faulcon-like it towr'd, and flew
Upon the wealthy Quarry: how round it mark'd it:

I obſerv'd his words, and to what it tended;
How greedily he ask'd from whence it came,
And what Commerce we held for ſnch abundance:
The ſhew of *Nylus*, how he labour'd at
To finde the ſecret wayes: the Song delivered.
Ach. He never ſmil'd I noted at the pleaſures:
But fixt his conſtant eyes upon the treaſure;
I doe not thinke his eares had ſo much leizure
After the wealth appear'd, to heare the Muſique?
Moſt ſure he has not ſlept ſince, his minds troubld
With objects they would make their own ſtill labour.
Pho. Your ſiſter he ne're gaz'd on: that's a main note,
The prime beauty of the world had no power over him.
Ach. Where was his mind the whilſt?
Pho. Where was your carefulneſſe
To ſhew an armed thiefe the way to rob ye:
Nay, would you give him this, 'twill excite him
To ſeeke the reſt. Ambition feeles no gift,
Nor knows no bounds indeed: ye have done moſt weakly.
Ptol. Can I be too kind to my noble friend?
Pho. To be unkind unto your noble ſelfe, but ſavours
Of indiſcretion, and your friend has found it.
Had ye been train'd up in the wants and miſeries
A ſouldier marches through: and known his temperance
In offerd courteſies, you wovld have made
A wiſer Maſtet of your owne, and ſtronger.
Ptol. Why ſhould I give him all, he would return it?
'Tis more to him, to make Kings.
Pho. Pray thee be wiſer,
And truſt not with your loſt wealth, your loved liberty,
To be a King ſtill at your own diſcretion:
Is like a King: to be at his a vaſſaile.
Now take good councell, or no more take to ye
The freedome of a Prince.
Achil. 'Twill be too late elſe:
For, ſince the Maſque, he ſent three of his Captaines
(Ambitious as himſelfe) to view againe
The glory of your wealth.
Pho. The next himſelfe comes,
Not ſtaying for your courteſie, and takes it.
Ptol. What counſell my *Achoreus*?
Ach. I'le goe pray Sir,
(For that is beſt counſel now) the gods may help ye. *Ex.*
Pho. I found ye out a way but 'twas not credited,
A moſt ſecure way: whether will ye flye now?
Achil. For when your wealth is gone, your power muſt follow.
Pho. And that diminiſht alſo, what's your life worth?
Who would regard it?
Ptol. You ſay true.
Achil. What eye
Will looke upon King P*tolomy*? If they do looke,
It muſt be in ſcorne:
For a poore King is a monſter;
What eare retwember ye? 'twill be then a courteſie,
(A noble one) to take your life too from ye:
But if reſerv'd, you ſtand to fill a victory,
As who knowes Conquerours minds? though outwardly
They beare faire ſtreames.
O Sir, does this not ſhake ye?
If to be honyed on to theſe afflictions——
Ptol. I never will: I was a Foole.
Pho. For then Sir
Your Countreys cauſe falls with ye too, and fetterd:
All *Ægypt* ſhall be ploughed up with diſhonour.
Ptol. No more: I am ſenſible: and now my ſpirit
Burnes hot within me.
Achil. Keepe it warm and fiery.
Pho. And laſt be counſaild.
Ptol. I will, though I periſh
Pho. Goe in: wee'l tell you all: and then wee'l execu
Exeu

Scena Secunda.

Enter Cleopatra, Arſino, Eros.

Ars. You are ſo impatient.
Cleo. Have I not cauſe?
Women of common Beauties, and low Births,
When they are ſlighted, are allowd their angers,
Why ſhould not I (a Princeſſe) make him know
The baſeneſſe of his uſage.
Arſ. Yes: 'tis fit:
But then againe you know what man.
Cleo. He is no man:
The ſhadow of a Greatneſſe hangs upon him,
And not the vertue: he is no Conquerour,
H'as ſuffer'd under the baſe droſſe of Nature:
Poorely delivered up his power to wealth,
(The god of bed-rid men) taught his eyes treaſon
Againſt the truth of love: he has rais'd rebellion:
defid'e his holy flames.
Eros. He will fall backe again,
And ſatisfie your Grace.
Cleo. Had I been old,
Or blaſted in my bud, he might have ſhewd
Some ſhadow of diſlike: But, to prefer
The luſtre of a little art, (*Arſino*)
And the poore glow-worme light of ſome faint Jewel
Before the life of Love, and ſoule of Beauty,
Oh how it vexes me: he is no Souldier,
(All honourable ſouldiers are Lovers ſervants)
He is a Merchant: a meere wandring Merchant,
Servile to gaine: he trades for poore Commodities,(t
And makes his Conqueſts, thefts; ſome fortunate C
That quarter with him, and are truly valiant,
Have flung the name of happy *Cæſar* on him,
Himſelfe ne're wonne it: he is ſo baſe and covetous,
Hee'l ſell his ſword for gold.
Ars. This is too bitter.
Cleo. Oh I could curſe my ſelf, that was ſo fooliſh,
So fondly childiſh to beleeye his tongue,
His promiſing tongue, ere I could catch his temper,
I had traſh enough to have cloyd his eyes withall:
His covetous eyes; ſuch as I ſcorne to tread on:
Richer then ere he ſaw yet, and more tempting; (no
Had I known he had ſtoop'd at that, I had ſav'd mine
I had been happy ſtill: but let him take it,
And let him brag how poorly I am rewarded:
Let him goe conquer ſtill weake wretched Ladies:
Love has his angry Quiver too, his deadly,
And when he findes ſcorne, arm'd at the ſtrongeſt:
I am a foole to fret thus, for a foole:
An old blinde foole too? I loſe my health: I will not:
I will not cry: I will not honour him,
With tears diviner then the gods he worſhips:
I will not take the paines to curſe a poore thing.
Eros. Dye not: you ſhall not need.
Cleo. Would I were priſoner
To one I hate, that I might anger him,
I will love any man, to breake the heart of him:
Any, that has the heart and will to kill him.

Ars. T

Ar. Take ſome faire truce.
Cleo. I will goe ſtudy miſchiefe,
And put a looke on, arm'd with all my cunnings,
Shall meet him like a Baſiliſque, and ſtrike him :
Love, put deſtroying flames into m ine eyes,
Into my ſmiles, deceits, that I may torture him,
That I may make him love to death, and laugh at him.

Enter Appollodorus.

Ap. Cæſar commends his Service to your Grace.
Cleo. His ſervice ? what's his ſervice ?
Eros. Pray ye be patient,
The noble *Cæſar* loves ſtill.
Cleo. What's his will ?
Ap. He craves acceſs unto your Highneſſe
Cleo. No :
Say no : I will have none to trouble me.
Arſ. Good Siſter :
Cleo. None I ſay : I will be private.
Would thou hadſt flung me into *Nylus* (keeper)
When firſt thou gav'ſt conſent, to bring my body
To this unthankfull *Cæſar*.
Ap. 'Twas your will (Madam)
Nay more : your charge upon me, as I honoured ye :
You know what danger I endured.
Cleo. Take this,
And carry it to that Lordly *Cæſar* ſent thee :
There's a new Love, a handſome one : a rich one :
One that will hug his minde : bid him make love to it :
Tell the ambitious Broker, this will ſuffer——

Enter Cæſar.

Ap. He enters.
Cleo. How ?
Cæſar. I doe not uſe to waite (Lady)
Where I am, all the dores are free, and open.
Cleo. I gheſſe ſo, by your rudeneſſe.
Cæſar. Ye are not angry ?
Things of your tender mold, ſhould be moſt gentle ;
Why doe you frowne ? good gods, what a ſet-anger
Have you forc'd into your face ? Come, I muſt temper ye :
VVhat a coy ſmile was there, and a diſdainfull ?
How like an ominous flaſh it broke out from ye ?
Defend me (Love) Sweet, who has anger'd ye ?
Cleo. Shew him a glaſſe ; that falſe face has betraid me :
That baſe heart wrought me——
Cæſar. Be more ſweetly angry ;
I wrong'd ye faire ?
Cleo. Away with your foule flatteries :
They are too groſſe : but that I dare be angry,
And with as great a god as *Cæſar* is,
To ſhew how poorly I reſpect his memory,
I would not ſpeake to ye.
Cæſar. Pray ye undoe this riddle,
And tell me how I have vext ye?
Cleo. Let me thinke firſt
VVhether I may put on a Patience
That will with honour ſuffer me : know, I hate ye,
Let that begin the ſtory : Now I'le tell ye.
Cæſar. But do it milder : In a noble Lady,
Softneſſe of ſpirit, and a ſober nature,
That moves like ſummer winds, coole : and blows ſweetneſſe ;
Shews bleſſed like her ſelfe.
Cleo. And that great bleſſedneſſe
You firſt reap'd of me, till you taught my nature
Like a rude ſtorm to talk aloud, and thunder
Sleep was not gentler to my ſoule, and ſtiller;
You had the Spring of my affections :
And my faire fruits I gave you leave to taſte of :
You muſt expect the winter of mine anger :
You flung me off, before the Court diſgrac'd me,
VVhen in the pride I appeard of all my beauty,
Appear'd your *Miſtreſſe* ; tooke into your eyes
The common-ſtrumpet love of hated lucre,
Courted with covetous heart, the ſlave of nature,
Gave all your thoughts to gold : that men of glory,
And minds adorn'd with noble love, would kick at :
Souldiers of royall marke, ſcorne ſuch baſe purchaſe :
Beauty and honour are the marks they ſhoot at ;
I ſpake to ye then ; I courted ye, and woo'd ye :
Call'd ye deare *Cæſar*, hung about ye tenderly :
VVas proud to appear your friend.
Cæſar. You have miſtaken me.
Cleo. But neither Eye, nor Favour, not a Smile
VVas I bleſſed backe ; but ſhooke off rudely,
And, as ye had been ſold to ſordid infamy,
You fell before the Images of treaſure,
And in your ſoule you worſhip'd : I ſtood ſlighted,
Forgotten and contemn'd; my ſoft embraces,
And thoſe ſweete kiſſes you call'd Elizium,
As letters writ in ſand, no more remembred ?
The name and glory of your *Cleopatra*
Laugh'd at, and made a ſtory to your Captaines :
Shall I endure ?
Cæſar. You are deceiv'd in all this,
Upon my life you are, 'tis your much tenderneſſe.
Cleo. No, no, I love not that way ; you are cozen'd :
I love with as much ambition as a Conquerour,
And where I love, will triumph.
Cæſar. So you ſhall :
My heart ſhall be the Chariot that ſhall beare ye,
All I have wonne ſhall waite upon ye : By the gods
The bravery of this womans mind, has fired me :
Deare Miſtreſs ſhall I but this night ?——
Cleo. How *Cæſar* ?
Have I let ſlip a ſecond vanity
That gives thee hope ?
Cæſar. You ſhall be abſolute,
And Reigne alone as Queen : you ſhall be any thing.
Cleo. Make me a maide againe, and then I'le hear thee ;
Examine all thy art of VVar, to doe that ;
And if thou find'ſt it poſſible, I'le love thee:
Till when, farewell, unthankfull.
Cæſar. Stay.
Cleo. I will not,
Cæſar. I command.
Cleo. Command, and goe without, Sir.
I doe command thee be my ſlave for ever,
And vexe while I laugh at thee.
Cæſar. Thus low, beauty ?
Cleo. It is too late ; when I have found thee abſolute,
The man that Fame reports thee, and to me :
May be I ſhall thinke better. Farewell Conquerour. *Exit.*
Cæſar. She mocks me too : I will enjoy her Beauty:
I will not be deni'd ; I'le force my longing.
Love is beſt pleas'd, when roundly we compell him,
And as he is Imperious, ſo will I be.
Stay fool, and be advis'd : that dulls the appetite ;
Takes of the ſtrength and ſweetneſſe of delight.
By heaven ſhe is a miracle, I muſt uſe
A handſome way to win : how now ? what feare
Dwells in your faces ? you loooke all diſtracted.

Enter Sceva, Anthony, Dollabella.

Sce. If it be feare, 'tis feare of your undoing?
Not of our ſelves: feare of your poore declining:
Our lives and deaths are equall benefits,
And we make louder prayers to dye nobly, (here,
Then to live high, and wantonly: whilſt you are ſecure
And offer Heccatombs of lazie kiſſes
To the lewd god of Love, and cowardize,
And moſt laſciviouſly dye in delights,
You are begirt with the fierce *Alexandrians*,
Dol. The ſpawne of *Ægypt*, flow about your Pallace,
Arm'd all: and ready to aſſault.
Ant. Led on
By the falſe and baſe *Photinus* and his Miniſters;
No ſtirring out; no peeping through a loop-hole,
But ſtraight ſaluted with an armed Dart.
Sce. No parley: they are deafe to all but danger,
They ſweare they will flea us, and then dry our Quarters:
A raſher of a ſalt lover, is ſuch a Shooing-horne:
Can you kiſſe away this conſpiracy, and ſet us free?
Or will the Giant god of love, fight for ye?
Will his fierce war-like bow kill a Cock-ſparrow?
Bring out the Lady, ſhe can quel this mutiny:
And with her powerfull looks, ſtrike awe into them:
She can deſtroy, and build againe the City,
Your Goddeſſes have mighty gifts: ſhew 'em her fair breſts,
The impregnable Bulwarks of proud Love, and let 'em
Begin their battery there: ſhe will laugh at 'em;
They are not above a hundred thouſand, Sir.
A miſt, a miſt, that when her Eyes breake out,
Her powerfull radiant eyes, and ſhake their flaſhes,
Will flye before her heates.
Cæſar. Begirt with Villaines?
Sce. They come to play you, and your Love a Huntſup
You were told what this ſame whorſon wenching, long
agoe would come too:
You are taken napping now: has not a ſouldier
A time to kiſſe his friend, and a time to conſider,
But he muſt lye ſtill digging, like a Pioner,
Making of mines, and burying of his honour there?
'Twere good you would thinke——
Dol. And time too, or you will finde elſe
A harder task, then Courting a coy Beauty.
Ant. Look out and then beleeve.
Sce. No, no, hang danger:
Take me provoking broth, and then goe to her:
Goe to your Love, and let her feele your valour; (Sir,)
Charge her whole body, when the ſword's in your throat
You may cry, *Cæſar*, and ſee if that will help ye.
Cæſar. I'le be my ſelfe againe, and meet their furies,
Meet, & conſume their miſchiefs: make ſome ſhift (*Sceva*)
To recover the Fleet, and bring me up two Legions,
And you ſhall ſee me, how I'le breake like thunder
Amongſt theſe beds of ſlimy Eeles, and ſcatter 'em.
Sce. Now ye ſpeak ſenſe: I'le put my life to the hazard
Before I goe. No more of this warm Lady,
Shee will ſpoil your ſword-hand.
Cæſar. Goe: come, lets to Councell
How to prevent, and then to execute.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Souldiers.

1 *Sold.* Did ye ſee this Penitence?
2 *Sold.* Yes: I ſaw, and heard it.
3 *Sold.* And I too: looke'd upon him, and obſerv'd
Hee's the ſtrangeſt *Septinius* now——
1. *Sol.* I heard he was altered,
And had given away his Gold to honeſt uſes:
Cryde monſtrouſly.
2. *Sol.* He cryes abundantly:
He is blind almoſt with weeping.
3. *Sol.* 'Tis moſt wonderfull
That a hard hearted man, and an old Souldier
Should have ſo much kind moyſture: when his mothe (dy
He laughed aloud, and made the wickedſt Ballads——
1. *Sol.* 'Tis like enough: he never lov'd his Parents;
Nor can I blame him, for they neere lov'd him.
His mother dream'd before ſhe was deliverd
That ſhe was brought abed with a Buzzard, and ever afte
She whiſtled him up to th'world, his brave clothes too
He has flung away: and goes like one of us now:
Walks with his hands in's pockets, poore and ſorrowfu
And gives the beſt inſtructions.——
2. *Sol.* And tells ſtories
Of honeſt and good people that were honourd,
And how they were remembred: and runs mad
If he but hear of any ungratefull perſon,
A bloudy, or betraying man——
3. *Sol.* If it be poſſible
That an Arch-Villain may ever be recovered,
This penitent Raſcall will put hard: 'twere worth ou
To ſee him once againe. (labo

Enter Septinius.

1. *Sol.* He ſpares us that labour
For here he comes.
Sep. — Bleſſe ye my honeſt friends,
Bleſſe ye from baſe unworthy men; come not neare me
For I am yet too taking for your company.
1. *Sol.* Did I not tell ye?
2. *Sol.* What booke's that?
1. *Sol.* No doubt
Some excellent Salve for a ſore heart, are you
Septinius, that baſe knave, that betrayd *Pompey*?
Sep. I was, and am; unleſſe your honeſt thoughts
Will look upon my penitence, and ſave me
I muſt be ever Villaine: O good Souldiers
You that have *Roman* hearts, take heede of falſehood:
Take heede of blood; take heede of foule ingratitude,
The Gods have ſcarce a mercy for thoſe miſchiefes,
Take heede of pride, 'twas that that brought me to it.
2. *Sol.* This fellow would make a rare ſpeech at the g
3. *Sol.* 'Tis very fit he were hangd to edifie us: (lo
Sep. Let all your thoughts be humble, and obedient,
Love your Commanders, honour them that feede ye:
Pray, that ye may be ſtrong in honeſty
As in the uſe of armes; Labour, and diligently
To keepe your hearts from eaſe, and her baſe iſſues;
Pride, and ambitious wantonneſſe, thoſe ſpoyld me:
Rather looſe all your limbs, then the leaſt honeſty,
You are never lame indeed, till loſſe of credit
Benum ye through: Scarrs, and thoſe maimes of honou
Are memorable crutches, that ſhall beare
When you are dead, your noble names to Eternity.
1. *Sol.* I cry.
2. *Sol.* And ſo doe I.
3. *Sol.* An excellent villaine.
1. *Sol.* A more ſweet pious knave, I never heard yet.
2. *Sol.* He was happie he was Raſcall, to come to this

Enter Achoreus.

Who's this? a Prieſt?
Sep. O ſtay, moſt holy Sir!

A

And by the Gods of Egypt, I conjure ye,
(*Iſis*, and great *Oſiris*) pitty me,
Pitty a loaden man, and tell me truly
With what moſt humble Sacrifice I may
Waſh off my ſin, and appeaſe the powers that hate me?
Take from my heart thoſe thouſand thouſand furies,
That reſtleſſe gnaw upon my life, and ſave me?
Oreſtes bloody hands fell on his Mother,
Yet, at the holy altar he was pardon'd.
Ach. Oreſtes out of madneſſe did his murther,
And therefore he found grace: thou (worſt of all men)
Out of cold blood, and hope of gaine, baſe lucre,
Slewſt thine own Feeder: come not neare the altar,
Nor with thy reeking hands pollute the Sacrifice,
Thou art markt for ſhame eternall. Exit.
Sep. Looke all on me,
And let me be a ſtory left to time
Of blood and Infamy, how baſe and ougly
Ingratitude appears, with all her profits,
How monſtrous, my hoped grace, at Court? good ſouldiers
Let neither flattery, nor the witching ſound
Of high and ſoft preferment, touch your goodneſſe:
To be valiant, old, and honeſt, O what bleſſedneſſe——
1 *Sold.* Doſt thou want any thing?
Sep. Nothing but your prayers:
2 S. Be thus, and let the blind Prieſt do his worſt,
We have gods as well as they, and they will heare us.
3 *S.* Come, cry no more: thou haſt wep't out twenty *Pompeyes.*

Enter Photinus, Achillas.

Pho. So penitent?
Achil. It ſeemes ſo.
Pho. Yet for all this
We muſt employ him.
1 *Sold.* Theſe are the armed Souldier-leaders:
Away: and let's to t'h Fort, we ſhall be ſnapt elſe. Exit.
Pho. How now? why thus? what cauſe of this dejection?
Achil. Why doſt thou weepe?
Sep. Pray leave me, you have ruin'd me,
You have made me a famous Villain.
Pho. Does that touch thee?
Achil. He will be hard to win: he feels his lewdneſſe,
Pho. He muſt be won, or we ſhall want our right hand.
This fellow dares, and knows, and muſt be heertned,
Art thou ſo poore to blench at what thou haſt done?
Is Conſcience a comrade for an old ſouldier?
Achil. It is not that: it may be ſome diſgrace
That he takes heavily; and would be cheriſh'd,
Septinius ever ſcorn'd to ſhew ſuch weakneſſe.
Sep. Let me alone; I am not for your purpoſe,
I am now a new man.
Pho. We have new affairs for thee
Thoſe that would raiſe thy head.
Sep. I would 'twere off,
And in your bellies for the love you beare me.
I'le be no more Knave: I have ſtings enough
Already in my breaſt.
Pho. Thou ſhalt be noble:
And who dares thinke then that thou art not honeſt?
Achil. Thou ſhalt command in Chief, all our ſtrong Forces
And if thou ſerv'ſt an uſe, muſt not all juſtifie it?
Sep. I am Rogue enough.
Pho. Thou wilt be more, and baſer:
A poor Rogue is all rogues: open to all ſhames:
Nothing to ſhadow him: doſt thou think crying
Can keep thee from the cenſure of the Multitude?
Or to be kneeling at the altar ſave thee?
'Tis poore and ſervile:
Wert thou thine own Sacrifice
'Twould ſeeme ſo low, people would ſpit the fire out.
Achil. Keep thy ſelf glorious ſtil, though ne're ſo ſtaind,
And that will leſſen it, if not work it out
To goe complaining thus: and thus repenting
Like a poore Girle that had betraid her maiden-head—
Sep. I'le ſtop mine eares.
Achil. Will ſhew ſo in a ſouldier,
So ſimply, and ſo ridicolouſly, ſo tamely——
Pho. If people would believe thee, 'twer ſome honeſty,
And for thy penitence would not laugh at thee
(As ſure they will) and beat thee, for thy poverty:
If they would allow thy foolery, there were ſome hope.
Sep. My foolery?
Pho. Nay, more then that, thy miſery,
Thy monſtrous miſery.
Achil. He begins to hearken:
Thy miſery ſo great, men will not bury thee.
Sep. That this were true!
Pho. Why does this conquering *Cæſar*
Labour through the worlds deep Seas of toyls & troubles,
Dangers, and deſperate hopes? to repent afterwards?
Why does he ſlaughter thouſands in a Battell,
And whip his Countrey with the Sword? to cry for't?
Thou killdſt great *Pompey*: hee'l kil all his kinred,
And juſtifie it: nay raiſe up *Trophies* to it,
When thou heareſt him repent: (he's held moſt holy too)
And cry for doing daily bloody murthers,
Take thou example, and goe aske forgiveneſſe,
Call up the thing thou nam'ſt thy conſcience,
And let it work: then 'twill ſeeme well *Septinius.*
Sep. He does all this.
Achil. Yes: and is honoured for it;
Nay call'd the honoured *Cæſar*, ſo maiſt thou be:
Thou wert born as neere a Crowne as he.
Sep. He was poore.
Pho. And deſperate bloody tricks got him this credit.
Sep. I am afraid you will once more——
Pho. Help to raiſe thee:
Off with thy pining blacke, it dulls a Souldier,
And put on reſolution like a man,
A noble Fate waits on thee.
Sep. I now feele
My ſelfe returning Raſcall ſpeedily.
O that I had the power——
Achil. Thou ſhalt have all:
And doe all through thy power, men ſhall admire thee,
And the vices of *Septinius*, ſhall turn vertues.
Sep. Off: off: thou muſt off: off my cowardize,
Puling repentance off.
Pho. Now thou ſpeakſt nobly.
sep. Off my dejected looks: and welcome impudence:
My daring ſhall be Deity, to ſave me:
Give me inſtructions, and put action on me:
A glorious cauſe upon my ſwords point (Gentlemen)
And let my wit, and valour work: you will raiſe me,
And make me out-dare all my miſeries?
Pho. All this, and all thy wiſhes.
Sep. Uſe me then,
Womaniſh feare farewell: I'le never melt more,
Lead on, to ſome great thing, to weale my ſpirit:
I cut the Cedar *Pompey*, and I'le fell
This huge Oake *Cæſar* too.
Pho. Now thou ſingſt ſweetly:
And *Ptolomy* ſhall crowne thee for thy ſervice: (*Exeunt.*
Achil. He's well wrought: put him on apace for cooling.

Actus Quintus Scena Prima.

Enter Cæſar, Antony, Dollabella.

Ant. The tumult ſtill encreaſes.
Cæſar. O my fortune!
My luſtfull folly rather! but 'tis well,
And worthily I am made a bondmans prey,
That after all my glorious victoryes,
In which I paſs'd ſo many ſeas of dangers:
When all the Elements conſpir'd againſt me,
Would yeild up the dominion of this head
To any mortall power; ſo blinde and ſtupid:
To truſt theſe baſe *Egyptians*, that proclaim'd
Their perjuries, in noble *Pompeys* death,
And yet that could not warn me.
Dol. Be ſtill, *Cæſar*,
Who ever lov'd to exerciſe his fate,
Where danger look't moſt dreadfull.
Ant. If you fall,
Fall not alone: let the King and his Siſter
Be buried in your ruines: on my life
They both are guilty: reaſon may aſſure you
Photinus nor *Achillas* durſt attempt you,
Or ſhake one Dart, or Sword, aim'd at your ſafety,
Without their warrant.
Cæſar. For the young King I know not
How he may be miſled; but for his Siſter
(Unequall'd *Cleopatra*) 'twere a kinde
Of blaſphemy to doubt her: ougly treaſon
Durſt never dwell in ſuch a glorious building,
Nor can ſo cleare and great a ſpirit, as hers is,
Admit of falſehood.
Ant. Let us ſeize on him then:
And leave her to her fortune.
Dol. If he have power
Uſe it to your ſecurity, and let
His honeſty acquit him; if he be faſe,
It is too great an honour he ſhould dye
By your victorious hand.
Cæſar. He comes: and I
Shall do as I finde cauſe.

Enter Ptolomy, Achoreus, Apollodorus.

Ptol. Let not great *Cæſar*
Impute the breach of hoſpitality,
To you (my gueſt) to me; I am contemn'd,
And my rebellious ſubjects lift their hands
Againſt my head: and would they aim'd no farther,
Provided that I fell a ſacrifice
To gaine you ſafety: that this is not faign'd,
The boldneſſe of my innocence may confirme you:
Had I bin privy to their bloody plot,
I now had led them on, and given faire gloſſe
To their bad cauſe, by being preſent with them:
But I that yet taſte of the puniſhment,
In being falſe to *Pompey*, will not make
A ſecond fault to *Cæſar* uncompell'd
With ſuch as have not yet ſhooke off obedience,
I yeild my ſelfe to you, and will take part
In all your dangers.
Cæſar. This pleades your excuſe,
And I receive it.
Ach. If they have any touch,
Of juſtice, or religion, I will uſe
The athority of our Gods, to call them back,
From their bad purpoſe.
Ap. This part of the pallace,
Is yet defenſible: we may make it good,
Till your powers reſcue us.
Cæſar. *Cæſar* beſeig'd?
Oſtaine to my great actions: 'twas my cuſtome
An Army routed, as my feete had wings
To be firſt in the chaſe: nor walls, nor Bulworkes
Could guard thoſe that eſcap'd the Battailes fury
From this ſtrong Arme, and I to be encloſ'd
My heart! my heart! but 'tis neceſſity,
To which the Gods muſt yeild, and I obey,
'Till I redeeme it, by ſome glorious way. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Photinus, Achillas, Septinius, Souldiers.

Pho. Ther's no retiring now, we are broke in:
The deed paſt hope of pardon: if we proſper
A will be ſtilde lawfull, and we ſhall give lawes
To thoſe that now command us: ſtop not at
Or loyalty, or duty, bold Ambition,
To dare and power to do, gave the firſt difference
Betweene the King, and ſubject, *Cæſars Motto*,
Aut C*æſar aut Nihil*, each of us muſt claime,
And uſe it as our owne.
Achil. The deed is bloody
If we conclude in *Ptolomies* death.
Pho. The better
The globe of Empire muſt be ſo manur.
Sep. Rome, that from *Romulus* firſt tooke her nam
Had her walls watered with a Crymſon ſhowr
Draind from a Brothers heart: nor was ſhe rais'd
To this prodigious height, that overlooks
Three full parts of the Earth, that pay her tribute,
But by enlarging of her narrow bounds
By the Sack of Neighbour Cities, were made hers
Till they were Cemented with the Blood of thoſe
That did poſſeſſe 'em: *Ceſar, Ptolomy*,
(Now I am ſteeld) to me are empty names
Eſteem'd as *Pompeys* was.
Pho. Well ſaid *Septinius*,
Thou now art right againe.
Achil. But what courſe take we
For the Princeſſe *Cleopatra*?
Pho. Let her live
A while to make us ſport: ſhe ſhall authorize
Our undertakings to the ignorant people,
As if what we do were by her command:
But our triumvirat Government once confirm'd,
Shee beares her Brother company, that's my Provin
Leave me to work her.
Achil. I will undertake
For *Ptolomy*.
Sep. *Ceſar* ſhall be my taske,
And as in *Pompey* I began a name
I'le perfect it in Cæſar.

Enter (above) Cæſar, Ptolomy, Achoreus, Apollodorus, Anthony, Dollabella.

Pho. 'Tis reſolv'd then

Wee'l force our paſſage.
Achil. See: they do appeare
As they deſir'd a parley.
Pho. I am proud yet
I have brought them to capitulate.
Ptol. Now *Photinus*?
Pho. Now *Ptolomy*?
Ptol. No addition?
Pho. We are equall,
Though *Cæſars* name were put into the ſcale,
In which our worth is weighd.
Cæſar. Preſumptuous Villaine,
Upon what grounds haſt thou preſum'd to raiſe
Thy ſervile hand againſt the King, or me,
That have a greater name?
Pho. On thoſe, by which
Thou didſt preſume to paſſe the Rubicon
Againſt the Laws of *Rome*; and at the name
Of traytor ſmile, as thou didſt when *Marcellus*
The Conſull, with the *Senats* full conſent
Pronounc'd thee for an enemy to thy Country,
Yet thou wentſt on, and thy rebellious Cauſe
Was crown'd with fair ſucceſs: why ſhould we fear then?
Think on that *Cæſar*.
Cæſar. O the gods! be brav'd thus?
And be compelld to beare this from a ſlave
That would not brooke great *Pompey* his Superiour?
Achil. Thy glories now have touch'd the higheſt point,
And muſt deſcend.
Pho. Deſpaire, and thinke we ſtand
The Champions of *Rome*, to wreak her wrongs
Upon whoſe liberty thou haſt ſet thy foote.
Sep. And that the ghoſts of all thoſe noble *Romans*
That by thy ſword fell in this Civill warre,
Expect revenge.
Ant. Dar'ſt thou ſpeak, and remember
There was a *Pompey*?
Pho. There is no hope to ſcape us:
If that againſt the odds we have upon you
You dare come forth and fight, receive the honour
To dye, like *Romans*, if ye faint, reſolve
To ſtarve, like wretches: I diſdain to change *Exit.*
Another ſyllable with you.
Ant. Let us dye nobly:
And rather fall upon each others ſword
Then come into theſe villains hands.
Cæſar. That *Fortune*
Which to this howre hath been a friend to *Cæſar*,
Though for a while ſhe cloath her brow with frowns
Will ſmile again upon me; who will pay her,
Or ſacrifice or vowes, if ſhe forſake
Her beſt of works in me? or ſuffer him
Whom, with a ſtrong hand ſhe hath led triumphant
Through the whole Weſtern world,& *Rome* acknowledgd
Her Soveraign Lord, to end in gloriouſly,
A life admir'd by all? the threatned danger
Muſt by a way more horrid, be avoided,
And I will run the hazard: Fire the Pallace,
And the rich Magazines that neighbour it,
In which the wealth of *Ægypt* is contain'd:
Start not, it ſhall be ſo; that while the people
Labour in quenching the enſuing flames,
Like *Cæſar*, with this handfull of my friends
Through fire, and ſwords, I force a paſſage to
My conquering Legions. King, if thou darſt follow
Where *Cæſar* leads, or live, or dye a Free-man;
If not, ſtay here a bond-man to thy ſlave,
And dead, be thought unworthy of a grave. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Septinius.

Sep. I feele my reſolution melts againe,
And that I am not knave alone, but foole
In all my purpoſes. This Devill *Photinus*
Employs me, as a property, and grown uſeleſſe
Will ſhake me off againe: he told me ſo
When I kill'd *Pompey*: nor can I hope better
When *Cæſar* is diſpatch'd: Services done
For ſuch as only ſtudy their owne ends,
Too great to be rewarded, or return'd
With deadly hate: I learnd this principle
In his own Schoole: yet ſtill he fooles me: well:
And yet he truſts me; Since I in my nature
Was faſhion'd to be falſe, wherefore ſhould I
That kill'd my Generall, and a *Roman*, one
To whom I owe all nouriſhments of life
Be true to an *Ægyptian*? to ſave *Cæſar*,
And turn *Photinus* plots on his own head,
As it is in my power, redeem my credit,
And live, to lye, and ſwear again in faſhion,
Oh, 'twere a Maſter-piece? ha? ——— me *Cæſar*,
How's he got off?
Enter Cæſar, Ptolomy, Antony, Dollabella. Achoreus,
Appollodorus, Souldiers.
Cæſar. The fire has tooke,
And ſhews the City, like a ſecond *Troy*,
The Navy too is ſcorch'd, the people greedy
To ſave their wealth, and houſes, while their ſouldiers
Make ſpoile of all: only *Achillas* troops
Make good their guard: break through them, we are ſafe:
I'le lead you like a Thunder-bolt.
Sep. Stay *Cæſar*.
Cæſar. Who's this? the dog *Septinius*?
Ant. Cut his throat.
Dol. You barkt but now, fawne you ſo ſoone?
Sep. O heare me,
What I'le deliver is for *Cæſars* ſafety,
For all your good.
Ant. Good from a moneth like thine, (dayes
That never belch'd but blaſphemy & treaſon, on Feſtivall
Sep. I am an altered man: altered indeed,
And I will give you cauſe to ſay I am a *Roman*.
Dol. Rogue, I grant thee.
Sep. Truſt me, I'le make the paſſage ſmooth and eaſy,
For your eſcape.
Ant. I'le truſt the Devill ſooner,
And make a ſafer bargaine.
Sep. I am truſted,
With all *Photinus* ſecrets.
Ant. There's no doubt then,
Thou wilt be falſe.
Sep. Still to be true to you.
Dol. And very likely.
Cæſar. Be breife, the meanes?
Sep. Thus *Cæſar*:
To me alone, but bound by terrible oathes
Not to diſcover it, he hath reveal'd
A diſmall vault, whoſe dreadfull mouth do's open
A mile beyond the Citty: in this cave
Lye but two houres conceal'd.
Ant. If you believe him,
Hee'le bury us alive.
Dol. I'le fly in the ayre firſt.
Sep. Then in the dead of night, I'le bring you backe
Into a private roome, where you ſhall finde

Photinus, and *Achillas*, and the reſt
Of their Commanders, cloſe at Counſell.
Cæſar. Good: what followes?
Sep. Fall me fairly on their throates,
Their heads cut off and ſhorn, the multitude
Will eaſily diſperſe.
Cæſar. O Devill! away with him:
Nor true to friend nor enemy? *Cæſar* ſcornes
To find his ſafety, or revenge his wrongs
So baſe a way: or owe the meanes of life
To ſuch a leaprous Traytor. I have towr'd
For victory like a Faulcon in the clouds,
Not dig'd for't like a Moale: our Swords, and Cauſe
Make way for us; and that it may appeare
We tooke a noble courſe, and hate baſe Treaſon,
Some ſouldiers, that would merit *Cæſars* favour,
Hang him on yonder turret, and then follow
The lane, this ſword makes for you. *Exit.*
1 *Sold.* Here's a Belt,
Though I dye for it I'le uſe it.
2 *Sold.* Tis too good
To truſſe a Cur in.
Sep. Save me, here's gold.
1 *Sold.* If *Rome*
Were offered for thy ranſome, it could not help thee.
2 *Sold.* Hang not an arſe.
1 *Sold.* Goad him on with thy ſword:
Thou doſt deſerve a worſer end; and may
All ſuch conclude ſo, that their friends betray.
Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter (ſeverally) Arſino, Eros, Cleopatra.

Ar. We are loſt.
Eros. Undon.
Ar. Confuſion, Fire, and Swords,
And fury in the ſouldiers face, more horrid
Circle us round.
Eros. The Kings command they laugh at,
And jeere at *Cæſars* threats.
Arſ. My brother ſeizd on
By the *Roman*, as thought guilty of the tumult,
And forc'd to beare him company, as mark'd out
For his protection, or revenge.
Eros. They have broke
Into my Cabinet: my Trunks are ranſak'd.
Ar. I have loſt my Jewels too; but thats the leaſt:
The barbarous Raſcalls, againſt all humanity,
Or ſenſe of pity, have kill'd my little dog,
And broke my monkeys chaine.
Eros. They rufled me:
But that I could endure, and tire 'em too,
Would they proceed no further.
Ar. O my ſiſter!
Eros. My Queen, my Miſtreſſe!
Ar. Can you ſtand unmov'd
When an Earth-quake of rebellion ſhakes the City?
And the Court trembles?
Cleo. Yes *Arſino*,
And with a maſculine conſtancy deride
Fortunes worſt malice, as a ſervant to
My Vertues, not a Miſtreſs: then we forſake
The ſtrong fort of our ſelves, when we once yield,
Or ſhrink at her aſſaults; I am ſtill my ſelfe,
And though diſ-roab'd of Soveraignty, and raviſht.
Of ceremonious duty, that attends it,
Nay, grant they had ſlav'd my body, my free mind
Like to the Palm-tree, walling fruitfull *Nyle*,
Shall grow up ſtraighter, and enlarge it ſelfe
Spight of the envious weight that loads it with:
Think of thy birth (*Arſino*) common burthens
Fit common ſhoulders: teach the multitude
By ſuffering nobly what they feare to touch at:
The greatneſſe of thy mind does ſoare a pitch,
Their dim eyes (darkned by their narrow ſoules)
Cannot arrive at.
Ar. I am new created,
And owe this ſecond being to you (beſt ſiſter)
For now I feele you have infus'd into me
Part of your fortitude.
Eros. I ſtill am fearfull:
I dare not tell a lye: you that were born
Daughters, and Siſters unto Kings, may nouriſh
Great thoughts, which I, that am your humble handma
Muſt not preſume to ryvall.
Cleo. Yet (my *Eros*)
Though thou haſt profited nothing, by obſerving
The whole courſe of my life, learn in my death,
Though not to equall, yet to imitate
Thy fearleſſe Miſtreſſe.

Enter Photinus.

Eros. O, a man in armes?
His weapon drawn too?
Cleo. Though upon the point
Death ſate, I'le meete it, and out-dare the danger.
Pho. Keep the watch ſtrong, and guard the paſſage ſur
That leads unto the Sea.
Cleo. What ſea of rudeneſſe
Breaks in upon us? or what Subjects breath
Dare raiſe a ſtorme, when we command a calm?
Are duty, and obedience fled to heaven,
And in their roome, ambition and pride
Sent into *Ægyt?* that face ſpeaks thee *Photinus*,
A thing thy Mother brought into the world:
My Brothers, and my Slave: but thy behaviour,
Oppos'd to that an inſolent Intruder
Upon that Soveraignty thou ſhouldſt bow to,
If in the gulph of baſe ingratitude,
All loyalty to *Ptolomy* the King
Be ſwallowed up, remember who I am,
Whoſe Daughter, and whoſe Siſter: or ſuppoſe
That is forgot too; let the name of *Cæſar*
Which Nations quake at, ſtop the deſperate madneſſe
From running headlong on to thy confuſion.
Throw from thee quickly thoſe rebellious armes,
Tnd let me read ſubmiſſion in thine eyes,
Ahy wrongs to us, we will not only pardon,
But be a ready advocate, to plead for thee
To *Cæſar*, and my Brother.
Pho. Plead my pardon?
To you I bow, but ſcorn as much to ſtoop thus
To *Ptolomy*, to *Cæſar*, Nay the gods,
As to put off the figure of a man,
And change my Eſſence, with a ſenſuall beaſt:
All my deſignes, my counſels, and dark ends
Were aym'd to purchaſe you.
Cleo. How durſt thou, being
The ſcorne of baſeneſſe, nouriſh ſuch a thought!

Pho. They that have power are royall:and thoſe baſe
That live at the devotion of an other,
What birth gave *Ptolomy*, or fortune *Cæſar*,
By Engines faſhiond in this Protean Anvill
I have made mine:and onely ſtoop at you,
Whom I would ſtill preſerve free to command me;
For *Cæſars* frownes, they are below my thoughts,
And but in theſe faire eyes, I ſtill have read
The ſtory of a ſupreame Monarchy,
To which all hearts with mine, gladly pay tribute,
Photinus name, had long ſince bin as great
As *Ptolomies* ere was, or *Cæſars* is,
This made me as a weaker tye to unlooſe
The knot of loyalty, that chain'd my freedom;
And ſlight the feare that *Cæſars* threats might cauſe,
That I and they might ſee no Sun appeare
But *Cleopatra*, in th' *Egyptian* Spheare.
Cleo. O giantlike Ambition! married to
Cymerian darkneſſe ! in conſiderate foole,
(Though flatter'd with ſelve love)could'ſt thou beleeve,
Were all Crownes on the earth, made into one,
And that (by Kings) ſet on thy head:all Scepters,
Within thy graſpe, and laid downe at my feete,
I would vouchſafe a kiſſe to a no-man?
A guelded Evenuch?
Phot. Faireſt, that makes for me:
And ſhewes it is no ſenſuall appetite,
But true love to the greatneſſe of thy ſpirit,
That when that you are mine ſhall yeild me pleaſures:
Hymen, though bleſſing a new married paire
Shall bluſh to thinke on, and our certaine Iſſue,
The glorious ſplendour of dread Majeſty:
Whoſe beames ſhall dazell *Rome*, and awe the world:
My wants in that kinde, others ſhall ſupply,
And I give way to it.
Cleo. Baſer then thy birth:
Can there be Gods, and heare this, and no thunder,
Ram thee into the earth?
Pho. They are a ſleepe,
And cannot heare thee:
Or with open eyes,
Did *Jove* looke on us, I would laugh and ſweare
That his artillary is cloid by me:
Or if that they have power to hurt, his Bolts
Are in my hand.
Cleo. Moſt impious!
Pho. They are dreames,
Religious fooles ſhake at: yet to aſſure thee,
If *Nemeſis*, that ſcourges pride, and ſcorne,
Be any thing but a name ſhe lives in me:
For by my ſelfe (an oath to me more dreadfull
Then Stix is to your Gods) weake *Ptolomy* dead,
And *Cæſar* (both being in my toile) remov'd
The pooreſt Raſcalls, that are in my Camp
Shall, in my preſence, quench their luſtfull heate
In thee, and young *Arſinoe*; while I laugh
To heare you howle in vaine:
I deride thoſe Gods,
That you thinke can protect you,
Cleo. To prevent thee,
In that I am the Miſtreſs of my fate:
So hope I of my Siſter, to confirme it,
I ſpit at thee, and ſcorne thee.
Pho. I will tame,
That haughty courage, and make it ſtoop too.
Cleo. Never:
I was borne to command and I will dye ſo.

Enter Achillas and Souldiers, with the body of Ptolomy.

Pho. The King dead? this is a faire entrance to,
Our future happineſſe.
Ar. O my Deare Brother?
Cleo. Weepe not *Arſinoe*, common women do ſoe,
Nor looſe a teare for him, it cannot helpe him:
But ſtudy to dye nobly.
Pho. *Cæſar* fled?
'Tis deadly aconite to my cold heart:
It choakes my vitall ſpirits: where was your care?
Did the guardes ſleepe?
Achil. He rowz'd them with his ſword:
We talke of *Mars*, but I am ſure his courage
Admits of no compariſon but it ſelfe,
And (as inſpir'd by him) his following friends
With ſuch a confidence, as you Eagletss prey
Under the large wing of their feircer dam,
Brake through our troopes, and ſcatterd 'em, he went on:
But ſtill purſude by us: when on the ſudaine,
He turn'd his head, and from his eyes flew terrour;
Which ſtrooke in us no leſſe feare, and amazement,
Then if we had encounter'd with the lightning,
Hurld from *Joves* clowdy brow.
Cleo. 'Twas like my *Cæſar*.
Achil. We falne back, he made on, and as our feare
Had parted from us, with his dreadfull lookes,
Againe we follow'd: but got neare the ſea:
On which his navy anchord; in one hand
Holding a ſcroll he had, above the waves,
And in the other graſping faſt his ſword
As it had bin a trident, forg'd by *Vulcan*,
To calme the raging Ocean, he made away
As if he had bin *Neptune*: his friends like
So many *Tritons* follow'd their bold ſhowts,
Yeilding a cheareful muſique; we ſhowr'd darts,
Upon them but in vaine, they reach'd their ſhips,
And in their ſafety we are ſunck; for *Cæſar*
Prepares for war.
Pho. How fell the King?
Achil. Unable,
To follow *Cæſar*, he was trod to death
By the purſuers, and with him the Prieſt,
Of *Iſis* good *Achoreus*.
Ar. May the Earth,
Lye gently on their aſhes.
Pho. I feele now,
That there are powers above us: and that 'tis not
Within the ſearching policies of man,
To alter their decrees.
Cleo. I laugh at thee:
Where are thy threates now, (foole) thy ſcoffs, and ſcornes
Againſt the Gods? I ſee calamity
Is the beſt Miſtris of Religion,
And can convert an Atheiſt.

Showt within.

Pho. O they come,
Mountaines fall on me! O, for him to dye
That plac'd his heaven on earth, is an aſſurance
Of his deſcent to hell; where ſhall I hide me?
The greateſt daring to a man diſhoneſt,
Is but a baſtard courage, ever fainting. *Exit.*

Enter Cæſar, Sceva, Antony, Dollabella.

Cæſar. Looke on your *Cæſar*; baniſh feare (my faireſt)
You now are ſafe.
Sce. By *Venus*, not a kiſſe
Till our worke be done: the Traitors once diſpatch'd
To it, and wee'le cry aime.
Cæſar. I will be ſpeedy. *Exeunt.*
Cleo. Farewell againe *Arſinoe*; how now *Eros*,
Ever faint-harted?
Eros. But that I am aſſur'd,
Your excellency can command the Generall,
I feare the Souldiers, for they looke as if
They would be nibling too.
Cleo. He is all honour,
Nor do I now repent me of my favours;
Nor can I thinke nature e're made a woman,
That in her prime deſerv'd him.

Enter Cæſar, Sceva, Antony, Dollabella, Souldiers, With the heads.

Ars. He's come backe,
Purſue no farther; curb the Souldiers fury.
See (beauteous Miſtris) their accurſed heads,
That did conſpire againſt us.
Sceva. Furies plague 'em,
They had too faire an end, to dye like Souldiers,
Pompey fell by the ſword; the croſſe, or halter
Should have diſpatch'd them.
Cæſar. All is but death (good *Sceva*)
Be therefore ſatisfied, and now (my deareſt)
Looke up on *Cæſar*, as he ſtill appear'd
A Conquerour, and this unfortunate King
Entomb'd with honour, wee'le for *Rome*, where *Cæſar*
Will ſhew he can give Kingdomes: for the Senate,
(Thy brother dead) ſhall willingly decree
The Crowne of Egypt, (that was his) to thee.
Exeunt

The Prologue.

NEw Titles, warrant not a Play for new,
The ſubject being old : and'tis as true,
Freſh, and neate matter may with eaſe be fram'd
Out of their **Stories**, *that have oft been nam'd*
With glory on the **Stage** *: what borrows he*
From him that wrote olde Priams *Tragedy.*
That writes his love to Hecuba *? Sure, to tell*
Of Cæſars *amorous heates, and how he fell*
In the Capitoll, can never be the ſame
To the Judicious : Nor will ſuch blame
Thoſe that penn'd this, for Barrenneſſe when they finde
Young Cleopatra *here, and her great mind*
Expreſs'd to the height, with us a Maid, and free,
And how he rated her Virginity.
We treat not of what boldneſſe ſhe did dye,
Nor of her fatall Love to Anthony.
What wee preſent and offer to your view,
(Upon their Faiths) the **Stage** *yet never knew.*
Let Reaſon then, firſt to your wills give Lawes,
And after judge of them, and of their Cauſe.

The Epilogue.

I Now ſhould wiſh another had my place,
But that I hope to come off, and with grace.
And but expreſſe ſome ſigne that you are pleas'd,
We of our doubts, they of their feares are eas'd.
I would beg further (Gentlemen) and much ſay
In the favour of our ſelves, them, and the Play ;
Did I not reſt aſſur'd ; the moſt I ſee
Hate Impudence, and cheriſh modeſty.

THE CHANCES.

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Enter two Serving-men, Peter *and* Anthony.

Peter. (*Anthony*)

I Would we were remov'd from this Town,
That we might taſte ſome quiet: for mine owne part,
I'me almoſt melted with continuall trotting
After enquiries, dreames, and revelations,
Of who knowes whom, or where? ſerve wenching ſoldiers,
That know no other Paradice but Plackets:
Ile ſerve a Prieſt in Lent firſt, and eate Bell-ropes.

Anth. Thou art the froward'ſt foole——

Pet. Why good tame *Anthony?*
Tell me but this: to what end came we hither?

An. To wait upon our Maſters.

Pet. But how *Anthony?*
Anſwer me that; reſolve me there good *Anthony?*

An. To ſerve their uſes.

Pet. Shew your uſes *Anthony.*

An. To be imploy'd in any thing.

Pet. No *Anthony,*
Not any thing I take it; nor that thing
We travell to diſcover, like new Iſlands;
A ſalt itch ſerve ſuch uſes; in things of moment,
Concerning things I grant yee, not things errant,
Sweet Ladies things, and things to thank the Surgeon:
In no ſuch things, ſweet *Anthony,* put caſe—

An. Come, come, all will be mended: this inviſible woman
Of infinite report for ſhape and vertue,
That bred us all this trouble to no purpoſe,
They are determin'd now no more to thinke on,
But fall cloſe to their ſtudies.

Pet. Was there ever
Men knowne to run mad with report before?
Or wonder after that they know not where
To finde? or if found, how to enjoy? are mens braines
Made now a dayes of Malt, that their affections
Are never ſober? but like drunken people
Founder at every new fame? I do believe too
That men in love are ever drunke, as drunken men
Are ever loving.

An. Prethee be thou ſober,
And know, that they are none of thoſe, not guilty
Of the leaſt vanity of love, onely a doubt
Fame might too farre report, or rather flatter
The graces of this woman, made them curious
To finde the truth, which ſince they finde ſo blotted
And lock'd up from their ſearches, they are now ſetled
To give the wonder ever.

Pet. Would they were ſetled
To give me ſome new ſhooes too: for Ile be ſworne
Theſe are e'ne worne out to the reaſonable ſoules
In their good worſhips buſineſſe: and ſome ſleep
Would not doe much amiſſe, unleſſe they meane
To make a Bell-man on me: and what now
Meane they to ſtudy, *Anthony,* Morall Philoſophy
After their mar-all women?

An. Mar a fooles head.

Pet. 'Twill mar two fools heads, & they take not heed,
Beſides the Giblets to 'em.

An. Will you walke Sir,
And talke more out of hearing? your fooles head
May chance to finde a wooden night-cap elſe.

Pet. I never lay in any.

An. Then leave your lying,

Enter Don John and Fredrick.

And your blinde Propheſying: here they come,
You had beſt tell them as much.

Pet. I am no tell-tale. *Exeunt.*

John. I would we could have ſeen her though: for ſure
She muſt be ſome rare creature, or report lyes,
All mens reports too.

Fred. I could well wiſh I had ſeen her;
But ſince ſhe is ſo conceal'd, ſo beyond venture
Kept and preſerv'd from view, ſo like a Paradice,
Plac't where no knowledg can come near her; ſo guarded
As 'twere impoſſible, though knowne to reach her,
I have made up my beliefe.

Joh. Hang me from this houre
If I more thinke upon her, or believe her,
But as ſhe came a ſtrong report unto me,
So the next Fame ſhall looſe her.

Fred. 'Tis the next way:
But whither are you walking?

Joh. My old round
After my meat, and then to bed.

Fred. 'Tis healthfull.

Joh. Will not you ſtir?

Fred. I have a little buſineſſe.

Jo. Upon my life this Lady ſtill——

Fr. Then you will looſe it.

Jo. Pray let's walke together.

Fr. Now I cannot.

Jo. I have ſomething to impart.

Fr. An houre hence
I will not miſſe to meet you.

Jo. Where?

Fr. Ith' high ſtreet;
For not to lye, I have a few Devotions
To doe firſt, then I am yours.

Jo. Remember. *Exeunt.*

Scæn. 2. *Enter Petruchio, Antonio, and two Gent.*

Ant. Cut his winde-pipe, I ſay.

1 *Gent.* Fie *Antonio.*

Ant. Or knock his brains out firſt, & then forgive him

If you doe thruſt, be ſure it be to th' hilts,
A Surgeon may ſee through him.
1. You are too violent,
2. Too open, undiſcreet.
Pet. Am I not ruin'd?
The honour of my houſe crack'd? my bloud poyſon'd?
My credit, and my name?
2. Be ſure it be ſo,
Before ye uſe this violence. Let not doubt,
And a ſuſpecting anger ſo much ſway ye,
Your wiſedome may be queſtion'd.
Ant. I ſay kill him,
And then diſpute the cauſe; cut off what may be,
And what is, ſhall be ſafe.
2. Hang up a true man,
Becauſe 'tis poſſible he may be theeviſh:
Alas, is this good Juſtice?
Petr. I know as certaine,
As day muſt come againe; as cleare as truth,
And open as beliefe can lay it to me,
That I am baſely wrong'd, wrong'd above recompence;
Malitiouſly abus'd, blaſted for ever
In name and honour, loſt to all remembrance,
But what is ſmear'd, and ſhamefull; I muſt kill him,
Neceſſitie compells me.
1. But think better
Petr. There is no other cure left: yet witneſſe with me
All that is faire in man, all that is noble,
I am not greedy of this life I ſeek for,
Nor thirſt to ſhed mans bloud; and would 'twere poſſible
I wiſh it with my ſoule, ſo much I tremble
To offend the ſacred Image of my Maker,
My ſword could onely kill his crimes: no 'tis honour,
Honour, my noble friends, that idoll honour,
That all the world now worſhips, not *Petruchio*
Muſt doe this juſtice.
Ant. Let it once be done,
And 'tis no matter, whether you, or honour,
Or both be acceſſarie.
2. Doe you weigh *Petruchio*
The value of the perſon, power, and greatneſſe,
And what this ſparke may kindle?
Petr. To performe it,
So much *I* am ty'd to reputation,
And credit of my houſe, let it raiſe wild-fires,
That all this Dukedome ſmoak, and ſtormes that toſſe me
*I*nto the ſtormes of everlaſting ruine,
Yet *I* muſt through; if yee dare ſide me.
Ant. Dare?
Petr. Ye're friends indeed, if not.
2. Here's none flies from you,
Doe it in what deſigne ye pleaſe, wee'll back ye.
1. But then be ſure yee kill him.
2. Is the cauſe
So mortall, nothing but his life?
Pet. Beleeve me,
A leſſe offence has been the deſolation
Of a whole name.
1. No other way to purge it?
Pet. There is, but never to be hoped for,
2. Thinke an houre more,
And if then ye finde no ſafer road to guide yee,
Wee'll ſet up our reſts too.
Ant. Mine's up already,
And hang him for my part,
Goes leſſe than life.
2. If we ſee noble cauſe, 'tis like our ſwords
May be as free and forward as your words. *Exeu*

Scæne. 3. *Enter Don John.*

John. The civill order of this Towne *Bellonia*
Makes it belov'd, and honour'd of all travellers,
As a moſt ſafe retirement in all troubles;
Beſide the wholſome ſeat, and noble temper
Of thoſe mindes that inhabit it, ſafely wiſe,
And to all ſtrangers vertuous: But I ſee
My admiration has drawne night upon me,
And longer to expect my friend may pull me
Into ſuſpition of too late a ſtirrer,
Which all good Governments are jealous of.
Ile home, and thinke at liberty: yet certaine,
'Tis not ſo farre night as I thought; for ſee,
A faire houſe yet ſtands open, yet all about it
Are cloſe, and no lights ſtirring: there may be foule pla
Ile venture to look in: if there be knaves,
I may doe a good office. *(Woman within.*
Within. Signieur?
John. What? how is this?
Within. Signieur *Fabritio?*
John. Ile goe nearer.
Within. *Fabritio?*
Joh. This is a womans tongue, here may be good don
Within. Who's there?
Fabritio?
Joh. I.
Within. Where are ye?
Joh. Here.
Within. O come, for heavens ſake!
Joh. I muſt ſee what this meanes,
Enter Woman with a childe. (noiſ
Within. I have ſtay'd this long houre for you, make n
For things are in ſtrange trouble: here, be ſecret,
'Tis worth your care; begone now; more eyes watch u
Then may be for our ſafeties.
Joh. Harke ye?
Within. Peace: good night.
Joh. She is gone, and I am loaden; fortune for me;
It weighes well, and it feeles well; it may chance
To be ſome pack of worth: byth' maſſe 'tis heavie;
If it be Coyne or Jewels, 'tis worth welcome:
Ile ne're refuſe a fortune: I am confident
'Tis of no common price: now to my lodging:
If it hit right, Ile bleſſe this night. *Exit.*

Scæne 4. *Enter Fredrick.*

Fred. 'Tis ſtrange,
I cannot meet him; ſure he has encountred
Some light o' love or other, and there meanes
To play at In and In for this night. Well *Don John,*
If you doe ſpring a leak, or get an itch,
Til ye claw off your curl'd pate, thank your night-walks
You muſt be ſtill a bootehalling: one round more,
Though it be late, Ile venture to diſcover ye,
I doe not like your out-leaps.

Scæne 5. *Enter Duke, and 3. Gentlemen.*

Duke. Welcome to Towne, are ye all fit?
1. To point Sir,
Duke. Where are the horſes?
2. Where they were appointed.

Duk. Be private, and whatſoever fortune
Offer it ſelfe, let's ſtand ſure.
3. Feare not us,
'Ere ye ſhall be endangered, or deluded,
Wee'll make a black night on't.
Du. No more, I know it;
You know your Quarters?
1. Will you goe alone ſir?
Du. Ye ſhall not be farre from me, the leaſt noiſe
Shall bring ye to my reſcue.
2. We are counſell'd. *Exeunt.*

Scæne 6. *Enter Don John.*

Iohn. Was ever man ſo paid for being curious?
Ever ſo bob'd for ſearching out adventures,
As I am? did the devill lead me? muſt I needs be peeping
Into mens houſes where I had no buſineſſe,
And make my ſelfe a miſchiefe? 'Tis well carried;
I muſt take other mens occaſions on me,
And be I know not whom: moſt finely handled:
What have I got by this now? what's the purchaſe?
A piece of evening Arras worke, a childe,
Indeed an Infidell: this comes of peeping:
A lumpe got out of lazineſſe; good white bread
Let's have no bawling with yee: 'ſdeath, have I
Knowne Wenches thus long, all the wayes of wenches,
Their ſnares and ſubtilties? have I read over
All their Schoole learnings, div'd into their quiddits,
And am I now bum-fidled with a Baſtard?
Fetch'd over with a Carde of five, and in mine old dayes,
After the dire maſſacre of a million
Of Maiden-heads? caught the common way, ith'night too
Under anothers name, to make the matter
Carry more weight about it? well *Don Iohn*,
You will be wiſer one day, when ye have purchas'd
A beavy of theſe Butter prints together,
With ſearching out conceal'd iniquities,
Without commiſſion: why, it would never grieve me,
If I had got this Ginger-bread: never ſtirr'd me,
So I had had a ſtroak for't: 't had been Juſtice,
Then to have kept it; but to raiſe a dayrie
For other mens adulteries, conſume my ſelfe in candles,
And ſcowring works, in Nurſes Bells and Babies,
Onely for charity, for meere I thank you,
A little troubles me: the leaſt touch for it,
Had but my breeches got it, had contended me.
Whoſe e're it is, ſure t' had a wealthy mother,
For 'tis well cloathed, and if I be not cozen'd,
Well lin'd within: to leave it here were barbarous,
And ten to one would kill it: a more ſin
Then his that got it: well, I will diſpoſe on't,
And keep it, as they keep deaths heads in rings,
To cry, *memento* to me; no more peeping.
Now all the danger is to qualifie
The good old gentlewoman, at whoſe houſe we live,
For ſhe will fall upon me with a Catechiſme
Of foure houres long: I muſt endure all;
For I will know this mother: Come good wonder,
Let you and I be jogging: your ſtarv'd trebble
Will waken the rude watch elſe: All that bee
Curious night-walkers, may they finde my fee. *Exit.*

Scæn. 7. *Enter Fredrick.*

Fred. Sure hee's gone home:
I have beaten all the purlewes,
But cannot bolt him: if he be a bobbing
'Tis not my care can cure him: To morrow morning
I ſhall have further knowledge from a Surgeons——
Where he lyes moord, to mend his leaks.
Enter Conſtantia.
Con. I'me ready,
And through a world of dangers am flown to yee.
Be full of haſte and care, we are undone elſe:
Where are your people? which way muſt we travell?
For heaven ſake ſtay not here ſir.
Fred. What may this prove?
Con. Alas I am miſtaken, loſt, undone.
For ever periſh'd. Sir, for heaven ſake tell me,
Are ye a Gentleman?
Fred. I am.
Con. Of this place?
Fred. No, borne in *Spain.*
Con. As ever you lov'd honour,
As ever your deſires may gaine their ends,
Doe a poore wretched woman but this benefit,
For I am forc'd to truſt yee.
Fred. Y'ave charm'd me,
Humanity and honour bids me helpe ye;
And if I faile your truſt.——
Con. The time's too dangerous
To ſtay your proteſtations: I beleeve ye,
Alas, I muſt believe ye: From this place,
Good noble Sir, remove me inſtantly,
And for a time, where nothing but your ſelfe,
And honeſt converſation may come neare me,
In ſome ſecure place ſertle me. What I am,
And why thus boldly I commit my credit
Into a ſtrangers hand, the feares and dangers,
That force me to this wilde courſe, at more leiſure
I ſhall reveale unto you.
Fred. Come, be hearty,
He muſt ſtrike through my life that takes ye from me.
(*Exi*

Scæne 8. *Enter Petruchio, Antonio, and 2. Gent.*

Petr. He will ſure come. Are yee well arm'd?
Ant. Never feare us.
Here's that will make 'em dance without a Fiddle.
Petr. We are to look for no weak foes, my friends,
Nor unadviſed ones.
Ant. Beſt gamſters make the beſt game,
We ſhall fight cloſe and handſome then.
1 *Gent.* *Antonio*,
You are a thought too bloudy.
Ant. Why? all Phyſitians
And penny Almanacks allow the opening
Of veines this moneth: why doe ye talke of bloudy?
What come we for, to fall to cuffes for apples?
What, would ye make the Cauſe a Cudgell quarell?
On what termes ſtands this man? is not his honour
Open'd to his hand, and pickt out like an Oyſter?
His credit like a quart pot knockt together,
Able to hold no liquor? cleare but this point.
Petr. Speak ſoftly, gentle Couzen.
Ant. Ile ſpeak truely;
What ſhould men doe ally'd to theſe diſgraces,
Lick o're his enemie, ſit downe, and dance him?
2. You are as farre o'th' bow hand now.
Ant. And crie;
That's my fine boy, thou wilt doe ſo no more child.
Pet. Here are no ſuch cold pitties.

Ant. By Saint *Jaques*
They ſhall not finde me one : here's old tough *Andrew*,
A ſpeciall friend of mine, and he but hold,
Ile ſtrike 'em ſuch a horne-pipe : knocks I come for,
And the beſt bloud I light on ; I profes it,
Not to ſcarre Coſter-mongers; If I looſe mine owne,
Mine audits loſt, and fare-well five and fifty.
Pet. Let's talke no longer,place your ſelves with ſilence,
As I directed yee ; and when time calls us,
As ye are friends,ſo ſhew your ſelves.
Ant. So be it. *Exeunt*.

Scæne. 9. *Enter Don John and his Land-lady*.

Land. Nay Son, if this be your regard.
Jo. Good mother.
Lan. Good me no goods ; your Cozen, and your ſelf
Are welcome to me, whilſt you beare your ſelves
Like honeſt and true Gentlemen : Bring hither
To my houſe, that have ever been reputed
A gentlewoman of a decent, and faire carriage,
And ſo behav'd my ſelf ?
Jo. I know ye have.
Lan. Bring hither, as I ſay, to make my name
Stinke in my neighbours noſtrills ? your Deviſes,
Your Brats, got out of Alligant, and broken oathes?
Your Linſey Woolſey worke, your haſty puddings ?
I foſter up your filch'd iniquities ?
Y'are deceiv'd in me, Sir, I am none
Of thoſe receivers.
Jo. Have I not ſworne unto you,
'Tis none of mine, and ſhew'd you how I found it ?
Land. Ye found an eaſie foole that let you get it,
She had better have worne paſternes.
Jo. Will yee heare me ? (your ends,
Lan. Oathes ? what doe you care for oathes to gaine
When ye are high and pamper'd ? What Saint know ye?
Or what Religion, but your purpos'd lewdneſſe,
Is to be look'd for of ye ? nay, I will tell ye,
You will then ſweare like accus'd Cut-purſes;
As far of truth too ; and lye beyond all Faulconers :
I'me ſick to ſee this dealing.
Jo. Heaven forbid Mother.
La. Nay, I am very ſick.
Jo. Who waits there ?
Ant. Sir. *within*.
Jo. Bring down the bottle of Canary wine.
La. Exceeding ſick, heav'n helpe me.
Jo. Haſte ye ſirrah,
I muſt ev'n make her drunk; nay gentle mother;
Lan. Now fie upon ye, was it for this purpoſe
You fetch'd your evening walks for your digeſtions,
For this pretended holineſſe ? no weather,
Not before day could hold ye from the Matins.
Were theſe your bo-peep prayers ? ye'have praid well,
And with a learned zeale : watcht well too ; your Saint
It ſeems was pleas'd as well : ſtill ſicker,ſicker.
Enter Anthony *with a bottle of wine*.
Jo. There is no talking to her till I have drencht her.
Give me : here mother take a good round draught,
'Twill purge ſpleen from your ſpirits : deeper mother.
Lan. I, I, ſonne ; you imagine this will mend all.
Jo. All y'faith Mother.
Lan. I confeſſe the Wine
Will doe his part.
Jo. Ile pledge ye.
La. But ſonne *John*.
Jo. I know your meaning mother; touch it once mo
Alas you look not well ; take a round draught,
It warmes the bloud well, and reſtores the colour,
And then wee'll talke at large.
Land. A civill gentleman ?
A ſtranger ? one the Town holds a good regard of?
Jo. Nay I will ſilence there.
Lan. One that ſhould weigh his faire name? oh,a ſtic
Jo. There's nothing better for a ſtitch, good mother,
Make no ſpare of it, as you love your health,
Mince not the matter.
Land. As I ſaid, a gentleman,
Lodge in my houſe ? now heav'ns my comfort, Signior!
Jo. I look'd for this.
Lan. I did not thinke you would have us'd me thus ;
A woman of my credit : one, heaven knowes,
That lov'd you but too tenderly.
Jo. Deare mother,
I ever found your kindneſſe, and acknowledge it.
Lan. No, no, I am a fool to counſell yee. Where's th
Come, lets ſee your Workmanſhip. (infant
Jo. None of mine, Mother.
But there 'tis, and a luſty one.
Land. Heaven bleſſe thee,
Thou hadſt a haſty making ; but the beſt is,
'Tis many a good mans fortune : as I live
Your owne eyes Signior, and the nether lip
As like yee, as ye had ſpit it.
Jo. I am glad on't.
Lan. Bleſſe me, what things are theſe ?
Jo. I thought my labour
Was not all loſt, 'tis gold, & theſe are jewels,
Both rich, and right I hope.
Lan. Well, well ſonne *Iohn*,
I ſee ye are a wood-man, and can chuſe
Your Deere, though it be i'th darke, all your diſcretion
Is not yet loſt ; this was well clapt aboard :
Here I am with you now ; when as they ſay
Your pleaſure comes with profit; when ye muſt needs do
Doe where ye may be done to, 'tis a wiſedome
Becomes a young man well : be ſure of one thing,
Looſe not your labour and your time together,
It ſeaſons of a foole, ſonne, time is pretious,
Worke wary whilſt ye have it : ſince ye muſt traffick
Sometimes this ſlippery way, take ſure hold Signior,
Trade with no broken Merchants, make your lading,
As you would make your reſt, adventurouſly,
But with advantage ever.
Io. All this time mother,
The childe wants looking too, wants meat and Nurſes.
Lan. Now bleſſing o' thy care ; it ſhall have all,
And inſtantly ; Ile ſeek a Nurſe my ſelfe, ſonne ;
'Tis a ſweet childe : ah my young *Spaniard*,
Take you no further care ſir.
Io. Yes of theſe Jewels,
I muſt by your leave Mother : theſe are yours,
To make your care the ſtronger : for the reſt
Ile finde a Maſter ; the gold for bringing up on't,
I freely render to your charge.
Lan. No more words,
Nor no more children, (good ſonne) as you love me,
This may doe well.
Ioh. I ſhall obſerve your Morals.
But where's *Don Ferdinand* (Mother)
Lan. Ten to one

About the like adventure: he told me,
He was to finde you out. *Exit.*
Io. Why ſhould he ſtay thus?
There may be ſome ill chance in't: ſleep I will not,
Before I have found him: now this woman's pleas'd,
Ile ſeek my friend out,and my care is eas'd. *Exit.*

Scæne. 10. *Enter Duke and Gent.*

1 *Gen.* Beleeve ſir, 'tis as poſſible to doe it,
As to remove the City; the maine faction,
Swarm through the ſtreets like hornets,arm'd with angers
Able to ruine States: no ſafety left us,
Nor meanes to dye like men, if inſtantly
You draw not back againe,
Duk. May he be drawne
And quarter'd too, that turnes now; were I ſurer
Of death then thou art of thy fears,and with death
More then thoſe feares are too.
1. Sir, I feare not.
Du. I would not crack my vow,ſtart from my honour,
Becauſe I may finde danger; wound my ſoule,
To keep my body ſafe.
1. I ſpeak not ſir,
Out of a baſeneſſe to you.
Du. No, nor doe not
Out of a baſeneſſe leave me: what is danger,
More then the weakneſſe of our apprehenſions?
A poor cold part o'th bloud? who takes it hold of?
Cowards, and wicked livers: valiant mindes
Were made the Maſters of it,and as hearty Seamen
In deſperate ſtormes, ſtem with a little Rudder
The tumbling ruines of the Ocean:
So with their cauſe & ſwords do they do dangers.
Say we were ſure to dye all in this venture,
As I am confident againſt it: is there any
Amongſt us of ſo fat a ſenſe, ſo pamper'd,
Would chuſe luxuriouſly to lye a bed,
And purge away his ſpirit, ſend his ſoule out
In Sugar-ſops, and Syrups? give me dying,
As dying ought to be, upon mine enemy,
Parting with man-kinde,by a man that's manly:
Let 'em be all the world, and bring along
Cain's envy with 'em, I will on.
2. You may ſir,
But with what ſafety?
1. Since 'tis come to dying,
You ſhall perceive ſir,here be thoſe amongſt us
Can dye as decently as other men,
And with as little ceremony: on brave ſir.
Duk. That's ſpoken heartily.
1. And he that flinches
May he dye lowzie in a ditch.
Du. No more dying,
There's no ſuch danger in it:
What's a clock?
3. Somewhat above your houre.
Du. Away then quickly,
Make no noiſe, and no trouble will attend us. *Exeunt.*

Scæne 11. *Enter Fredericke, and Peter,(with a candle.)*

Fred. Give me the candle: ſo goe you out that way.
Pet. What have we now to doe?
Fred. And o' your life ſirrah,
Let none come neare the doore without my knowledge,
No not my Landlady, nor my friend.
Pet. 'Tis done ſir.
Fr. Nor any ſerious buſineſſe that concerns me.
Pet. Is the winde there agen?
Fr. Be gone.
Pet. I am ſir. *Exit.*
Enter Conſtantia with a Jewell.
Fr. Now enter without feare.——And noble Lady
That ſafety and civility yee wiſh'd for
Shall truely here attend you: no rude tongue
Nor rough behaviour knows this place, no wiſhes
Beyond the moderation of a man,
Dare enter here: your owne deſires and Innocence,
Joyn'd to my vow'd obedience, ſhall protect you,
Were dangers more then doubts.
Conſt. Ye are truely noble,
And worth a womans truſt: let it become me,
(I doe beſeech you ſir) for all your kindneſſe,
To render with my thanks, this worthleſſe trifle;
I may be longer troubleſome.
Fred. Faire offices
Are ſtill their owne rewards: Heav'n bleſſe me Lady
From ſelling civill courteſies: may it pleaſe ye,
If ye will force a favour to oblige me,
Draw but that cloud aſide, to ſatisfie me
For what good Angel I am engag'd.
Conſt. It ſhall be.
For I am truely confident yee are honeſt:
The Piece is ſcarce worth looking on.
Fred. Truſt me
The abſtract of all beauty, ſoule of ſweetneſſe,
Defend me honeſt thoughts, I ſhall grow wilde elſe:
What eyes are there, rather what little heavens,
To ſtirre mens contemplations? what a Paradice
Runs through each part ſhe has? good bloud be temperate:
I muſt look off: too excellent an object
Confounds the ſenſe that ſees it. Noble Lady,
If there be any further ſervice to caſt on me,
Let it be worth my life, ſo much I honour ye,
Or the engagement of whole Families.
Conſt. Your ſervice is too liberall,worthy ſir,
Thus farre I ſhall entreat.
Fred. Command me Lady.
You make your power too poore.
Conſt. That preſently
With all convenient haſte, you would retire
Unto the ſtreet you found me in.
Fred. 'Tis done.
Conſt. There, if you finde a gentleman oppreſt
With force and violence, doe a mans office,
And draw your ſword to reſcue him.
Fred. Hee's ſafe,
Be what he will, and let his foes be devills,
Arm'd with your pitty, I ſhall conjure 'em.
Retire,this key will guide ye: all things neceſſary
Are there before ye.
Conſt. All my prayers goe with ye. *Exit.*
Fred. Ye clap on proof upon me: men ſay gold
Do's all, engages all,works through all dangers:
Now I ſay beauty can do more: The Kings Exchequer,
Nor all his wealthy *Indies*, could not draw me
Through halfe thoſe miſeries this peece of pleaſure
Might make me leap into: we are all like ſea-Cards,
All our endeavours and our motions,
(As they doe to the North) ſtill point at beauty,
Still at the faireſt: for a handſome woman,
(Setting my ſoule a ſide) it ſhould goe hard,

But I would ſtraine my body : yet to her,
Unleſſe it be her owne free gratitude,
Hopes ye ſhall dye, and thou tongue rot within me,
E're I infringe my faith : now to my reſcue. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna prima.

Enter Duke, purſued by Petruchio, Antonio, and that Faction.

Duke. YOu will not all oppreſſe me ?
Ant. Kill him ith' wanton eye : let me come (to him.
Duk. Then yee ſhall buy me dearely.
Petr. Say you ſo ſir ?
Ant. I ſay cut his Wezand ſpoile his peeping :
Have at your love-ſick heart ſir. *Enter Don John.*
John. Sure 'tis fighting.
My friend may be engag'd : fie gentlemen,
This is unmanly oddes.
Ant. Ile ſtop your mouth ſir. *Du. fals down, Don Ioh. beſtrides him.*
John. Nay, then have at thee freely :
Ther's a plumb ſir to ſatisfie your longing.
Pet. Away : I hope I have ſped him: here comes reſcue.
We ſhall be endangered : where's *Antonio* ?
Ant. I muſt have one thruſt more ſir.
Ioh. Come up to me.
Ant. A miſchiefe confound your fingers.
Petr. How is't ?
Ant. Well :
Ha's giv'n me my *quietus eſt*, I felt him
In my ſmall guts, I'me ſure, has feez'd me :
This comes of ſiding with ye.
2 Gent. Can you goe ſir ?
Ant. I ſhould goe man, and my head were of,
Never talke of going.
Pet. Come, all ſhall be well then. *Enter the Dukes Faction.*
I heare more reſcue comming.
Ant. Let's turne back then ;
My skull's uncloven yet, let me but kill.
Pet. Away for heaven ſake with him.
Ioh. How is't ?
Du. Well ſir,
Onely a little ſtagger'd.
Faction Du. Lets purſue 'em.
Du. No not a man, I charge ye: thanks good coat,
Thou haſt ſav'd me a ſhrewd welcome : 'twas put home
With a good minde I'me ſure on't. (too,
Ioh. Are ye ſafe then ?
Du. My thanks to you brave ſir, whoſe timely valour,
And manly courteſie came to my reſcue,
Io. Ye' had foule play offer'd ye, and ſhame befall him
That can paſſe by oppreſſion.
Du. May I crave ſir,
But thus much honour more, to know your name ?
And him I am ſo bound to ?
Ioh. For the Bond ſir,
'Tis every good mans tye : to know me further
Will little profit ye ; I am a ſtranger,
My Countrey *Spaine* ; my name *Don Iohn*, a gentleman
That lyes here for my ſtudy.
Du. I have heard ſir,
Much worthy mention of ye, yet I finde
Fame ſhort of what ye are.
Iohn You are pleas'd ſir,
To expreſſe your courteſie : may I demand
As freely what you are, and what miſchance
Caſt you into this danger ?
Du. For this preſent
I muſt deſire your pardon : you ſhall know me
Ere it be long ſir, and a nobler thanks,
Then now my will can render.
Ioh. Your will's your owne ſir.
Du. What is't you look for ſir, have yee loſt any thing?
Io. Onely my hat i'th ſcuffle ; ſure theſe fellowes
Were night-ſnaps.
Du. No, believe ſir : pray ye uſe mine,
For 'twil be hard to finde your owne now.
Ioh. No ſir.
Du. Indeed ye ſhall, I can command another :
I doe beſeech ye honour me.
Io. I will ſir,
And ſo Ile take my leave.
Du. Within theſe few dayes
I hope I ſhall be happy in your knowledge.
Till when I love your memory. *Exit Duke, &c. Enter Fredrick.*
Io. I yours.
This is ſome noble fellow.
Fred. 'Tis his tongue ſure.
Don Iohn ?
Ioh. *Don Fredrick*?
Fred. Ye' are fairely met ſir :
I thought ye had been a Bat-fowling : prethee tell me,
What Revelations haſt thou had to night,
That home was never thought of ?
Io. Revelations ?
Ile tell thee *Fredrick*. but before I tell thee,
Settle thy underſtanding.
Fred. 'Tis prepar'd, ſir.
Io. Why then mark what ſhall follow. This night *Fred*
This bawdy night.
Fred. I thought no leſſe.
Ioh. This blinde night,
What doſt think I have got ?
Fred. The Pox it may be.
Io. Would 'twere no worſe : ye talke of Revelations
I have got a Revelation will reveale me,
An arrant Coxcombe while I live.
Fred. What is't?
Thou haſt loſt nothing ?
Io. No, I have got I tell thee.
Fr. What haſt thou got ?
Io. One of the Infantry, a childe.
Fr. How ?
Io. A chopping child, man.
Fr. 'Give ye joy, ſir.
Io. A lump of lewdneſſe *Fredrick*, that's the truth on't:
This Town's abominable.
Fr. I ſtill told ye *Iohn*
Your whoring muſt come home ; I counſell'd ye :
But where no grace is———
Io. 'Tis none o' mine, man.
Fr. Anſwer the Pariſh ſo.
Io. Cheated introth.
Peeping into a houſe, by whom I know not,
Nor where to find the place agen: no *Fredricke*,
Had I but kiſt the ring fort; 'tis no poor one,
That's my beſt comfort, for't has brought about it
Enough to make it man.
Fr. Where is't ?
Io. At home.
Fr. A ſaving voyage : But what will you ſay Signior

To him that ſearching out your ſerious Worſhip,
Has met a ſtranger fortune?
Joh. How, good *Frederick?*
A militant girle now to this boy would hit it?
Fred. No, mine's a nobler venture: What do you think Sir
Of a diſtreſſed Lady, one whoſe beauty
Would overſell all Italy?
Joh, Where is ſhe——
Fred. A woman of that rare behaviour,
So qualified, as admiration
Dwels round about her: of that perfect ſpirit——
Joh. I marry Sir.
Fred. That admirable carriage,
That ſweetnes in diſcourſe; young as the morning,
Her bluſhes ſtaining his.
Joh. But where's this Creature?
Shew me but that.
Fred. That's all one, ſhee's forth comming,
I have her ſure Boy.
Joh. Harke ye *Fredrick.*
What truck betwixt my Infant?
Fred. 'Tis too light Sir,
Stick to your charges good *Don John, I* am well.
Joh. But is there ſuch a wench?
Fred. Firſt tell me this,
Did ye not lately as ye walk'd along,
Diſcover people that were arm'd, and likely
To doe offence?
Ioh. Yes mary, and they urg'd it
As far as they had ſpirit.
Fred. Pray goe forward.
Ioh. A Gentleman *I* found ingag'd amongſt e'm,
It ſeemes of noble breeding, *I*'m ſure brave mettall,
As *I* return'd to looke you, *I* ſet in to him,
And without hurt (*I* thanke heaven) reſcued him,
And came my ſelfe off ſafe too.
Fred. My work's done then:
And now to ſatisfie you, there is a woman,
Oh *Iohn*, there is a woman——
Ioh. Oh, where is ſhe?
Fred. And one of no leſſe worth then *I* aſſure ye;
And which is more, falne under my protection.
Ioh. *I* am glad of that: forward ſweet *Fredrick.*
Fred. And which is more then that, by this nights wandring,
And which is moſt of all, ſhe is at home too Sir.
Io. Come, lets be gone then.
Fred. Yes, but 'tis moſt certaine,
You cannot ſee her, *Iohn.*
Ioh. Why?
Fred. She has ſworne me
That none elſe ſhall come neare her: not my Mother
Till ſome few doubts are clear'd.
Ioh. Not look upon her? What chamber is ſhe in?
Fred. In ours.
Ioh. Let's goe *I* ſay:
A womans oathes are wafers, breake with making,
They muſt for modeſtie a litle: we all know it.
Fred. No, *I*'le aſſure you Sir.
Ioh. Not ſee her?
I ſmell an old dog trick of yours, well *Fredrick,*
Ye talkt to me of whoring, let's have faire play,
Square dealing *I* would with ye..
Fred. When 'tis come.
Which *I* know never will be, to that iſſue,
Your ſpoone ſhall be as deep as mine Sir.
Ioh. Tell me,
And tell mē true, is the cauſe honourable,
Or for your eaſe?
Fr. By all our friendſhip, *Iohn,*
'Tis honeſt, and of great end.
Ioh. I am anſwer'd:
But let me ſee her though: leave the doore open
As yee goe in.
Fr. I dare not.
Io. Not wide open,
But juſt ſo, as a jealous husband
Would levell at his wanton wife through.
Fr. That courteſie,
If ye deſire no more, and keep it ſtrictly,
I dare afford yee: come, 'tis now neare morning. *Ex.*

Scæne 2. *Enter Peter and Anthony.*

Pet. Nay the old woman's gone too.
Ant. Shee's a Catterwauling
Among the gutters: But conceive me, *Peter,*
Where our good Maſters ſhould be?
Pet. Where they ſhould be,
I doe conceive, but where they are, good *Anthony*——
Ant. I, there it goes: my Maſters bo-peep with me,
With his ſlye popping in and out agen,
Argued a cauſe, a frippery cauſe.
Pet. Beleeve me,
They bear up with ſome carvell.
Ant. I doe believe thee,
For thou haſt ſuch a Maſter for that chaſe,
That till he ſpend his maine Maſt——
Pet. Pray remember
Your courteſie good *Anthony*; and withall,
How long 'tis ſince your Maſter ſprung a leak,
He had a ſound one ſince he came. *Lute ſounds within.*
Ant. Harke.
Pet. What?
Ant. Doeſt not hear a Lute?
Agen?
Pet. Where is't?
Ant. Above in my Maſters chamber.
Pet. There's no creature: he hath the key himſelf man.
An. This is his Lute: let him have it. *Sing within a little.*
Pet. I grant you; but who ſtrikes it?
Ant. An admirable voice too, harke ye.
Pet. *Anthony,*
Art ſure we are at home?
Ant. Without all doubt, *Peter.*
Pet. Then this muſt be the Devill.
Ant. Let it be. *Sing agen.*
Good Devill ſing againe: O dainty devill,
Peter beleve it, a moſt delicate devill,
The ſweeteſt Devill—— *Enter Fredrick & Don Iohn.*
Fred. If ye could leave peeping.
Iohn I cannot by no meanes.
Fred. Then come in ſoftly,
And as ye love your faith, preſume no further
Then yee have promiſed.
Ioh. *Baſto.*
Fr. What make you up ſo early ſir?
Io. You ſir in your contemplations.
Pet. O pray ye peace ſir.
Fred. Why peace ſir?
Pet. Doe you heare?
Ioh. 'Tis your Lute.
Fred. Pray yee ſpeak ſoftly.

She's playing on't.
Ant. The houſe is haunted ſir,
For this we have heard this halfe yeare.
Fred. Ye ſaw nothing;
Ant. Not I.
Pet. Nor I Sir.
Fred. Get us our breakfaſt then,
And make no words on't; wee'll undertake this ſpirit,
If it be one.
Ant. This is no devill *Peter.* *Sing.*
Mum, there be Bats abroad. *Exeunt Servants.*
Fred. Stay, now ſhe ſings.
Ioh. An Angels voice Ile ſweare.
Fred. Why did'ſt thou ſhrug ſo?
Either allay this heat; or as I live
I will not truſt ye.
Ioh. Paſſe: *I* warrant ye. *Exeunt.*
Enter Conſtantia.
Con. To curſe thoſe ſtarres, that men ſay governe us,
To raile at fortune, fall out with my Fate,
And taske the generall world, will helpe me nothing:
Alas, *I* am the ſame ſtill, neither are they
Subject to helpes, or hurts: Our owne deſires
Are our owne fates, our owne ſtars, all our fortunes,
Which as we ſway 'em, ſo abuſe, or bleſſe us.
Enter Fredrick, and Don John peeping.
Fred. Peace to your meditations.
Joh. Pox upon ye,
Stand out oth' light.
Conſt. I crave your mercy ſir,
My minde o're-charg'd with care made me unmannerly.
Fr. Pray yee ſet that minde at reſt, all ſhall be perfect.
Io. I like the body rare; a handſome body,
A wondrous handſome body: would ſhe would turne:
See, and that ſpightfull puppy be not got
Between me and my light againe,
Fr. Tis done,
As all that you command ſhall bee: the gentleman
Is ſafely off all danger.
Ioh. O de dios.
Conſt. How ſhall I thank ye ſir? how ſatisfie?
Fr. Speak ſoftly, gentle Lady, all's rewarded,
Now does he melt like Marmalad.
Io. Nay, 'tis certaine,
Thou art the ſweeteſt woman I e're look'd on:
I hope thou art not honeſt.
Fred. None diſturb'd yee?
Conſt. Not any ſir, nor any ſound came neare me,
I thank your care.
Fred. 'Tis well.
Ioh. I would faine pray now,
But the Devill and that fleſh there, o' the world,
What are we made to ſuffer?
Fr. Hee'll enter;
Pull in your head and be hang'd.
Ioh. Harke ye *Fredricke,*
I have brought ye home your Pack-ſaddle.
Fr. Pox upon yee.
Con. Nay let him enter: fie my Lord the Duke,
Stand peeping at your friends.
Fr. Ye are cozen'd Lady,
Here is no Duke.
Conſt. I know him full well Signior.
Ioh. Hold thee there wench.
Fre. This mad-brain'd foole will ſpoile all.
Con. I doe beſeech your grace come in.
Ioh. My Grace,
There was a word of comfort.
Fred. Shall he enter,
Who e're he be?
Ioh. Well follow'd *Fredrick.*
Conſt. With all my heart.
Fred. Come in then. *Enter Don John.*
Jo. 'Bleſſe yee Lady:
Fr. Nay ſtart not, though he be a ſtranger to ye,
Hee's of a Noble ſtraine, my kinſman, Lady,
My Countrey-man, and fellow Traveller,
One bed containes us ever, one purſe feeds us,
And one faith free between us; do not fear him,
Hee's truely honeſt.
Jo. That's a lye.
Fred. And truſty:
Beyond your wiſhes: valiant to defend,
And modeſt to converſe with, as your bluſhes.
Jo. Now may I hang my ſelf; this commendation
Has broke the neck of all my hopes: for now
Muſt I cry, no forſooth, and I forſooth, and ſurely,
And truely as I live,, and as I am honeſt.
Has done theſe things for 'nonce too; for hee knowes,
Like a moſt envious Raſcall as he is,
I am not honeſt, nor deſire to be,
Eſpecially this way: h'as watch'd his time,
But I ſhall quit him.
Conſt. Sir, I credit ye.
Fred. Goe kiſſe her *John.*
Joh. Plague o' your commendations.
Con. Sir, I ſhall now deſire to be a trouble.
Jo. Never to me, ſweet Lady: Thus I ſeale
My faith, and all my ſervice.
Con. One word Signeur.
Jo. Now 'tis impoſſible *I* ſhould be honeſt,
She kiſſes with a conjuration
Would make the devill dance: what points ſhe at?
My leg I warrant, or my well knit body:
Sit faſt *Don Fredrick.*
Fred. 'Twas given him by that gentleman
You took ſuch care of; his owne being loſt ith' ſcuffle.
Con. With much joy may he weare it: 'tis a right o
I can aſſure ye Gentleman, and right happy
May you be in all fights for that faire ſervice.
Fred. Why doe ye bluſh?
Con. 'T had almoſt cozen'd me,
For not to lye, when *I* ſaw that, *I* look'd for
Another Maſter of it: but 'tis well. { *Knock wit*
Fr. Who's there? { *Ent. Anth*
Stand ye a little cloſe: Come in Sir,
Now what's the newes with you?
Anth. There is a gentlemen without,
Would ſpeak with *Don John,*
Ioh. Who ſir?
Ant. *I* do not know Sir, but he ſhews a man
Of no meane reckoning.
Fred. Let him ſhew his name,
And then returne a little wiſer.
Ant. Well Sir. *Exit Anthony.*
Fred. How doe you like her *Iohn*?
Ioh. As well as you *Fredrick,*
For all I am honeſt: you ſhall finde it ſo too.
Fred. Art thou not honeſt?
Ioh. Art thou an Aſſe?
And modeſt as her bluſhes? What a block-head
Would e're have popt out ſuch a dry Apologie,

For his deare friend ? and to a Gentlewoman,
A woman of her youth, and delicacy.
They are arguments to draw them to abhorre us.
An honeſt morall man ; 'tis for a Conſtable:
A handſome man, a wholſome man, a tough man,
A liberall man, a likely man, a man
Made up like *Hercules*, unſlak'd with ſervice :
The ſame to night, to morrow night, the next night,
And ſo to perpetuitie of pleaſures,
Theſe had been things to hearken too, things catching :
But you have ſuch a ſpiced conſideration,
Such qualmes upon your worſhips conſcience,
Such- chil-blaines in your bloud, that all things pinch ye,
Which nature, and the liberall world makes cuſtome,
And nothing but faire honour, O ſweet honour,
Hang up your Eunuch honour : That I was truſty,
And valiant, were things well put in ; but modeſt !
A modeſt gentleman ! ô wit where waſt thou ?
Fred. I am ſorrie *John*,
John My Ladies gentlewoman
Would laugh me to a Schoole-boy, make me bluſh
With playing with my Codpeece point : fie on thee,
A man of thy diſcretion ?
Fred. It ſhall be mended :
And henceforth yee ſhall have your due. *Enter Anthony.*
John I look fort : How now, who is't ?
An. A gentleman of this towne
And calls himſelfe *Petruchio.* *Enter Conſtantia.*
John Ile attend him.
Conſt. How did he call himſelfe.
Fred. Petruchio,
Doe's it concerne you ought ?
Conſt. O gentlemen,
The houre of my deſtruction is come on me,
I am diſcover'd, loſt, left to my ruine :
As ever ye had pitty——
John Doe not feare,
Let the great devill come, he ſhall come through me :
Loſt here, and we about ye ?
Fred. Fall before us ?
Conſt. O my unfortunate eſtate, all angers
Compar'd to his, to his——
Fred. Let his, and all mens,
Whilſt we have power and life: ſtand up for heaven ſake.
Con. I have offended heaven too ; yet heaven knows---
Iohn We are all evill :
Yet heaven forbid we ſhould have our deſerts.
What is a ?
Con. Too, too neare to my offence ſir ;
O he will cut me peece-meale.
Fred. Tis no Treaſon ?
John Let it be what it will : if a cut here,
Ile finde him cut-worke.
Fred. He muſt buy you deare,
With more than common lives.
Joh. Feare not, nor weep not :
By heaven Ile fire the Towne before yee periſh,
And then, the more the merrier, wee'll jog with yee.
Fred. Come in, and dry your eyes.
John Pray no more weeping :
Spoile a ſweet face for nothing ? my returne
Shall end all this I warrant yoe.
Con. Heaven grant it. *Exeunt.*

Scæne 3. *Enter Petruchio with a Letter.*

Petr. This man ſhould be of ſpeciall rank :
For theſe commends carry no common way,
No ſlight worth with 'em :
A ſhall be he. *Ent. Don Iohn.*
John 'Save yee ſir : I am ſorrie
My buſineſſe was ſo unmannerly, to make ye
Wait thus long here.
Petr. Occaſions muſt be ſerv'd ſir :
But is your name *Don John* ? *Ioh.* It is Sir.
Petr. Then,
Firſt, for yonr owne brave ſake I muſt embrace yee :
Next, from the credit of your noble friend
Hernando de Aluara, make yee mine :
Who layes his charge upon me in this Letter
To look yee out, and for the goodneſſe in yee,
Whilſt your occaſions make yee reſident
In this place, to ſupply yee, love and honour yee ;
Which had I knowne ſooner——
Iohn Noble ſir,
You'll make my thanks too poore : I weare a ſword, ſir,
And have a ſervice to be ſtill diſpos'd of,
As you ſhall pleaſe command it.
Petr. Gentle ſir,
That manly courteſie is half my buſineſſe :
And to be ſhort, to make ye know I honour ye,
And in all points believe your worth like Oracle,
And how above my friends, which are not few,
And thoſe not ſlack, I eſtimate your vertues,
Make your ſelfe underſtand, This day *Petruchio*,
A man that may command the ſtrength of this place,
Hazzard the boldeſt ſpirits, hath made choice
Onely of you, and in a noble office.
Ioh. Forward, I am free to entertaine it.
Petr. Thus then :
I doe beſeech ye mark me.
Ioh. I ſhall doe it.
Pet. Ferrara's Duke, would I might call him worthie,
But that he has raz'd out from his family,
As he has mine with Infamie, This man,
Rather this powerfull Monſter, we being left
But two of all our houſe, to ſtock our memories,
My Siſter, and my ſelfe ; with arts, and witch-crafts,
Vowes, and ſuch oathes heaven has no mercy for,
Drew to diſhonour this weak maid, by ſtealthes,
And ſecret paſſages I knew not of,
Oft he obtain'd his wiſhes, oft abus'd her :
I am aſham'd to ſay the reſt : This purchas'd,
And his hot bloud allay'd, as friends forſake us
At a miles end upon our way, he left her,
And all our name to ruine.
Ioh. This was foule Play,
And ought to be rewarded ſo.
Petr. I hope ſo ;
He ſcap'd me yeſter-night : which if he dare
Againe adventure for, heaven pardon him,
I ſhall with all my heart.
Ioh. For me, brave Signior,
What doe yee intend ?
Petr. Onely, faire ſir, this truſt,
Which from the commendations of this Letter,
I dare preſume well placed, nobly to beare him
By word of mouth a ſingle challenge from me,
That man to man, if he have honour in him,
We may decide all difference.
Ioh. Faire, and noble,
And I will doe it home : When ſhall I viſite ye?
Pet. Pleaſe you this after-noon, I will ride with yee ;

For at a Caſtle ſix mile hence, we are ſure
To finde him.
John Ile be ready.
Petr. To attend ye,
My man ſhall wait: with all my love *Ex. Petr.*
John My ſervice ſhall not faile yee. *Enter Fredr.*
Fred. How now?
John All's well: who doſt thou think this wench is?
Gheſſe, and thou canſt?
Fred. I cannot.
Iohn Be it knowne then,
To all men by theſe preſents, this is ſhe,
She, ſhe, and only ſhe, our curious coxcombs
Were errant two moneths after.
Fred. Who, *Conſtantia?*
Thou talk'ſt of Cocks and Bulls.
Ioh. I talke of wenches,
Of Cocks and Hens *Don Frerdick*; this is the Pullet
We two went proud after.
Fred. It cannot be.
John It ſhall be;
Siſter to *Don Petruchio*: I know all man.
Fred. Now I beleeve.
John Goe to, there has been ſtirring,
Fumbling with Linnen *Fredrick*.
Fred. 'Tis impoſſible,
You know her fame was pure as fire.
Ioh. That pure fire
Has melted out her maiden-head: ſhe is crackt:
We have all that hope of our ſide, boy.
Fred, Thou tell'ſt me,
To my imagination, things incredible:
I ſee no looſe thought in her.
Ioh. That's all one,
She is looſe ith' hilts by heaven: but the world muſt know
A faire way, upon vow of marriage.
Fred. There may be ſuch a ſlip.
Iohn And will be *Fredrick*,
Whil'ſt the old game's a foot: I feare the boy too
Will prove hers too I took up.
Fred. Good circumſtance
May cure all this yet.
John There thou hitſt it, *Fredrick*:
Come, let's walke in and comfort her: her being here
Is nothing yet ſuſpected: anon Ile tell thee
Wherefore her brother came, who by this light
Is a brave noble fellow, and what honour
H'as done to me a ſtranger: there be Irons
Heating for ſome, will hiſſe into their heart blouds,
'Ere all be ended; ſo much for this time.
Fred. Well ſir· *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna prima.

Eter Land-lady and Peter.

Land. Come ye doe know.
Pet. I do not by this hand Miſtris,
But I ſuſpect.
Land. What?
Pet. That if egges continue
At this price, women wil ne're be ſav'd
By their good works.
Land. I will know.
Pet. Yee ſhall, any thing
Lyes in my power: The Duke of *Loraine* now
Is ſeven thouſand ſtrong: I heard it of a fiſh-wife,
A woman of fine knowledge.
Land. Sirrah, ſirrah.
Pe. The Popes Buls are broke looſe too, and 'tis ſuſpecte
They ſhall be baited in England.
Lan. Very well ſir.
Pet. No, 'tis not ſo well neither.
Lan. But I ſay to yee,
Who is it keeps your Maſter company?
Pet. I ſay to you, *Don Iohn.*
Lan. I ſay what woman?
Pet. I ſay ſo too.
Lan. I ſay againe, I will know.
Pet. Iſay 'tis fit yee ſhould.
Lan. And I tell thee
He has a woman here.
Pet. And I tell thee
'Tis then the better for him.
Lan. You are no Bawd now?
Pet. Would I were able to be call'd unto it:
A worſhipfull vocation for my elders;
For as I underſtand it is a place
Fitting my betters farr.
Lan. Was ever Gentlewoman
So frumpt off with a foole? well ſawcy ſirrah,
I will know who it is, and for what purpoſe;
I pay the rent, and I will know how my houſe
Comes by theſe Inflamations: if this geere hold,
Beſt hang a ſigne-poſt up, to tell the Signiors,
Here ye may have lewdneſſe at Liverie. *Ent. Fredrick*
Pet, 'Twould be a great eaſe to your age.
Fred. How now?
Why what's the mater Land-lady?
Lan. What's the matter?
Ye uſe me decently among ye gentlemen.
Fr. Who has abus'd her, you ſir?
Lan. 'Ods my witneſſe
I will not be thus treated, that I will not.
Pet. I gave her no ill language.
Lan. Thou lyeſt lewdly,
Thou tookſt me up at every word I ſpoke,
As I had been a Mawkin, a flurt Gillian;
And thou thinkſt, becauſe thou canſt write & read,
Our noſes muſt be under thee.
Fr. Dare you ſirrah?
Pet. Let but the truth be known Sir, I beſeech ye,
She raves of wenches, and I know not what ſir:
La. Go to, thou know'ſt too well, thou wicked varlet,
Thou inſtrument of evill.
Pet. As I live Sir,
She is ever thus till dinner.
Fr. Get ye in,
Ile anſwer you anon ſir.
Pet. By this hand
Ile break your Poſſit pan. *Exit.*
Lan. Then by this hood
Ile lock the meat up.
Fr. Now your grief, what is't?
For I can gheſſe———
Lan. Ye may with ſhame enough,
If theer were ſhame amongſt yee; nothing thought
But how yee may abuſe my houſe: not ſatisfi'd
With bringing home your Baſtards to undoe me,
But you muſt drill your whores here too; my patience

Becau

(Becauſe I beare, and beare, and carry all,
And as they ſay am willing to groan under)
Muſt be your make-ſport now.
Fred. No more of theſe words,
Nor no more murmurings Lady: for you know
That I know ſomething. I did ſuſpect your anger,
But turne it preſently and handſomely,
And beare your ſelfe diſcreetly to this woman,
For ſuch a one there is indeed.
Land. 'Tis well ſonne.
Fr. Leaving your devils Matins, and your melanchollies,
Or we ſhall leave our lodgings.
Land. You have much need
To uſe theſe vagrant wayes, and to much profit:
Ye had that might content
(At home within your ſelves too) right good gentlemen,
Wholſome, and yee ſaid handſome: But you gallants,
Boaſt that I was to beleeve ye———
Fr. Leave your ſuſpicion:
For as I live there's no ſuch thing.
Lan. Mine honour;
And 'twere not for mine honour.
Fr. Come, your honour,
Your houſe, and you too, if you dare beleeve me
Are well enough: ſleek up your ſelf, leave crying, *Bowle*
For I muſt have yee entertain this Lady *of wine*
With all civility, ſhe well deſerves it, *ready.*
Together with all ſecreſie: I dare truſt yee,
For I have found yee faithfull: when you know her
You will find your owne fault; no more words, but doe it.
Lan. You know you may command me. *Ent. Don. Ioh.*
Io. Worſhipfull Lady,
How does thy Velvet ſcabbard? by this hand
Thou look'ſt moſt amiably: now could I willingly
And 'twere not for abuſing thy *Geneva* print there,
Venture my body with thee.
Lan. You'll leave this roperie,
When you come to my yeares.
Ioh. By this light
Thou art not above fifteen yet, a meere girle;
Thou haſt not half thy teeth: come———
Fred. Prethee *Iohn*
Let her alone, ſhe has been vex'd already:
Shee'll grow ſtarke mad man.
Ioh. I would ſee her mad,
An old mad woman
Fred. Prethee be patient.
Ioh. Is like a Millers Mare, troubled with tooth-ache.
Shee'll make the rareſt faces.
Fred. Goe, and doe it,
And doe not mind this fellow.
Lan. Well *Don Iohn.*
There will be times agen; when O good Mother,
What's good for a carnoſity in the Bladder?
O the green water, mother.
Ioh. Doting take yee,
Doe ye remember that?
Fr. She has payd ye now ſir.
La. Clarry, ſweet mother, Clarry.
Fr. Are ye ſatisfied?
Lan. Ile never whore againe; never give Petticoats
And Waſtcoats at five pound a peece; good Mother,
Quickly Mother: now mock on Son.
Ioh. A devill grinde your old chaps. *Exit Land.*
Fr. By this hand wench
Ile give thee a new hood for this.
Has ſhe met with your Lordſhip?
Touch-wood rake her. *Enter Anthony.*
Shee's a rare ghoſtly mother.
Ant. Below attends yee
The Gentlemans man ſir that was with yee.
Joh. Well Sir;
My time is come then: yet if my project hold,
You ſhall not ſtay behinde: Ile rather truſt *Enter*
A Cat with ſweet milk *Fredrick*; by her face *Conſtan.*
I feele her feares are working.
Conſt. Is there no way,
I doe beſeech yee think yet, to divert
This certaine danger?
Fr. 'Tis impoſſible:
Their honours are engag'd.
Con. Then there muſt be murther,
Which, Gentlemen, I ſhall no ſooner heare of,
Then make one in't: you may, if you pleaſe ſir,
Make all goe leſſe yet.
John. Lady wer't mine owne cauſe,
I could diſpence: but loaden with my friends truſt,
I muſt go on; though generall maſſacres
As much I feare———
Conſt, Doe ye heare ſir; for heavens pittie
Let me requeſt one love of you.
Fred. Yes any thing.
Con. This gentleman I find too reſolute,
Too hot, and fiery for the cauſe, as ever
You did a vertuous deed, for honours ſake
Go with him, and allay him: your fair temper
And noble diſpoſition, like wiſh'd ſhowres,
May quench thoſe eating fires, that would ſpoile all elſe.
I ſee in him deſtruction.
Fred. I will doe it;
And 'tis a wiſe conſideration,
To me, a bounteous favour: harke ye *John*,
I will goe with yee.
Joh. No.
Fred. Indeed I will,
Ye goe upon a hazzard: no denyall;
For as I live, Ile goe.
John. Then make ye ready,
For I am ſtraight a horſe-back.
Fred. My ſword on,
I am as ready as you: what my beſt labour,
With all the Art I have can work upon 'em,
Be ſure of, and expect faire end: the old gentlewoman
Shall wait upon you; ſhe is both grave and private,
And yee may truſt her in all points.
Conſt. Ye are noble:
And ſo I kiſſe your hand.
John. That ſeale for me too,
And I hope happy iſſue Lady.
Conſt. All heavens care upon yee, and my prayers.
Joh. So,
Now my mind's at reſt.
Fred. Away, 'tis late *John.* *Exeunt.*

Scæne 2. *Enter Antonio, a Surgeon, and 2. Gent.*

1 Gent. Come ſir, be hearty: all the worſt is paſt.
Ant. Give me ſome Wine.
Sur. 'Tis death Sir.
Ant. 'Tis a horſe ſir.
'Sblood, to be dreſt to the tune of Ale onely,
Nothing but ſawces to my ſores.

2 Gen. Fie *Antonio,*
You muſt be govern'd.
Ant. Has given me a dam'd Gliſter,
Only of ſand and ſnow water, gentlemen,
Has almoſt ſcour'd my guts out.
Surg. I have giv'n you that ſir
Is fitteſt for your ſtate.
Ant. And here he ſeeds me
With rotten ends of rooks, and drown'd chickens,
Stewd Pericraniums, and Pia-maters;
And when I goe to bed, by heaven 'tis true gentlemen,
He rolls me up in Lints, with Labels at 'em,
That I am juſt the man ith' Almanack,
In head and face, is *Aries* place.
Surg. Wilt pleaſe ye
To let your friends ſee ye open'd?
Ant. Will it pleaſe you ſir
To let me have a wench: I feele my body
Open enough for that yet?
Surg. How, a wench?
Ant. Why look yee gentlemen; thus I am us'd ſtill,
I can get nothing that I want.
1 Gent. Leave theſe things,
And let him open ye.
Ant. De' ye heare Surgeon?
Send for the Muſick, let me have ſome pleaſure
To entertaine my friends, beſide your Sallads,
Your green ſalves, and your ſearches, and ſome wine too,
That I may onely ſmell to it: or by this light
Ile dye upon thy hand, and ſpoyle thy cuſtome.
1 Gen. Let him have Muſick. *Ent. Rowl. with wine.*
Surg. 'Tis ith' houſe, and ready,
If he will aske no more: but wine--- *Muſick.*
2 Gent. He ſhall not drink it.
Sur. Will theſe things pleaſe yee?
Ant. Yes, and let 'em ſing
John Dorrie.
2 Gent. 'Tis too long.
Ant. Ile have *John Dorrie,*
For to that warlike tune I will be open'd.
Give me ſome drinke, have yee ſtopt the leakes well Surgeon,
All will runne out elſe?
Surg. Feare not.
Ant. Sit downe Gentlemen:
And now advance your plaiſters. *Song of Joh. Dorry.*
Give 'em ten ſhillings friends: how doe ye finde me?
What Symptomes doe you ſee now?
Sur. None Sir, dangerous:
But if you will be rul'd______
Ant. What time?
Surg. I can cure ye
In forty dayes, ſo you will not tranſgreſſe me.
Ant. I have a dog ſhall lick me whole in twenty:
In how long canſt thou kill me?
Surg. Preſently.
Ant. Doe it; there's more delight in't.
1 Gent. You muſt have patience.
Ant. Man, I muſt have buſines; this fooliſh fellow
Hinders himſelfe: I have a dozen Raſcalls
To hurt within theſe five dayes: good man mender,
Stop me up with Parſley, like ſtuft Beefe,
And let me walke abroad.
Surg. Ye ſhall walke ſhortly.
Ant. For I muſt finde *Petruchio.*
2. Gent. Time enough.
1 Gent. Come lead him in, and let him ſleep: within (theſe three dayes
Wee'll beg yee leave to play.
2 Gent. And then how things fall,
Wee'll certainly informe yee.
Ant. But Surgion promiſe me
I ſhall drinke Wine then too.
Surg. A little temper'd.
Ant. Nay, Ile no tempering Surgion,
Surg. Well, as't pleaſe ye,
So ye exceed not.
Ant. Farewell: and if ye finde
The Mad ſlave, that thus ſlaſht me, commend me to him,
And bid him keep his skin cloſe.
1 Gent. Take your reſt ſir. *Exeunt.*

Scæn. 3. *Enter Conſtantia, and Land-lady.*

Con. I have told yee all I can, and more then yet
Thoſe Gentlemen know of me; ever truſting
Your Councell and concealement: for to me
You ſeem a worthy woman; one of thoſe
Are ſeldome found in our ſex, wiſe and vertuous,
Direct me I beſeech ye.
Land. Ye ſay well Lady,
And hold yee to that poynt; for in theſe buſineſſes
A womans councell that conceives the matter,
(Doe ye marke me, that conceives the matter Lady)
Is worth ten mens engagements: She knows ſomething
And out of that can worke like wax: when men
Are giddy-headed, either out of wine,
Or a more drunkenneſſe, vaine oſtentation,
Diſcovering all: there is no more keep in 'em,
Then hold upon an Eeles taile: nay 'tis held faſhion
To defame now all they can.
Con. I, but theſe gentlemen______
Land. Doe not you truſt to that: theſe gentlemen
Are as all Gentlemen of the ſame Barrell:
I, and the ſelfe ſame pickle too. Be it granted,
They have us'd yee with reſpect and faire behaviour,
Yet ſince ye came: doe you know what muſt follow?
They are Spaniards, Lady, Gennets of high mettle,
Things that will thraſh the devill, or his dam,
Let 'em appeare but cloven.
Con. Now heaven bleſſe me.
Lan. Mad Colts will court the wind: I know 'em Lady
To the leaſt haire they have; and I tell you,
Old as I am, let but the pinte pot bleſſe 'em,
They'll offer to my yeares______
Con. How?
Lan. Such rude gambolls ______
Con. To you?
Lan. I, and ſo handle me, that oft I am forc'd
To fight of all foure for my ſafety: there's the yonger,
Don John, the arrantſt *Jack* in all this City:
The other, time has blaſted, yet he will ſtoop,
If not ore-flowne, and freely on the quarry;
Has been a Dragon in his dayes. Bur *Tarmont,*
Don Jenkin is the Devill himſelfe, the Dog-dayes,
The moſt incomprehenſible whore-maſter,
Twenty a night is nothing: Beggers, Broom-women,
And thoſe ſo miſerable, they look like famine,
Are all ſweet Ladies in his drink.
Con. He's a handſome Gentleman.
Pitty he ſhould be maſter of ſuch follies.
Land. Hee's ne're without a noiſe of Sirrenges
In's pocket, thoſe proclame him; birding pills,
Waters to coole his conſcience, in ſmall Viols;

With thouſand ſuch ſufficient emblemes : the truth is,
Whoſe chaſtity he chops upon, he cares not.
He flies at all ; Baſtards upon my conſcience,
He has now in making multitudes ; The laſt night
He brought home one ; *I* pitty her that bore it,
But we are all weake veſſels, ſome rich woman
(For wiſe I dare not call her) was the mother,
For it was hung with Jewels ; the bearing cloath
No leſſe then Crimſon Velvet.
Con. How ?
Land. 'Tis true Lady.
Con. Was it a Boy too ?
Land. A brave Boy ; deliberation
And judgement ſhewd in's getting, as I'le ſay for him,
He's as well paced for that ſport——
Con. May *I* ſee it ?
For there is a neighbour of mine, a Gentlewoman,
Has had a late miſchance, which willingly
I would know further of ; now if you pleaſe
To be ſo curteous to me.
Land. Ye ſhall ſee it :
But what do ye thinke of theſe men now ye know 'em,
And of the cauſe *I* told ye of ? Be wiſe,
Ye may repent too late elſe ; *I* but tell ye
For your owne good, and as you will find it Lady.
Con. *I* am advis'd.
Land. No more words then ; do that,
And inſtantly, *I* told ye of, be ready :
Don Iohn, I'le fit ye for your frumps,
Con. I ſhall be :
But ſhall I ſee this Child ?
Land. Within this halfe houre,
Let's in, and there thinke better ; ſhe that's wiſe,
Leapes at occaſion firſt ; the reſt pay for it. *Exeunt.*

Scæne 4. *Enter Petruchio, Don Iohn, and Fredrick.*

Iohn Sir, he is worth your knowledg; and a Gentleman
If *I* that ſo much love him, may commend him,
Of free and vertuous parts ; and one, if foule play
Should fall upon us, for which feare I brought him,
Will not flie backe for phillips.
Pet. Ye much honour me,
And once more I pronounce ye both mine.
Fred. Stay, what Troope
Is that below i'th valley there ?
Iohn Hawking I take it.
Pet. They are ſo; 'tis the Duke, 'tis even he Gentlemen,
Sirrah, draw backe the Horſes till we call ye,
I know him by his company.
Fred. I thinke too
He bends up this way.
Pet. So he does.
Iohn Stand you ſtill
Within that Covert till *I* call : you *Fredrick*,
By no meanes be not ſeen, unleſſe they offer
To bring on odds upon us ; he comes forward,
Here will I waite him fairely : to your Cabins.
Pet. *I* need no more inſtruct ye ?
Iohn Feare me not,
I'le give it him, and boldly. *Ex: Pet. and Fred.*

Enter Duke and his faction.

Duke Feed the Hawkes up,
Wee'l flie no more to day : O my bleſt fortune,
Have I ſo fairely met the man !
Iohn Ye have Sir,
And him you know by this,
Duke Sir all the honour,
And love——
Iohn I do beſeech your Grace ſtay there,
(For I know you too now) that love and honour
I come not to receive ; nor can you give it,
Till ye appeare faire to the world ; I muſt beſeech ye
Diſmiſſe your traine a little.
Duke Walke aſide,
And out of hearing I command ye : Now Sir,
Iohn Laſt time we met, I was a friend.
Duke And Nobly
You did a friends office : let your buſineſſe
Be what it may, you muſt be ſtill——
Iohn Your pardon,
Never a friend to him, cannot be friend
To his own honour.
Duke In what have I tranſgreſs'd it ?
Ye make a bold breach at the firſt Sir.
Iohn Bolder,
You made that breach that let in infamy
And ruine, to ſurprize a noble ſtocke.
Duke Be plaine Sir.
Iohn I will, and ſhort ;
Ye have wrong'd a Gentleman
Little behind your ſelfe, beyond all juſtice,
Beyond mediation of all friends.
Duke The man, and manner of wrong?
Iohn *Petruchio*,
The wrong, ye have whord his Siſter.
Duke What's his will in't ?
Iohn His will is to oppoſe you like a Gentleman,
And ſingle, to decide all.
Duke Now ſtay you Sir,
And heare me with the like beliefe: this Gentleman
His Siſter that you named, 'tis true I have long loved,
Nor was that love laſcivious, as he makes it ;
As true, I have enjoy'd her : no leſſe truth
I have a child by her : But that ſhe, or he,
Or any of that family are tainted
Suffer diſgrace, or ruine, by my pleaſures,
I weare a Sword to ſatisfie the world no,
And him in this cauſe when he pleaſe ; for know Sir,
She is my wife, contracted before Heaven,
(Witneſſe I owe more tye to, then her Brother)
Nor will I flye from that name, which long ſince
Had had the Churches approbation,
But for his jealous danger.
Iohn Sir, your pardon,
And all that was my anger, now my ſervice.
Duke Faire ſir, I knew I ſhould convert ye ; had we
But that rough man here now too——
Iohn And ye ſhall Sir
Whoa, hoa, hoo.
Duke I hope ye have laid no Ambuſh ? *Enter Petru.*
Iohn Only friends.
Duke My noble Brother welcome :
Come put your Anger off, we'l have no fighting,
Unleſſe you will maintaine I am unworthy
To beare that name.
Pet. Do you ſpeake this hartely ?
Duke upon my ſoule, and truly ; the firſt Prieſt
Shall put you out of theſe doubts.
Pet. Now I love ye ;
And I beſeech you pardon my ſuſpitions,
You are now more then a Brother, a brave friend too.

Iohn The good man's over-joy'd *Enter Fred.*
Fred. How now,how goes it?
Iohn Why, the man 'has his mare agen, and all's well
The Duke profeſſes freely hee's her husband. (*Fredrick*,
Fred. 'Tis a good hearing.
Iohn Yes for modeſt Gentlemen.
I muſt preſent ye : may it pleaſe your Grace
To number this brave Gentleman, my friend
And noble kinſman,amongſt thoſe your ſervants.
Duke O my brave friend! you ſhowre your bounties on
Amongſt my beſt thoughts Signior, in which number (me
You being worthily diſpos'd already,
May place your friend to honour me.
Fred. My love ſir,
And where your Grace dares truſt me,all my ſervice.
Pet. Why? this is wondrous happy : But now Brother,
Now comes the bitter to our ſweet : *Conſtantia.*
Duke Why, what of her?
Pet. Nor what,nor where, do I know?
Wing'd with her feares laſt night,beyond my knowledge,
She quit my houſe,but whether——
Fred. Let not that——
Duke No more good Sir, I have heard too much.
Pet. Nay ſinke not,
She cannot be ſo loſt.
Iohn Nor ſhall not Gentlemen;
Be free agen, the Ladie's found; that ſmile Sir,
Shewes ye diſtruſt your Servant.
Duke I do beſeech ye.
Iohn Ye ſhall beleeve me : by my ſoule ſhe is ſafe.
Duke. Heaven knows, I would beleeve Sir.
Fred. Ye may ſafely.
Iohn And under noble uſage: this faire Gentleman
Met her in all her doubts laſt night,and to his guard
(Her feares being ſtrong upon her) ſhe gave her perſon,
who waited on her,to our lodging; where all reſpect,
Civill and honeſt ſervice now attend her.
Pet Ye may beleeve now.
Duke Yes,I do, and ſtrongly:
Well my good friends,or rather my good Angels,
For ye have both preſerved me; when theſe vertues
Dye in your friends remembrance——
Iohn Good your grace
Loſe no more time in complement,'tis too pretious,
I know it by my ſelfe, there can be no hell
To his that hangs upon his hopes; eſpecially
In way of luſtly pleaſures.
Pet. He has hit it.
Fred. To horſe againe then, for this night I'le crowne
With all the joyes ye wiſh for.
Pet. Happy Gentlemen *Exeunt.*

Enter Franciſco.

Fran. This is the maddeſt miſchiefe : never foole
Was ſo fubd off,as I am; made ridiculous,
And to my ſelfe, mine owne Aſſe : truſt a woman,
I'le truſt the Devill firſt; for he dare be
Better then's word ſometime : what faith have I broke?
In what obſervance failed? Let me conſider, (*Enter Don*
For this is monſtrous uſage. (*Iohn.and Fred.*
Fred. Let them talke,
Wee'll ride on faire and ſoftly.
Fran. Well *Conſtantia,*
Fred. *Conſtantia,* what's this fellow? ſtay by all means.
Fran. Ye have ſpun your ſelfe a faire thred now.
Fred. Stand ſtill *Iohn.*
Fran. What cauſe had you to fly? what feare poſſeſt ye?
Were you not ſafely lodg'd from all ſuſpition?
Us'd with all gentle meanes? did any know
How ye came thether, or what your ſin was.
Fred. *Iohn.*
I ſmell ſome juggling *John.*
John Yes, *Fredrick*, I feare it will be found ſo.
Fran. So ſtrangely,
Without the counſell of your friends; ſo deſperatly
To put all dangers on ye?
Fred. 'Tis ſhe.
Fran. So deceitfully
After a ſtrangers lure?
John Did ye marke that *Fredrick*?
Fran. To make ye appeare more monſter; and the L
More cruell to reward ye? to leave all,
All that ſhould be your ſafegard,to ſeeke evils?
Was this your wiſedome? this your promiſe? well
He that incited ye——
Fred. Marke that too.
John Yes Sir.
Fran. 'Had better have plough'd farther off; now La
What will your laſt friend, he that ſhould preſerve ye,
And hold your credit up, the brave *Antonio*,
Thinke of this ſlip? he'll to *Petruchio*,
And call for open juſtice.
John 'Tis ſhe *Fredrick.*
Fred. But what that he is *John.*
Fran. I do not doubt yet
To bolt ye out,for I know certainly
Ye are about the Towne ſtill: ha,no more words. E
Fred. Well.
Iohn Very well.
Fred. Diſcreetly.
Iohn Finely carried.
Fred. You have no more of theſe tricks?
Iohn Ten to one Sir,
I ſhall meet with'em if ye have.
Fred. Is this honeſt?
Iohn Was it in you a friends part to deale double?
I am no aſſe *Don Fredrick.*
Fred. And *Don Iohn*,
It ſhall appeare I am no foole;
Diſgrace me to make your ſelfe a lecher?
'Tis boyiſh,'tis baſe.
Iohn 'Tis falſe, and moſt unmanly to upbraid me,
Nor will I be your bolſter Sir.
Fred. Thou wanton boy, thou hadſt better have bee
Thou common womans curteſie, then thus (Eunuc
Laſcivious,baſely to have bent mine honour.
A friend? I'le make a horſe my friend firſt!
Iohn Holla,holla,
Ye kicke to faſt ſir : what ſtrange braines have you go
That dare crow out thus bravely? I better been a Eunuc
I privy to this dog tricke? cleare your ſelfe,
For I know where the wind ſits,and moſt nobly,
Or as I have a life——
Fred. No more : they'r horſes. *A noyſe with*
Nor ſhew no diſcontent : to morrow comes; *like horſ*
Let's quietly away : if ſhe be at home,
Our jealouſies are put off.
Iohn The fellow (*Enter Du*
We have loſt him in our ſpleenes,like fooles. (*Petruchi*
Duke Come Gentlemen,
Now ſet on roundly : ſuppoſe ye have all miſtreſſes,
And mend your pace according.
Pet. Then have at ye. *Exeun*

Actu

Actus Quartus. Scæna prima.

Enter Duke, Petruchio, Fredrick, and Iohn.

Pet. NOw to *Bollonia*,my moſt honoured brother,
I dare pronounce ye a hearty,and ſafe welcome,
Our loves ſhall now way-lay ye ; welcome Gentlemen.
Iohn The ſame to you brave Sir ; *Don Fredrick*
Will ye ſtep in,and give the Lady notice
Who comes to honour her ?
Pet. Bid her be ſuddain,
We come to ſee no curious wench : a night-gowne
Will ſerve the turne : here's one that knowes her neerer.
*Fred.*I'le tell her what ye ſay Sir. *Ex.Fred.*
Duke My deare brother,
Ye are a merry Gentleman.
Pet. Now will the ſport be
To obſerve her alterations ; how like wildfire
She'll leap into your boſome ; then ſeeing me,
Her conſcience, and her feares creeping upon her
Dead as a fowle at ſouſe, ſhe'll ſinke.
Duke Faire brother,
I muſt entreat you——
Pet. I conceive your mind Sir,
I will not chide her : yet ten duckets Duke,
She falls upon he knees,ten more ſhe dare not---
Duke I muſt not have her frighted.
Pet. Well you ſhall not: *Enter Fred.*
But like a ſummers evening againſt heate, *and Peter.*
Marke how I'le guild her cheekes?
Iohn How now.
Fred. Ye may Sir :
Not to abuſe your patience,noble friends,
Nor hold ye off with tedious circumſtance,
For you muſt know,——
Petr. What?
Duke Where is ſhe ?
Fred. Gone Sir.
Duke How ?
Petr. What did you ſay Sir?
Fred. Gone, by heaven removed,
The woman of the houſe too.
Iohn Well *Don Fredrick.*
Fred. Don Iohn,it is not well, but---
*Pet.*Gone?
Fred. This fellow
Can teſtifie I lye not.
Peter Some foure houres after
My Maſter was departed with this Gentleman,
My fellow and my ſelfe, being ſent of buſineſſe,
(As we muſt thinke)of purpoſe---
Petr. Hang theſe circumſtances,
They appeare like owles, to ill ends.
Iohn Now could I eate
The devil in his own broath,I am ſo tortur'd.
Gone?
Petr. Gone ?
Fred. Directly gone,fled,ſhifted:what would you have (me ſay ?
Duke Well Gentlemen,
Wrong not my good opinion.
Fred. For your Dukedome
I will not be a knave Sir.
Iohn He that is
A rot run in his bloud.
Petr. But harke ye Gentlemen,
Are ye ſure ye had her here,did ye not dreame this.
Iohn Have you your noſe Sir ?
Petr. Yes Sir.
Iohn Then we had her.
Petr. Since you are ſo ſhort, beleeve your having her
Shall ſuffer more conſtruction.
Iohn Let it ſuffer,
But if I be not cleere of all diſhonour,
Or practice that may taint my reputation,
And ignorant of where this woman is,
Make me your Cities monſter.
Duke I beleeve ye.
Iohn I could lye with a witch now, to be reveng'd
Upon that Raſcall did this.
Fred. Only thus much
I would deſire your Grace, for my minde gives me
Before night yet ſhe is yours : ſtop all opinion,
And let no anger out,till full cauſe call it,
Then every mans owne work's to juſtifie him,
And this day let us give to ſearch : my man here
Tels me,by chance he ſaw out of a window
(Which place he has taken note of)ſuch a face
As our old Landladies,he beleeves the ſame too,
And by her hood aſſures it : Let's firſt thether,
For ſhe being found,all's ended.
Duke Come, for heavens ſake,
And Fortune, and thou beeſt not ever turning,
If there be one firme ſtep in all thy reelings,
Now ſettle it,and ſave my hopes : away friends. *Exeunt.*

Scæne 2. *Enter Antonio and his Servant.*

Ant. With all my jewels?
Ser. All Sir.
Ant. And that money
I left i'th' trunke ?
Ser. The Trunke broke, and that gone too.
Ant. Franſciſco of the plot ?
Ser. Gone with the wench too.
*Ant.*The mighty poxe go with 'em:belike they thought
I was no man of this world,and thoſe trifles
Would but diſturbe my conſcience.
Ser. Sure they thought Sir,
You would not live to perſecute 'em.
Ant. Whore and Fidler,
Why,what a conſort have they made ? Hen and bacon ?
Well my ſweet Miſtris, well good Madam martaile ?
You that have hung about my neck, and lick't me,
I'le try how handſomely your Ladyſhip
Can hang upon a Gallowes, there's your Maſter-piece ;
But harke ye Sirrah, no imagination *Bawd ready*
Of where they ſhould be ? *above.*
*Ser.*None Sir,yet we have ſearch'd
All places we ſuſpected ; I beleeve Sir,
They have taken towards the Ports.
Ant. Get me a conjurer,
One that can raiſe a water devill, I'le port 'em ;
Play at duck and drake with my money?take heed Fidler,
I'le dance ye by this hand, your Fidle-ſticke
I'le greaſe of a new faſhion,for preſuming
To medle with my degamboys : get me a Conjurer,
Enquire me out a man that lets out devils :
None but my C. Cliffe ſerve your turne ?
Ser. I know not---

Ant. In every ſtreet, Tom foole, any bleare-eyd people
With red heads, and flat noſes can performe it;
Thou ſhalt know 'em by their half gowns & no breeches:
Mount my mare Fidler? ha boy? up at firſt daſh?
Sit ſure, I'le clap a nettle, and a ſmart one,
Shall make your filly firck: I will find Fidler,
I'le put you to your plundge boy: Sirrah meet me
Some two houres hence at home; In the meane time
Find out a conjurer and know his price,
How he will let his devils by the day out,
I'le have 'em, and they be above ground. *Exit Ant.*
Ser. Now bleſſe me,
What a mad man is this? I muſt do ſomething
To pleaſe his humour: ſuch a man I'le aske for,
And tell him where he is: but to come neare him,
Or have any thing to do with his don devills,
I thanke my feare, I dare not, nor I will not. *Exit.*

Scæne 3. *Enter Duke, Petruchio, Fredrick, John, Peter, Servant with bottles.*

Fred. Whether wilt thou lead us?
Petr. 'Tis hard by ſir.
And ten to one this wine goes thether.
Duke Forward.
Petr. Are they growne ſo merry.
Duke 'Tis moſt likely
She has heard of this good fortune, and determines
To waſh her ſorrowes off.
Pet. 'Tis ſo; that houſe ſir
Is it: out of that window certainly
I ſaw my old Miſtriſſes face.
Petr. They are merry indeed, *Muſicke.*
Harke I here Muſicke too.
Duke Excellent Muſick.
John Would I were ev'n among 'em and alone now,
A pallat for the purpoſe in a corner,
And good rich wine within me; what gay ſport
Could I make in an houre now? *Song.*
Fred. Harke a voice too;
Let's not ſtir yet by any meanes.
John Was this her owne voyce?
Duke Yes ſure.
Fred. 'Tis a rare one. *Enter Bawd (above)*
Du. The Song confirmes her here too: for if ye marke it,
It ſpake of liberty, and free enjoying
The happy end of pleaſure.
Petr. Looke ye there ſir,
Do ye know that head?
Fred. 'Tis my good Landlady,
I find feare has done all this.
John Shee I ſweare,
And now do I know by the hanging of her hood,
She is parcell drunke: ſhall we go in?
Duke Not yet Sir.
Pet. No, let 'em take their pleaſure,
Duke When it is higheſt, *Muſicke.*
Wee'll ſtep in, and amaze 'em: peace more Muſicke.
John This Muſick murders me; what bloud have I now?
Fred. I ſhould know that face. *Enter Fran. and*
John By this light 'tis he *Fredrick*, *Exit.*
That bred our firſt ſuſpitions, the ſame fellow.
Fred. He that we overtooke, and overheard too
Diſcourſing of *Conſtantia*.
John Still the ſame;
Now he ſlips in.
Du. What's that?
Fred. She muſt be here Sir:
This is the very fellow, I told your Grace *Enter Fran.*
We found upon the way; and what his talke was.
Petr. Why, ſure I know this fellow; yes, 'tis he,
Franciſco, *Antonio's* Boy, a rare Muſitian,
He taught my Siſter on the Lute, and is ever
(She loves his voice ſo well) about her: certaine,
Without all doubt ſhe is here: it muſt be ſo.
John Here? that's no queſtion: what ſhould our hen o'th
Do here without her? if ſhe be not here (game elſe
(I am ſo confident) let your Grace beleeve,
We two are arrant Raſcalls, and have abus'd ye.
Fred. I ſay ſo too.
John Why there's the hood againe now,
The guard that guides us; I know the fabricke of it.
And know the old tree of that ſaddle yet, 'twas made of
A hunting hood, obſerve it.
Du. Who ſhall enter?
Petr. I'le make one.
John I, another.
Du. But ſo carry it,
That all her joyes flow not together.
John If we told her,
Your Grace would none of her?
Du. By no meanes Signior,
'Twould turne her wild, ſtarke frantick.
Iohn Or aſſur'd her---
Du. Nothing of that? ſtarve nature? this ye may ſi
That the conditions of our feare yet ſtand
On nyce and dangerous knittings: or that a little
I ſeeme to doubt the child.
Iohn Would I could draw her
To hate your Grace with theſe things.
Petr. Come let's enter, *Exit. Pet.*
And now he ſees me not, I'le ſearch her ſoundly. *and Ioh*
Du. Now lucke of all ſides. *Muſick*
Fred Doubt it not: more Muſicke:
Sure ſhe has heard ſome comfort.
Du. Yes, ſtand ſtill ſir.
Fred. This is the maddeſt ſong.
Du. Applyed for certaine *Claping of a doore*
To ſome ſtrange mellancholly ſhe is loden with.
Fred. Now all the ſport begins---harke?
Du. They are amongſt 'em,
The feares now, and the ſhakings? *Trampling above.*
Fred. Our old Lady
(Harke how they run) is euen now at this inſtant *Ceaſ*
Ready to looſe her head peice by *Don Iohn*, *Muſick*
Or creeping through a Cat hole. *Petr. and Iohn within.*
Petr. Bring 'em downe,
And you ſir, follow me.
Du. Hee's angry with 'em,
I muſt not ſuffer this.
Bowle downe the Bawd there *Iohn within*
Old *Erra mater*: you Lady leachery
For the good will I beare to'th game, moſt tenderly
Shall be lead out, and laſh'd.
Enter Petruchio, Iohn, Whore, and Bawd, with Franciſco.
Du. Is this *Conſtantia*?
Why Gentlemen? what do you meane? is this ſhe?
Whore I am *Conſtantia* ſir.
Du. A Whore ye are ſir.
Whore 'Tis very true: I am a Whore indeed ſir.
Petr. She will not lye yet, though ſhe ſteale.
Whore A plaine whore,
If you pleaſe to imploy me.

Du. And an impudent---
Whore Plaine dealing now is impudence.
One if you will ſir, can ſhew ye as much ſport
In one halfe houre, and with as much variety,
As a far wiſer woman can in halfe a yeare:
For there my way lies.
Du. Is ſhe not drunk too?
Whore A little guilded o're ſir,
Old ſack, old ſacke boyes.
Petr. This is ſaliant.
John A brave bold queane.
Du. Is this your certainty?
Do ye know the man ye wrong thus, Gentlemen?
Is this the woman meant?
Fred. No.
Du. That your Landlady?
John I know not what to ſay.
Du. Am I a perſon
To be your ſport Gentlemen?
John I do beleeve now certaine
I am a knave; but how, or when----
Du. What are you?
Petr. Bawd to this peece of pye meat.
Bawd A poore Gentlewoman
That lyes in Towne, about Law buſineſſe,
And't like your worſhips.
Petr. You ſhall have Law, beleeve it.
Bawd I'le ſhew your maſterſhip my caſe.
Petr. By no meanes,
I had rather ſee a Cuſtard.
Bawd My dead husband
Left it even thus ſir.
John Bleſſe mine eyes from blaſting,
I was never ſo frighted with a caſe.
Bawd And ſo ſir---
Petr. Enough put up good velvet head.
Du. What are you two now,
By your owne free confeſſions?
Fred. What you ſhall thinke us,
Though to my ſelfe I am certaine, and my life
Shall make that good and perfect, or fall with it.
Io. We are ſure of nothing (*Fred*) that's the truth on't:
I do not think my nam's *Don John*, nor dare not
Beleeve any thing that concernes me, but my debts;
Nor thoſe in way of payment: things are ſo carried,
What to entreat your Grace, or how to tell ye
We are, or we are not, is paſt my cunning,
But I would faine imagine we are honeſt,
And o' my conſcience, I ſhould fight in't---
Du. Thus then,
For we may be all abus'd.
Petr. Tis poſſible,
For how ſhould this concerne them?
Du. Here let's part ———
Untill to morrow this time: we to our way,
To make this doubt out, and you to your way;
Pawning our honours then to meet againe,
When if ſhe be not found.
Fred. We ſtand engaged
To anſwer any worthy way we are cald to.
Du. We aske no more
Whore Ye have done with us then?
Petr. No Dame.
Du. But is her name *Conſtantia*?
Petr. Yes a moveable
Belonging to a friend of mine: come out Fidler,
What ſay you to this Lady; be not fearfull?
Fran. Saving the reverence of my Maſters pleaſure,
I ſay ſhe is a whore, and that ſhe has robb'd him,
Hoping his hurts would kill him.
Whore. Who provok't me?
Nay ſirrah ſqueak, Ile ſee your treble ſtrings
Ty'd up too; if I hang, Ile ſpoyle your piping,
Your ſweet face ſhall not ſave yee.
Petr. Thou dam'd impudence,
And thou dry'd devill; where's the Officer?
Peter Hee's here ſir. *Enter Officer.*
Petr. Lodge theſe ſafe, till I ſend for 'em;
Let none come to 'em, nor no noiſe be heard
Of where they are, or why: away.
John. By this hand
A handſome whore: Now will I be arreſted,
And brought home to this officers: a ſtout whore,
I love ſuch ſtirring ware: pox o' this buſineſſe,
A man muſt haunt out morſells for another,
And ſtarve himſelf: a quick-ey'd whore, that's wild-fire,
And makes the bloud dance through the veines like billowes.
I will reprive this whore.
Duke. Well, good luck with ye.
Fred. As much attend your Grace.
Petr. To morrow certaine----
John If we out-live this night ſir.
Fred. Come *Don John*,
We have ſomething now to doe.
Ioh. I am ſure I would have.
Fred. If ſhe be not found, we muſt fight.
Joh. I am glad on't,
I have not fought a great while.
Fred. If we dye———
Jo. Ther's ſo much money ſav'd in lecherie. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna prima.

Enter Duke, Petruchio below, and Vechio above.

Duke. IT ſhould be here abouts.
Petr. Your grace is right,
This is the houſe I know it.
Vech. Grace?
Duke 'Tis further
By the deſcription we received.
Petr. Good my Lord the Duke,
Believe me, for I know it certainly,
This is the very houſe.
Vech. My Lord the Duke?
Duk. Pray heaven this man Prove right now.
Petr. Beleeve it, hee's a moſt ſufficient Scholler,
And can doe rare tricks this way; for a figure,
Or raiſing an appearance, whole Chriſtendome
Has not a better; I have heard ſtrange wonders of him.
Duke. But can he ſhew us where ſhe is?
Petr. Moſt certaine,
And for what cauſe too ſhe departed.
Du. Knock then,
For I am great with expectation,
Till this man ſatisfie me: I feare the *Spaniards*,
Yet they appeare brave fellowes: can he tell us?
Petr. With a wet finger, whether they be falſe.
Duke. Away then.
Petr. Who's within here? *Enter Vechio.*

Vech. Your Grace may enter.
Du. How can he know me?
Petr. He knowes all.
Vech. And you ſir. *Exeunt.*

Scæne. 2. *Enter Don John, and Fredrick.*

John What do you call his name?
Fred. Why, *Peter Vechio.*
Iohn They ſay he can raiſe devills,
Can he make 'em
Tell truth too, when he has raiſ'd 'em? for beleeve it,
Theſe devils are the lyingſt Raſcalls.
Fred. He can compell 'em.
John With what? can he
Tye ſquibs in their tailes, and fire the truth out?
Or make 'em eate a bawling Puritan,
Whoſe ſanctified zeale ſhall rumble like an Earthquake?
Fred. With Spels man?
John I with ſpoones as ſoone, doſt thou thinke
The devill ſuch an Aſſe as people make him?
Such a poore coxcomb? ſuch a penny foot poſt?
Compel'd with croſſe and pile to run of errands?
With *Aſteroth*, and *Behemoth*, and *Belfagor*?
Why ſhould he ſhake at ſounds, that lives in a ſmiths forg?
Or if he do——
Fred. Without all doubt he do's *Iohn.*
Iohn Why ſhould not Bilbo raiſe him, or a paire of bullyons,
They go as big as any? or an unſhod Car,
When he goes tumble, tumble o're the ſtones,
Like *Anacreons* drunken verſes, make us tremble?
Theſe make as fell a noyſe; me thinkes the collick
Well handled, and fed with ſmall beere——
Fred. 'Tis the vertue——
Iohn The vertue? nay, and goodneſſe fetch him up once,
'Has loſt a friend of me; the wiſe old Gentleman
Knowes when, and how; I'le lay this hand to two pence,
Let all the Conjurers in Chriſtendome,
With all their ſpells, and vertues call upon him,
And I but thinke upon a wench, and follow it,
He ſhall be ſooner mine then theirs; where's vertue?
Fred. Thou art the moſt ſufficient, (I'le ſay for thee)
Not to beleeve a thing——
Iohn O ſir, ſlow credit
Is the beſt child of knowledge; I'le go with ye,
And if he can do any thing, I'le thinke
As you would have me.
Fred. Let's enquire a long,
For certaine we are not far off.
John Nor much nearer. *Exeunt.*

Scæne 3. *Enter Duke, Petruchio, and Vechio.*

Vech. You loſt her yeſternight.
Pet. How thinke you ſir?
Du. Is your name *Vechio*?
Vech. Yes ſir.
Du. And you can ſhew me
Theſe things you promiſe.
Vech. Your graces word bound to me,
No hand of Law ſhall ſeize me.
Du. As I live ſir---
Petr. And as I live, that can do ſomething too ſir.
Vech. I take your promiſes: ſtay here a little,
Till I prepare ſome Ceremonies, and I'le ſatisfie ye.
The Ladies name's *Conſtantia*?
Pet. Yes
Vech. I come ſtraight. *Exit Vech.*
Du. Sure hee's a learned man.
Petr. The moſt now living;
Did your grace marke when we told all theſe circumſtances,
How ever and anon he bolted from us
To uſe his ſtudies helpe?
Du. Now I thinke rather
To talke with ſome familiar.
Petr. Not unlikely,
For ſure he has 'em ſubject.
Du. How could he elſe
Tell when ſhe went, and who went with her?
Petr. True.
Du. Or hit upon mine honour: or aſſure me
The Lady lov'd me dearely?
Enter Vechio in his habiliments.
Pet. 'Twas ſo.
Vech. Now,
I do beſeech your Grace ſit downe, and you ſir;
Nay pray ſit cloſe like brothers.
Petr. A rare fellow.
Vech. And what ye ſee, ſtir not at, nor uſe a word,
Untill I aske ye; for what ſhall appeare
Is but weake apparition and thin ayre
Not to be held, nor ſpoken too. *Knocking within.*
John, Fredrick, and a Servant within.
Du. We are counſelled——
Vech. What noiſe is that without there?
Fred. Within. We muſt ſpeake with him.
Ser. Within. Hee's buſie Gentlemen.
Iohn. Within. That's all one friend,
We muſt, and will ſpeake with him.
Du. Let 'em in ſir,
We know their tongues and buſineſſe, 'tis our owne,
And in this very cauſe that we now come for,
They alſo come to be inſtructed.
Vech. Let 'em in then:
Sit down, I know your meaning.
Enter Fredrick. Iohn, and Servant.
Fred. The Duke before us,
Now we ſhall ſure know ſomething.
Vech. Not a queſtion,
But make your eyes, your tongues---
Iohn This is a ſtrange jugler,
Neither indent before hand for his payment,
Nor know the breadth of the buſineſſe; ſure his devell
Comes out of Lapland were they ſell men winds,
For dead drinke, and old doublets.
Fred. Peace, he conjures.
Iohn Let him, he cannot raiſe my devill.
Fred, Prethee peace.

Vech. *Appeare, appeare,*
And you ſoft winds ſo cleare,
That dance upon the leaves, and make them ſing
Gentle love-layes to the Spring,
Gilding all the vales below
With your verdure as ye blow,
Raiſe theſe formes from under ground
With a ſoft and happy ſound. Soft Muſick

Iohn. This is an honeſt Conjurer, and a pretty Poet;
I like his words well, there's no bumbaſt in 'em,
But do you thinke now, he can cudgell up the devill,
With this ſhort ſtaffe of Verſes?

Fred. Peace the ſpirits—— *2. Shapes of women*
Iohn Nay, and they be no worſe—— *paſſe by.*
Vech. Do ye know theſe faces?
Duke No.
Vech. Sit ſtill upon your lives then: and marke what
Away, away. (follows;
Iohn Theſe devils do not paint ſure?
Have they no ſweeter ſhapes in hell? *Conſtantia*
Fred. Harke now *Iohn.* *paſſes by.*
Iohn I marry, this moves ſomething like, this devill
Carries ſome metall in her gate.
Vech. I find ye,
You would ſee her face unvail'd?
Du. Yes.
Vech. Be uncovered.
Du. O heaven!
Vech. Peace.
Petr. See how ſhe bluſhes.
Iohn *Fredrick,*
This devill for my money; this is ſhe Boy,
Why doſt thou ſhake? I burne.
Vech. Sit ſtill, and ſilent.
Du She lookes back at me; now ſhe ſmiles ſir.
Vech. Silence.
Du. I muſt riſe, or I burſt. *Exit. Conſt.*
Vech. Ye ſee what followes----
Du. O gentle ſir this ſhape agen.
Vech. I cannot,
'Tis all diſolv'd againe: this was the figure.
Du. The very ſame ſir.
Petr. No hope once more to ſee it?
Ve. You might have kept it longer, had ye ſpar'd it?
Now 'tis impoſſible.
Du. No meanes to find it?
Ve. Yes that there is: ſit ſtill a while, there's wine
To thaw the wonder from your hearts: drinke well ſir.
Ex. Vech.
Iohn This Conjurer is a right good fellow too,
A lad of mettle; two ſuch devils more
Would make me a Conjurer: what wine is it?
Fred. Hollock.
Iohn. The devil's in it then, looke how it dances?
Well, if I be----
Petr. We are all before ye,
That's your beſt comfort ſir.
Iohn Byth' mas brave wine;
Nay, and the Devils live in this hell, I dare venture
Within theſe two months yet to be delivered
Of a large legion of 'em. *Enter Vechio.*
Du. Here 'a comes,
Silence of all ſides Gentlemen.
Vec. Good your grace,
Obſerve a ſtricter temper; and you too gallants,
You'l be deluded all elſe. This merry devill
That next appeares, for ſuch a one you'l find it,
Muſt be cal'd up by a ſtrange incantation,
A Song, and I muſt ſing it: pray beare with me,
And pardon my rude pipe; for yet ere parting
Twenty to one I pleaſe ye.
Du. We are arm'd Sir.
Pet. Nor ſhall you ſee us more tranſgreſſe.
Fred. What think'ſt thou
Now *Iohn*?
Iohn Why, now do I thinke *Fredrick,*
(And if I thinke amiſſe heaven pardon me,)
This honeſt Conjurer, with ſome foure or five
Of his good fellow devils, and my ſelfe,
Shall be yet drunke ere midnight. *Song.*
Fred. Peace, he conjures.
Iohn Why, this is the Song *Fredrick*: twenty pound now
To ſee but our *Don Gillian.*

Enter Landlady and the Child.

Fred. Peace it appeares.
Iohn I cannot peace: devils in French hoods *Fredrick*?
Sathans old Siringes?
Du. What's this?
Vech. Peace.
Iohn She, Boy.
Fred. What doſt thou meane?
Iohn She, Boy, I ſay.
Fred. Ha?
Iohn She, boy.
Fred. The very child too *Fredrick*;
She laughes on us
Aloud *Iohn,* has the devill theſe affections?
I do beleeve 'tis ſhe indeed.
Vech. Stand ſtill.
Iohn. I will not;
Who calls *Jeronimo* from his naked bed?
Sweet Lady, was it you? If thou beeſt the devill,
Firſt, having croſt my ſelfe, to keep out wildfire,
Then ſaid ſome ſpeciall prayers to defend me
Againſt thy moſt unhallowed hood: have at thee.
Land. Hold ſir, I am no devill.
Iohn That's all one.
Land. I am your very Landlady.
Iohn I defie thee:
Thus as St. *Dunſtan* blew the devils noſe
With a paire of tongs, even ſo right worſhipfull----
Land. Sweet ſon, I am old *Gillion.*
Du. This is no ſpirit,
Iohn Art thou old *Gillian,* fleſh and bone?
Land. I am Son.
Vech. Sit ſtill ſir, now I'le ſhew you all. *Ex. Vech.*
Iohn Where's thy bottle?
Land. Here, I beſeech ye ſon----
Iohn For I know the devill
Cannot aſſume that ſhape.
Fred. 'Tis ſhe *Iohn,* certaine---
Iohn A hogs poxe o'your mouldy chaps, what make you
Tumbling and juggling here?
Land. I am quit now Signior,
For all the prankes you plaid, and railings at me,
For to tell true, out of a trick I put
Upon your high behaviours, which was a lye,
But then it ſerv'd my turne, I drew the Lady
Unto my kinſmans here, only to torture
Your *Don*-ſhips for a day or two; and ſecure her
Out of all thoughts of danger: here ſhe comes now.

Enter Vechio, and Conſtantia.

Du. May I yet ſpeake?
Vech. Yes, and embrace her too,
For one that loves you deerer----
Du. O my ſweeteſt.
Petr. Bluſh not, I will not chide ye.
Conſt. To add more
Unto the joy I know, I bring ye, ſee ſir,
The happy fruit of all our vowes.
Du. Heavens bleſſing
Be round about thee ever.
Iohn Pray bleſſe me to,
For if your grace be well inſtructed this way,

You'l find the keeping halfe the getting.
Du. How ſir?
Iohn I'le tell ye that anon.
Conſt. 'Tis true,this Gentleman
'Has done a charity worthy your favour,
And let him have it deare ſir.
Du. My beſt Lady
She has,and ever ſhall have: ſo muſt you ſir,
To whom I am equall bound, as to my being.
Fred. Your Graces humble ſervants----
Du. Why kneele you ſir?
Ve. For pardon for my boldneſſe: yet 'twas harmleſſe
And all the art I have ſir; thoſe your grace ſaw
Which you thought ſpirits, were my neighbours children
Whom I inſtruct in Grammer,here, and Muſick;
Their ſhapes,the peoples fond opinions,
Beleeving I can conjure, and oft repairing
To know of things ſtolne from 'em, I keepe about me,
And alwaies have in readineſſe; by conjecture
Out of their owne confeſſions, I oft tell 'em
Things,that by chance have fallen out ſo: which way
(Having the perſons here, I knew you ſought for)
I wrought upon your grace: my end is mirth,
And pleaſing,if I can, all parties.
Du. I beleeve it,
For you have pleas'd me truly: ſo well pleas'd me,
That when I ſhall forget it----
Petr. Here's old *Antonio,*
I ſpide him at a window, comming mainely
I know about his whore, the man you light on,
As you diſcovered unto me: good your Grace,
Let's ſtand by all, 'twill be a mirth above all,
To obſerve his pelting fury.
Vech. About a wench ſir?
Petr. A young whore that has rob'd him.
Vech. But do you know ſir,
Where ſhe is?
Petr. Yes,and will make that perfect----
Vech. I am inſtructed well then.
Iohn If he come
To have a devill ſhew'd him, by all meanes
Let me be he, I can rore rarely.
Petr. Be ſo,
But take heed to his anger.
Vech. Slip in quickly,
There you ſhall find ſuites of all ſorts: when I call,
Be ready and come forward. *Ex. all but Vech.*
Who's there come in?

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Are you the Conjurer?
Vech. Sir I can do a little
That way,if you pleaſe to imploy me.
Ant. Preſently ſhew me a devill that can tell----
Vech. Where your wench is.
Ant. You are i'th' right; as alſo where the Fidler
That was conſenting to her.
Vech. Sit ye there ſir,
Ye ſhall know preſently: can ye pray heartily?
Ant. Why,is your devill ſo furious?
Vech. I muſt ſhew ye
A forme,may chance affright ye.
Ant. He muſt fart fire then:
Take you no care for me.
Vech. Aſcend *Aſterth,* *Enter Don John like a Spirit.*
Why,when,appeare I ſay---Now queſtion him.
Ant. Where is my whore *Don* devill?
Iohn Gone to *China,*
To be the great *Chams* Miſtris.
Ant. That's a lye devill:
Where are my jewels?
Iohn Pawn'd for Peticoates.
Ant. That may be; where's the Fidler?
Iohn Condemn'd to th' Gallowes,
For robbing of a Mill.
Ant. The lyingſt devill
That e're I dealt withall, and the unlikelieſt:
What was that Raſcall hurt me?
Iohn I.
Ant. How?
Iohn I.
Ant. Who was he?
John I.
Ant. Do ye here conjurer,
Dare you venture your devill?
Vech. Yes.
Ant. Then I'le venture my dagger;
Have at your devils pate: do ye mew? *Enter d*
Vech. Hold.
Pet. Hold there,
I do command ye hold.
Ant. Is this the devill?
Why Conjurer——
Pet. 'Has been a devill to you ſir.
But now you ſhall forget all: your whores ſafe,
And all your Jewels: your Boy too.
John Now the devill indeed
Lay his ten claws upon thee,for my pate
Finds what it is to be a fend.
Ant. All ſafe?
Pet. Pray ye know this perſon: all's right now.
Ant. Your grace
May now command me then: but where's my whore?
Petr. Ready to goe to whiping.
Ant. My whore whipt?
Petr. Yes,your whore without doubt Sir.
Ant. Whipt? pray Gentlemen.
Du. Why, would you have her once more rob ye? the
You may forgive,he was intic'd. young bo
Iohn The Whore ſir,
Would rather carry pitty: a hanſome Whore.
Ant. A Gentleman I warrant thee.
Petr. Let's in all,
And if we ſee contrition in your whore ſir,
Much may be done.
Duke Now my deare faire, to you,
And the full conſummation of my Vow.

Prologue.

Prologue.

APtneſſe for mirth to all, this inſtant night
Thalia *hath prepar'd for your delight,*
Her choice and curious Viands, in each part,
Seaſon'd with rarities of wit, as Art;
Nor feare I to be tax'd for a vaine boaſt,
My promiſe will finde credit with the moſt,
When they know Ingenuous Fletcher *made it, hee*
Being in himſelfe a perfect Comedie.
And ſome ſit here, I doubt not dare averre,
Living he made that houſe a Theater
Which he pleas'd to frequent; and thus much we
Could not but pay to his loud memorie.
For our ſelves we doe entreat that you would not
Expect ſtrange turnes, and windings in the Plot,
Objects of State, and now and then a Rhime,
To gall particular perſons, with the time;
Or that his towring Muſe hath made her flight
Nearer your apprehenſion then your ſight:
But if that ſweet expreſsions, quick conceit,
Familiar language, faſhion'd to the weight
Of ſuch as ſpeake it, have the power to raiſe
Your grace to us, with Trophies to his praiſe:
We may profeſſe, preſuming on his skill,
If his Chances *pleaſe not you, our fortune's ill.*

Epilogue.

WE have not held you long, nor doe I ſee
One brow in this ſelected company
Aſſuring a diſlike, our paines were eas'd,
Could we be confident that all riſe pleas'd:
But ſuch ambition ſoares too high: If wee
Have ſatisfi'd the beſt, and they agree
In a faire cenſure, We have our reward;
And in them arm'd, deſire no ſurer guard.

FINIS.

THE
LOYAL SVBIECT.

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Enter Theodor and Putskie.

Theodor.
Captaine, your friend's prefer'd, the Princeſſe has (her,
Who, I aſſure my ſelfe, will uſe her nobly;
Aprettie ſweet one 'tis indeed.
Put. Well bred Sir,
I doe deliver that upon my credit,
And of an honeſt ſtock.
Theod. It ſeemes ſo Captaine,
And no doubt will doe well.
Put. Thanks to your care ſir;
But tell me Noble Colonell, why this habit
Of diſcontent is put on through the Army?
And why your valiant father, our great Generall,
The hand that taught to ſtrike, the Love that lead all;
Why he, that was the father of the warre,
He that begot, and bred the Souldier,
Why he ſits ſhaking of his Armes, like Autumne,
His Collours folded, and his Drums cas'd up,
The tongue of war for ever ty'd within us?
Theod. It muſt be ſo: Captaine you are a ſtranger,
But of a ſmall time here a ſouldier,
Yet that time ſhewes ye a right good, and great one,
Elſe I could tell yee houres are ſtrangely alterd:
The young Duke has too many eyes upon him,
Too many feares 'tis thought too, and to nouriſh thoſe,
Maintains too many Inſtruments.
Put. Turne their hearts,
Or turn their heeles up, heaven: 'Tis ſtrange it ſhould be.
The old Duke lov'd him dearely.
Theod. He deſerv'd it;
And were he not my Father, I durſt tell yee,
The memorable hazzards he has run through
Deſerv'd of this man too; highly deſerv'd too;
Had they been leſſe, they had been ſafe *Putskie*,
And ſooner reach'd regard.
Put. There you ſtrook ſure ſir.
The. Did I never tell thee of a vow he made
Some yeares before the old Duke dyed?
Put. I have heard yee
Speake often of that vow; but how it was,
Or to what end, I never underſtood yet?
The. Ile tell thee then: and then thou wilt finde the (reaſon:
The laſt great Muſter, ('twas before ye ſerv'd here,
Before the laſt Dukes death, whoſe honour'd bones
Now reſt in peace) this yong Prince had the ordering,
(To Crowne his fathers hopes) of all the Army:
Who (to be ſhort) put all his power to practiſe;
Faſhion'd, and drew 'em up: but alas, ſo poorely
So raggedly and looſely, ſo unſouldier'd,
The good Duke bluſh'd, and call'd unto my father,
Who then was Generall: Goe *Archus* ſpeedily,
And chide the Boy, before the ſouldier finde him,
Stand thou between his ignorance and them,
Faſhion their bodies new to thy direction;
Then draw thou up, and ſhew the Prince his errours.
My Sire obey'd, and did ſo; with all duty
Inform'd the Prince, and read him all directions:
This bred diſtaſte, diſtaſte grew up to anger,
And anger into wilde words broke out thus:
Well *Archus*, if I live but to command here,
To be but Duke once, I ſhall then remember,
I ſhall remember truely, truſt me, I ſhall,
And by my Fathers hand; the reſt his eyes ſpoke.
To which my Father anſwer'd (ſomewhat mov'd too)
And with a vow he ſeal'd it: Royall ſir,
Since for my faith and fights, your ſcorne and anger
Onely purſue me; if I live to that day,
That day ſo long expected to reward me,
By his ſo ever noble hand you ſwore by,
And by the hand of Juſtice, never Armes more
Shall rib this body in, nor ſword hang here, ſir:
The Conflicts I will doe you ſervice then in,
Shall be repentant prayers: So they parted.
The time is come; and now you know the wonder.
Put. I finde a feare too, which begins to tell me,
The Duke will have but poore and ſlight defences
If his hot humour raigne, and not his honour:
How ſtand you with him, Sir?
The. A perdue Captaine,
Full of my fathers danger.
Put. He has rais'd a young man,
They ſay a ſlight young man, I know him not,
For what deſert?
The. Beleeve it, a brave Gentleman,
Worth the Dukes reſpect, a cleere ſweet Gentleman,
And of a noble ſoule: Come, let's retire us,
And wait upon my father, who within this houre
You will finde an alter'd man.
Put. I am ſorry for't ſir. *Exeunt.*

Scæne 2. *Enter Olimpia, and two Gentlewomen.*

Olim. Is't not a handſome wench?
2. *Wom.* She is well enough, Madam:
I have ſeen a better face, and a ſtraiter body,
And yet ſhe is a pretty Gentle-woman.
Olim. What thinkſt thou *Peteſca*?
Peteſ. Alas, Madam, I have no skill, ſhe has a black eye,
Which is of the leaſt too, and the dulleſt water:
And when her mouth was made, for certaine Madam,
Nature intended her a right good ſtomach.

Olim. She has a good hand.
2 *Wom.* 'Tis good enough to hold faſt,
And ſtrong enough to ſtrangle the neck of a Lute.
Olim. What thinke ye of her colour?
Peteſ. If it be her owne
'Tis good black bloud: right weather-proofe
I warrant it.
2 *Wom.* What a ſtrange pace ſhe has got?
Olim. That's but her breeding.
Peteſ. And what a manly body? me thinks ſhe looks
As though ſhe would pitch the Barre, or goe to Buffets.
2 *Wom.* Yet her behaviour's utterly againſt it,
For me thinks ſhe is too baſhfull.
Olim. Is that hurtfull?
2 *Wo.* Even equall to too bold: either of 'em Madam
May doe her injurie when time ſhall ſerve her.
Ol. You diſcourſe learnedly, cal in the wench. *Ex. Gent.*
What envious fooles are you? Is the rule generall,
That women can ſpeak handſomely of none,
But thoſe they are bred withall?
Peteſ. Scarce well of thoſe Madam,
If they believe they may out-ſhine 'em any way:
Our natures are like oyle, compound us with any thing,
Yet ſtil we ſtrive to ſwim o'th' top:
Suppoſe there were here now,
Now in this court of *Moſco*, a ſtranger Princeſſe,
Of bloud and beauty equall to your excellence,
As many eyes and ſervices ſtuck on her;
What would you think?
Olim. I would thinke ſhe might deſerve it.
Peteſ. Your grace ſhall give me leave not to believe ye;
I know you are a woman, and ſo humourd:
Ile tell yee Madam, I could then get more gownes on ye,
More caps & feathers, more ſcarfs, & more ſilk ſtockings,
With rocking you a ſleep with nightly railings
Upon that woman, then if I had nine lives
I could weare out: by this hand ye'would ſcratch her eyes (out.
Olim. Thou art deceiv'd foole; *Enter Gentlewom.*
Now let your own eyes mock ye. *and Alinda.*
Come hither girle: hang me & ſhe be not a handſom one.
Peteſ. I feare it will prove indeed ſo.
Olim. Did you ever ſerve yet
In any place of worth?
Alin. No Royall Lady.
Peteſ. Hold up your head; fie.
Olim. Let her alone, ſtand from her.
Alin. It ſhall be now,
Of all the bleſſings my poore youth has pray'd for,
The greateſt and the happieſt to ſerve you;
And might my promiſe carrie but that credit
To be believ'd, becauſe I am yet a ſtranger,
Excellent Lady, when I fall from dutie,
From all the ſervice that my life can lend me,
May ever-laſting miſerie then finde me.
Olim. What think ye now? I doe believe, and thank ye;
And ſure I ſhall not be ſo farre forgetfull,
To ſee that honeſt faith die unrewarded:
What muſt I call your name?
Alin. *Alinda* Madam.
Olim. Can yee ſing?
Al. A little, when my griefe will give me leave, Lady.
Olim. VVhat griefe canſt thou have wench?
Thou art not in love?
Al. If I be Madam, 'tis onely with your goodneſſe;
For yet I never ſaw that man I ſighed for.
Olim. Of what yeares are you?
Al. My mother oft has told me,
That very day and houre this land was bleſt
With your moſt happy birth, I firſt ſaluted
This worlds faire light: Nature was then ſo buſie,
And all the Graces to adorne your goodneſſe,
I ſtole into the world poore and neglected.
Olim. Somethiug there was, when I firſt look'd upon (thee,
Made me both like and love thee: now I know it;
And you ſhall find that knowledge ſhall not hurt you:
I hope ye are a Maid?
Al. I hope ſo too, Madam;
I am ſure for any man: and were I otherwiſe,
Of all the ſervices my hopes could point at,
I durſt not touch at yours.
Flouriſh. Enter Duke, Burris, and Gent.
Pet. The great Duke, Madam.
Duk. Good morow, ſiſter.
Olim. A good day to your highneſſe.
Duk. I am come to pray you uſe no more perſwaſion
For this old ſtubborne man: nay to command ye:
His ſaile is ſwell'd too full: he is grown too inſolent,
Too ſelf-affected, proud: thoſe poore ſlight ſervices
He has done my father, and my ſelf, has blowne him
To ſuch a pitch, he flyes to ſtoop our favours.
Olim. I am ſorry ſir: I ever thonght thoſe ſervices
Both great and noble.
Bur. However, may it pleaſe yee
But to conſider 'em a true hearts ſervants,
Done out of faith to you, and not ſelfe-fame:
But to conſider royall ſir, the dangers;
When you have ſlept ſecure, the mid-night tempeſts;
That as he marcht ſung through his aged locks;
When you have fed at full, the wants and famines;
The fires of heaven, when you have found all temper
Death with his thouſand doores——
Duk. I have conſider'd;
No more: and that I will have, ſhall be.
Olim. For the beſt,
I hope all ſtill.
Duk. What handſome wench is that there?
Olim. My ſervant, ſir.
Du. Prethee obſerve her *Burris.*
Is ſhe not wondrous handſome? ſpeak thy freedome.
Bur. Shee appeares no leſſe to me ſir.
Duk. Of whence is ſhe?
Ol. Her father I am told is a good gentleman,
But farre off dwelling: her deſire to ſerve me
Brought her to th' Court, & here her friends have left
Du. She may find better friends:
Ye are welcome faire one,
I have not ſeen a ſweeter: By your Ladies leave:
Nay ſtand up ſweet, we'll have no ſuperſtition:
You have got a ſervant; you may uſe him kindly,
And he may honour ye: *Exit Duke*
Good morrow ſiſter. *Burris.*
Ol. Good morrow to your Grace. How the wench
How like an Angel now ſhe looks? (ſhe
1. *VVom.* At firſt jumpe
Jumpe into the Dukes armes? we muſt look to you,
Indeed we muſt, the next jump we are journeymen.
Pet. I ſee the ruine of our hopes already,
Would ſhe were at home again, milking her fathers
1 *Wo.* I feare ſhee'll milke all the great Courtiers
Olim. This has not made yee proud?
Al. No certaine, Madam.
Ol. It was the Duke that kiſt yee.

Al. 'Twas your brother,
And therefore nothing can be meant but honour.
Ol. But ſay he love ye?
Al. That he may with ſafety:
A Princes love extends to all his ſubjects.
Ol. But ſay in more particular?
Al. Pray feare not:
For vertues ſake deliver me from doubts, Lady:
'Tis not the name of King, nor all his promiſes,
His glories, and his greatneſſe ſtuck about me,
Can make me prove a Traitor to your ſervice:
You are my Miſtris, and my noble Maſter,
Your vertues my ambition, and your favour
The end of all my love, and all my fortune:
And when I faile in that faith———
Ol. I beleeve thee,
Come wipe your eyes; I doe: take you example---
Petſ. I would her eyes were out.
1 Wom. If the winde ſtand in this doore,
We ſhall have but cold cuſtome: ſome trick or other,
And ſpeedily.
Peteſ. Let me alone to think on't,
Ol. Come, be you neare me ſtill.
Al. With all my duty. *Exeunt.*

Scæne 3. *Enter Archas, Theodor, Putskie, Ancient, and Souldiers, carrying his armour peece-meale, his Colours wound up, and his Drums in Caſes.*

Theod. This is the heavieſt march we e're trod Captain,
Putſ. This was not wont to be: theſe honour'd pieces
The fierie god of warre himſelfe would ſmile at,
Buckl'd upon that body, were not wont thus,
Like Reliques to be offer'd to long ruſt,
And heavy-ey'd oblivionbrood upon 'em
Arch. There ſet 'em downe: and glorious war farewell;
Thou childe of honour and ambitious thoughts,
Begot in bloud, and nurſ'd with Kingdomes ruines;
Thou golden danger, courted by thy followers
Through fires and famines, for one title from thee,
Prodigall man-kinde ſpending all his fortunes;
A long farewell I give thee: Noble Armes,
You ribs for mighty mindes, you Iron houſes,
Made to defie thethunder-claps of Fortune,
Ruſt and conſuming time muſt now dwell with yee:
And thou good Sword that knewſt the way to conqueſt,
Upon whoſe fatall edge deſpaire and death dwelt,
That when I ſhooke thee thus, fore-ſhew'd deſtruction,
Sleep now from bloud, and grace my Monument:
Farewell my Eagle; when thou flew'ſt, whole Armies
Have ſtoopt below thee: At Paſſage I have ſeen thee,
Ruffle the *Tartars*, as they fled thy furie;
And bang 'em up together, as a Taſſell,
Upon the ſtreach, a flock of fearefull Pigeons.
I yet remember when the *Volga* curl'd,
The aged *Volga*, when he heav'd his head up,
And rais'd his waters high, to ſee the ruines,
The ruines our Swords made, the bloudy ruines;
Then flew this Bird of honour bravely, Gentlemen;
But theſe muſt be forgotten: ſo muſt theſe too,
And all that tend to Armes, by me for ever.
Take 'em you holy men; my Vow take with 'em,
Never to weare 'em more: Trophies I give 'em,
And ſacred Rites of warre to adorne the Temple:
There let 'em hang, to tell the world their maſter
Is now Devotions ſouldier, fit for prayer,
Why doe ye hang your heads? why look you ſad friends?
I am not dying yet.
Theod. Ye are indeed to us ſir.
Putſ. Dead to our fortunes, Generall.
Arch. Youll finde a better,
A greater, and a ſtronger man to lead yee,
And to a ſtronger fortune: I am old friends,
Time, and the wars together make me ſtoop, gentlemen,
Stoop to my grave: my minde unfurniſh'd too,
Emptie and weak as I am: my poore body,
Able for nothing now but contemplation,
And that will be a taſke too to a Souldier:
Yet had they but encourag'd me, or thought well
Of what I have done, I thinke I ſhould have ventur'd
For one knock more, I ſhould have made a ſhift yet
To have broke one ſtaffe more handſomly, and have dyed
Like a good fellow, and an honeſt ſouldier,
In the head of ye all, wirh my ſword in my hand,
And ſo have made an end of all with credit.
Theod. Well, there will come an houre, when all theſe
Theſe ſecure ſlights——— (injuries
Ar. Ha! no more of that ſirrah,
Not one word more of that I charge ye.
Theod. I muſt ſpeak ſir.
And may that tongue forget to ſound your ſervice,
That's dumbe to your abuſes.
Ar. Underſtand foole,
That voluutary I ſit downe.
Theod. You are forced ſir,
Forced for your ſafety: I too well remember
The time and cauſe, and I may live to curſe 'em,
You made this vow; and whoſe un-nobleneſſe,
Indeed forgetfulneſſe of good----
Ar. No more,
As thou art mine no more.
The. Whoſe doubts and envies---
But the devill will have his due.
Putſ. Good yentle Colonell.
Theo. And though diſgraces, and contempt of honour
Reigne now, the wheele muſt turne againe.
Ar. Peace ſirrah,
Your tongue's too ſaucy: doe ye ſtare upon me?
Downe with that heart, downe ſuddenly, down with it,
Downe with that diſobedience; tye that tongue up.
Theod. Tongue?
Ar. Doe not provoke me to forget my vow, ſirrah,
And draw that fatall ſword againe in anger.
Putſ. For heavens ſake, Colonell.
Ar. Doe not let me doubt
Whoſe Sonne thou art, becauſe thou canſt not ſuffer:
Doe not play with mine anger; if thou doſt,
By all the loyalty my heart holds———
Theod. I have done ſir,
'Pray pardon me.
Ar. I pray ye be worthy of it:
Beſhrew your heart, you have vext me.
The. I am ſorrie ſir.
Arch. Goe to, no more of this: be true and honeſt,
I know ye are man enough, mold it to juſt ends,
And let not my diſgraces; then I am miſerable,
When I have nothing left me but thy angers.
Flouriſh. Enter Duke, Burris, Boroskie, Attend. & Gent.
Putſ. And't pleaſe ye ſir, the Duke.
Duk. Now, what's all this?
The meaning of this ceremonious Embleme?
Ar. Your Grace ſhould firſt remember———

Boroſ. There's his nature.
Duk. I doe, and ſhall remember ſtill that injury,
That at the Muſter, where it pleas'd your greatneſſe
To laugh at my poore ſouldierſhip, to skorne it;
And more to make me ſeem ridiculous,
Took from my hands my charge.
Bur. O thinke not ſo Sir.
Du. And in my Fathers ſight.
Ar. Heaven be my witneſſe
I did no more, (and that with modeſtie,
With love and faith to you) then was my warrant,
And from your Father ſeal'd: nor durſt that rudeneſſe
And impudence of ſcorne fall from my haviour,
I ever yet knew duty.
Duke. We ſhall teach yee:
I will remember too, upon ſome words I told ye,
Then at that time, ſome angrie words ye anſwer'd,
If ever I were Duke, you were no ſouldier.
You have kept your word, and ſo it ſhall be to you.
From henceforth I diſmiſſe ye; take your eaſe ſir.
Ar. I humbly thanke your Grace; this waſted body,
Beaten and bruis'd with Armes, dry'd up with troubles,
Is good for nothing elſe but quiet, now ſir,
And holy prayers; in which, when I forget
To thanke high heaven for all your bounteous favours,
May that be deafe, and my Petitions periſh. (pride in?
Boroſ. What a ſmooth humble cloak he has cas'd his
And how he has pull'd his clawes in? ther's no truſting---
Bur. Speake for the beſt.
Bor. Beleeve I ſhall doe ever.
Du. To make yee vnderſtand we feele not yet
Such dearth of valour, and experience,
Such a declining age of doing ſpirits,
That all ſhould be confin'd within your Excellence,
And you, or none be honour'd, take *Boroſkie*
The place he has commanded, lead the Souldier;
A little time will bring thee to his honour,
Which has been nothing, but the worlds opinion,
The ſouldiers fondneſſe, and a little fortune,
Which I believe his ſword had the leaſt ſhare in.
Theod. O that I durſt but anſwer now.
Putſ. Good Colonell.
Theod. My heart wil break elſe: Royal ſir, I know not
What you eſteem mens lives, whoſe hourely labours,
And loſſe of bloud, conſumptions in your ſervice,
Whole bodies are accquainted with more miſeries,
And all to keep you ſafe, then Dogs or ſlaves are.
His ſword the leaſt ſhare gain'd?
Du. You will not fight with me?
Theod. No Sir, I dare not,
You are my Prince: but I dare ſpeake to yee,
And dare ſpeak truth, which none of their ambitions,
That be informers to you dare once thinke of;
Yet truth will now but anger yee: I am ſorry for't.
And ſo I take my leave.
Du. Ev'n when you pleaſe Sir.
Ar. Sirrah, ſee me no more.
Du. And ſo may you too:
You have a houſe ith' Countrey, keep you there Sir,
And when you have rull'd your ſelf, teach your ſon man-
For this time I forgive him. (ners.
Ar. Heaven forgive all:
And to your Grace a happie and long rule here.
And you Lord Generall, may your fights be proſperous.
In all your courſe, may Fame and Fortune Court you.
Fight for your Countrey, and your Princes ſafetie;
Boldly, and bravely face your enemie,
And when you ſtrike, ſtrike with that killing vertue,
As if a generall plague had ſeiz'd before ye;
Danger, and doubt, and labour caſt behinde yee,
And then come home an old and noble ſtorie.
Bur. A little comfort ſir.
Du. As little as may be:
Farewell, you know your limit. *Exit Duke, &c.*
Bur. Alas, brave gentleman.
Ar. I doe, and will obſerve it ſuddenly:
My grave; I, that's my limit: 'tis no new thing,
Nor that can make me ſtart, or tremble at it,
To buckle with that old grim ſouldier now:
I have ſeen him in his ſowreſt ſhapes and dreadfull'ſt;
I, and I thanke my honeſtie, have ſtood him:
That audits caſt: Farewell my honeſt ſouldiers,
Give me your hands: Farewell, fare-well good *Ancien*
A ſtout man, and a true, thou art come in ſorrow.
Bleſſings upon your ſwords, may they ne're faile yee.
You doe but change a man: your fortunes conſtant;
That by your ancient valours is ty'd faſt ſtill:
Be valiant ſtill and good; and when ye fight next,
When flame and furie make but one face of horror,
When the great reſt of all your honour's up,
When you would thinke a ſpell to ſhake the enemy,
Remember me: my prayers ſhall be with yee.
So once againe farewell.
Putſ. Let's wait upon yee.
Ar. No, no, it muſt not be: I have now left me
A ſingle fortune to my ſelfe, no more,
Which needs no traine, nor complement: good Captai
You are an honeſt and a ſober gentleman,
And one I thinke has lov'd me.
Putſ. I am ſure on't.
Ar. Look to my boy he's grown too head-ſtrong for m
And if they think him fit to carrie Armes ſtill,
His life is theirs: I have a houſe ith' Countrey,
And when your better houres will give ye liberty
See me: you ſhall be welcome. Fortune to ye. *Ex*
Anc. Ile cry no more, that will doe him no good,
And 'twill but make me drie, and I have no money:
Ile fight no more, and that will doe them harme;
And if I can do that I care not for money: (luck t
I could have curſt reaſonable well, and I have had th
To have 'em hit ſometimes: Whoſoever thou art,
That like a devill didſt poſſeſſe the Duke
With theſe malitious thoughts; mark what I ſay to the
A plague upon thee, that's but the Preamble.
Sold. O take the pox too:
An. They'll cure one another:
I muſt have none but kills, and thoſe kill ſtinking:
Or look ye, let the ſingle pox poſſeſſe them,
Or pox upon pox.
Putſ. That's but ill i'th' Armes ſir,
Anc. Tis worſe ith' legs, I would not wiſh it elſe:
And may thoſe grow to ſcabs as big as Mole-hils,
And twice a day, the devill with a Currie-combe
Scratch 'em, and ſcrub 'em. I warrent him he has 'em.
Sold. May he be ever lowzie.
Anc. That's a pleaſure,
The Beggars Leacherie: ſometime the Souldiers!
May he be ever lazie, ſtink where he ſtands,
And Maggots breed in's braines.
2 *Soul.* I marrie ſir,
May he fall mad in love with his Grand-mother,
And kiſſing her, may her teeth drop into his mouth,

And one fall croſſe his throat,then let him gargell.
Put. Now, what's the matter? *Enter a Poſt.*
Poſt. Where's the Duke pray gentlemen?
Put. Keep on your way, you cannot miſſe.
Poſt. I thanke yee. *Exit.*
An. If he be married, may he dreame hee's Cuckol'd,
And when he wakes,believe,and ſweare he ſaw it:
Sue a divorce, and after finde her honeſt:
Then in a pleaſant Pigſty with his owne garters,
And a fine running knot, ride to the devill.
Put. If theſe would doe ———
An. Ile never truſt my minde more,
If all theſe faile.
1 *Sould.* What ſhall we doe now Captaine?
For by this honeſt hand Ile be torne a pieces,
Unleſſe my old Generall goe,or ſome that love him,
And love us equall too,before I fight more:
I can make a ſhooe yet, and draw it on too,
If I like the legge well.
Anc. Fight? 'tis likely.
No, there Will be the ſport boyes,when ther's need on's.
They thinke the other Crowne will doe,will carry us,
And the brave golden coat of Captain *Cankro*
Boroskie: What a noyſe his very name carries?
'Tis gun enough to fright a nation,
He need no ſouldiers: if he doe, for my part,
I promiſe ye,he's like to ſeek 'em: ſo I thinke you thinke
And all the Army: No, honeſt brave old *Archas*, (too,
We cannot ſo ſoon leave thy memory,
So ſoon forget thy goodneſſe: he that does,
The ſcandall, and the ſcumme of Armes be counted.
Pu. You much rejoice me;now you have hit my meaning:
I durſt not preſſe ye, till I found your ſpirits,
Continue thus.
Anc. Ile goe and tell the Duke on't. *Ent. 2. Poſt.*
Put. No, no, hee'll finde it ſoone enough,and feare it,
When once occaſion comes: Another Packet.
From whence friend come yee?
2 *Poſt.* From the borders ſir.
Put. What newes ſir, I beſeech yee?
2 *Poſt.* Fire and ſword gentlemen;
The *Tartar's* up, and with a mighty force,
Comes forward like a tempeſt, all before him
Burning and killing.
Anc. Brave boyes; brave newes boyes.
2 *Poſt.* Either we muſt have preſent helpe———
Anc. Still braver.
2 *Poſt.* Where lyes the Duke?
Sold. Hee's there.
2 *Poſt.* 'Save ye gentlemen. *Exit.*
Anc. We are ſafe enough,I warrant thee:
Now the time's come.
Put. I now 'tis come indeed,and now ſtand firm boyes,
And let 'em burne on merrily.
Anc. This City would make a marvelous fine bone-fire:
Tis old dry timber, and ſuch wood has no fellow.
2 *Sold.* Here will be trim piping anon and whining,
Like ſo many Pigs in a ſtorme,
When they heare the newes once, *Enter Boroskie*
Put. Here's one has heard it already, *and Servant.*
Room for the Generall.
Boroſ. Say I am falne exceeding ſick oth' ſuddain,
And am not like to live.
Put. If ye goe on Sir,
For they will kill yee certainly: they look for yee.
Anc. I ſee your Lordſhips bound,take a ſuppoſitory,
Tis I Sir; a poor caſt Flag of yours. The fooliſh *Tartars*
They burne and kill, and't like your honour, kill us,
Kill with Guns, with Guns my Lord, with Guns Sir.
What ſayes your Lordſhip to a chick in ſorrell ſops?
Put. Go,go thy wayes old true-peny;
Thou haſt but one fault, Thou art ev'n too valiant.
Come toth' Army gentlemen, and let's make them ac-
Sold. Away, we are for ye. *Exeunt.* (quainted.

Scæne 4. *Enter Alinda, and two gentlewomen.*

Al. Why whither run ye fools,wil ye leave my Lady?
Peteſ. The *Tartar* comes, the *Tartar* comes.
Al. Why let him,
I had thought you had feard no men:upon my conſcience
You have try'd their ſtrengths already: ſtay for ſhame.
Pet. Shift for thy ſelfe *Alinda.* *Exit.*
Al. Beauty bleſſe ye:
Into what Grooms Feather-bed will yee creep now?
And there miſtake the enemy: ſweet youths ye are,
And of a conſtant courage: are you afraid of foyning?
Enter Olimpia.
Olim. O my good wench, what ſhall become of us?
The Poſts come hourely in, and bring new danger;
The Enemy is paſt the *Volga*, and beares hither
With all the bloud and crueltie he carries,
My brother now will find his fault.
Al. I doubt me.
Somewhat too late to Madam: but pray feare not,
All will be well I hope. Sweet Madam ſhake not.
Ol. How cam'ſt thou by this ſpirit? our Sex tremble.
Al. I am not unacquainted with theſe dangers:
And you ſhall know my truth; for e're you periſh,
A hundred ſwords ſhall paſſe through me: 'tis but dying,
And Madam we muſt doe it: the manner's all:
You have a Princely Birth, take Princely thoughts to ye,
And take my councell too; goe preſently,
With all the haſte yee have, (I will attend ye)
With all the poſſible ſpeed, to old Lord *Archas*,
He honours yee: with all your art perſwade him,
('I will be a diſmall time elſe) wooe him hither,
But hither Madam; make him ſee the danger;
For your new Generall looks like an Aſſe;
There's nothing in his face but loſſe.
Olim. Ile doe it,
And thank thee ſweet *Alinda*: O my Jewell,
How much I am bound to love thee: by this hand wench
If thou wert a man———
Al. I would I were to fight for yee.
But haſte deare Madam.
Ol. I need no ſpurres *Alinda.* *Exeunt.*

Scæn. 5. *Enter Duke, 2. Poſts, Attendants, Gent.*

Duk. The Lord Generall ſick now? is this a time
For men to creep into their beds? what's become Poſt
Of my Lieutenant?
Poſt. Beaten, and't pleaſe your Grace.
And all his forces ſparkled.
Duk. That's but cold newes. *Enter a Gent.*
How now, what good newes? are the ſouldiers ready?
Ge. Yes ſir,but fight they wil not,nor ſtir from that place
They ſtand in now, unleſſe they have Lord *Archas*
To lead 'em out: they raile upon this Generall,
And ſing ſongs of him, ſcurvy ſongs, to worſe tunes:
And much they ſpare not you ſir: here they ſweare

They'll ſtand and ſee the Citie burnt,& dance about it,
Unleſſe Lord *Archas* come before they fight for't.
It muſt be ſo ſir.
Du. I could wiſh it ſo too:
And to that end I have ſent Lord *Burris* to him;
But all I feare will faile; we muſt dye gentlemen,
And one ſtroak wee'll have for't. *Enter Burris.*
What bringſt thou *Burris*?
Bur. That I am loath to tell: he will not come ſir.
I found him at his prayers: there he tells me,
The enemy ſhall take him, fit for heaven:
I urg'd to him all our dangers, his owne worthes,
The Countries ruine: nay, I kneeld and pray'd him;
He ſhook his head, let fall a teare, and pointed
Thus with his finger to the ground; a grave
I think he meant; and this was all he anſwer'd.
Your Grace was much too blame.
Where's the new Generall?
Duk. He is ſick poore man.
Bur. Hee's a poore man indeed Sir:
Your Grace muſt needs goe to the ſouldier;
Duke. They have ſent me word
They will not ſtirre: they raile at me,
And all the ſpight they have——
What ſhout is that there?
Is the enemy come ſo neare?
Shout within. Enter Archas, Olimpia, and Alinda.
Olim. I have brought him Sir;
At length I have woo'd him thus farre.
Duke. Happy ſiſter;
O bleſſed woman!
Olim. Uſe him nobly brother;
You never had more need: And gentlemen,
All the beſt powers yee have, to tongues turn preſently,
To winning and perſwading tongues: all my art,
Onely to bring him hither, I have utter'd;
Let it be yours to arme him: And good my Lord,
Though I exceed the limit you allow'd me,
Which was the happineſſe to bring ye hither,
And not to urge yee farther: yet, ſee your Countrey,
Out of your owne ſweet ſpirit now behold it:
Turne round, and look upon the miſeries,
Of every ſide the feares: ô ſee the dangers;
We finde 'em ſooneſt, therefore heare me firſt ſir.
Duke. Next heare your Prince;
You have ſaid you lov'd him *Archas*,
And thought your life too little for his ſervice:
Thinke not your vow to great now, now the time is,
And now you are brought toth'teſt, touch right now ſoul-
Now ſhew the manly pureneſs of thy mettle: (dier,
Now if thou beeſt that valued man, that vertue,
That great obedience teaching all, now ſtand it.
What I have ſaid forget, my youth was haſty,
And what you ſaid your ſelfe forgive, you were angry.
If men could live without their faults, they were gods
He weeps,& holds his hãds up:to him *Burris*. (*Archas.*
Bur. You have ſhew'd the Prince his faults:
And like a good Surgeon you have laid
That to 'em makes 'em ſmart: hee feeles it,
Let 'em not feſter now ſir: your owne honour,
The bountie of that minde, and your allegeance,
'Gainſt which I take it, heaven gives no command ſir,
Nor ſeales no vow, can better teach ye now
What yee have to doe, then I, or this neceſſity:
Onely this little's left: would ye doe nobly,
And in the eye of honour truely triumph?
Conquer that minde firſt, and then men are nothing.
Alin. Laſt, a poor virgin kneels: for loves ſake General,
If ever you have lov'd; for her ſake, ſir,
For your owne honeſty, which is a virgin,
Look up, and pitty us, be bold and fortunate.
You are a Knight, a good, and noble ſouldier,
And when your ſpurs were given ye, your ſword buckl'd,
Then were you ſworne for vertues cauſe, for beauties,
For chaſtity to ſtrike: ſtrike now, they ſuffer:
Now draw your ſword, or elſe you are recreant,
Onely a Knight ith' heeles, ith' heart a Coward:
Your firſt vow honour made, your laſt but anger. (too
Ar. How like my vertuous wife this thing looks, ſpeak
So would ſhe chide my dulneſſe: faire one I thank yee:
My gracious ſir, your pardon, next your hand:
Madam, your favour, and your prayers: gentlemen,
Your wiſhes and your loves; and pretty ſweet one,
A favour for your Souldier.
Olim. Give him this wench.
Al. Thus doe I tye on victory.
Ar. My Armour,
My horſe, my ſword, my tough ſtaffe, and my fortune,
And *Olin* now I come to ſhake thy glorie.
Duk. Goe brave and proſperous, our loves go with thee
Ol. Full of thy vertue, and our prayers attend thee.
Bur. &c. Loden with victory, and we to honour thee.
Al. Come home the ſon of honour,
And Ile ſerve ye. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna prima.

Enter Duke, Burris, and two Gentlemen.

Duke. NO newes of *Archas* yet?
Bur. But now, and't pleaſe ye
A Poſt came in, Letters he brought none with him,
But this deliver'd: He ſaw the Armies joyne,
The game of bloud begun, and by our Generall,
Who never was acquainted, but with Conqueſt,
So bravely fought, he ſaw the *Tartars* ſhaken,
And there he ſaid he left 'em.
Duke. Where's *Boroſkie*?
1 *Gen.* He is up againe, and't pleaſe ye.
Bur. Sir, me thinks
This newes ſhould make yee lightſome, bring joy to y
It ſtrikes our hearts with generall comfort. *Ex. D*
Gone? What ſhould this meane, ſo ſuddenly?
Hee's well?
2. *Gen.* We ſee no other.
1. Would the reſt were well too,
That put theſe ſtarts into him.
Bur. Ile goe after him.
2. 'Twill not be fit Sir: h'as ſome ſecret in him
He would not be diſturb'd in: know you any thing
Has croſt him ſince the Generall went?
Bur. Not any.
If there had been, I am ſure I ſhould have found it;
Onely I have heard him oft complaine for money;
Money he ſayes he wants.
1. It may be that then.
Bur. To him that has ſo many wayes to raiſe it,
And thoſe ſo honeſt, it cannot be.
Enter Duke an Boroskie.
1. He comes back,
And Lord *Boroskie* with him.

Bur. There the game goes,
I feare ſome new thing hatching.
Du. Come hether *Burris*,
Go ſee my Siſter, and commend me to her,
And to my litle Miſtriſſe give this token;
Tell her I'le ſee her ſhortly.
Bur. Yes, I ſhall ſir. *Ex. Bur and Gent.*
Du. Waite you without: I would yet try him further.
Bor. 'Twill not be much amiſſe: has your grace heard
Of what he has done i'th' field? (yet
Du. A Poſt but now
Came in, who ſaw 'em joyne, and 'has deliver'd,
The enemy gave ground before he parted.
Bor. 'Tis well.
Du. Come, ſpeake thy mind man: 'tis not for fighting
And noiſe of War I keepe thee in my boſome;
Thy ends are nearer to me; from my childhood
Thou brought'ſt me up: and like another nature,
Made good all my neceſſities: ſpeake boldly.
Bor. Sir, what I utter, will be thought but envy
Though I intend, high heaven knows, but your honour,
When vaine and empty people ſhall proclaime me---
Good ſir excuſe me.
Du. Do you feare me for your enemy?
Speake on your dutie.
Bor. Then I muſt, and dare ſir.
When he comes home, take heed the Court receive him
Take heed he meet not with their loves and praiſes, (not,
That glaſſe will ſhew him ten times greater Sir,
And make him ſtrive to make good that proportion,
Then ere his fortune bred him, he is honourable,
At leaſt I ſtrive to underſtand him ſo,
And of a nature, if not this way poyſon'd,
Perfect enough, eaſie, & ſweet, but thoſe are ſoone ſeduc'd
He's a great man, and what that pill may worke, (ſir;
Prepar'd by generall voyces of the people,
Is the end of all my councell: only this ſir,
Let him retire a while, there's more hangs by it
Then you know yet: there if he ſtand a while well,
But till the Souldier coole, who, for their ſervice
You muſt pay now moſt liberally, moſt freely,
And ſhewrd your ſelfe into 'em; 'tis the bounty
They follow with their loves, and not the bravery. *Enter*
Du. But wher's the money? how now? *2 Gent.*
2 Gent. Sir the Collonell,
Son to the Lord *Archas*, with moſt happy newes
Of the *Tartars* overthrow, without here
Attends your graces pleaſure.
Bor. Be not ſeen ſir,
He's a bold fellow, let me ſtand his thunders,
Toth' Court he muſt not come: no bleſſing here ſir,
No face of favour, if you love your honour. *Enter Theo:*
Du. Do what you thinke is meeteſt; I'le retire ſir. *Ex.*
Bor. Conduct him in ſir---welcome noble Collonell,
The. That's much from your Lordſhip: pray where's the
Bor. We heare you have beat the *Tartar.* (Duke?
The. Is he buſie ſir?
Bor. Have ye taken *Olin* yet?
The. I would faine ſpeake with him,
Bor. How many men have ye loſt?
The. Do's he lye this way?
Bor. I am ſure you fought it bravely.
The. I muſt ſee him.
Bor. You cannot yet, ye muſt not, what's your Commiſ-
The. No gentleman o'th' Chamber here? ſion?
Bor. Why pray ye ſir?
Am not I fit to entertaine your buſineſſe?
The. I thinke you are not ſir; I am ſure ye ſhall not.
I bring no tales, nor flatteries: In my tongue ſir,
I carry no fork'd ſtings.
Bor. You keepe your bluntneſſe.
The. You are deceiv'd: it keeps me: I had felt elſe
Some of your plagues ere this: but good ſir trifle not,
I have buſineſſe to the Duke.
Bor. He's not well ſir,
And cannot now be ſpoke withall.
The. Not well ſir?
How would he ha' been, if we had loſt? not well ſir?
I bring him newes to make him well: his enemie
That would have burnt his City here, and your houſe too,
Your brave gilt houſe, my Lord, your honours hangings,
Where all your Anceſtors, and all their battles,
Their ſilke and golden battles are diſcipher'd:
That would not only have abus'd your buildings, (ries,
Your goodly buildings ſir, and have drunke dry your butte-
Purlcin'd your Lordſhips plate, the Duke beſtow'd on you,
For turning hanſomely o'th' toe, and trim'd your Virgins,
Trim'd 'em of a new cut, and't like your Lordſhip,
'Tis ten to one, your wife too, and the curſe is
You had had no remedy againſt theſe Raſcals,
No Law, and't like your honour; would have kil'd you too
And roaſted ye, and eaten ye, ere this time:
Notable knaves my Lord, unruly Raſcals:
Theſe youths have we tide up, put muzzels on 'em,
And pair'd their nailes, that honeſt civill Gentlemen,
And ſuch moſt noble perſons as your ſelfe is,
May live in peace, and rule the land with a twine thread.
Theſe newes I bring,
Bor. And were they thus deliver'd ye?
Theod. My Lord, I am no pen-man, nor no Orator,
My tongue was never oyl'd with Here and't like ye,
There I beſeech yee, weigh, I am a ſouldier,
And truth I covet onely, no fine termes ſir;
I come not to ſtand treating here; my buſineſſe
Is with the Duke, and of ſuch generall bleſſing---
Bor. You have overthrowne the enemy, we know it,
And we rejoyce in't; ye have done like honeſt ſubjects,
You have done handſomely and well.
Theod. But well ſir?
But handſomly and well? what are we juglers?
Ile doe all that in cutting up a Capon.
But handſomely and well? does your Lordſhip take us
For the Dukes Tumblers? we have done bravely ſir,
Ventur'd our lives like men.
Bor. Then bravely be it.
Theod. And for as brave rewards we look, and graces,
We have ſweat and bled for't ſir.
Bor. And ye may have it,
If you will ſtay the giving. Men that thank themſelves
For any good they doe, take off the luſtre, (firſt,
And blot the benefit.
Theod. Are theſe the welcomes,
The Bells that ring out our rewards? pray heartily,
Early and late, there may be no more enemies:
Doe my good Lord, pray ſeriouſly, and ſigh too,
For if there be________
Bor. They muſt be met, and fought with.
The. By whom? by you? they muſt be met & flattererd.
Why, what a devill aild ye to do theſe things?
With what aſſurance dare ye mocke men thus?
You have but ſingle lives, and thoſe I take it
A Sword may find too: why do ye dam the Duke up?

And choake that courſe of love,that like a River
Should fill our empty veines againe with comforts ?
But if ye uſe theſe knick knacks,
This faſt and looſe,with faithfull men and honeſt,
You'l be the firſt will find it.

Enter Archas,Souldiers,Putskey, Ancient,and others,

Boroſ. You are too untemperate.

Theod. Better be ſo,and theefe too,then unthankfull :
Pray uſe this old man ſo,and then we are paid all.
The Duke thanks ye for your ſervice,& the Court thanks
And wonderfull deſirous they are to ſee ye ;   (ye,
Pray heaven we have roome enough to march for May-
Pageants,& bonfires for your welcome home Sir;(games,
Here your moſt noble friend the Lord *Boroskey*,
A Gentleman too tender of your credit,
And ever in the Dukes eare,for your good Sir,
Crazie and ſickly, yet to be your ſervant,
Has leapt into the open aire to meet ye. (come home Sir.

Bor. The beſt is your words wound not, you are wel-
Hartily welcome home,and for your ſervice,
The noble overthrow you gave the Enemy,
The Duke ſalutes ye too with all his thanks Sir.

Anc. Sure they will now regard us.

Putſ. There's a reaſon :
But by the changing of the Colonels countenance,
The rolling of his eyes like angry billowes ;
I feare the wind's not downe yet, *Ancient*.

Arch. Is the Duke well Sir ?

Boroſ. Not much unhealthy,
Only a little grudging of an ague,
Which cannot laſt:he has heard,which makes him fearful,
And loath as yet to give your worth due welcome,
The ſickneſſe hath been ſomewhat hot i' th' Army,
Which happily may prove more doubt,then danger,
And more his feare then fate : yet howſoever,
An honeſt care ——

Ar. Ye ſay right,and it ſhall be ;
For though upon my life 'tis but a rumor,
A meere opinion,without faith or feare in't ;
For Sir,I thanke heaven,we never ſtood more healthy,
Never more high and luſty ; yet to ſatisfie,
We cannot be too cũrious,or too carefull
Of what concernes his ſtate, wee'l draw away Sir,
And lodge at further diſtance,and leſſe danger.

Boroſ. It will be well.

Anc. It will be very ſcurvy.
I ſmell it out,it ſtinks abominably,
Stir it no more.

Boroſ. The Duke Sir would have you too,
For a ſhort day or two, retyre to your owne houſe,
Whither himſelfe will come to viſit ye,
And give ye thanks.

Arch. I ſhall attend his pleaſure.

Anc. A trick,a lowſie trick : ſo hoa,a trick boyes.

Ar. How now,what's that ?

Anc. I thought I had found a Hare Sir,
But 'tis a Fox,an old Fox,ſhall we hunt him ?

Ar. No more ſuch words.

Boroſ. The ſouldier's growne too ſawcy,
You muſt tie him ſtraiter up.

Ar. I doe my beſt Sir ;
But men of free-born minds ſometimes will flie out.

Anc. May not we ſee the Duke ?

Boroſ. Not at this time Gentlemen,
Your Generall knowes the cauſe.

Anc. We have no plague Sir,
Unleſſe it be in our pay,nor no pox neither ;
Or if we had,I hope that good old Courtier
Will not deny us place there.

Putſ. Certaine my Lord,
Conſidering what we are,and what we have done ;
If not,what need ye may have, 'twould be better,
A great deale nobler,and taſte honeſter
To uſe us with more ſweetnes ; men that dig
And laſh away their lives at the Carts taile,
Double our comforts; meat, and their Maſters thanks too,
When they worke well, they have ; Men of our qualitie,
When they doe well,and venture for't with valor,
Fight hard,lye hard,feed hard,when they come home Sir,
And know theſe are deſerving things, things worthy,
Can you then blame 'em if their minds a little
Be ſtirr'd with glory ? 'tis a pride becomes 'em,
A litle ſeaſon'd with ambition,
To be reſpected,reckon'd well,and honour'd
For what they have don:when to come home thus poorly,
And met with ſuch unjointed joy,ſo looked on,
As if we had done no more but dreſt a horſe well ;
So entertain'd,as if I thank ye Gentlemen,
Take that to drinke,had pow'r to pleaſe a ſouldier ?
Where be the ſhouts,the bels rung out, the people ?
The Prince himſelf ?

Ar. Peace : I perceive your eye Sir
Is fixt upon this Captaine for his freedome,
And happily you find his tongue too forward ;
As I am Maſter of the place,I carry,
'Tis fit I thinke ſo too; but were I this man,
No ſtronger tye upon me,then the truth
And tongue to tell it, I ſhould ſpeake as he do's,
And thinke with modeſtie enough, ſuch Saints
That daily thruſt their loves & lives through hazards,
And feareleſſe for their Countries peace,march hourely
Through all the doores of death,and know the darkeſt,
Should better be canoniz'd for their ſervice :
What labour would theſe men neglect,what danger
Where honour is,though ſeated in a billow,
Riſing as high as heaven,would not theſe ſouldiers,
Like to ſo many Sea-gods charge up to it ?
Doe you ſee theſe ſwords? times Sithe was ne're ſo ſha
Nor ever at one harveſt mow'd ſuch handfuls : (Si
Thoughts ne're ſo ſudden, nor beliefe ſo ſure,
When they are drawne,and were it not ſometimes,
I ſwim upon their angers to allay 'em,
And like a calme depreſſe their fell intentions ;
They are ſo deadly ſure,nature would ſuffer ——
And whoſe are all theſe glories ? why,their Princes,
Their Countries,and their Friends? Alas,of all theſe,
And all the happy ends they bring, the bleſſings,
They only ſhare the labors, a little joy then,
And outſide of a welcome,at an upſhot
Would not have done amiſſe Sir ; But howſoever
Between me and my duty,no crack Sir
Shall dare appeare : I hope by my example
No diſcontent in them : without doubt Gentlemen,
The Duke will both looke ſuddenly and truly
On your deſerts : Methinks 'twere good they were p

Bor. They ſhall be immediately;I ſtay for mony; (
And any favour elſe——.

Ar. We are all bound to ye ;
And ſo I take my leave Sir ; when the Duke pleaſes
To make me worthy of his eyes ——

Bor. Which will be ſuddenly,
I know his good thoughts to ye.

Ar. With all duty,
And all humility, I ſhall attend Sir.
Bor. Once more you are welcome home: theſe ſhall be
The. Be ſure we be: and hanſomely. (ſatisfied.
Ar. Waite you on me ſir.
The. And honeſtly: no jugling.
Ar. Will ye come ſir? *Exit.*
Bor. Pray do not doubt.
Theo. We are no Boyes. *Exit.* *Enter a Gent.*
Bor. Well ſir. *and 2 or 3 with money.*
Gent. Here's money from the Duke, and't pleaſe your
Bor. 'Tis well. (Lordſhip.
Gent. How ſowre the Souldiers looke?
Bor. Is't told?
Gent. Yes: and for every company a double pay,
And the Dukes love to all.
Anc. That's worth a ducket.
Bor. You that be Officers, ſee it diſcharg'd then,
Why do not ye take it up?
Anc. 'Tis too heavy:
'Body o'me, I have ſtrain'd mine arme.
Bor. Do ye ſcorne it?
Anc. Has your Lordſhip any dice about ye? ſit round
And come on ſeaven for my ſhare. (Gentlemen.
Put. Do you thinke ſir,
This is the end we fight? can this durt draw us
To ſuch a ſtupid tameneſſe, that our ſervice
Neglected, and look'd lamely on, and skewd at
With a few honourable words, and this, is righted?
Have not we eyes and eares, to heare and ſee Sir,
And minds to underſtand the ſlights we carry?
I come home old, and full of hurts, men looke on me
As if I had got 'em from a whore, and ſhun me;
I tell my griefes, and feare my wants, I am anſwer'd,
Alas 'tis pity! pray dine with me on Sunday:
Theſe are the ſores we are ſicke of, the minds malladies,
And can this cure 'em? you ſhould have us'd us nobly,
And for our doing well, as well proclam'd us,
To the worlds eye, have ſhewd and ſainted us,
Then ye had paid us bravely: then we had ſhin'd ſir,
Not in this gilded ſtuffe but in our glory:
You may take backe your money.
Gent. This I fear'd ſtill.
Bor. Conſider better Gentlemen.
Anc. Thanke your Lordſhip:
And now I'l put on my conſidering cap:
My Lord, that I am no Courtier, you may gueſſe it
By having no ſute to you for this money:
For though I want, I want not this, nor ſhall not,
Whilſt you want that civility to ranke it
With thoſe rights we expected; money growes ſir,
And men muſt gather it, all is not put in one purſe.
And that I am no Carter, I could never whiſtle yet:
But that I am a Souldier, and a Gentleman,
And a fine Gentleman, and't like your honour,
And a moſt pleaſant companion: all you that are witty,
Come liſt to my ditty: come ſet in boyes,
With your Lordſhips patience. *Song.*
How do you like my Song, my Lord? (better,
Bor. Even as I like your ſelf, but 'twould be a great deale
You would prove a great deale wiſer, and take this mony,
In your owne phraſe I ſpeake now ſir, and 'tis very well
You have learn'd to ſing; for ſince you prove ſo liberall,
To refuſe ſuch meanes as this, maintaine your voice ſtill,
'Twill prove your beſt friend.
Anc. 'Tis a ſinging age ſir,
A merry moone here now: I'le follow it:
Fidling, and fooling now, gaines more then fighting.
Bor. What is't you blench at? what would you aske? ſpeak
Sol. And ſo we dare: a triumph for the Generall. (freely.
Put. And then an honour ſpeciall to his vertue.
Anc. That we may be prefer'd that have ſerv'd for it,
And cram'd up into favour like the worſhipfull,
At leaſt upon the Cities charge made drunke
For one whole year; we have done 'em ten yeares ſervice;
That we may enjoy our lechery without grudging,
And mine, or thine be nothing, all things equall,
And catch as catch may be proclamed: that when we
And have no will to pay againe, no Law (borrow,
Lay hold upon vs, nor no Court controule us.
Bor. Some of theſe may come to paſſe; the Duke may
And no doubt will: the Generall will find too, (do 'em,
And ſo will you, if you but ſtay with patience: I have no
Put. Nor will: come fellow Souldiers. (power.
Bor. Pray be not ſo diſtruſtfull.
Put. There are waies yet,
And honeſt waies; we are not brought up Starves.
Anc. If your Lordſhip
Have any ſilke ſtockings, that have holes i'th' heeles,
Or ever an honourable Caſlock that wants buttons,
I could have cur'd ſuch malladies: your Lordſhips cuſtome
And my good Ladies, if the bones want ſetting
In her old bodies----
Bor. This is diſobedience.
Anc. Eight pence a day, and hard Eggs.
Put. Troop off Gentlemen,
Some Coine we have, whilſt this laſts, or our credits,
Wee'll never ſell our Generalls worth for ſix-pence.
Ye are beholding to us.
Anc. Fare ye well Sir,
And buy a pipe with that: doe ye ſee this skarfe ſir?
By this hand Ile cry Brooms in't, birchen Brooms ſir,
Before I eate one bit from your benevolence.
Now to our old occupations againe.
By your leave Lord. *Exit.*
Bor. You will bite when ye are ſharper; take up the
This love I muſt remove, this fondnes to him, (money.
This tenderneſſe of heart; I have loſt my way elſe.
There is no ſending man, they will not take it,
They are yet too full of pillage,
They'll dance for't ere't be long:
Come, bring it after. *Enter Duke.*
Duke How now, refus'd their money?
Bor. Very bravely,
And ſtand upon ſuch termes 'tis terrible.
Du. Where's *Archas*?
Bor. Hee's retir'd Sir, to his houſe,
According to your pleaſure, full of dutie
To outward ſhew: but what within——
Duk. Refuſe it?
Bor. Moſt confidently: 'tis not your revenewes
Can feed them ſir, and yet they have found a Generall
That knowes no ebbe of bountie: there they eate Sir,
And loath your invitations.
Du. 'Tis not poſſible,
Hee's poor as they.
Bor. You'll find it otherwiſe.
Pray make your journey thither preſently,
And as ye goe Ile open yee a wonder.
Good ſir this morning.
Duke. Follow me, Ile doe it.
Exeunt.

Scæn. 2. *Enter Olimpia, Alinda, Burris, and Gentlewomen.*

Olim. But doe you thinke my brother loves her.
Bur. Certaine Madam,
He ſpeaks much of her, and ſometimes with wonder,
Oft wiſhes ſhe were nobler borne.
Olim. Doe you thinke him honeſt?
Bur. Your Grace is nearer to his heart, then I am,
Upon my life I hold him ſo.
Olim. 'Tis a poore wench,
I would not have her wrong'd: methinks my Brother---
But I muſt not give rules to his affections;
Yet if he weigh her worth———
Bur. You need not feare Madam.
Olim. I hope I ſhall not: Lord *Burris*
I love her well; I know not, there is ſomething
Makes me beſtow more then a care upon her:
I doe not like that ring, from him to her;
I meane to women of her way, ſuch tokens
Rather appeare as baits, then royall bounties:
I would not have it ſo.
Bur. You will not find it,
Upon my troth I thinke his moſt ambition
Is but to let the world know 'has a hanſome Miſtris:
Will your Grace command me any ſervice to him?
Olim. Remember all my duty.
Bur. Bleſſings crowne ye:
What's your will Lady?
Al. Any thing that's honeſt;
And if you thinke it fits ſo poore a ſervice,
Clad in a ragged vertue, may reach him,
I doe beſeech your Lordſhip ſpeake it humbly.
Bur. Faire one I will: in the beſt phraſe I have too,
And ſo I kiſſe your hand *Exit.*
Al. Your Lordſhips ſervant.
Olim. Come hither wench, what art thou doing with
Al. I am looking on the poſie, Madam. (that Ring.
Olim. What is't?
Al. The Jewels ſet within.
Olim. But where the joy wench,
When that inviſible Jewel's loſt? why doſt thou ſmile ſo?
What unhappy meaning haſt thou?
Al. Nothing Madam,
But only thinking what ſtrange ſpels theſe Rings have,
And how they worke with ſome.
Pet. I feare with you too.
Al. This could not coſt above a Crowne.
Pet. 'Twill coſt you
The ſhaving of your crowne, if not the waſhing.
Olim. But he that ſent it, makes the vertue greater.
Al. I and the vice too Madam: goodnes bleſſe me:
How fit 'tis for my finger.
2 W. No doubt you'l find too
A finger fit for you.
Al. Sirrah, *Peteſca*,
What wilt thou give me for the good that followes this?
But thou haſt Rings enough, thou art provided:
Heigh ho, what muſt I doe now?
Pet. You'l be taught that,
The eaſieſt part that e're you learn't, I warrant you.
Al. Ay me, ay me.
Pet. You will divide too, ſhortly,
Your voice comes finely forward.
Olim. Come hither wanton,
Thou art not ſurely as thou ſaiſt.
Al. I would not:
But ſure there is a witchcraft in this Ring, Lady,
Lord how my heart leaps.
Pet. 'Twill goe pit a pat ſhortly.
Al. And now methinks a thouſand of the Dukes ſhape
2 W. Will no leſſe ſerve ye?
Al. In ten thouſand ſmiles.
Olim. Heaven bleſſe the wench.
Al. With eyes that will not be denide to enter;
And ſuch ſoft ſweet embraces; take it from me,
I am undone elſe Madam: I 'm loſt elſe.
Olim. What ailes the girle?
Al. How ſnddenly I 'm alter'd?
And growne my ſelfe againe? doe not you feele it?
Olim. Weare that, and I'le weare this:
I'le try the ſtrength on't.
Al. How cold my bloud growes now?
Here's ſacred vertue:
When I leave to honour this,
Every houre to pay a kiſſe,
When each morning I ariſe,
Or I forget a ſacrifice:
When this figure in my faith,
And the purenes that it hath,
I purſue not with my will,
Nearer to arrive at ſtill:
When I loſe, or change this Jewell,
Flie me faith, and heaven be cruell.
Olim. You have halfe confirm'd me,
Keep but that way ſure,
And what this charme can doe, let me endure. *Exeu*

Scæne 3. *Enter Archas, Theodore, 2' Doughters. Honora and Viola.*

Ar. Carry your ſelfe diſcreetly, it concernes me,
The Duke's come in, none of your froward paſſions,
Nor no diſtaſtes to any: Prethee *Theodor*,
By my life, boy, 'twill ruine me.
The, I have done Sir,
So there be no foule play he brings along with him.
Ar. What's that to you?
Let him bring what pleaſe him,
And whom, and how.
The. So they meane well———
Ar. Is't fit you be a Judge ſirrah,
The. 'Tis fit I feele Sir.
Ar. Get a banquet ready,
And trim your ſelves up hanſomly.
The. To what end?
Doe you meane to make 'em whores?
Hang up a ſigne then,
And ſet 'em out to Livery.
Ar. Whoſe ſonne art thou?
The. Yours Sir, I hope: but not of your diſgraces.
Ar. Full twenty thouſand men I have commanded,
And all their minds with this, calm'd all their angers;
And ſhall a boy of mine owne breed too, cf mine ow
One crooked ſtick——— (blo
The. Pray take your way, and thrive in't,
I'le quit your houſe; if taint or black diſhonour
Light on ye, 'tis your owne, I have no ſhare in't.
Yet if it doe fall out ſo, as I feare it,
And partly find it too———
Ar. Haſt thou no reverence?

N

No dutie in thee ?
The. This ſhall ſhew I obey ye :
I dare not ſtay : I would have ſhew'd my love too,
And that you aske as duty, with my life ſir,
Had you but thought me worthy of your hazzards,
Which heaven preſerve ye from, and keep the Duke too:
And there's an end of my wiſhes, God be with ye. *Exit.*
Ar. Stubborne, yet full of that we all love, honeſty,
Lord *Burris*, where's the Duke ? *Enter Burris.*
Bur. In the great chamber Sir,
And there ſtayes till he ſee you, ye 'have a fine houſe here.
Ar. A poore contented lodge, unfit for his preſence,
Yet all the joy it hath.
Bur. I hope a great one, and for your good, brave Sir.
Ar. I thanke ye Lord :
And now my ſervice to the Duke.
Bur. I'le wait on ye. *Exeunt.*
Enter Duke, Boroskey, Gent. and Attendants.
Du. May this be credited ?
Bor. Diſgrace me elſe,
And never more with favour looke upon me.
Du. It ſeemes impoſſible.
Bor. It cannot chuſe Sir,
Till your owne eies behold it ; but that it is ſo,
And that by this meanes the too haughtie ſouldier
Has been ſo cramm'd and fed, he cares not for ye ;
Beleeve, or let me periſh : Let your eyes
As you obſerve the houſe, but where I point it,
Make ſtay, and take a view, and then you have found it.
Enter Archas. Burris, 2 Daughters and Servant.
Du. I'le follow your direction : welcome *Archas*,
You are welcome home brave Lord, we are come to viſit ye,
And thanke ye for your ſervice.
Ar. 'Twas ſo poore Sir,
In true reſpect of what I owe your Highneſſe,
It merits nothing.
Du. Are theſe faire ones yours Lord ?
Ar. Their Mother made me thinke ſo Sir.
Du. Stand up Ladies :
Beſhrew my heart they are faire ones ; methinks fitter
The luſtre of the Court, then thus live darken'd :
I would ſee your houſe Lord *Archas*, it appeares to me,
A handſome pile.
Ar. 'Tis neate, but no great ſtructure ;
I'le be your Graces guide, give me the keyes there.
Du. Lead on, wee'l follow ye : begin with the Gallery,
I think that's one.
Ar. 'Tis ſo, and't pleaſe ye Sir,
The reſt above are lodgings all.
Du. Goe on Sir. *Exeunt.*

Scæne 4. *Enter Theodore, Putskey, and Ancient.*

Put. The Duke gone thither, doe you ſay ?
The. Yes marry doe I,
And all the ducklings too : but what they'l doe there.——
Put. I hope they'l crowne his ſervice.
The. With a Cuſtard ;
This is no weather for rewards ; they crowne his ſervice?
Rather, they goe to ſhave his crowne : I was rated,
As if I had been a dog had worried ſheep, out of doores,
For making but a doubt.
Put. They muſt now grace him.
The. Marke but the end.
Anc. I am ſure they ſhould reward him, they cannot want him.
The. They that want honeſty, want any thing.
Put. The Duke is ſo noble in his owne thoughts.
The. That I grant ye,
If thoſe might only ſway him : but 'tis moſt certaine,
So many new borne flyes, his light gave life too,
Buzze in his beames, fleſh flies, and Butterflies,
Hornets, and humming Scarrabs, that not one honey Bee
That's loden with true labour, and brings home
Encreaſe, and credit, can ſcape rifling,
And what ſhe ſucks for ſweet, they turne to bitterneſſe.
An. Shall we go ſee what they do, & talke our minds to 'em?
P. That we have done too much, & to no purpoſe.
Anc. Shall we be hang'd for him ?
I have a great mind to be hangd now
For doing ſome brave thing for him ; a worſe end will take me
And for an action of no worth, not honour him?
Upon my conſcience even the devill, the very devill
(Not to belye him) thinkes him an honeſt man,
I am ſure he has ſent him ſoules any times theſe twenty yeares,
Able to furniſh all his fiſhmarket.
The. Leave thy talking
And come, let's go to dinner and drinke to him,
We ſhall heare more ere ſupper time : if he be honour'd,
He has deſerv'd it well, and we ſhall fight for't :
If he be ruin'd ſo, we know the worſt then,
And for my ſelfe I'le meet it.
Put. I ne're feare it. *Exeunt.*

Scæne 5. *Enter Duke, Archas, Borosky, Burris, Gentlemen, and Attendants.*

Du. They are handſome roomes all, well contriv'd and fitted,
Full of covenience, the proſpects excellent.
Ar. Now will your Grace paſſe downe, and do me but the honour
To taſte a Country banket ?
Du. What roome's that ?
I would ſee all now ; what conveyance has it ?
I ſee you have kept the beſt part yet ; pray open it.
Ar. Ha ? I miſdoubted this : 'tis of no receipte ſir,
For your eyes moſt unfit——
Du. I long to ſee it,
Becauſe I would judge of the whole peece : ſome excellent paintings,
Or ſome rare ſpoiles you would keep to entertaine me
An other time, I know.
Ar. In troth there is not,
Nor any thing worth your ſight : below I have
Some fountaines, and ſome ponds.
Du. I would ſee this now.
Ar. *Borosky*, thou art a knave ; It containes nothing
But rubbiſh from the other roomes and unneceſſaries :
Wil't pleaſe you ſee a ſtrange Clocke ?
Du. This, or nothing : *Little Trunke ready.*
Why ſhould you barre it up thus with defences
Above the reſt, unleſſe it contain'd ſomething
More excellent, and curious of keeping :
Open't, for I will ſee't.
Ar. The keyes are loſt ſir ;
Do's your grace thinke if it were fit for you,
I could be ſo unmannerly ?
Du. I will ſee it, and either ſhew it——
Ar. Good ſir——
Du. Thanke ye *Archas*,
You ſhew your love abundantly,
Do I uſe to entreat thus ? force it open,
Bur. That were inhoſpitable : you are his gueſt ſir,
And with his greateſt joy, to entertaine ye.
Du. Hold thy peace foole ; will ye open it ?
Ar. Sir, I cannot.

I muſt not if I could.
Duk. Goe breake it open.
Ar. I muſt withſtand that force: Be not too raſh Gentlemen.
Du. Unarme him firſt, then if he be not obſtinate,
Preſerve his life.
Ar. I thanke your grace, I take it:
And now take you the keyes, goe in and ſee Sir;
There feed your eyes with wonder, and thanke that traytor,
That thing that ſels his faith for favor. *Exit Duke.*
Bur. Sir, what moves ye?
Ar. I have kept mine pure: Lord *Burris* there's a *Judas,*
That for a ſmile will ſell ye all: a Gentleman?
The Devill 'has more truth, and has maintain'd it;
A whores heart more beliefe in't. *Enter Duke.*
Du. What's all this *Archas?*
I cannot blame ye to conceale it ſo,
This moſt ineſtimable treaſure.
Ar. Yours Sir.
Du. Nor doe I wonder now the ſouldier ſleights me.
Ar. Be not deceiv'd; he has had no favor here Sir,
Nor had you knowne this now, but for that pickthank,
That loſt man in his faith, he has reveal'd it,
To ſuck a little honey from ye has betray'd it.
I ſweare he ſmiles upon me, and forſworne too,
Thou crackt, uncurrant Lord: I'le tell ye all Sir:
Your Sire, before his death, knowing your temper,
To be as bounteous as the aire, and open,
As flowing as the Sea to all that follow'd ye,
Your great mind fit for war and glory, thriftily
Like a great husband, to preſerve your actions,
Collected all this treaſure: to our truſts,
To mine I meane, and to that long-tongu'd Lords there,
He gave the knowledge, and the charge of all this,
Upon his death-bed too: And on the Sacrament
He ſwore us thus, never to let this treaſure
Part from our ſecret keepings, till no hope
Of ſubject could relieve ye, all your owne waſted,
No help of thoſe that lov'd ye could ſupply ye,
And then ſome great exploit afoot; my honeſtie
I would have kept till I had made this uſefull;
I ſhew'd it, and I ſtood it to the tempeſt,
And uſefull to the end 'twas left: I am cozen'd,
And ſo are you too, if you ſpend this vainly;
This worme that crept into ye has abus'd ye,
Abus'd your fathers care, abus'd his faith too:
Nor can this maſſe of money make him man more,
A flea'd dog has more ſoule, an Ape more honeſtie:
All mine ye have amongſt it, farwell that,
I cannot part with't nobler; my hearts cleare,
My conſcience ſmooth as that, no rub upon't,
But O thy hell.
Bor. I ſeeke no heaven from you Sir.
Ar. Thy gnawing hell *Boroskey,* it will find thee:
Would ye heape coles upon his head has wrong'd ye,
'Has ruin'd your eſtate? give him this money,
Melt it into his mouth.
Du. What little Trunck's that,
That there o'th' top, that's lockt?
Bor. You'l find it rich Sir,
Richer I think then all.
Ar. You were not covetous,
Nor wont to weave your thoughts with ſuch a courſenes;
Pray racke not honeſtie.
Bor. Be ſure ye ſee it.
Du. Bring out the Trunck. *Ent. with the Trunck.*
Ar. You'l find that treaſure too,
All I have left me now.
Du. What's this a poore gowne?
And this a peece of *Seneca?*
Ar. Yes ſure Sir,
More worth then all your gold, yet ye have enough on't,
And of a Mine far purer, and more precious:
This ſels no friends, nor ſearches into counſels,
And yet all counſell and all friends live here Sir,
Betrayes no faith, yet handles all that's truſty;
Wilt pleaſe ye leave me this.
Du. With all my heart Sir.
Ar. What ſayes your Lordſhip to't?
Bor. I dare not rob ye.
Ar. Poore miſerable men, you have rob'd your ſelves both:
This gown, and this unvalu'd treaſure, your brave Father,
Found me a childe at ſchoole with, in his progreſſe,
Where ſuch a love he tooke to ſome few anſwers,
Unhappie boyiſh toyes hit in my head then,
That ſuddenly I made him thus as I was;
For here was all the wealth I brought his Highnes:
He carried me to Court, there bred me up,
Beſtow'd his favours on me, taught me Armes firſt,
With thoſe an honeſt mind; I ſerv'd him truly,
And where he gave me truſt, I thinke I fail'd not;
Let the world ſpeake: I humbly thanke your Highnes,
You have done more, and nobler, eas'd mine age Sir;
And to this care, a faire *quietus* given:
Now to my Booke againe.
Du. You have your wiſh Sir,
Let ſome bring off the treaſure.
Bor. Some is his ſir.
Ar. None, none my Lord: a poore unworthy reaper,
The harveſt is his graces.
Du. Thanke ye *Archas.*
Ar. But will not you repent Lord? when this is gone
Where will your Lordſhip?----
Bor. Pray take you no care ſir.
Ar. Do's your Grace like my houſe?
Du. Wondrous well *Archas,*
You have made me richly welcome.
Ar. I did my beſt ſir,
Is there any thing elſe may pleaſe your Grace?
Du. Your daughters
I had forgot, ſend them to Court.
Ar. How's that Sir?
Du. I ſaid your daughters; ſee it done: I'le have'em
Attend my ſiſter, *Archas.*
Ar. Thanke your Highnes.
Du. And ſuddenly. *Exit.*
Ar. Through all the waies I dare,
I'le ſerve your temper, though you try me too far. *Ex*

Actus Tertius. Scæna prima.

Enter Theodor, Putskey, Ancient, and Servant.

The. I wonder we heare no newes.
Put. Heere's your fathers ſervant,
He comes in haſte too, now we ſhall know all ſir.
The. How now?
Ser. I am glad I have met you ſir; your father
Intreats ye preſently make haſte unto him.
The. What newes?

Ser. None of the beſt Sir, I am aſham'd to tell it,
Pray aske no more.
The. Did not I tell ye Gentlemen?
Did not I propheſie? he is undone then.
Ser. Not ſo Sir, but as neare it ——
Put. There's no help now;
The Armye's ſcatter'd all, though diſcontent,
Not to be rallied up in haſte to help this.
Anc. Plague of the devill; have ye watch'd your ſeaſons?
We ſhall watch you ere long.
The. Farewell, there's no cure,
We muſt endure all now: I know what I'le doe. *Ex. The.* (*& Ser.*
Put. Nay there's no ſtriving, they have a hand upon us,
A heavy, and a hard one.
Anc. Now I have it,
We have yet ſome Gentlemen, ſome boyes of mettle,
(What, are we bob'd thus ſtill, colted, and carted?)
And one mad trick wee'l have to ſhame theſe vipers;
Shall I bleſſe 'em?
Put. Farwell: I have thought my way too. *Exit.*
Anc. Were never ſuch rare cryes in Chriſtendome,
As *Moſco* ſhall affoord: wee'l live by fooling,
Now fightings gone, and they ſhall find & feele it. *Exit.*

Scæne 2. *Enter Archas, Honora, and Viola.*

Ar. No more: it muſt be ſo; do you think I would ſend ye
Your father, and your friend ——
Viol. Pray Sir be good to us,
Alas, we know no Court, nor ſeeke that knowledge;
We are content like harmles things at home,
Children of your content, bred up in quiet,
Only to know our ſelves, to ſeeke a wiſedome
From that we underſtand, eaſie, and honeſt;
To make our actions worthy of your honour,
Their ends as innocent as we begot 'em:
What ſhall we looke for Sir, what ſhall we learne there,
That this more private ſweetneſſe cannot teach us?
Vertue was never built upon ambition,
Nor the ſoules beauties bred out of braverie:
What a terrible Father would you ſeeme to us,
Now you have moulded us, and wrought our tempers
To eaſie and obedient waies, uncrooked,
Where the faire minde can never loſe, nor loiter,
Now to divert our Natures, now to ſtem us
Roughly againſt the tide of all this treaſure?
Would ye have us proud? 'tis ſooner bred, then buried;
Wickedly proud? for ſuch things dwell at Court Sir.
Ho. Would you have your children learn to forget their (father,
And when he dies dance on his Monument?
Shall we ſeeke vertue in a Sattin gowne,
Imbroider'd vertue? faith in a well-curl'd feather?
And ſet our credits to the tune of green ſleeves?
This may be done; and if you like, it ſhall be.
You ſhould have ſent us thither, when we were younger,
Our Maiden-heads at a higher rate, our Innocence
Able to make a Mart indeed: we are now too old Sir,
Perhaps they'l think too cunning too, and ſlight us,
Beſides we are altogether unprovided,
Unfurniſh'd utterly of the rules ſhould guide us:
This Lord comes licks his hand; and proteſts to me:
Compares my beauty to a thouſand fine things;
Mountaines, and fountaines, trees, and ſtars, and goblins;
Now have not I the faſhion to beleeve him;
He offers me the honourable curteſie,
To lye with me all night, what a miſerie is this?
I am bred up ſo fooliſhly alas I dare not,
And how madly theſe things will ſhew there.
Ar. I ſend ye not,
Like parts infected, to draw more corruption;
Like Spiders to grow great, with growing evill:
With your owne vertues ſeaſon'd, and my prayers,
The card of goodnes in your minds, that ſhowes ye
When ye ſaile falſe; the needle touch'd with honour,
That through the blackeſt ſtormes, ſtill points at happines:
Your bodies the tall barks, rib'd round with goodnes;
Your heavenly ſoules the Pilots, thus I ſend you;
Thus I prepare your voyage, ſound before ye,
And ever as you ſaile through this worlds vanitie,
Diſcover ſholes, rocks, quickſands, cry out to ye,
Like a good Maſter tack about for honour:
The Court is vertue's ſchoole; at leaſt it ſhould be;
Nearer the Sun the Mine lies, the mettels purer:
Be it granted, if the Spring be once infected,
Thoſe branches that flow from him muſt run muddy;
Say you find ſome ſins there, and thoſe no ſmall ones,
And they like lazie fits begin to ſhake ye:
Say they affect your ſtrengths, my happy children,
Great things through greateſt hazards are atchiev'd ſtill,
And then they ſhine, then goodnes has his glory,
His Crowne faſt rivited, then time moves under,
Where, through the miſt of errors, like the Sun,
Through thicke and pitchie clouds, he breaks out nobly.
Hon. I thanke you Sir, you have made me half a ſouldier,
I will to court moſt willingly, moſt fondly.
And if there be ſuch ſtirring things amongſt 'em,
Such travellers into Virginia,
As fame reports, if they can win me, take me:
I thinke I have a cloſe ward, and a ſure one;
A honeſt mind I hope, 'tis petticote-proofe,
Chaine-proofe, and jewell-proof: I know 'tis gold proof,
A Coach and foure horſes cannot draw me from it:
As for your hanſome faces, and filed tongues,
Curl'd Millers heads; I have another word for them,
And yet I'le flatter too, as faſt as they doe,
And lye, but not as lewdly: Come, be valiant ſiſter,
She that dares not ſtand the puſh o'th' Court, dares nothing,
And yet come off ungraſed: Sir, like you,
We both affect great dangers now; & the world ſhall ſee
All glory lies not in mans victorie.
Ar. Mine owne *Honora.*
Viol. I am very fearfull,
Would I were ſtronger built? you would have me honeſt?
Ar. Or not at all my *Viola.*
Viol. I'le thinke on't,
For 'tis no eaſie promiſe, and live there;
Doe you thinke we ſhall doe well?
Hon. Why what ſhould aile us?
Viol. Certaine they'l tempt us ſtrongly: beſide the glory
Which women may affect: they are hanſome gentlemen,
Every part ſpeaks: nor is it one deniall,
Nor two, nor ten: from every looke we give 'em,
They'le frame a hope: even from our prayers, promiſes.
Ho. Let 'em feed ſo, & be fat: there is no feare wench,
If thou bee'ſt faſt to thy ſelf.
Viol. I hope I ſhall be:
And your example will work more. *Enter Theod.*
Hon. Thou ſhalt not want it.
The. How doe you Sir, can you lend a man an Angell?
I heare you let out money.
Ar. Very well Sir,
You are pleaſantly diſpos'd: I am glad to ſee it,

Can you lend me your patience, and be rul'd by me?
Theod. Is't come to Patience now?
Arch. Is't not a vertue?
Theod. I know not. I ne're found it ſo.
Ar. That's becauſe
Thy anger ever knowes, and not thy judgement.
Theod. I know you have been rifl'd.
Ar. Nothing leſſe boy:
Lord what opinions theſe vaine people publiſh?
Rifl'd of what?
The. Study your vertue patience,
It may get Muſtard to your meat. Why in ſuch haſte ſir,
Sent ye for me?
Ar. For this end onely, *Theodore*,
To wait upon your ſiſters to the Court;
I am commanded they live there.
The. Toth' Court ſir?
Ar. Toth' Court I ſay.
The. And muſt I wait upon 'em?
Ar. Yes, 'tis moſt fit yee ſhould, ye are their brother.
The. Is this the buſineſſe? I had thought your mind ſir
Had been ſet forward on ſome noble action,
Something had truely ſtirr'd ye. Toth' Court with theſe?
Why they are your daughters ſir.
Ar. All this I know ſir.
The. The good old woman on a bed he threw.
Toth' Court?
Ar. Thou art not mad.
The. Nor drunke as you are:
Drunke with your duty ſir: doe you call it duty?
A pox o' duty, what can theſe doe there?
What ſhould they doe? Can ye look Babies ſiſters
In the young Gallants eyes, & twirle their Band-ſtrings?
Can ye ride out to ayre your ſelves? pray ſir,
Be ſerious with me: doe you ſpeake this truely?
Ar. Why didſt thou never heare of women
Yet at Court boy?
The. Yes, and good women too, very good women,
Excellent honeſt women: but are you ſure ſir,
That theſe will prove ſo?
Hon. There's the danger brother.
The. God a mercy wench, thou haſt a grudging of it.
Ar. Now be you ſerious ſir, and obſerve what I ſay,
Doe it, and doe it handſomely: goe with 'em.
The. With all my heart ſir; I am in no fault now;
If they be thought whores for being in my company;
Pray write upon their backs, they are my ſiſters,
And where I ſhall deliver 'em.
Ar. Ye are wondrous jocund,
But prethee tell me, art thou ſo lewd a fellow,
I never knew thee faile a truth.
The. I am a ſouldier,
And ſpell you what that meanes.
Ar. A Souldier?
What doſt thou make of me?
The. Your Pallat's downe ſir.
Ar. I thanke yee ſir.
The. Come, ſhall we to this matter?
You will to Court?
Hon. If you will pleaſe to honour us.
The. Ile honour yee, I warrant: Ile ſet yee off
With ſuch a luſtre wenches: Alas poore *Viola*,
Thou art a foole, thou crieſt for eating white-bread:
Be a good huſwife of thy teares, and ſave 'em,
Thou wilt have time enough to ſhed 'em ſiſter.
Doe you weep too? nay then Ile foole no more.
Come worthy ſiſters, ſince it muſt be ſo,
And ſince he thinks it fit to trie your vertues,
Be you as ſtrong to truth, as I to guard yee,
And this old gentleman ſhall have joy of ye. *Exeunt.*

Scæne 3. *Enter Duke and Burris.*

Duke *Burris* take you ten thouſand of thoſe Crowns,
And thoſe two chaines of Pearle they hold the richeſt,
I give 'em yee.
Bur. I humbly thanke your grace;
And may your great example worke in me
That noble charity to men more worthy,
And of more wants.
Duke You beare a good minde *Burris*;
Take twenty thouſand now: Be not ſo modeſt,
It ſhall be ſo, I give 'em: goe, there's my ring for't.
Bur. Heaven bleſſe your Highneſſe ever. *Exit.*
Duke You are honeſt.
Enter Alinda, and Putskie at doore.
Putſ. They're comming now to Court, as faire as vertue:
Two brighter ſtarres ne're roſe here.
Al. Peace, I have it,
And what my Art can doe; the Duke——
Put. I am gone,
Remember. *Exit.*
Al. I am counſell'd to the full ſir.
Duke My prettie Miſtris whither lyes your buſineſſe?
How kindly I ſhould take this, were it to me now?
Al. I muſt confeſſe immediately to your grace,
At this time.
Du. You have no addreſſe, I doe believe ye,
I would yee had.
Al 'Twere too much boldneſſe Sir,
Upon ſo little knowledge, leſſe deſerving.
Du. You'll make a perfect Courtier.
Al. A very poore one.
Du. A very faire one ſweet: come hither to me.
What killing eyes this wench has? in his glorie
Not the bright Sun, when the *Sirian* ſtarre reignes,
Shines halfe ſo fierie.
Al. Why does your grace ſo view me?
Nothing but common handſomeneſſe dwells here ſir,
Scarce that: your grace is pleas'd to mock my meanneſs.
Du. Thou ſhalt not goe: I doe not lie unto thee,
In my eye thou appear'ſt——
Al. Dim not the ſight ſir,
I am too dull an object.
Duke Canſt thou love me?
Canſt thou love him will honour thee?
Al. I can love,
And love as you doe too: but 'twill not ſhew well:
Or if it doe ſhew here where all light luſtres,
Tinſell affections, make a glorious gliſtering,
Twill halt ith' handſome way.
Du. Are yee ſo cunning?
Doſt think I love not truely?
Al. No, ye cannot,
You never travell'd that way yet: pray pardon me,
I prate ſo boldly to you.
Du. There's no harme done:
But what's your reaſon, ſweet?
Al. I would tell your grace,
But happily——
Du. It ſhall be pleaſing to me.
Al. I ſhould love you again, & then you would hate me.

With all my ſervice I ſhould follow yee,
And through all dangers.
Du This would more provoke me,
More make me ſee thy worthes,
More make me meet 'em.
Al. You ſhould doe ſo, if yee did well and truely.
But though yee be a Prince, and have power in ye,
Power of example too, ye have fail'd and falter'd.
Du. Give me example where?
Al. You had a Miſtris,
Oh heaven, ſo bright, ſo brave a dame, ſo lovely,
In all her life ſo true.
Du. A Miſtris?
Al. That ſerv'd yee with that conſtancy, that care,
That lov'd your will, and woo'd it too.
Du. What Miſtris?
Al. That nus'rd your honour up, held faſt your vertue,
And when ſhe kiſt encreas'd, not ſtole your goodneſſe.
Du. And I neglected her?
Al. Loſt her, forſook her,
Wantonly flung her off.
Du. What was her name?
Al. Her name as lovely as her ſelfe, as noble,
And in it all that's excellent.
Du. What was it?
Al. Her name was *Beau-deſert*:
Doe you know her now ſir?
Du. *Beau-deſert*? I not remember——
Al. I know you doe not:
Yet ſhe has a plainer name; Lord *Archas* ſervice;
Do you yet remember her? there was a Miſtris
Fairer then women, far fonder to you ſir,
Then Mothers to their firſt-borne joyes: Can you love?
Dare you profeſſe that truth to me a ſtranger,
A thing of no regard, no name, no luſtre,
When your moſt noble love you have neglected,
A beautie all the world would wooe and honour?
Would you have me credit this? thinke ye can love me,
And hold ye conſtant, when I have read this ſtorie?
Is't poſſible you ſhould ever favour me,
To a ſlight pleaſure prove a friend, and faſt too,
When, where you were moſt ty'd, moſt bound to benefit,
Bound by the chaines of honeſty and honour,
You have broke and boldly too? I am a weak one,
Arm'd onely with my feares: I beſeech your Grace
Tempt me no further.
Du. Who taught you this Leſſon?
Al. Woefull experience Sir: if you ſeek a faire one,
Worthy your love, if yet you have that perfect,
Two daughters of his ruin'd vertue now
Arive at Court, excellent faire indeed ſir,
But this will be the plague on't, they'r excellent honeſt.
Enter Olimpia and Peteſca privately.
Duk. I love thy face.
Al. Upon my life yee cannot.
I doe not love it my ſelfe Sir, 'tis a lewd one,
So truely ill Art cannot mend it; 'tod if 'twere handſome,
At leaſt if I thought ſo, you ſhould heare me talke ſir
In a new ſtraine; and though ye are a Prince,
Make ye Petition to me too, and wait my anſwers;
Yet o'my conſcience I ſhould pitty yee,
After ſome ten yeares ſiege.
Du. Prethee doe now.
Al. What would ye doe?
Du. Why I would lye with yee.
Al. I doe not think yee would.
Du. Introth I would wench.
Here, take this Jewell.
Al. Out upon't that's ſcurvee.
Nay, if we doe, ſure wee'll doe for good fellowſhip,
For pure love, or nothing: thus you ſhall be ſure ſir
You ſhall not pay too deare for't.
Duke Sure I cannot.
Alin. By'r Lady but yee may: when ye have found me
To doe your work well, ye may pay my wages. (able,
Pet. Why does your Grace ſtart back?
Olim. I ha' ſeen that ſhakes me:
Chills all my bloud: O where is faith or goodneſſe?
Alinda thou art falſe, falſe, falſe thou faire one,
Wickedly falſe; and (woe is me) I ſee it.
For ever falſe.
Pet. I am glad 't has taken this right. *Exit.*
Alin. Ile goe aske my Lady, ſir.
Du. What? (willing---r
Al. Whether I ſhall lye with ye, or no: If I find he-
For look ye ſir, I have ſworn, while I am in her ſervice--
('Twas a raſh oath I muſt confeſſe.)
Duke Thou mockſt me.
Al. Why, would yee lye with me, if I were willing?
Would you abuſe my weakneſſe?
Du. I would peece it,
And make it ſtronger.
Al. I humbly thank your highneſſe,
When you piece me, you muſt piece me to my Coffin:
When you have got my Maiden-head, I take it,
'Tis not an inch of an Apes taile will reſtore it;
I love ye, and I honour yee, but this way
Ile neither love nor ſerve yee:
Heaven change your minde ſir. *Exit.*
Duke And thine too:
For it muſt be chang'd, it ſhall be. *Exit.*

Scæne 4. *Enter Boroſkie, Burris, Theodore,*
Viola, and Honora.

Bor. They are goodly gentlewomen.
Bur. They are,
Wondrous ſweet women both.
The. Does your Lordſhid like 'em?
They are my ſiſters ſir; good luſty Laſſes,
They'll doe their labour well, I warrant yee
You'll finde no bed-ſtraw here ſir.
Hon. Thanke yee brother.
The. This is not ſo ſtrongly built: but ſhe is good mettle,
Of a good ſtirring ſtraine too: ſhe goes tith ſir. } *Enter 2.*
Here they be gentlemen muſt make ye merry, } *Gent.*
The toyes you wot of: doe you like their complexions?
They be no Moors: what think ye of this hand gentlemen?
Here's a white Altar for your ſacrifice:
A thouſand kiſſes here. Nay, keep off yet gentlemen,
Let's ſtart firſt, & have fair play: what would ye give now
To turne the globe up, and finde the rich *Moluccas*?
To paſſe the ſtraights? here (doe ye itch) by St. *Nicolas*,
Here's that will make ye ſcratch and claw,
Claw my fine Gentlemen, move ye in divers ſorts:
Pray ye let me requeſt yee, to forget
To ſay your prayers, whilſt theſe are Courtiers;
Or if yee needs will thinke of heaven, let it be no higher
Then their eyes?
Bor. How will ye have 'em beſtow'd ſir?
Theo. Even how your Lordſhip pleaſe,
So you doe not bake 'em.

Bor. Bake 'em.
Th. They are too high a meat that way, they run to gelly.
But if you'l have 'em for your own dyet, take my counſel,
Stew 'em between two feather-beds.
Bur. Pleaſe you Colonell
To let 'em wait upon the Princeſſe?
Theo. Yes ſir,
And thanke your honour too: but then happily,
Theſe noble Gentlemen ſhall have no acceſſe to 'em,
And to have 'em buy new cloathes, ſtuddy new faces,
And keep a ſtinking ſtirre with themſelves for nothing,
'Twill not be well y'faith: they have kept their bodies,
And bin at charge for Bathes: do you ſee that ſhirt there?
Way but the morall meaning, 'twill be grievous:
Alas, I brought 'em to delight theſe gentlemen,
I weigh their wants by mine: I brought 'em wholſome,
Wholſome, and young my Lord, and two ſuch bleſſings
They will not light upon againe in ten yeare.
Bor. 'Tis fit they wait upon her.
The. They are fit for any thing.
They'll wait upon a man, they are not baſhfull,
Carrie his cloak, or untie his points, or any thing,
Drink drunk, and take Tobacco; the familiarſt fooles---
This wench will leap over ſtools too, & ſound a Trumpet,
Wraſtle, and pitch the Bar; they are finely brought up,
Bor. Ladies, ye are bound to your brother,
And have much cauſe to thank him:
Ile eaſe ye of this charge, and to the Princeſſe,
So pleaſe you, Ile attend 'em.
The. Thank your Lordſhip:
If there be e're a private corner as yee goe Sir,
A fooliſh lobbie out oth' way, make danger,
Trie what they are, trie.
Bor. Ye are a merrie gentleman.
The. I would faine be your honours kinſeman.
Bor. Ye are to curſt ſir. (elſe.
Th. Farewel wenches, keep cloſe your ports, y'are waſht
Ho. Brother beſtow your fears where they are needfull.
Exit Boroſ. Honor. Viol.
The. Honor thy name is, and I hope thy nature.
Goe after, Gentlemen, goe, get a ſnatch if you can,
Yond'old *Erra Pater* will never pleaſe 'em.
Alas I brought 'em for you, but ſee the luck on't,
I ſweare I meant as honeſtlie toward ye---
Nay doe not crie good gentlemen: a little counſell
Will doe no harme: they'll walke abroad ith' evenings,
Ye may ſurprize 'em eaſily, they weare no Piſtols.
Set downe your mindes in Metre, flowing Metre,
And get ſome good old linnen woman to deliver it,
That has the trick on't: you cannot faile:
Farewell gentlemen. *Exit.*
Bur. You have frighted off theſe fleſh-flies.
The. Fleſh-flies indeed my Lord. *Enter a Serv.*
And it muſt be verie ſtinking fleſh they will not ſeize on.
Serv. Your Lordſhip bid me bring this Casket.
Bur. Yes. Good Colonell --
Commend me to your worthy father, and as a pledge
He ever holds my love, and ſervice to him,
Deliver him this poore, but hearty token,
And where I may be his______
The. Ye are too noble;
A wonder here my Lord, that dare be honeſt,
When all men hold it vitious: I ſhall deliver it,
And with it your moſt noble love. Your ſervant. *Ex. Bur.*
Were there but two more ſuch at Court, 'twere Sainted,
This wil buy brawn this Chriſtmas yet, & Muſcadine. *Ex.*

Scæne 5. *Enter Ancient, crying Broomes, and after* [illegible]
ſeverally, foure Souldiers, crying other things. Borosk
and Gent. over the Stage obſerving them.

1. Song.

Anc. *Broom, Broom, the bonnie Broom,*
Come buy my Birchen Broom,
Ith' warres we have no more room,
Buy all my bonnie Broom.
For a kiſſe take two;
If thoſe will not doe,
For a little, little pleaſure,
Take all my whole treaſure:
If all theſe will not do't,
Take the Broom-man to boot.
Broom, Broom, the bonnie Broome.

2. Song.

1 Sol. *The wars are done and gone,*
And Souldiers now neglected, Pedlers are,
Come maidens, come alone,
For I can ſhew you handſome, handſome ware,
Powders for, for the head,
And drinks for your bed;
To make yee blith and bonney.
As well in the night we ſouldiers can fight,
And pleaſe a young wench as any.

2 Sol. *I have fine Potato's,*
Ripe Potato's.

3. Song.

3 Sol. *Will ye buy any Honeſty, come away,*
I ſell it openly by day,
I bring no forced light, nor no Candle
To cozen yee; come buy and handle:
This will ſhew the great man good,
The Trades-man where he ſweares and lyes,
Each Lady of a noble bloud,
The Citie dame to rule her eyes:
Ye are rich men now: come buy, and then
Ile make yee richer, honeſt-men.

4. Song.

(*mend*
4 Sol. *Have ye any crackt maiden-heads, to new leach*
Have ye any old maiden-heads to ſell or to chang
Bring 'em to me with a little pretty gin,
Ile clout 'em, Ile mend 'em, Ile knock in a pin,
Shall make 'em as good maids agen,
As ever they have bin.

Bor. What means all this, why do y' ſel Brooms *Ancie*
Is it in wantonneſſe, or want?
An. The onely reaſon is, (nonc
To ſweep your Lordſhips conſcience: here's one for th
Gape ſir, you have ſwallowed many a goodlier matter--
The onely caſting for a crazie conſcience.
3 *Sol.* Will your Lordſhip buy any honeſtie? 'twill b
Bor. How is this? (worth your mone
3 *Sol.* Honeſtie my Lord, 'tis here in a quill.
An. Take heed you open it not, for 'tis ſo ſubtle,
The leaſt puffe of wind will blow it out oth' kingdome

2 Sol. Will your Lordſhip to taſte a fine Potato?
'Twill advance your wither'd ſtate.
Anc. Fill your honour full of moſt noble itches,
And make Jack dance in your Lordſhips breeches.

1 Sol. If your daughters on their beds,
Have bow'd, or crackt their maiden-heads;
If in a Coach with two much tumbling,
They chance to crie, fie, fo, what fumbling;
If her foot ſlip, and downe fall ſhee,
And break her leg 'bove the knee,
The one and thirtieth of Februarie let this be tane,
And they ſhall be arrant maids againe.

Bor. Ye are brave ſouldiers; keep your wantonneſſe,
A winter will come on to ſhake this wilfulneſſe.
Diſport your ſelves, & when you want your money-: *Ex.*
Anc. Broom, Broom, &c. *Exit ſinging.*

Scæne 6. *Enter Alinda, Honora, Viola.*

Al. You muſt not be ſo fearefull, little one,
Nor Lady you ſo ſad, you will ne're make Courtiers
With theſe dull ſullen thoughts; this place is pleaſure,
Preſerv'd to that uſe, ſo inhabited;
And thoſe that live here, live delightfull, joyfull:
Theſe are the Gardens of *Adonis*, Ladies,
Where all ſweets to their free and noble uſes,
Grow ever young and courted.
Hon. Bleſſe me heaven,
Can things of her yeares arrive at theſe rudiments?
By your leave fair gentlewoman, how long have you bin here?
Al. Faith much about a week.
Hon. You have ſtudied hard,
And by my faith arriv'd at a great knowledge.
Viol. Were not you baſhfull at firſt?
Al. I, I, for an houre or two:
But when I ſaw people laugh'd at me for it,
And thought it a dull breeding——
Hon. You are govern'd here then
Much after the mens opinions.
Al. Ever Ladie.
Hon. And what they think is honourable.——
Al. Moſt preciſely
We follow with all faith.
Hon. A goodly Catechiſme.
Viol. But baſhfull for an houre or two?
Al. Faith to ſay true,
I do not think I was ſo long: for look yee,
'Tis to no end here, put on what ſhape ye will,
And ſoure your ſelfe with ne're ſo much auſteritie,
You ſhall be courted in the ſame, and won too,
'Tis but ſome two houres more; and ſo much time loſt,
Which we hold pretious here: In ſo much time now
As I have told you this, you may loſe a ſervant,
Your age, nor all your Art can e're recover.
Catch me occaſion as ſhe comes, hold faſt there,
Till what you doe affect is ripn'd to yee.
Has the Duke ſeen yee yet?
Ho. What if he have not?
Al. You doe your beauties too much wrong, appearing
So full of ſweetneſſe, newneſſe; ſet ſo richly,
As if a Councell beyond nature fram'd yee.
Hon. If we were thus? ſay heaven had given theſe bleſſings,
Muſt we turne theſe to ſin-oblations?
Al. How fooliſhly this Countrey way ſhewes in ye?
How full of flegme? doe you come here to pray Ladies.
You had beſt crie, ſtand away, let me alone gentlemen,
Ile tell my father elſe.
Viol. This woman's naught ſure,
A verie naughtie woman.
Hon. Come, ſay on friend,
Ile be inſtructed by ye.
Al. You'll thank me for't.
Ho. Either I or the devil ſhal: The Duke you were ſpeaking of.
Al. 'Tis well remembred: yes, let him firſt ſee you,
Appeare not openly till he has view'd yee.
Hon. Hee's a very noble Prince they ſay.
Al. O wondrous gracious;
And as you may deliver your ſelfe at the firſt viewing.
For look ye, you muſt beare your ſelfe; yet take heed
It be ſo ſeaſon'd with a ſweet humilitie,
And grac'd with ſuch a bountie in your beautie——
Hon. But I hope he will offer me no ill?
Al. No, no:
'Tis like he will kiſſe ye, and play with ye.
Hon. Plaie with me, how?
Al. Why, good Lord, that you are ſuch a foole now.
No harme aſſure your ſelfe.
Viol. Will ye play with me too?
Al. Look babies in your eyes, my prettie ſweet one:
Ther's a fine ſport: doe you know your lodgings yet?
Hon. I heare of none.
Al. I doe then, they are handſome,
Convenient for acceſſe.
Viol. Acceſſe?
Al. Yes little one,
For viſitation of thoſe friends and ſervants,
Your beauties ſhall make choice of: friends and viſits:
Doe not you know thoſe uſes? Alas poore novice;
There's a cloſe Cowch or two, handſomely placed too.
Viol. What are thoſe I pray you?
Al. Who would be troubled with ſuch raw things? they are to lie upon,
And your love by ye; and diſcourſe, and toy in.
Viol. Alas I have no love.
Al. You muſt by any meanes:
You'll have a hundred, feare not.
Viol. Honeſtie keep me:
What ſhall I doe with all thoſe?
Al. You'll finde uſes:
Ye are ignorant yet, let time work; you muſt learne too,
To lie handſomly in your bed a mornings, neatly dreſt
In a moſt curious VVaſtcoat, to ſet ye off well,
Play with your Bracelets, ſing: you muſt learn to rhime to,
And riddle neatlie; ſtudie the hardeſt language,
And 'tis no matter whether it be ſenſe, or no,
So it goe ſeemlie off. Be ſure yee profit
In kiſſing, kiſſing ſweetly: there lies a maine point,
A key that opens to all practick pleaſure;
Ile helpe yee to a friend of mine ſhal teach ye,
And ſuddenlie: your Countrey way is fulſome.
Hon. Have ye ſchooles for all theſe myſteries?
Al. O yes,
And ſeverall houres prefix'd to ſtudie in:
Ye may have Kalanders to know the good houre,
And when to take a jewell: for the ill too,
VVhen to refuſe, with obſervations on 'em;
Under what Signe 'tis beſt meeting in an Arbor,
And in what Bower, and houre it works; a thouſand,
VVhen in a Coach, when in a private lodging,
VVith all their vertues.
Hon. Have ye ſtudied theſe?

How beaſtly they become your youth? how bawdily?
A woman of your tenderneſſe, a teacher,
Teacher of theſe lewd Arts? of your full beauty?
A man made up in luſt would loath this in yee:
The rankeſt Leacher, hate ſuch impudence.
They ſay the devill can aſſume heavens brightneſſe,
And ſo appeare to tempt us: ſure thou art no woman.
Al. I joy to finde ye thus,
Hon. Thou haſt no tenderneſſe,
No reluctation in thy heart: 'tis miſchiefe.
Al. All's one for that; read theſe and then be ſatisfi'd,
A few more private rules I have gather'd for ye,
Read 'em, and well obſerve 'em: ſo I leave ye. *Exit.*
Viol. A wondrous wicked woman: ſhame go with thee.
Hon. What new *Pandoras* box is this? Ile ſee it,
Though preſently I teare it. Read Thine *Viola*,
'Tis in our owne wills to believe and follow.

Worthy Honora, *as you have begun*
In vertues, ſpotleſſe ſchoole, ſo forward run:
Purſue that nobleneſſe, and chaſte deſire
You ever had, burne in that holy fire;
And a white Martyr to faire memorie
Give up your name, unſoil'd of infamy.

How's this? Read yours out ſiſter: this amazes me.

Vio. *Feare not thou yet unblaſttd Violet,*
Nor let my wanton words a doubt beget,
Live in that peace and ſweetneſſr of thy bud,
Remember whoſe thou art, and grow ſtill good.
Remember what thou art, and ſtand a ſtorie
Fit for thy noble Sex, and thine owne glorie.

Hon. I know not what to thinke.
Viol. Sure a good woman,
An excellent woman, ſiſter.
Hon. It confounds me;
Let 'em uſe all their arts, if theſe be their ends,
The Court I ſay breeds the beſt foes and friends.
Come, let's be honeſt wench, and doe our beſt ſervice.
Vio. A moſt excellent woman, I will love her. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna prima.

Enter Olimpia with a Casket, and Alinda.

Al. MAdam, the Duke has ſent for the two Ladies.
Olim. I prethee go: I know thy thoughts are
Go, go *Alinda*, do not mock me more. (with him.
I have found thy heart wench, doe not wrong thy Miſtris,
Thy too much loving Miſtris: doe not abuſe her.
Al. By your owne faire hands I underſtand ye not.
Ol. By thy own faire eyes I underſtand thee too much,
Too farre, and built a faith there thou haſt ruine.
Goe, and enjoy thy wiſh, thy youth, thy pleaſure,
Enjoy the greatneſſe no doubt he has promiſed,
Enjoy the ſervice of all eyes that ſee thee,
The glory thou haſt aim'd at, and the triumph:
Onely this laſt love I aske, forget thy Miſtris.
Al. Oh, who has wrong'd me? who has ruin'd me?
Poore wretched Girle, what poyſon is flung on thee?
Excellent vertue, from whence flowes this anger?
Ol. Go, ask my Brother, ask the faith thou gav'ſt me,
Aske all my favours to thee, aske my love,
Laſt, thy forgetfulneſſe of good: then flye me,
For we muſt part *Alinda*.
Al. You are wearie of me;
I muſt confeſſe, I was never worth your ſervice,
Your bounteous favours leſſe; but that my duty,
My ready will, and all I had to ſerve ye---
O heaven thou know'ſt my honeſtie.
Ol. No more:
Take heed, heaven has a juſtice: take this ring with yee,
This doting ſpell you gave mee: too well *Alinda*,
Thou knew'ſt the vertue in't; too well I feele it:
Nay keep that too, it may ſometimes remember ye,
When you are willing to forget who gave it,
And to what vertuous end.
Al. Muſt I goe from yee?
Of all the ſorrowes ſorrow has----muſt I part with yee?
Part with my noble Miſtris?
Ol. Or I with thee wench.
Al. And part ſtain'd with opinion? Farewell Lady,
Happy end bleſſed Lady, goodneſſe keep yee:
Thus your poore ſervant full of griefe turnes from yee,
For ever full of griefe, for ever from yee.
I have no being now, no friends, no Countrey,
I wander heaven knowes whither, heaven knows how,
No life, now you are loſt: onely mine innocence,
That little left me of my ſelfe, goes with me,
That's all my bread and comfort. I confeſſe Madam,
Truely confeſſe, the Duke has often courted me.
Ol. And powr'd his ſoule into thee, won thee.
Al. Doe you think ſo?
Well, time that told this tale, will tell my truth too,
And ſay ye had a faithfull, honeſt ſervant:
The buſineſſe of my life is now to pray for ye,
Pray for your vertuous loves; Pray for your children,
When heaven ſhall make ye happy.
Ol. How ſhe wounds me?
Either I am undone, or ſhe muſt go: take theſe with yee,
Some toyes may doe ye ſervice; and this money;
And when ye want, I love ye not ſo poorely,
Not yet *Alinda*, that I would ſee ye periſh.
Prethee be good, and let me heare: look on me,
I love thoſe eyes yet dearely; I have kiſs'd thee,
And now Ile doe't againe: farewell *Alinda*,
I am too full to ſpeak more, and too wretched. *Exit.*
Al. You have my faith,
And all the world my fortune. *Exit.*

Scene 2. *Enter Theodore.*

The. I would faine heare
What becomes of theſe two Wenches:
And if I can, I will doe 'em good. *Enter Gentlem*
Doe you heare my honeſt friend? *paſsing over th*
He knowes no ſuch name: *Stage.*
What a world of buſineſſe,
Which by interpretation are meere nothings,
Theſe things have here? 'Maſſe now I think on't better,
I wiſh he be not ſent for one of them
To ſome of theſe by-lodgings: me thought I ſaw
A kinde of reference in his face to Bawderie.
Enter Gent. with a Gentlewom. paſsing over the Stage.
He has her, but 'tis none of them: hold faſt theefe:
An excellent touzing knave. Miſtris
You are to ſuffer your penance ſome half hour hence now
And

How farre a fine Court Cuſtard with Plumbs it
Will prevaile with one of theſe waiting gentlewomen,
They are taken with theſe ſoluble things exceedingly;
This is ſome yeoman oth'bottles now that has ſent for hir,
That ſhe calls father: now woe to this Ale incence.
By your leave ſir.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Well ſir; what's your pleaſure with me?
The. You do not know the way to the maids lodgings?
Ser. Yes indeed doe I ſir.
The. But you will not tell me?
Ser. No indeed will not I, becauſe you doubt it. *Exit.*

Enter 2. Servant.

Th. Theſe are fine gim-cracks: hey, here comes another,
A Flaggon full of wine in's hand, I take it.
Well met my friend, is that wine?
2 Ser. Yes indeed is it.
The. Faith Ile drink on't then.
2 Ser. Ye may, becauſe ye have ſworne ſir.
The. 'Tis very good, Ile drinke a great deale now ſir.
2 Ser. I cannot helpe it ſir.
The. Ile drinke more yet.
2 Ser. 'Tis in your owne hands.
The. There's your pot, I thank ye.
Pray let me drinke againe.
2 Ser. Faith but ye ſhall not.
Now have I ſworn I take it. Fare ye well ſir. *Exit.*
Th. This is the fin'ſt place to live in I e're enterd. *Enter*
Here comes a gentlewoman, & alone; Ile to her. *Lady.*
Madam, My Lord my Maſter.
Lady. Who's your Lord ſir?
The. The Lord *Boroskie*, Lady.
Lady. Pray excuſe me:
Here's ſomething for your paines: within this houre ſir,
One of the choiſe young Ladies ſhall attend him:
Pray let it be in that Chamber juts out to the water;
'Tis private and convenient: doe my humble ſervice
To my honourable good Lord, I beſeech ye ſir;
If it pleaſe you to viſit a poore Lady———
You carrie the 'haviour of a noble Gentleman,
The. I ſhall be bold.
Lady 'Tis a good aptneſſe in ye.
I lye here in the Wood-yard, the blew lodgings ſir;
They call me merily the Lady of the———Sir;
A little I know what belongs to a gentleman,
And if it pleaſe you take the paines. *Exit.*
The. Deare Lady, take the paines? (now,
Why a horſe would not take the pains that thou requir'ſt
To cleave old crab-tree? one of the choiſe yong Ladies:
I would I had let this Bawd goe, ſhe has frighted me;
I am cruelly afraid of one of my Tribe now;
But if they will doe, the devill cannot ſtop 'em.
Why ſhould he have a young Lady? are women now
Oth' nature of Bottles, to be ſtopt with Corks?
O the thouſand little furies that flye here now?
How now Captaine? *Enter Putskie.*
Putſ. I come to ſeek you out ſir,
And all the Town I have travell'd.
The. What's the newes man?
Putſ. That that concernes us all, and very neerely:
The Duke this night holds a great feaſt at Court,
To which he bids for gueſts all his old Counſellors,
And all his favourites: your Father's ſent for.
The. Why he is neither in councell, nor in favour.
Pu. Thats it: have an eye now, or never, & a quick one,
An eye that muſt not wink from good intelligence.
I heard a Bird ſing, they mean him no good office.
The. Art ſure he ſups here? *Enter Ancient.*
Putſ. Sure as 'tis day.
The. 'Tis like then:
How now, where haſt thou been *Ancient?*
Anc. Meaſuring the City:
I have left my Brooms at gate here;
By this time the Porter has ſtole 'em to ſweep out raſcals.
Theod. Brooms?
An. I have been crying Brooms all the towne over,
And ſuch a Mart I have made, there's no trade neare it.
O the young handſome wenches, how they twitter'd,
When they but ſaw me ſhake my ware, and ſing too;
Come hither Maſter Broom-man I beſeech ye:
Good Maſter Broom-man hither cries another.
The. Thou art a mad fellow.
An. They are all as mad as I: they all have trades now,
And roare about the ſtreets like Bull-beggers.
The. What company of ſouldiers are they?
Anc. By this meanes I have gather'd
Above a thouſand tall and hardy ſouldiers,
If need be Colonell.
The. That need's come *Ancient*,
And 'twas diſcreetly done: goe, draw 'em preſently,
But without ſuſpition: this night we ſhall need 'em;
Let 'em be neare the Court, let *Putskie* guide 'em;
And wait me for occaſion: here Ile ſtay ſtill.
Putſ. If it fall out we are ready; if not we are ſcatter'd:
Ile wait ye at an inch.
The. Doe, farewell. *Exeunt.*

Scene 3. *Enter Duke, Boroskie.*

Duke Are the Souldiers ſtill ſo mutinous?
Bor. More then ever,
No Law nor Juſtice frights 'em: all the Towne over
They play new pranks and gambols: no mans perſon,
Of what degree ſoever, free from abuſes:
And durſt they doe this, (let your grace conſider)
Theſe monſtrous, moſt offenſive things, theſe villanies,
If not ſet on, and fed? if not by one
They honour more then you? and more aw'd by him?
Du. Happily their owne wants.
Boroſ. I offer to ſupply 'em,
And every houre make tender of their moneyes:
They ſcorne it, laugh at me that offer it:
I feare the next device will be my life ſir;
And willingly Ile give it, ſo they ſtay there.
Duke Doe you think Lord *Archas* privie?
Bor. More then thought,
I know it Sir, I know they durſt not doe
Theſe violent rude things, abuſe the State thus,
But that they have a hope by his ambitions———
Du. No more: he's ſent for?
Boroſ. Yes, and will be here ſure.
Du. Let me talke further with you anon.
Bor. Ile wait ſir.
Du. Did you ſpeak to the Ladies?
Bor. They'll attend your grace preſently.
Du. How doe you like 'em?
Bor. My eyes are too dull Judges.
They wait here ſir. *Exit.* *Enter Honora*
Du. Be you gone then: Come in Ladies. *and Viola.*
Welcom to th'court ſweet beauties; now the court ſhines,
When ſuch true beames of beauty ſtrike amongſt us:
Welcome, welcome, even as your owne joyes welcome.

How doe you like the Court? how ſeems it to you?
Is't not a place created for all ſweetneſſe?
Why were you made ſuch ſtrangers to this happineſſe?
Barr'd the delights this holds? the richeſt jewels
Set ne're ſo well, if then not worne to wonder,
By judging eyes not ſet off, loſe their luſtre:
Your Countrey ſhades are faint; blaſters of beauty;
The manners like the place, obſcure and heavie;
The Roſe buds of your beauties turne to cankers,
Eaten with inward thoughts: whilſt there ye wander.
Here Ladies, here, you were not made for Cloiſters,
Here is the Sphere you move in: here ſhine nobly,
And by your powerfull influence command all:
What a ſweet modeſtie dwells round about 'em,
And like a nipping morne pulls in their bloſſoms?

Hon. Your grace ſpeaks cunningly, you doe not this,
I hope ſir, to betray us; wee are poore triumphs;
Nor can our loſſe of honour adde to you ſir:
Great men, and great thoughts, ſeek things great & worthy,
Subjects to make 'em live, and not to loſe 'em;
Conqueſts ſo nobly won, can never periſh;
We are two ſimple maids, untutor'd here ſir;
Two honeſt maids, is that a ſin at Court ſir?
Our breeding is obedience, but to good things,
To vertuous and to faire: what wou'd you win on us?
Why doe I aske that queſtion, when I have found yee?
Your Preamble has pow'rd your heart out to us;
You would diſhonour us; which in your tranſlation
Here at the Court reads thus, your grace would love us,
Moſt dearely love us: ſticke us up for miſtreſſes:
Moſt certaine, there are thouſands of our Sex ſir
That would be glad of this, and handſome women,
And crowd into this favour, faire young women,
Excellent beauties ſir: when ye have enjoyd 'em, then?
And ſuckt thoſe ſweets they have, what Saints are theſe
What worſhip have they won? what name you gheſſe ſir,
What ſtorie added to their time, a ſweet one?

Du. A brave ſpirited wench.

Hon. Ile tell your grace,
And tell yee true: ye are deceiv'd in us two,
Extreamly cozend ſir: And yet in my eye
You are the handſomſt man I ever lookt on,
The goodlieſt gentleman; take that hope with yee;
And were I fit to be your wife (ſo much I honour yee)
Truſt me I would ſcratch for ye but I would have yee.
I would wooe you then.

Du. She amazes me:
But how am I deceiv'd?

Hon. O we are too honeſt,
Believe it ſir, too honeſt, far too honeſt,
The way that you propound too ignorant,
And there is no medling with us; for we are fooles too,
Obſtinate, peeviſh fooles: if I would be ill,
And had a wantons itch, to kick my heeles up,
I would not leap intoth' Sun, and doe't there,
That all the world might ſee me: an obſcure ſhade ſir,
Darke as the deed, there is no truſting light with it,
Nor thats that lighter far, vain-glorious greatneſſe.

Du. You will love me as your friend?

Ho. I will honour yee,
As your poore humble handmaid ſerve, and pray for ye.

Du. What ſayes my little one; you are not ſo obſtinate?
Lord how ſhe bluſhes: here are truely faire ſoules:
Come you will be my love?

Viol. Good ſir be good to me,
Indeed Ile doe the beſt I can to pleaſe yee;
I doe beſeech your grace: Alas I feare ye.

Du. What ſhouldſt thou feare?

Hon. Fie ſir, this is not noble.

Du. Why doe I ſtand entreating, where my power—

Ho. You have no power, at leaſt you ought to have none
In bad and beaſtly things: arm'd thus, Ile dye here,
Before ſhe ſuffer wrong.

Du. Another *Archas*?

Ho. His childe ſir, and his ſpirit.

Du. Ile deale with you then,
For here's the honour to be won: ſit down ſweet,
Prethee *Honora* ſit.

Ho. Now ye intreat I will ſir.

Du. I doe, and will deſerve it.

Ho. That's too much kindneſſe.

Du. Prethee look on me.

Ho. Yes: I love to ſee yee,
And could look on an age thus, and admire ye;
Whilſt ye are good and temperate I dare touch ye,
Kiſſe your white hand.

Du. Why not my lips?

Ho. I dare ſir.

Du. I doe not thinke ye dare.

Ho. I am no coward.
Doe you believe me now? or now? or now ſir?
You make me bluſh: but ſure I mean no ill ſir:
It had been fitter you had kiſs'd me.

Du. That Ile doe too.
What haſt thou wrought into me?

Ho. I hope all goodneſſe:
Whilſt ye are thus, thus honeſt, I dare doe any thing,
Thus hang about your neck, and thus doat on yee;
Bleſſe thoſe faire lights: hell take me if I durſt not—
But good Sir pardon me. Siſter come hither,
Come hither, feare not wench: come hither, bluſh not,
Come kiſſe the Prince, the vertuous Prince, the goo Prince
Certaine he is excellent honeſt.

Du. Thou wilt make me——

Ho. Sit downe, and hug him ſoftly.

Du. Fie *Honora*,
Wanton *Honora*; is this the modeſty,
The noble chaſtity your on-ſet ſhew'd me,
At firſt charge beaten back? Away.

Hon. Thank ye:
Upon my knees I pray, heaven too may thank ye;
Ye have deceiv'd me cunningly, yet nobly
Ye have cozen'd me: In all your hopefull life yet,
A Scene of greater honour, you ne're acted:
I knew Fame was a lyar, too long, and loud tongu'd,
And now I have found it: O my vertuous Maſter.

Viol. My vertuous Maſter too.

Hon. Now you are thus,
What ſhall become of me let Fortune caſt for't.

Du. Ile be that fortune, if I live *Honora*, *Enter Al*
Thou haſt done a cure upon me, counſell could not.

Al. Here take your ring ſir, & whom ye mean to ruin
Give it to her next; I have paid for't dearely.

Hon. A Ring to her?

Du. Why frownes my faire *Alinda*?
I have forgot both theſe againe.

Al. Stand ſtill ſir,
Ye have that violent killing fire upon ye,
Conſumes all honour, credit, faith.

Hon. How's this?

Al. My Royall Miſtris favour towards me,
Woe-worth ye ſir, ye have poyſon'd, blaſted.

Duke I ſweet?
Al. You have taken that unmanly liberty,
Which in a worſe man, is vaine-glorious feigning,
And kild my truth.
Du. Upon my life 'tis falſe wench.
Al. Ladies,
Take heed, ye have a cunning gamſter,
A handſome, and a high; come ſtoar'd with Antidotes,
He has infections elſe will fire your blouds.
Du. Prethee *Alinda* heare me.
Al. Words ſteept in honey,
That will ſo melt into your mindes, buy Chaſtity,
A thouſand wayes, a thouſand knots to tie ye;
And when he has bound ye his, a thouſand ruines.
A poore loſt woman ye have made me.
Du. Ile maintaine thee,
And nobly too.
Al. That Gin's too weak to take me:
Take heed, take heed young Ladies: ſtill take heed,
Take heed of promiſes, take heed of gifts,
Of forced feigned ſorrowes, ſighes, take heed.
Du. By all that's mine, *Alinda*——
Al. Sweare
By your miſchiefes:
O whither ſhall I goe?
Du. Goe back againe,
Ile force her take thee, love thee.
Al. Fare ye well Sir,
I will not curſe ye; onely this dwell with ye,
When ever you love, a falſe beliefe light on ye. *Exit.*
Hon. Wee'll take our leaves too ſir.
Duk. Part all the world now,
Since ſhe is gone.
Hon. You are crooked yet, deare Maſter,
And ſtill I feare—— *Exeunt.*
Duke I am vext,
And ſome ſhall finde it. *Exit.*

Scæne 4. *Enter Archas and a Servant.*

Ar. 'Tis ſtrange
To me to ſee the Court, and welcome:
O royall place, how have I lov'd and ſerv'd thee?
Who lies on this ſide, know'ſt thou?
Ser. The Lord *Burris.*
Ar. Thou haſt nam'd a gentleman
I ſtand much bound to.
I think he ſent the Casket ſir?
Ser. The ſame Sir.
Ar. An honeſt minded man, a noble Courtier:
The Duke made perfect choice when he took him.
Goe you home, I ſhall hit the way
Without a guide now.
Ser. You may want ſomething ſir.
Ar. Onely my horſes,
Which after Supper let the Groom wait with:
Ile have no more attendance here.
Ser. Your will ſir? *Exit.*

Enter Theodore.

Theod. You are well met here ſir.
Ar. How now boy,
How do'ſt thou?
The. I ſhould aske
You that queſtion: how doe you ſir?
How doe you feele your ſelfe?
Ar. Why well, and luſtie.
The. What doe you here then?
Ar. Why I am ſent for
To Supper with the Duke.
The. Have you no meat at home?
Or doe you long to feed as hunted Deere doe,
In doubt and feare?
Ar. I have an excellent ſtomach,
And can I uſe it better
Then among my friends boy?
How doe the wenches?
The. They doe well enough ſir,
They know the worſt by this time: pray be rul'd ſir,
Goe home againe, and if ye have a Supper
Eate it in quiet there: this is no place for ye,
Eſpecially at this time,
Take my word for't.
Ar. May be they'll drink hard;
I could have drunk my ſhare Boy.
Though I am old, I will not out.
The. I hope you will.
Hark in your eare: the Court's
Too quick of hearing.
Ar. Not mean me wel?
Thou art abus'd and cozen'd.
Away, away.
The. To that end ſir I tell ye.
Away, if ye love your ſelfe.
Ar. Who dare doe theſe things,
That ever heard of honeſty?
The. Old Gntleman,
Take a fooles counſell.
Ar. 'Tis a fooles indeed;
A very fooles: thou haſt more of
Theſe flams in thee, theſe muſty doubts:
Is't fit the Duke ſend for me,
And honour me to eate within his preſence,
And I, like a tal fellow, play at bo-peep
With his pleaſure?
The. Take heed
Of bo-peep with your pate, your pate ſir,
I ſpeak plain language now.
Ar. If 'twere not here,
Where reverence bids me hold,
I wonld ſo ſwinge thee., thou rude,
Unmanner'd knave; take from his bounty,
His honour that he gives me, to beget
Sawcy, and ſullen feares?
The. You are not mad ſure:
By this faire light, I ſpeak
But what is whiſper'd,
And whiſper'd for a truth.
Ar. A dog: drunken people,
That in their Pot ſee viſions,
And turne ſtates, mad-men and children:
Prethee doe not follow me;
I tell thee I am angrie:
Doe not follow me.
The. I am as angrie
As you for your heart.
Iand as wilfull too: goe, like a Wood-cock,
Aud thruſt your neck ith' nooſe.
Ar. Ile kill thee.

And thou ſpeakſt but three words more.
Doe not follow me. *Exit.*
The. A ſtrange old fooliſh fellow: I ſhall heare yet,
And if I doe not my part hiſſe at me. *Exit.*

Scæne 5. *Enter two Servants preparing a Banquet.*

1. *Ser.* Beleeve me fellow here will be luſty drinking.
Many a waſht pate in wine I warrant thee.
2 *Ser.* I am glad the old Generall's come: upon my conſcience
That joy will make half the Court drunk. Hark the Trumpets,
They are comming on; away.
1 *Ser.* Wee'll have a rowſe too. *Exit.*
Enter Duke, Archas, Burris, Boroskie, Attend. Gent.
Duk. Come ſeat your ſelves: Lord *Archas* ſit you there.
Ar. Tis farre above my worth.
Duke Ile have it ſo:
Are all things ready?
Bor. All the Guards are ſet,
The Coutt gates ſhut.
Duk. Then doe as I preſcrib'd yee.
Be ſure no further.
Bor. I ſhall well obſerve ye.
Du. Come bring ſome wine: here's to my ſiſter gentlemen;
A health, and mirth to all.
Ar. Pray fill it full ſir.
'Tis a high health to vertue: here Lord *Burris*,
A maiden health: you are moſt fit to pledge it,
You have a maiden ſoule, and much I honour it.
Paſſion o'me, ye are ſad man.
Du. How now *Burris.*
Goe to, no more of this.
Ar. Take the rowſe freely,
'Twill warme your bloud, and make ye fit for jollity.
Your graces pardon: when we get a cup ſir,
We old men prate a pace.
Du. Mirth makes a banquet;
As you love me no more.
Bur. I thank your grace.
Give me it; Lord *Boroskie.*
Boroſ. I have ill braines ſir.
Bur. Damnable ill, I know it.
Boroſ. But Ile pledge ſir
This vertuous health.
Bu. The more unfit for thy mouth.
Enter two Servants with Cloaks.
Du. Come, bring out Robes, & let my gueſts look nobly,
Fit for my love, and preſence: begin downward.
Off with your cloaks, take new.
Ar. Your grace deales truely
Like a munificent Prince, with your poor ſubjects,
Who would not fight for you? what cold dull coward
Durſt ſeek to ſave his life when you would aske it?
Begin a new health in your new adornments,
The Dukes, the Royall Dukes: ha, what have I got
Sir? ha! the robe of death!
Duke. You have deſerv'd it.
Ar. The livorie of the grave? do you ſtart all from me?
Doe I ſmell of earth already? Sir look on me,
And like a man; is this your entertainment?
Doe you bid your worthieſt gueſts to bloudy Banquets.
Enter a Guard.
A Guard upon me too? this is too foule play
Boy to thy good, thine honour; thou wretched Ruler,
Thou ſonne of fooles and flatterers, heire of hypocrites,
Am I ſerv'd in a hearſe that ſav'd ye all?
Are ye men or devills? doe ye gape upon me,
Wider, and ſwallow all my ſervices?
Entombe them firſt, my faith next, then my integritie,
And let theſe ſtruggle with your mangy mindes,
Your ſear'd, and ſeal'd up conſciences, till ye burſt.
Boroſ. Theſe words are death.
Ar. No thoſe deeds that want rewards, ſirrah,
Thoſe Battells I have fought, thoſe horrid dangers,
Leaner then death, and wilder then deſtruction,
I have march'd upon, theſe honour'd wounds, times ſtory,
The bloud I have loſt, the youth, the ſorrowes ſuffer'd,
Theſe are my death, theſe that can ne're be recompenc'd,
Theſe that ye ſit a brooding on like Toads,
Sucking from my deſerts the ſweets and favours,
And render me no pay againe but poiſons.
Bor. The proud vaine ſouldier thou haſt ſet---
Ar. Thou lyeſt.
Now by my little time of life lyeſt baſely;
Malitiouſly and loudly: how I ſcorne thee?
If I had ſweld the ſouldier, or intended
An act in perſon, leaning to diſhonour,
As ye would faine have forced me, witneſſe heaven,
Where cleareſt underſtanding of all truth is,
(For theſe are ſpightfull men, and know no piety)
When *Olin* came, grim *Olin*, when his marches,
His laſt Incurſions made the City ſweat,
And drove before him, as a ſtorme drives Haile,
Such ſhowrs of froſted fears, ſhook all your heart-ſtrings,
Then when the *Volga* trembled at his terrour,
And hid his ſeven curl'd heads, afraid of bruiſing,
By his arm'd horſes hoofes; had I been falſe then,
Or blowne a treacherous fire into the ſouldier,
Had but one ſparke of villanie liv'd within me,
Ye'ad had ſome ſhadow for this black about me.
Where was your ſouldierſhip? why went not you out?
And all your right honourable valour with ye?
Why met ye not the *Tartar*, and defi'd him?
Drew your dead-doing ſword, and buckl'd with him?
Shot through his Squadrons like a fierie Meteor?
And as we ſee a dreadfull clap of thunder
Rend the ſtiffe hearted Oakes, and toſſe their roots up?
Why did not you ſo charge him? you were ſick then,
You that dare taint my credit ſlipt to bed then,
Stewing and fainting with the feares ye had,
A whorſon ſhaking fit oppreſt your Lordſhip:
Bluſh Coward knave, and all the world hiſſe at thee.
Duk. Exceed not my command. *Exit.*
Bor. I ſhall obſerve it. *Exit.*
Ar. Are you gone too? Come weep not honeſt *Burris*,
Good loving Lord, no more teares: 'Tis not his malice,
This fellowes malice, nor the Dukes diſpleaſure,
By bold bad men, crowded into his nature,
Can ſtartle me: fortune ne're raz'd this Fort yet:
I am the ſame, the ſame man, living, dying;
The ſame mind to 'em both, I poize thus equall;
Onely the jugling way that told me to it,
The *Judas* way, to kiſſe me, bid me welcome,
And cut my throat, a little ſticks upon me.
Farewell, commend me to his grace, and tell him,
The world is full of ſervants, he may have many:
And ſome I wiſh him honeſt: hee's undone elſe:
But ſuch another doating *Archas* never,
So try'd and touch'd a faith: farewell for ever.
Bur. Be ſtrong my Lord: you muſt not go thus lightly.
Ar. Now, what's to doe? what ſayes the Law unto me?
Give me my great offence that ſpeaks me guilty,
Bor. Laying aſide a thouſand petty matters,

As ſcornes, and inſolencies both from your ſelfe and fol-
Which you put firſt fire to,and theſe are deadly, (lowers,
I come to one maine cauſe, which though it carries
A ſtrangeneſſe in the circumſtance,it carries death too,
Not to be pardon'd neither: ye have done a ſacriledge.
Ar. High heaven defend me man: how,how *Borosky?*
Bor. Ye have tooke from the Temple thoſe vow'd Arms,
The holy Ornament you hung up there,
No abſolution of your vow, no order
From holy Church to give 'em backe unto you
After they were purified from war,and reſted
From bloud,made cleane by ceremony: from the Altar
You ſnatch'd 'em up againe, againe ye wore 'em,
Againe you ſtaind 'em,ſtaind your vow,the Church too,
And rob'd it of that right was none of yours ſir,
For which the Law requires your head,ye know it.
Ar. Thoſe Armes I fought in laſt?
Bor. The ſame.
Ar. God a mercy,
Thou haſt hunted out a notable cauſe to kill me:
A ſubtle one: I dye,for ſaving all you;
Good ſir remember if you can,the neceſſitie,
The ſuddaineſſe of time,the State all ſtood in;
I was entreated to,kneel'd to,and prai'd to,
The Duke himſelfe,the Princes, all the Nobles,
The cries of Infants,bedrid fathers, virgins;
Prethee find out a better cauſe, a hanſomer,
This will undo thee too: people will ſpit at thee,
The devill himſelfe would be aſham'd of this cauſe;
Becauſe my haſt made me forget the ceremony,
The preſent danger every where,muſt my life ſatisfie?
Bor. It muſt, and ſhall.
Ar. O baſe ungratefull people,
Have ye no other Sword to cut my throat with
But mine owne nobleneſſe? I confeſſe,I tooke 'em,
The vow not yet abſolv'd, I hung 'em up with:
Wore 'em,fought in 'em,gilded 'em againe
In the fierce *Tartars* blouds; for you I tooke 'em,
For your peculiar ſafety, Lord, for all,
I wore 'em for my Countries health, that gron'd then:
Tooke from the Temple,to preſerve the Temple;
That holy place, and all the ſacred monuments,
The reverent ſhrines of Saints, ador'd and honour'd,
Had been conſum'd to aſhes, their owne ſacrifice,
Had I been ſlacke, or ſtaid that abſolution,
No Prieſt had liv'd to give it;my owne honour
Cure of my Country murder me?
Bor. No,no ſir,
I ſhall force that from ye,will make this cauſe light too,
Away with him: I ſhall plucke downe that heart ſir.
Ar. Breake it thou maieſt; but if it bend, for pitty,
Doggs,and Kits eate it: come I am honours Martyr. *Ex.*

Scæne 6. *Enter Duke,and Burris.*

Du. Exceed my warrant?
Bur. You know he loves him not.
Du. He dares as well meet death, as do it,eat wildfire,
Through a few feares I meane to trye his goodneſſe,
That I may find him fit, to weare here *Burris*;
I know *Boroſkie* hates him, to death hates him,
I know he's a Serpent too,a ſwolne one *Noiſe within.*
But I have puld his ſting out; what noiſe is that?
The. Within. Down with 'em,down with 'em, down
Sold. Within. Stand,ſtand,ſtand. (with the gates.
Putſ. Within. Fire the Pallace before ye.
Bur. Upon my life the Souldier,ſir,the Souldier,
A miſerable time is come. *Enter Gent.*
Gent. Oh ſave him,
Upon my knees,my hearts knees,ſave Lord *Archas*,
We are undone elſe.
Du. Dares he touch his body?
Gent. He racks him fearefully,moſt fearefully.
Du. Away *Burris*,
Take men,and take him from him; clap him up,
And if I live,I'le find a ſtrange death for him: *Ex. Bur.*
Are the Souldiers broke in?
Gent. By this time ſure they are ſir,
They beate the gates extreamely,beate the people.
Du. Get me a guard about me;make ſure the lodgings
And ſpeake the Souldiers faire.
Gent. Pray heaven that take ſir. *Exit.*
Enter Putsky, Ancient, Souldiers,with Torches.
Put, Give us the Generall, wee'l fire the Court elſe,
Render him ſafe and well,
An. Do not fire the Cellar,
There's excellent wine in't Captain,and though it be cold
I do not love it mul'd: bring out the Generall, (whether,
Wee'll light ye,ſuch a bonefire elſe; where are ye?
Speak,or wee'l toſſe your Turrets, peep out of your hives
Wee'l ſmoake ye elſe: is not that a noſe there?
Put out that noſe againe, and if thou dar'ſt
But blow it before us: now he creepes out on's burrough.
Putſ, Give us the Generall. *Enter Gent.*
Gent. Yes, Gentlemen;
Or any thing ye can deſire.
Anc. You musk-cat
Cordevan-skin,we will not take your anſwer.
Put. Where is the Duke? ſpeak ſuddenly,and ſend him
Anc. Or wee'l ſo frie your buttucks. (hether.
Gent. Good ſweet Gentlemen----
Anc. We are neither good,nor ſweet,we are Souldiers
And you miſcreants that abuſe the Generall,
Give fire my boyes,'tis a darke evening,
Let's light 'em to their lodgings.
Enter Olimpia, Honora, Viola, Theodore, Women.
Hon. Good brother be not fierce.
The. I will not hurt her,
Feare not ſweet Lady.
Ol. 'May do what you pleaſe ſir,
I have a ſorrow that exceeds all yours,
And,more,contemnes all danger. *Enter Duke above*
The. Where is the Duke?
Du. He's here; what would ye Souldiers? wherefore
Like mutinous mad-men thus? (troop ye
The. Give me my father.
Put. Anc. Give us our Generall.
The. Set him here before us,
Ye ſee the pledge we have got; ye ſee theſe torches;
All ſhall to aſhes, as I live,immediately,
A thouſand lives for one.
Du. But heare me?
Put. No,we come not to diſpute. *Enter Archas and*
The. By heaven I ſweare he's rackt and whipt. *Bur.*
Hon. Oh my poore father!
Put. Burne,kill,and burne.
Ar. Hold,hold I ſay: hold Souldiers,
On your allegeance hold.
The. We muſt not.
Ar. Hold:
I ſweare by heaven he it a barbarous Traitour ſtirs firſt,
A villaine,and a ſtranger to obedience,

Never my Souldier more,nor friend to honour :
Why did you uſe your old man thus ? thus cruelly
Torture his poore weake body ? I ever lov'd ye.
Du. Forget me in theſe wrongs,moſt noble *Archas.*
Ar. I have balme enough for all my hurts:weep no more
A ſatisfaction for a thouſand ſorrowes : (ſir,
I do beleeve ye innocent,a good man,
And heaven forgive that naughty thing that wrong'd me.
Why looke ye wild my friends ? why ſtare ye one me ?
I charge ye as ye are men, my men,my lovers,
As ye are honeſt faithfull men,faire Souldiers,
Let downe your anger : Is not this our Soveraigne,
The head of mercie, and of Law? who dares then,
But Rebels ſcorning Law, appeare thus violent?
Is this a place for Swords ? for threatning fires ?
The reverence of this houſe dares any touch,
But with obedient knees, and pious duties ?
Are we not all his Subjects ? all ſworn to him ?
Has not he power to puniſh our offences ?
And do not we dayly fall into 'em ? aſſure your ſelves
I did offend and highly, grievouſly,
This good ſweet Prince I offended , my life forfeited,
Which yet his mercy, and his old love met with,
And only let me feele his light rod this way :
Ye are to thanke him for your Generall,
Pray for his life, and fortune : ſweat your blouds for him.
You are offenders too,daily offenders,
Proud inſolencies dwell in your hearts, and ye do 'em,
Do 'em againſt his peace,his Law,his Perſon;
Ye ſee he only ſorrowes for your ſins,
And where his power might perſecute, forgives ye:
For ſhame put up your Swords,for honeſty,
For orders ſake and whoſe ye are, my Souldiers,
Be not ſo rude.
The. They have drawne bloud from ye ſir.
Ar. That was the bloud rebel'd, the naughty bloud,
The proud provoking bloud; 'tis well 'tis out boy;
Give you example firſt ; draw out,and orderly.
Hon. Good brother doe.
Ar. Honeſt and high example,
As thou wilt haue my bleſſing follow thee,
Inherit all mine honours : thanke ye *Theodore,*
My worthy ſon.
The. If harme come,thanke your ſelfe ſir,
I muſt obey ye. *Exit.*
Ar. Captaine,you know the way now :
A good man,and a valiant,you were ever,
Inclind to honeſt things : I thanke ye Captaine. *Ex. Soul.*
Souldiers,I thanke ye all : and love me ſtill,
But do not love me ſo you loſe allegeance,
Love that above your lives : once more I thanke ye.
Du. Bring him to reſt,and let our cares waite on him;
Thou excellent old man,thou top of honour,
Where juſtice, and obedience onlie build,
Thou ſtocke of vertue, how am I bound to love thee ?
In all thy noble waies to follow thee ?
Bur. Remember him that vext him ſir.
Du. Remember ?
When I forget that villaine,and to pay him
For all his miſchiefes,may all good thoughts forget me.
Ar. I am very ſore,
Du. Bring him to bed with eaſe Gentlemen,
For everie ſtripe I'le drop a teare to waſh 'em,
And in my ſad repentance----
Ar. 'Tis too much,
I have a life yet left to gaine that love ſir. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Duke,Burris,and Gentlemen.

Duke How do's Lord *Archas* yet ?
Bur. But weake and't pleaſe ye,
Yet all the helpes that art can,are applied to him;
His heart's untouch't, and whole yet ; and no doubt ſir,
His minde being ſound, his body ſoone will follow.
Du. O that baſe knave that wrong'd him,without le
But I ſhall find an houre to give him thankes for't; (to
He's faſt I hope?
Bur. As faſt as irons can keep him :
But the moſt fearefull wretch----
Du. He has a conſcience,
A cruell ſtinging one I warrant him,
A loaden one : But what newes of the Souldier ?
I did not like their parting,'twas too ſullen.
Bur. That they keep ſtill, and I feare a worſe clap:
They are drawn out of the Towne,and ſtand in counſe
Hatching unquiet thoughts,and cruell purpoſes :
I went my ſelfe unto 'em , talk't with the Captaines,
Whom I found fraught with nothing but loud murmurs,
And deſperate curſes, ſounding theſe words often
Like trumpets to their angers : we are ruin'd,
Our ſervices turn'd to diſgraces, miſchiefes,
Our brave old Generall,like one had pilfer'd,
Tortur'd, and whipt : the Collonells eyes like torches,
Blaze everie where and fright faire peace.
Gent. Yet worſe ſir :
The newes is currant now,they meane to leave ye,
Leave their allegiance : and under *Olins* charge
The bloudy Enemy march ſtrait againſt ye.
Bur. I have heard this too ſir.
Du. This muſt be prevented,
And ſuddenly, and warily.
Bur. 'Tis time ſir,
But what to miniſter,or how ?
Du. Go in with me,
And there wee'l thinke upon't : ſuch blows as theſe,
Equall defences aske,elſe they diſpleaſe. *Exeu*

Scæne 2. *Enter Peteſca,and Gentlewoman.*

Pet. Lord,what a coile has here been with theſe So
They are cruell fellowes. (die
Wo. And yet me thought we found 'em
Hanſome enough; I'le tell thee true *Peteſca,*
I look'd for other manner of dealings from 'em,
And had prepar'd my ſelfe; but where's my Lady?
Pet. In her old dumps within:monſtrous mellanchol
Sure ſhe was mad of this wench.
Wo. And ſhe had been a man, (is ſhift
She would have been a great deale madder, I am glad
Pet. 'Twas a wicked thing for me to betray her, E
And yet I muſt confeſſe ſhe ſtood in our lights, Al
What young thing's this ?
Al. Good morrow beuteous Gentlewomen :
Pray you is the Princeſſe ſtirring yet ?
Wo. He has her face.
Pe. Her very tongue,and tone too:her youth upon hi
Al. I gheſſe ye to be the Princeſſe women.
Pet. Yes, We are ſir.

Al. Pray is there not a Gentlewoman waiting on her Grace,
Ye call *Alinda?*
Pet. The devill ſure in her ſhape.
Wo. I have heard her tell my Lady of a brother,
An only brother that ſhe had: in travell---
Pet. 'Mas,I remember that: this may be he too:
I would this thing would ſerve her. *Enter Olimpia*
Wo. So would I wench,
We ſhould love him better ſure: ſir,here's the Princes,
She beſt can ſatisfie ye.
Al. How I love that preſence!
O bleſſed eyes how nobly ſhines your comforts!
Ol. What Gentleman is that?
Wo. We know not Madam:
He ask'd us for your Grace: and as we gueſſe it,
He is *Alindas* Brother.
Ol. Ha? let me marke him:
My griefe has almoſt blinded me: her brother?
By *Venus*,he has all her ſweetneſſe upon him:
Two ſilver drops of dew,were never liker.
Al. Gratious Lady----
Ol. That pleaſant pipe he has too.
Al. Being my happineſſe to paſſe by this way,
And having as I underſtand by Letters,
A ſiſter in your vertuous ſervice Madam ----
Ol. O now my heart,my heart akes.
Al. All the comfort
My poore youth has, all that my hopes have built me,
I thought it my firſt duty,my beſt ſervice
Here to arive firſt,humbly to thanke your Grace
For my poore ſiſter, humbly to thanke your nobleneſſe,
That bounteous goodneſſe in ye.
Ol. 'Tis he certainly.
Al. That ſpring of favour to her: with my life Madam
If any ſuch moſt happy meanes might meet me,
To ſhew my thankefulneſſe.
Ol. What have I done foole?
Al. She came a ſtranger to your Grace,no Courtier;
Nor of that curious breed befits your ſervice,
Yet one I dare aſſure my ſoule,that lov'd ye
Before ſhe ſaw ye; doated on your vertues;
Before ſhe knew thoſe faire eyes long'd to read 'em,
You only had her prayers, you her wiſhes;
And that one hope to be yours once,preſerv'd her,
Ol. I have done wickedly.
Al. A little beauty,
Such as a Cottage breeds, ſhe brought along with her;
And yet our Countrie eyes eſteem'd it much too:
But for her beauteous mind forget great Lady
I am her brother,and let me ſpeake a ſtranger,
Since ſhe was able to beget a thought,'twas honeſt,
The dayly ſtuddy how to fit your ſervices,
Truly to tread that vertuous path you walke in,
So fir'd her honeſt ſoule,we thought her Sainted;
I preſume ſhe is ſtill the ſame: I would faine ſee her,
For Madam, 'tis no little love I owe her.
Ol. Sir,ſuch a maid there was, I had---
Al. There was Madam?
Ol. O my poore wench: eyes, I will ever curſe ye
For your credulity, *Alinda.*
Al. That's her name, Madam.
Ol. Give me a little leave ſir to lament her.
Al. Is ſhe dead Lady?
Ol. Dead ſir, to my ſervice.
She is gone,pray ye aske no further,
Al. I obey Madam:
Gone? now muſt I lament too: ſaid ye gone,Madam?
Ol. Gone,gone for ever.
Al. That's a cruell ſaying:
Her honour too?
Ol. Prethee looke angry on me,
And if thou ever lovedſt her, ſpit upon me;
Doe ſomething like a brother, like a friend,
And do not only ſay thou lov'ſt her---
Al. Ye amaze me.
Ol. I ruin'd her,I wrong'd her, I abus'd her;
Poore innocent ſoule,I flung her; ſweet *Alinda*,
Thou vertuous maid, my ſoule now cals thee vertuous.
Why do ye not raile now at me?
Al. For what Lady?
Ol. Call me baſe treacherous woman.
Al. Heaven defend me.
Ol. Raſhly I thought her falſe,and put her from me,
Raſhly,and madly I betrai'd her modeſty,
Put her to wander,heaven knows where: nay,more ſir,
Stucke a blacke brand upon her.
Al. 'Twas not well Lady,
Ol. 'Twas damnable: ſhe loving me ſo deerely,
Never poore wench lov'd ſo: Sir,beleeve me,
'Twas the moſt dutious wench,the beſt companion,
When I was pleas'd,the happieſt, and the gladdeſt,
The modeſteſt ſweet nature dwelt within her:
I ſaw all this,I knew all this,I lov'd it,
I doated on it too, and yet I kil'd it:
O what have I forſaken? what have I loſt?
Al. Madam,I'le take my leave, ſince ſhe is wandring,
'Tis fit I know no reſt.
Ol. Will you go too ſir?
I have not wrong'd you yet, if you dare truſt me,
For yet I love *Alinda* there,I honour her,
I love to looke upon thoſe eyes that ſpeake her,
To read that face againe, modeſty keepe me,
Alinda,in that ſhape: but why ſhould you truſt me,
'Twas I betray'd your ſiſter, I undid her;
And beleeve me, gentle youth, 'tis I weep for her:
Appoint what pennance you pleaſe: but ſtay then,
And ſee me performe it: aske what honour this place
Is able to heape on ye,or what wealth:
If following me will like ye, my care of ye,
Which for your ſiſters ſake, for your owne goodneſſe---
Al. Not all the honour earth h'as,now ſhe's gone Lady,
Not all the favour; yet if I ſought preferment,
Under your bounteous Grace I would only take it.
Peace reſt upon ye: one ſad teare every day
For poore *Alindas* ſake, 'tis fit ye pay, *Exit.*
Ol. A thouſand noble youth, and when I ſleep,
Even in my ſilver ſlumbers ſtill I'le weep. *Exit.*

Scæne 3. *Enter Duke and Gentlemen.*

Duke Have ye been with 'em?
Gent. Yes,and't pleaſe your Grace,
But no perſwaſion ſerves 'em, nor no promiſe,
They are fearefull angry, and by this time ſir,
Upon their march to the enemy.
Du. They muſt be ſtopt. *Enter Burris.*
Gent. I,but what force is able? and what leader---
Du. How now,have you been with *Archas?*
Bur. Yes,and't pleaſe ye,
And told him all: he frets like a chaf'd Lyon,
And cals for his Armes: and all thoſe honeſt Courtiers
That dare draw Swords.

Du. Is he able to do any thing?
Bur. His mind is well enough; and where his charge is,
Let him be ne're ſo ſore, 'tis a full Army.
Du. Who commands the Rebels?
Bur. The young Collonell,
That makes the old man almoſt mad: he ſweares ſir,
He will not ſpare his Sons head for the Dukedome.
Du. Is the Court in Armes?
Bur. As faſt as they can buſtell,
Every man mad to goe now: inſpir'd ſtrangely,
As if they were to force the Enemie,
I beſeech your Grace to give me leave.
Du. Pray go ſir,
And looke to the old man well; take up all fairely,
And let no bloud be ſpilt; take generall pardons,
And quench this fury with faire peace.
Bur. I ſhall ſir,
Or ſeale it with my ſervice; they are villaines;
The Court is up: good ſir, go ſtrengthen 'em,
Your Royall ſight will make 'em ſcorne all dangers;
The Generall needs no proofe.
Du. Come let's go view 'em. *Exeunt.*

Scæne 4. *Enter Theodore, Putskie, Ancient, Souldiers, Drums, and Collours.*

The. 'Tis known we are up, and marching: no ſubmiſſion,
No promiſe of baſe peace can cure our maladies,
We have ſuffer'd beyond all repaire of honour:
Your valiant old man's whipt; whipt Gentlemen,
Whipt like a ſlave: that fleſh that never trembled,
Nor ſhrunke one ſinew at a thouſand charges,
That noble body rib'd in armes, the Enemy
So often ſhooke at, and then ſhun'd like thunder,
That bodies torne with laſhes.
Anc. Let's turne head.
Put. Turne nothing Gentlemen, let's march on fairely,
Unleſſe they charge us.
The. Thinke ſtill of his abuſes,
And keep your angers.
Anc. He was whipt like a top,
I never ſaw a whore ſo lac'd: Court ſchoole-butter?
Is this their diet? I'le dreſſe 'em one running banquet:
What Oracle can alter us? did not we ſee him?
See him we lov'd?
The. And though we did obey him,
Forc'd by his reverence for that time; is't fit Gentlemen?
My noble friends, is't fit we men, and Souldiers,
Live to endure this, and looke on too?
Put. Forward:
They may call backe the Sun as ſoone, ſtay time,
Preſcribe a Law to death, as we endure this.
The. They will make ye all faire promiſes.
Anc. We care not.
The. Uſe all their arts upon ye.
Anc. Hang all their arts.
Put. And happily they'l bring him with 'em.
Anc. March apace then,
He is old and cannot overtake us.
Put. Say he doe.
An. Wee'l run away with him: they ſhall never ſee him
The truth is, wee'l heare nothing, ſtop at nothing, (more:
Conſider nothing but our way; beleeve nothing, (thing,
Not though they ſay their prayers: be content with no-
But the knocking out their braines: and laſt, do nothing
But ban 'em and curſe 'em, till we come to kill 'em.

The. Remove then forwards bravely; keep your min
And the next time we face 'em, ſhall be fatall. *Ex.* (whol

Scæne 5. *Enter Archas, Duke, Bur. Gent. and Sould.*

Ar. Peace to your Grace; take reſt ſir, they are befo
Gent. They are ſir, and upon the march (us. *Ex. D*
Ar. Lord *Burris*, (tage
Take you thoſe horſe and coaſt 'em: upon the firſt advan
If they will not ſlacke their march, charge 'em up round
By that time I'le come in. (ly
Bur. I'le do it truly. *Exit*
Gent. How do you feele your ſelfe ſir?
Ar. Well, I thanke ye;
A little weake, but anger ſhall ſupply that;
You will all ſtand bravely to it?
All. Whilſt we have lives ſir.
Ar. Ye ſpeake like Gentlemen; I'le make the knave (know
The proudeſt, and the ſtrongeſt hearted Rebell,
They have a law to live in, and they ſhall have;
Beat up a pace, by this time he is upon 'em, *Drum within*
And ſword, but hold me now, thou ſhalt play ever. *Ex*
Enter Drums beating, Theodore, Putskie, Ancient, and their Souldiers.
The. Stand, ſtand, ſtand cloſe, and ſure; *Enter Bur*
The horſe will charge us. *and* 1 *or* 2 *Soul*
Anc. Let 'em come one, we have provender fit for 'em
Put. Here comes Lord *Burris* ſir, I thinke to parley.
The. You are welcome noble ſir, I hope to our part.
Bur. No, valiant Collonell, I am come to chide ye,
To pitty ye; to kill ye, if theſe faile me;
Fie, what diſhonour ſeeke ye? what blacke infamy!
Why do ye draw out thus? draw all ſhame with ye?
Are theſe fit cares in ſubjects? I command ye
Lay downe your armes againe, move in that peace,
That faire obedience you were bred in.
Put. Charge us?
We come not here to argue.
The. Charge up bravely,
And hotly too, we have hot ſpleenes to meet ye, *Ent*
Hot as the ſhames are offer'd us. *Ar. Gent. & Sou*
Bur. Looke behind ye.
Do you ſee that old man? do you know him Souldiers?
Put. Your father ſir, beleeve me----
Bur. You know his marches,
You have ſeene his executions: is it yet peace?
The. Wee'l dye here firſt.
Bur. Farewell: you'l heare on's preſently.
Ar. Stay *Burris:* this is too poore, too beggerly a bo
To beare the honour of a charge from me,
A ſort of tatterd Rebels; go provide Gallowſes;
Ye are troubled with hot heads, I'le coole ye preſently
Theſe looke like men that were my Souldiers
Now I behold 'em neerly, and more narrowly,
My honeſt friends: where got they theſe faire figures?
Where did they ſteale theſe ſhapes?
Bur. They are ſtrooke already.
Ar. Do you ſee that fellow there; that goodly Reb
He lookes as like a Captaine, I lov'd tenderly:
A fellow of a faith indeed.
Bur. He has ſham'd him.
Ar. And that that beares the Collors there, moſt cert
So like an Ancient of mine owne, a brave fellow,
A loving and obedient, that beleeve me *Burris*,
I am amaz'd and troubled: and were it not
I know the generall goodneſſe of my people,

The duty, and the truth, the ſteadfalt honeſtie,
And am aſſur'd they would as ſoone turne devils
As Rebells to allegeance, for mine honour.
Bu. Here needs no wars.
Put. I pray forgive us ſir.
Anc. Good Generall forgive us, or uſe your ſword,
Your words are double death.
All. Good noble Generall.
Bur. Pray ſir be mercifull.
Ar. Weep out your ſhames firſt,
Ye make me foole for companie: fie Souldiers,
My Souldiers too, and play theſe tricks: what's he there?
Sure I have ſeen his face too; yes, moſt certaine
I have a ſon, but I hope he is not here now,
'Would much reſemble this man, wondrous neare him,
Juſt of his height and making too, you ſeeme a Leader.
The. Good ſir, do not ſhame me more: I know your
And leſſe then death, I looke not for. (anger,
Ar. You ſhall be my charge ſir, it ſeemes you want foes,
When you would make your friends your Enemies:
A running bloud ye have, but I ſhall cure ye.
Bur. Good ſir———
Ar. No more good Lord: beate forward Souldiers:
And you, march in the reare, you have loſt your places. *Ex.*

Scæne 6. *Enter Duke, Olimpia, Honora, Viola.*

Du. You ſhall not be thus ſullen ſtill, with me ſiſter
You doe the moſt unnobly to be angry,
For as I have a ſoule, I never touch'd her,
I never yet knew one unchaſt thought in her:
I muſt confeſſe, I lov'd her: as who would not?
I muſt confeſſe I doated on her ſtrangely,
I offer'd all, yet ſo ſtrong was her honour,
So fortifi'd as faire, no hope could reach her,
And whilſt the world beheld this, and confirmd it,
Why would you be ſo jealous?
Ol. Good ſir pardon me,
I feele ſufficiently my follies pennance,
And am aſham'd, that ſhame a thouſand ſorrowes
Feed on continually, would I had never ſeen her,
Or with a clearer judgement look'd upon her,
She was too good for me, ſo heavenly good ſir,
Nothing but heaven can love that ſoule ſufficiently, *Enter*
Where I ſhall ſee her once againe. *Burris.*
Du. No more teares,
If ſhe be within the Dukedome, wee'l recover her:
Welcome Lord *Burris*, faire newes I hope.
Bu. Moſt faire ſir,
Without one drop of bloud theſe wars are ended,
The Souldier coold againe, indeed aſham'd ſir,
And all his anger ended.
Du. Where's Lord *Archas*?
Bur. Not far off ſir: with him his valiant ſon,
Head of this fire, but now a priſoner,
And if by your ſweet mercie not prevented,
I feare ſome fatall ſtroke. *Drums.*
Enter Archas, Theodore, Gentlemen, Souldiers
Du. I heare the drums beate,
Welcome, my worthy friend.
Ar. Stand where ye are ſir,
Even as you love your Country, move not forward,
Nor plead for peace, till I have done a juſtice,
A juſtice on this villaine; none of mine now,
A juſtice on this Rebell.
Hon. O my Brother.
Ar. This fatall firebrand———
Du. Forget not old man,
He is thy ſon, of thine owne bloud.
Ar. In theſe veines
No treacherie e're harbour'd yet, no mutinie,
I ne're gave life to lewd and headſtrong Rebels.
Du. 'Tis his firſt fault.
Ar. Not of a thouſand ſir,
Or were it ſo, it is a fault ſo mightie,
So ſtrong againſt the nature of all mercie,
His mother were ſhe living, would not weep for him,
He dare not ſay he would live.
The. I muſt not ſir,
Whilſt you ſay 'tis not fit: your Graces mercy
Not to my life appli'd, but to my fault ſir,
The worlds forgiveneſſe next, laſt, on my knees ſir,
I humbly beg,
Do not take from me yet the name of father,
Strike me a thouſand blowes, but let me dye yours.
Ar. He moves my heart: I muſt be ſuddaine with him,
I ſhall grow faint elſe, in my execution; (bravely.
Come, come ſir, you have ſeen death; now meet him
Du. Hold, hold I ſay, a little hold, conſider
Thou haſt no more ſons *Archas* to inherit thee.
Ar. Yes ſir, I have another, and a nobler:
No treaſon ſhall inherit me: young *Archas*
A boy, as ſweet as young, my brother breeds him,
My noble brother *Briskie*, breeds him nobly,
Him let your favour find: give him your honour.
Enter Putskie (alias Briskie) and Alinda (alias Archas.
Pu. Thou haſt no child left *Archas*, none to inherit thee
If thou ſtrikſt that ſtroke now: behold young *Archas*;
Behold thy brother here, thou bloudy brother,
As bloudy to this ſacrifice as thou art:
Heave up thy ſword, and mine's heav'd up; ſtrike *Archas*,
And I'le ſtrike too as ſuddenly, as deadly:
Have mercy, and I'le have mercy: the Duke gives it,
Looke upon all theſe, how they weep it from thee,
Chooſe quickly, and begin.
Du. On your obedience,
On your allegeance ſave him.
Ar. Take him to ye, *a ral. ſhout.*
And ſirha, be an honeſt man, ye have reaſon:
I thanke ye worthy Brother; welcome child,
Mine owne ſweet child.
Du. Why was this boy concealed thus?
Put. Your graces pardon:
Fearing the vow you made againſt my brother
And that your anger would not only light
On him, but find out all his familie,
This young boy, to preſerve from after danger,
Like a young wench, hether I brought; my ſelfe
In the habit of an ordinarie Captaine
Diſguis'd, got entertainement, and ſerv'd here
That I might ſtill be ready to all fortunes:
The boy your Grace tooke, nobly entertain'd him,
But thought a Girle, *Alinda*, Madam.
Ol. Stand away,
And let me looke upon him.
Du. My young Miſtris?
This is a ſtrange metamorphoſis, *Alinda*?
Al. Your graces humble ſervant.
Du. Come hether ſiſter:
I dare yet ſcarce beleeve mine eyes? how they view one
Doſt thou not love this boy wel? (another?
Ol. I ſhould lye elſe,
Truſt me, extreamely lye ſir.

Du. Didſt thou never wiſh *Olimpia,*
It might be thus?
Ol. A thouſand times.
Du. Here take him:
Nay, do not bluſh: I do not jeſt; kiſſe ſweetly:
Boy, ye kiſſe faintly boy; heaven give ye comfort;
Teach him, he'l quickly learne: there's two hearts eas'd now.
Ar. You do me too much honour ſir.
Du. No *Archas,*
But all I can, I will; can you love me? ſpeake truly.
Hon. Yes ſir, dearly.
Du. Come hether *Viola,* can you love this man?
Vio. I'le do the beſt I can ſir.
Du. Seale it *Burris:*
Wee'l all to Church together inſtantly:
And then a vie for boyes; ſtay, bring *Boroskie.* *Enter Boroskie*
I had almoſt forgot that lumpe of miſchiefe.
There *Archas,* take the enemie to honour,
The knave to worth: do with him what thou wilt.
Ar. Then to my ſword againe; you to your prayers;
Waſh off your villanies, you feele the burthen.
Bor. Forgive me ere I die, moſt honeſt *Archas;*
'Tis too much honour that I periſh thus;
O ſtrike my faults to kill them, that no memorie,
No blacke and blaſted infamy heareafter——
Ar. Come, are ye ready?
Bor. Yes.
Ar. And truly penitent, to make your way ſtraight?
Bor. Thus I waſh off my ſins.
Ar. Stand up, and live then,
And live an honeſt man; I ſcorne mens ruin's:
Take him againe, Sir, trie him: and beleeve
This thing wil be a perfect man.
Du. I take him.
Bor. And when I faile thoſe hopes, heavens hopes faile me.
Du. You are old: no more wars Father:
Theodore take you the charge, be Generall.
The. All good bleſſe ye.
Du. And my good father, you dwell in my boſome,
From you riſe all my good thoughts: when I would think
And examine time for one that's fairely noble,
And the ſame man through all the ſtraights of vertue,
Upon this ſilver booke I'le looke, and read him.
Now forward merrily to *Hymens* rights,
To joyes, and revels, ſports, and he that can
Moſt honour *Archas,* is the nobleſt man. *Exeunt.*

Prologue.

VVE need not noble Gentlemen to invite
Attention, preinſtruct you who did write
This worthy Story, being confident
The mirth joyn'd with grave matter, & Intent
To yeild the hearers profit, with delight,
Will ſpeake the maker: and to do him right,
Would aske a Genius like to his; the age
Mourning his loſſe, and our now widdowed ſtage
In vaine lamenting. I could adde, ſo far
Behind him the moſt moderne writers are,
That when they would commend him, their beſt praiſe
Ruins the buildings which they ſtrive to raiſe,
To his beſt memory, ſo much a friend
Preſumes to write, ſecure 'twill not offend
The living that are modeſt, with the reſt
That may repine he cares not to conteſt.
This debt to Fletcher *paid; it is profeſt*
By us the Actors, we will do our beſt
To ſend ſuch favouring friends, as hether come
To grace the Scane, pleas'd, and contented home.

Epilogue.

T Though ſomething well aſſur'd, few here repent
Three houres of pretious time, or money ſpent
On our endeavours, Yet not to relye
Too much upon our care; and induſtrie,
'Tis fit we ſhould aske, but a modeſt way
How you approve our action in the play.
If you vouchſafe to crowne it with applauſe,
It is your bountie, and you give us cauſe
Hereafter with a generall conſent
To ſtudy, as becomes us, your content.

FINIS.

The Lavves of Candy.

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Enter Gaſpero, and Melitus.

Mel. SIr, you'r the very friend I wiſh'd to meet (with,
I have a large diſcourſe invites your eare
To be an Auditor.
Gaſ. And what concernes it?
Mel. The ſadly thriving progreſſe of the loves
Betweene my Lord the Prince, and that great Lady,
Whoſe inſolencie, and never-yet-match'd pride,
Can by no Character be well expreſt,
But in her onlie name, the prow'd *Erota.*
Gaſ. Alas *Melitus*; I ſhould gheſſe, the beſt
Succeiſe your Prince could find from her, to be
As harſh as the event doth prove: but now
'Tis not a time to pity paſſionate griefes,
When a whole Kingdome in a manner lies
Upon its death-bed bleeding.
Mel. Who can tell
Whether or no, theſe many plagues at once
Hang over this unhappie Land, for her ſake,
That is a monſter in it.
Gaſ. Here's the miſerie
Of having a child our Prince: elſe I preſume
The bold *Venecians* had not dar'd to attempt
So bloudie an Invaſion.
Mel. Yet I wonder
Why, Maſter Secretarie, ſtill the Senate
So almoſt ſuperſtitiouſlie adores,
Gonzalo the *Venetian* Lord, conſidering
The outrage of his Countrymen——
Gaſ. The Senate
Is wiſe, and therein juſt, for this *Gonzalo,*
Upon a Maſſacre performed at Sea
By the Admirall of *Venice*, on a Merchant
Of *Candy*, when the cauſe was to be heard
Before the Senate there, in open Court
Profeſſed, that the crueltie the Admirall
Had ſhewed, deſerved not only fine, but death:
For *Candy* then, and *Venice* were at peace:
Since when upon a motion in the Senate,
For conqueſt of our Land, 'tis known for certaine,
That only this *Gonzalo* dar'd to oppoſe it,
His reaſon was, becauſe it too much ſavoured
Of Lawleſſe, and unjuſt ambition.
The wars were ſcarce begun, but he (in feare
Of quarrels 'gainſt his life) fled from his Countrie,
And hether came, where (to confirme his truth)
I know (*Melitus*) he, out of his owne ſtore,
Hath monied *Caſſilanes* the Generall.
Mel. What, without other pledges then *Caſſilanes*
Bare promiſe of payment?
Gaſ. No, it may be
He has ſome pettie Lordſhip to retire to:
But this he hath done; now 'tis fit *Melitus,*
The Senate ſhould be thankefull, otherwiſe,
They ſhould annihilate one of thoſe Laws,
For which this Kiagdome is throughout the world
Unfollowed, and admired.
Mel. What Lawes are theſe? ſir,
Let me ſo much importune you.
Gaſ. You ſhall,
And they be worth your knowledge; briefly thus:
Who ere he be that can detect apparantly
Another of ingratitude, for any
Received benefit, the Plaintiffe may
Require the offenders life; unleſſe he pleaſe
Freely, and willingly to grant remiſſion.
Mel. By which ſtrict Law the Senate is in danger,
Should they neglect *Gonzalo.*
Caſ. Right; the Law
Permits a like equalitie to Aliens,
As to a home-borne Patriot.
Mel. Pray ſir the other?
Gaſ. Know *Melitus,*
The elder *Cretans* flouriſhed many yeares,
In War, in Peace, unparalel'd, and they
(To ſpurre heroicke ſpirits on to vertue)
Enacted that what man ſo ere he were,
Did nobleſt in the field againſt his enemie,
So by the generall voice approv'd, and knowne,
Might at his home-returne, make his demand
For ſatisfaction, and reward.
Mel. They are
Both famous Lawes indeed. *Enter a Meſſenger.*
Meſ. Maſter Secretarie,
The Senate is about to ſit, and crave
Your preſence.
Gaſ. What, ſo ſuddenly?
Meſ. Theſe Letters
Will ſhew the cauſes why.
Gas. Heaven thou art great,
And worthie to be thanked.
Mel. Your countenance ſir
Doth promiſe ſome good tidings.
Gaſ. O the beſt
And happieſt for this land, that e're was told!
All the *Venetian* Forces are defeated.
Mel. How Sir?
Gaſ. And what doth adde ſome delight more,
There is amongſt the Souldiers a contention
Who ſhall be the triumpher, and it ſtands
Doubtfull betweene a Father and his Son,
Old *Caſſilanes*, and young *Antinous.*
Mel. Why may not both demand it?
Gaſ. The Law denies it:
But where the Souldiers do not all conſent,
The parties in contention, are refer'd
To plead before the Senate; and from them,
Upon an open Audience, to be judg'd
The Chiefe, and then to make demands.
Mel. You raviſh me
With wonder and delight.
Gaſ. Come: as we walke,
I ſhall more fully informe you. *Exeunt.*

Scæn. 2. *Enter Caſſilanes, Arcanes, Antinous, and Decius.*

Caſ. Admit no Souldier neare us, till the Senate
Have tooke their places.

Arc. You are obey'd, my Lord.
Ant. *Decius*,fall off.
Dec. I ſhall.
Caſ. Give leave *Arcanes*:
Young-man come nearer to me : who am I ?
Ant. It were a ſin againſt the piety
Of filiall duty, If I ſhould forget
The debt I owe my father on my knee;
Your pleaſure?
Caſ. What, ſo low ?canſt thou finde joynts,
Yet be an Elephant? *Antinous*, riſe :
Thou wilt belye opinion,and rebate
The ambition of thy gallantry , that they
Whoſe confidence thou haſt bewitched, ſhould ſee
Their little God of War, kneele to his father,
Though in my hand I did graſpe Thunder.
Ant. Sir,
For proofe that I acknowledge you the Author
Of giving me my birth , I have diſcharg'd
A part of my obedience. But if now
You ſhould (as cruell fathers do) proclame
Your right,and Tyrant like uſurp the glory
Of my peculiar honours, not deriv'd
From ſucceſſary,but purchas'd with my bloud ,
Then I muſt ſtand firſt Champion for my ſelfe,
Againſt all interpoſers.
Caſ. Boldly urg'd,
And proudly,I could love thee, did not anger
Conſult with juſt diſdaine,in open language
To call thee moſt ungratefull. Say freely,
Wilt thou reſigne the flatteries,whereon
The reeling pillars of a popular breath,
Have rais'd thy Giant-like conceit, to adde
A ſuffrage to thy fathers merit, ſpeake ?
Ant. Sir,heare me : were there not a Chronicle
Well pend by all their tongues,who can report
What they have ſeene you do; or had you not
Beſt in your owne performance writ your ſelfe,
And been your own Text, I would undertake
Alone,without the helpe of Art, or Character,
But only to recount you deeds in Armes,
And you ſhould ever then be fam'd a preſident
Of living victory : But as you are
Great,and well worthy to be ſtiled great,
It would betray a povertie of ſpirit
In me to obſtruct my fortunes,or diſcent,
If I ſhould coward-like ſurrender up
The intereſt,which the inheritance of your vertue,
And mine owne thriftie fate can claime in honour :
My Lord,of all the maſſe of fame, which any
That weares a ſword, and hath but ſeen me fight,
Gives me,I will not ſhare, nor yeild one jot,
One tittle.
Caſ. Not to me?
Ant. You are my father,
Yet not to you.
Caſ. Ambitious boy, how darſt thou
To tell me,that thou wilt contend?
Ant. Had I
Been ſloathfull, and not followed you in all
The ſtreights of death,you might have juſtly then
Reputed me a baſtard ; 'tis a cruelty,
More then to murther Innocents,to take
The life of my yet Infant-honour from me.
Caſ. *Antinous*,looke upon this badge of age,
Thy fathers gray-hair'd beard : full fifty yeares,
(And more then halfe of this, ere thou wert borne)
I have been knowne a Souldier,in which time
I found no difference 'twixt War and Peace,
For War was peace to me,and Peace was war;
Antinous, marke me well ; there hath not liv'd
Theſe fifty yeares,a man whom *Creet* prefer'd
Before thy farher; let me boldly boaſt,
Thy father,both for Diſcipline,and Action,
Hath ſo long been the firſt of all his Nation;
Now canſt thou thinke it honeſt, charitable,
Nay humane,being ſo young,my ſon,my child,
Begot,bred,taught by me,by me thy father ,
For one dayes ſervice, and that on thy firſt,
To rob me of a glory which I fought for
A halfe of hundred yeares.
Ant. My caſe obſerves
Both equity,and preſidents;for ſir,
That very day whereon you got your fame,
You tooke it from ſome other,who was then
Chiefe in repute,as you are now ; and had been
Perhaps as many yeares deſerving that,
Which you gain'd in a day , as I have mine.
Caſ. But he was not my father then *Antinous*.
Thou leav'ſt out that.
Ant. Sir had he been your father,
He had been then immortall : for a father
Heightens his reputation, where his ſon
Inherits it, as when you give us life,
Your life is not diminiſh'd, but renew'd
In us,when you are dead, and we are ſtill
Your living Images.
Caſ. So be thou curs'd
In thy poſterity,as I in thee,
Diſhonorable boy : O ſhall that Sun,
Which not a yeare yet ſince,beheld me mounted
Upon a fierie ſteed,waving my ſword,
And teaching this young-man to manage Armes,
That was a raw,freſh novice in the feates
Of Chivalrie, ſhall that ſame ſun be witneſſe
Againſt this brat,of his ingratitude ?
Who to ecclipſe the light of my renowne,
Can no way hope to get a Noble name,
But by the treading on his fathers greatneſſe;
Thou wilt not yeald? *Enter Arca*
Ant. My life, but not the prize
My Sword hath purchas'd.
Arc. The Senate
My Lord are here at hand ; and all the ſouldiers
Begin to throng about them.
Caſ. Now *Arcanes* the——
Arc. What ſir ?
Caſ. Trifles will affront us : that
Fine fightiug Stripling,
Arc. Let him have the ſhame on't :
Pleaſe you withdraw on this ſide.
Caſ. My great heart
Was never quaild before.
Dec. My Lord be confident,
Let not your father dant you.
Ant. *Decius*;whether
Muſt I withdraw ?
Dec. On this ſide.——See the Souldiers
Attend your pleaſure-- courage ſir ; the Senate.
Caſ. Way for the Senate.
Enter Porphicio,Poſſenne(3 Senators)Gonzalo,
Gaſpero, Souldiers.

My good Lords I know not
What taxe of arrogance I may incurre,
Should I preſume, though courted by your favours,
To take a place amongſt you : I had rather
Give proofe of my unfeign'd humility
By force, though meane, yet more becomming place,
Then run the hazard of a doubtfull cenſure.
Poſ. My Lord, your wiſedome is both known & try'd;
We cannot ranke ye in a nobler friendſhip,
Then your great ſervice to the ſtate deſerves.
Por. Wil't pleaſe you ſit? *Enter Fernando with Sold.*
Gonz. What here my Lord *Porphicio*?
It muſt not be.
Porp. My Lord you are too modeſt.
Gonz. It is no ſeaſon to be troubleſome,
Elſe---But I have done : Your Lordſhips are obſerv'd.
Goſp. Is the demandant ready?
Arc. He is ready.
Gaſp. Produce him then.
Arc. Before this ſacred preſence,
I, by a generall conſent, am made
The Souldiers voice, and to your gratious wiſedomes,
Preſent as chiefe in Armes, his Countries Champion;
Caſſilanes.
Dec. Moſt reverend Lords, you heare the leſſer number
Of thoſe who have been Guardians to this Countrey,
Approve this Champion; I in all their names
Who fought for *Candy*, here preſent before you
The mightieſt man in Armes, *Antinous*;
Speak fellow ſouldiers.
Sold. *Antinous*, *Antinous*.
Gaſp. Stand by all, ſave the two competitors.
Poſſ. My Lords, how much your Countrey owes you
The due reward of your deſertfull glories. (both,
Muſt to poſterity remain : But yet
Since, by our Law, one onely can make claime
To the propoſed honours which you both
(It ſeems) have truely merited, take leave
Freely to plead your rights : we ſhall attend you.
Porp. Wherein priority of voyce is granted
Lord *Caſſilanes* to you: for that your rare
And long experience in the courſe of war,
As well doth challenge it, as the beſt priviledge
Of Order and civility, for that
You are your brave opponents worthy father.
Say Countrey-men, are you content?
Sold. I, I.
Caſſ. Right grave, right gratious fathers; how unfit
It is for me, that all my life time have
Been practis'd in the ſchoole of bloud, and ſlaughter,
To bandy words now in my lifes laſt farewell,
Your wiſedomes will conſider; were there pitcht
Another, and another field, like that
Which not yet three days ſince, this arme hath ſcatter'd,
Defeated, and made nothing, then the man,
That had a heart to thinke he could but follow,
(For equall me he ſhould not) through the lanes
Of danger and amazement, might in that,
That onely of but folowing me, be happy,
Reputed worthy to be made my rivall :
For 'tis not Lords, unknowne to thoſe about me,
(My fellow ſouldiers) firſt with what a confidence
I led them on to fight, went on ſtill, and
And as if I could have beene a ſecond Nature,
As well in heartning them by my example,
As by my exhortation, I gave life
To quicken courage, to inflame revenge,
To heighten reſolution; in a word,
To out-doe action : It boots not to diſcover,
How that yong-man, who was not fledg'd nor skil'd
In Martiall play, was even as ignorant
As childiſh : But I liſt not to diſparage
His non ability : The ſignall given
Of Battaile, when our enemies came on,
(Directed more by furie, then warrant
Of Policy and Stratagem) I met them,
I in the fore-front of the Armies met them;
And as if this old weather-beaten body
Had been compos'd of Cannon-proof, I ſtood
The volleys of their ſhot. I, I my ſelfe
Was he that firſt diſ-rankt their woods of Pikes :
But when we came to handy-ſtroaks, as often
As I lent blowes, ſo often I gave wounds,
And every wound a death. I may be bold
To juſtifie a truth, this very ſword
Of mine ſlew more then any twaine beſides :
And, which is not the leaſt of all my glorie,
When he, this young man, hand to hand in fight,
Was by the Generall of the Venetians,
And ſuch as were his retinue, unhors'd,
I ſtept between, and reſcu'd him my ſelfe,
Or horſes hoofs had trampled him to dirt;
And whilſt he was re-mounting, I maintain'd
The combate with the gallant Generall,
Till having taken breath, he throng'd before me,
Renew'd the fight, and with a fatall blow,
Stole both that honour from me, and his life
From him, whom I before my ſelfe alone,
Had more then full three quarters kill'd : A man
Well worthy onely by this hand to have dy'd,
Not by a Boyes weak puſh : I talke too much,
But 'tis a fault of Age : If to bring home
Long peace, long victorie, even to your Capitoll;
If to ſecure your Kingdome, Wives, and Children,
Your lives and liberties; if to renowne
Your honours through the world, to fix your names,
Like Blazing ſtarres, admir'd, and fear'd by all,
That have but heard of *Candy*, or a *Cretane*,
Be to deſerve the approvement of my man-hood,
Then thus much have I done : what more, examine
The Annalls of my life; and then conſider
What I have been, and am. Lords I have ſaid.
Gonz. With reveremce to the Senate, is it lawfull,
Without your Cuſtomes breach, to ſay a word?
Poſ. Say on my Lord *Gonzalo*.
Gonz. I have heard,
And with no little wonder, ſuch high deeds
Of Chivalrie diſcours'd, that I confeſſe,
I doe not think the Worthies while they liv'd
All nine, deſerv'd as much applauſe, or memorie,
As this one : But who can doe ought to gaine
The Crowne of honour from him, muſt be ſomewhat
More then a man; you tread a dangerous path,
Yet I ſhall heare you gladly : for believe me,
Thus much let me profeſſe, in honours cauſe,
I would not to my father, nor my King,
(My Countries father) yield : if you tranſcend
What we have heard, I can but onely ſay,
That miracles are yet in uſe. I feare
I have offended.
Porp. You have ſpoken nobly.
Antinous uſe your priviledge.

Ant. Princely fathers,
E're I begin, one ſuit I have to make,
'Tis juſt, and honourable.
Porp. Poſſ. Speak, and have it.
*Ant.*That you would pleaſe the ſouldiers might all ſtand
Together by their Generall.
Poſſ. 'Tis granted.
All fall to yonder ſide : Goe on, *Antinous.*
Ant. I ſhall be briefe and plaine : All what my father
(This Countries Patron) hath diſcours'd, is true.
Fellowes in Armes : ſpeak you is't true ?
Sol. True, true.
Ant. It followes, that the blaze of my performance
Took light from what I ſaw him doe ; and thus
A City (though the flame be much more dreadfull)
May from a little ſparke be ſet on fire ;
Of all what I have done, I ſhall give inſtance
Onely in three maine proofs of my deſert.
Firſt I ſought out (but through how many dangers
My Lords judge ye) the chiefe, the great Commander,
The head of that huge body, whoſe prowd weight
Our Land ſhrunke under , him I found and fought with,
Fought with,and ſlew. Fellowes in Armes, ſpeak you,
Is't true or not ?
Sold. True, true.
Ant. When he was falne,
The hearts of all our adverſaries
Began to quaile, till young *Fernando,* ſonne
To the laſt Duke of *Venice* gather'd head,
And ſoone renew'd the field, by whoſe example
The bold Venetians doubling ſtrength and courage
Had got the better of the day,our men
Suppoſing that their adverſaries grew
Like *Hydra's* head, recoyle, and 'gan to flye :
I follow'd them ; and what I ſaid, they know ;
The ſumme on't is ; I call'd them back, new rankt them;
Lead on, they follow'd, ſhrunk not till the end :
Fellowes in Armes is't true,or no.
Sold. True, true.
Ant. Laſtly, to finiſh all, there was but one,
The onely great exploit ; which was to take
Fernando priſoner,and that hand to hand
In ſingle fight I did : my ſelfe without
The helpe of any arme, ſave the arme of heaven.
Speak ſouldiers, is it true, or no?
Sol. Antinous, Antinous.
Ant. Behold my priſoner, Fathers.
Fern. This one man
Ruin'd our Army, and hath glorifi'd
Creete in her robes of mightineſſe and conqueſt.
Poſ. We need not uſe long circumſtance of words,
Antinous thou art conquerer : the Senate,
The ſouldiers, and thy valour have pronounc'd it.
All. Antinous,Antinous.
Porp. Make thy demand.
Caſ. Pleaſe ye (my Lord) give leave
That I may part.
Poſ. No *Caſſilanes*, the Court
Should therein be diſhonour'd, doe not imagine
We prize your preſence at ſo ſlight a rate.
Demand *Antinous.*
Ant. Thus (my Lords) to witneſſe
How far I am from arrogance, or thinking
I am more valiant, though more favour'd
Then my moſt matchleſſe father, my demand is,
That for a laſting memorie of his name,
His deeds, his reall, nay his royall worth,
You ſet up in your Capitoll in Braſſe
My fathers Statue, there to ſtand for ever
A Monument and Trophy of his victories,
With this Inſcription to ſucceeding ages,
Great Caſſilanes, *Patron of Candy's Peace,*
Perpetuall Triumpher.
Por. Poſ. It is granted. What more ?
Ant. No more.
Caſ. How boy ?
Gonz. Thou art immortall,
Both for thy Son-like pietie, and beauties
Of an unconquer'd minde.
Ant. My Priſoner (Lords)
To your more ſacred wiſedomes I ſurrender :
Fit you his ranſome ; halfe whereof I give
For largeſſe to the Souldiers : the other halfe
To the erection of this monument.
Caſſ. Ambitious villaine.
Gonz. Thou art all un-immitable.
My Lords to work a certaine peace for *Candy*
With *Venice*, uſe *Fernando* like a Prince ;
His ranſome Ile disburſe what e're it be :
Yet you may ſtay him with you, till conditions
Of amitie ſhall be concluded on :
Are yee content ?
Porp. We are, and ever reſt
Both friends add debters to your nobleneſſe.
Gonz. Souldiers attend me in the Market-place,
Ile thither ſend your largeſſe.
Sold. Antinous, Antinous. *Exeunt.*
Caſ. I have a ſute too, Lords.
Porp. Poſ. Propoſe it,'tis yours, if fit and juſt.
Caſ. Let not my ſervices,
My being forty yeares a drudge, a pack-horſe
To you, and to the State, be branded now
With Ignominy ne're to be forgotten :
Reare me no Monument, unleſſe you meane
To have me fam'd a Coward, and be ſtamp'd ſo.
Poſ. We underſtand you not.
Caſ. Proud boy, thou doſt,
And Tyrant-like inſult'ſt upon my ſhame.
Ant. Sir, heaven can tell, and my integrity,
What I did, was but onely to inforce
The Senates gratitude. I now acknowledge it.
Caſ. Obſerve it Fathers, how this haughty boy
Growes cunning in his envy of mine honours :
He knowes no mention can of me be made,
But that it ever likewiſe muſt be told,
How I by him was maſter'd ; and for ſurety
That all ſucceeding times may ſo report it,
He would have my diſhonour, and his Triumphs
Ingrav'd in Braſſe : hence,hence proceeds the falſhood
Of his inſinuating piety.
Thou art no childe of mine : thee and thy bloud,
Here in the Capitoll, before the Senate,
I utterly renounce : So thrift and fate
Confirme me ; henceforth never ſee my face,
Be, as thou art, a villaine to thy father.
Lords I muſt crave your leaves : come,come *Arcanes. Ex*
Gonz. Here's a ſtrange high-borne ſpirit.
Poſ. 'Tis but heat
Of ſuddaine preſent rage ; I dare aſſure
Antinous of his favour.
Ant. I not doubt it,
He is both a good man, and a good father.

I ſhall attend your Lordſhips.
Poſſ. Doe *Antinous*.
Gonz. Yes : feaſt thy Triumphs,
With applauſe and pleaſures.
Por. Poſſ. Lead on. *Exeunt.* *Flor. Cornets.*
Ant. I utterly renounce---- Twas ſo ?
Was't not, my *Decius* ?
Dec. Piſh, you know my Lord,
Old men are chollerick.
Ant. And laſtly parted
With; never henceforth ſee my face : O me,
How have I loſt a Father ? Such a father ?
Such a one *Decius* ! I am miſerable,
Beyond expreſſion.
Dec. Fie, how unbecomming
This ſhewes upon your day of fame ?
Ant. O miſchiefe :
I muſt no more come neare him ; that I know,
And am aſſur'd on't.
Dec. Say you doe not ?
Ant. True :
Put caſe I doe not : what is *Candy* then
To loſt *Antinous* ? *Malta*, I reſolve
To end my dayes in thee.
Dec. How's that ?
Ant. Ile trie
All humble meanes of being reconcil'd,
Which if deny'd, then I may juſtly ſay,
This day has prov'd my worſt: *Decius* my worſt. *Exeunt*

Actus Secundus. Scæna prima.

Enter Gonzalo, and Gaſpero.

Gasp. NOw to what you have heard ; as no man can
Better then I, give you her Character ;
For I have been both nurs'd, and traind up to
Her petulant humours, and been glad to beare them,
Her brother, my late Maſter, did no leſſe :
Strong apprehenſions of her beauty hath
Made her believe that ſhe is more then woman :
And as there did not want thoſe flatterers
'Bout the worlds Conquerour, to make him think,
And did perſwade him that he was a god ;
So there be thoſe baſe flies, that will not ſtick
To buzze into her eares ſhe is an Angel,
And that the food ſhe feeds on is *Ambroſia*.
Gonz. She ſhould not touch it then, 'tis Poets fare.
Gaſ. I may take leave to ſay, ſhe may as well
Determine of her ſelfe to be a goddeſſe,
With leſſer flatterie then he a god :
For ſhe does conquer more, although not farther.
Every one looks on her dyes in deſpaire,
And would be glad to doe it actually,
To have the next age tell how worthily,
And what good cauſe he had to periſh ſo :
Her beauty is ſuperlative, ſhe kuowes it,
And knowing it, thinks no man can deſerve,
But ought to periſh, and to dye for her :
Many great Princes for her love have languiſh'd,
And given themſelves a willing ſacrifice,
Proud to have ended ſo : And now there is
A Prince ſo manded in his owne paſſions,
That he forgets the Royaltie he was borne to,
And deems it happineſſe to be her ſlave.
Gonz. You talke as if you meant to winde me in,
And make me of the number.
Gaſ. Sir, miſtake me not, the ſervice that I owe ye
Shall plead for me : I tell you what ſhe is,
What ſhe expects, and what ſhe will effect,
Unleſſe you be the miracle of men,
That come with a purpoſe to behold,
And goe away your ſelfe.
Gon. I thanke you, I will doe it : But pray reſolve me,
How is ſhe ſtor'd with wit ?
Gaſ. As with beauty,
Infinite, and more to be admired at,
Then medled with.
Gonz. And walks her tongue the ſame gate with her feet ?
Gaſ. Much beyond: what ere her heart thinks, ſhe utters:
And ſo bold, ſo readily, as you would judge
It penn'd and ſtudied.
Gonz. She comes.
Enter Erota, Philander, Annophill, Hyparcha, Mochingo, Attendants.
Gaſ. I muſt leave you then,
But my beſt wiſhes ſhall remain with you.
Gonz. Still I muſt thanke you.
This is the moſt paſſionate,
Moſt pitifull Prince,
Who in the Caldron of affections,
Looks as he had been par-boyl'd.
Phil. If I offend with too much loving you,
It is a fault that I muſt ſtill commit,
To make your mercy ſhine the more on me.
Erot. You are the ſelfe-ſame creature you condemne,
Or elſe you durſt not follow me with hope
That I can pittie you, who am ſo farre
From granting any comfort in this kinde,
That you and all men elſe ſhall periſh firſt :
I will live free and ſingle, till I finde
Something above a man to equall me ;
Put all your brave *Heroes* into one,
Your Kings and Emperours, and let him come
In perſon of a man, and I ſhould ſcorne him :
Muſt, and will ſcorne him.
The god of Love himſelfe hath loſt his eyes,
His Bow and Torch extinguiſh'd, and the Poets
That made him firſt a god, have loſt their fire
Since I appear'd, and from my eyes muſt ſteale it.
This I dare ſpeak ; and let me ſee the man,
Now I have ſpoke it, that doth, dare deny ;
Nay, not believe it.
Mo. He is mad that does not.
Erot. Have not all the nations of the earth heard of me?
Moſt come to ſee me, and ſeeing me, return'd
Full of my praiſes ? teaching there Chroniclers
To make their Stories perfect ? for where the name,
Meerely the word of faire *Erota* ſtands,
It is a laſting Hiſtory to time,
Begetting admiration in the men,
And in my owne Sex envie ; which glorie's loſt,
When I ſhall ſtick my beautie in a cloud,
And clearely ſhine through it.
Gonz. This Woman's in the altitudes, and he muſt be
A good Aſtrologer ſhall know her Zodiack.
Phil. For any man to thinke
Himſelfe an able purchaſer of you,
But in the bargaine there muſt be declar'd
Infinite bounty : otherwiſe I vow,
By all that's excellent and gracious in you,

I would untenant every hope lodg'd in me,
And yield my ſelfe up Loves, or your owne Martyr.
Erot. So you ſhall pleaſe us.
Phil. O you cannot be
So heavenly, and ſo abſolute in all things,
And yet retaine ſuch cruell tyranny.
Erot. I can, I doe, I will.
Gonz. She is in her
Moods, and her Tences: Ile Gramer with you,
And make a triall how I can decline you:
By your leave (great Lady.)
Erot. What are you?
Gonz. A man, a good man, that's a wealthy;
A Proper man, and a proud man too; one
That underſtands himſelfe, and knowes, unleſſe
It be your ſelf, no woman on the Univerſe deſerves him.
Nay, Lady, I muſt tell you too withall.
I may make doubt of that, unleſſe you paint
With better judgement next day then on this;
For (plaine I muſt be with you) 'tis a dull Fucus.
Erot. Knowes any one here what this fellow is?
Attend. He is of *Venice* (Madam) a great Magnifico,
And gracious with the Senate.
Erot. Let him keep then among them; what makes he (here?
Heres ſtate enough where I am: here's a doe----
You, tell him, if he have ought with us, let him
Look lower, and give it in Petition.
Mo. Mighty Magnifico, my Miſtris bid me tell you,
If you have ought with her, you muſt look lower,
And yeeld it in Petition.
Gonz. Here is for thee a Ducket.
Mon. You ſay well ſir, take your owne courſe.
Gonz. I will not grace you
(Lady) ſo much as take you by the hand;
But when I ſhall vouchſafe to touch your lip,
It ſhall be through your Court a holy-day
Proclamed for ſo high favour.
Erot. This is ſome
Great mans Jeſter: Sirrah, begone, here is
No place to foole in.
Gonz. Where are the fooles you talke of?
I doe keep two.
Erot. No queſtion of it: for
In your ſelfe you doe maintaine an hundred.
Gonz. And beſides them I keep a noble traine,
Statiſts, and men of action: my purſe is large and deep,
Beyond the reach of riot to draw drie:
Fortune did vie with Nature, to beſtow
(When I was borne) her bountie equally:
'Tis not amiſſe you turne your eyes from me;
For ſhould you ſtand and gaze me in the face,
You periſh would, like *Semele* by *Iolus*:
In *Venice* at this inſtant there do lye
No leſſe then threeſcore Ladies in their graves,
And in their Beds five hundred for my love.
Mo. You lie more then they; yet it becomes him bravely;
Would I could walke and talke ſo? Ile endeavour it.
Erot. Sir, doe you know me?
Gon. Yes, you were ſiſter to the late Prince of *Candy*,
Aunt to this young one: And I in *Venice*,
I am borne a Lord; equall to you in fortunes,
In ſhape; Ile ſay no more, but view.
Mon. There needs no more be ſaid, were I a woman—
O he does rarely: in ſhape; Ile ſay no more,
But view: Who could ſay more, who better?
Man is no man, nor woman woman is,
Unleſſe they have a pride like one of theſe.
How poore the Prince of *Cyprus* ſhewes to him?
How poore another Lady unto her:
Carriage and State makes us ſeem demi-gods,
Humility, like beaſts, wormes of the earth.

Enter Antinous and Decius.

Ant. Royall Lady, I kiſſe your hand.
Erot. Sir, I know you not.
Anno. O my noble Brother, welcome from the wars.
Ant. Deare ſiſter.
Ann. Where is my father, that you come without him?
We have news of your ſucceſſe: he has his health I hope?
Ant. Yes ſiſter, he has his health, but is not well.
Ann. How not well? what Riddles do you utter?
Ant. Ile tell you more in private.
Gonz. Noble ſir,
I cannot be unmindfull of your merit,
Since I laſt heard it: you are a hopefull youth,
And (indeed) the ſoule of *Candy*.
I muſt ſpeak my thoughts.
Ann. The Prince of *Cyprus* Brother, Good *Decius*.
Ant. I am his ſervant.
Phil. You are the Patron of your Countrie, ſir,
So your unimitable deeds proclame you,
It is no language of my owne, but all mens.
Gonz. Your Enemies muſt needs acknowledge it:
Then doe not thinke it flatterie in your friends,
For if they had a heart, they could not want a tongue.
Erot. Is this your brother *Annophill*?
Anno. Yes Madam.
Erot. Your name's *Antinous*?
Ant. I am (Lady) that moſt unfortunate man.
Erot. How unfortunate? are you not the ſouldier,
The Captaine of thoſe Captaines, that did bring
Conqueſt and victory home along with you?
Ant. I had ſome ſhare in't; but was the leaſt
Of the leaſt worthy.
Gonz. O ſir, in your modeſty youl'd make
A double Conqueſt: I was an eare-witneſſe
When this young man ſpoke leſſer then he acted,
And had the ſouldiers voice to helpe him out:
But that the Law compell'd him for his honour,
To inforce him make a claime for his reward,
I well perceive he would have ſtood the man
That he does now, buried his worth in ſilence.
Erot. Sir, I hearken not to him, but looke on you,
And finde more in you then he can relate?
You ſhall attend on me.
Ant. Madam, your pardon.
Ero. Deny it not ſir, for it is more honour
Then you have gotten ith' field: for know you ſhall,
Upon *Erota's* asking, ſerve *Erota*.
Ant. I may want anſwers, Lady,
But never want a will to doe you ſervice.
I came here to my ſiſter, to take leave,
Having enjoyn'd my ſelfe to baniſhment,
For ſome cauſe that hereafter you may heare,
And wiſh with me I had not the occaſion.
Anno. There ſhall be no occaſion to divide us:
Deare Madam for my ſake uſe your power,
Even for the ſervice that he ought to owe,
Muſt, and does owe to you, his friends, and countrey.
Erot. Upon your Loyalty to the ſtate and me,
I doe command you Sir, not depart *Candy*:
Am I not your Princeſſe?
Ant. You are a great Lady.

Ero.

Erot. Then ſhew your ſelfe a Servant and a Subject.
Ant. I am your vaſſaile.
Mon. You are a Coward; I that dare not fight,
Scorne to be vaſſaile to any Prince in *Europe*:
Great is my heart with pride, which Ile encreaſe
When they are gone, with practiſe on uy Vaſlailes.
Atten. The noble *Caſſilane* is come to ſee you Madam,
Dec. There's comfort in thoſe words, *Antinous*:
For heres the place, and perſons that have power,
To reconcile you to his love againe.
Ant. That were a fortunate meeting.
Enter Caſſilane and Arcanes.
Caſ. Greatneſſe ſtill wait you Lady.
Ero. Good *Caſsilane*, we doe maintain our greatneſſe,
Through your valour.
Caſ. My prayers pull dayly bleſſings on thy head,
My un-offending childe, my *Annophill.*
Good Prince, worthy *Gonzalo*! ha? art thou here
Before me? in every action art thou ambitious?
My duty (Lady) firſt offered here,
And love to thee (my childe) though he out-ſtrip me;
Thus in the wars he got the ſtart on me,
By being forward, but performing leſſe;
All the endeavours of my life are loſt,
And throwne upon that evill of mine owne
Curſed begetting, whom I ſhame to father.
O that the heat thou robd'ſt me off, had burnt
Within my Entrailes, and begot a feaver,
Or ſome worſe ſickneſſe, for thou art a diſeaſe
Sharper then any phyſick gives a name to.
Ann. Why doe you ſay ſo?
Caſ. O *Annophill*; there is good cauſe my girle:
He has plaid the thiefe with me, and filch'd away
The richeſt jewell of my life, my honour,
Wearing it publikely with that applauſe,
As if he juſtly did inherit it.
Ant. Would I had in my Infancy been laid
Within my grave, covered with you bleſſings,
Then growne up to a man, to meet your curſes.
Caſ. O that thou hadſt.
Then I had been the father of a childe,
Dearer then thou wert even unto me,
When hope perſwaded me I had begot
Another ſelfe in thee: Out of mine eyes,
As farre as I have throwne thee from my heart,
That I may live and dye forgetting thee.
Ero. How has he deſerv'd this untam'd anger,
That when he might have ask't for his reward
Some honour for himſelfe, or maſſe of pelfe,
He onely did requeſt to have erected
Your Statue in the Capitoll, with Titles
Ingrav'd upon't, The Patron of his Countrey?
Caſ. That, that's the poiſon in the gilded cup,
The Serpent in the flowers, that ſtings my honour;
And leaves me dead in fame: Gods doe a juſtice,
And rip his boſome up, that men may ſee,
Seeing, believe the ſubtle practiſes
Written within his heart: But I am heated,
And doe forget this preſence, and my ſelfe.
Your pardon, Lady.
Ero. You ſhould not aske, 'leſſe you knew how to give.
For my ſake *Caſsilane*, caſt out of your thoughts
All ill conceptions of your worthy ſon,
That (queſtionleſſe) has ignorantly offended,
Declared in his penitence.
Caſ. Bid me dye (Lady) for your ſake Ile doe it;
But that you'll ſay is nothing, for a man
That has out-liv'd his honour: But command me
In any thing ſave that, and *Caſsilane*
Shall ever be your ſervant. Come *Annophill*,
(My joy in this world) thou ſhalt live with me,
Retired in ſome ſollitarie nook,)
The comfort of my age; my dayes are ſhort,
And ought to be well ſpent: and I deſire
No other witneſſe of them but thy ſelfe,
And good *Arcanes*.
Anno. I ſhall obey you ſir.
Gonz. Noble ſir:
If you taſte any want of worldly meanes,
Let not that diſcontent you: know me your friend,
That hath, and can ſupply you.
Caſ. Sir, I am too much bound to you already,
And 'tis not of my cares the leaſt, to give you
Faire ſatisfaction.
Gonz. You may imagine I doe ſpeak to that end,
But truſt me, 'tis to make you bolder with me.
Caſ. Sir, I thanke you, and may make triall of you,
Meane time my ſervice.
Ann. Brother be comforted; ſo long as I continue
Within my fathers love, you cannot long
Stand out an Exile: I muſt goe live with him,
And I will prove ſo good an Orator
In your behalfe, that you againe ſhall gaine him,
Or I will ſtirre in him another anger,
And be loſt with you.
Ant. Better I were neglected: for he is haſty,
And through the Choller that abounds in him,
(Which for the time divides from him his judgement)
He may caſt you off, and with you his life;
For griefe will ſtrait ſurprize him, and that way
Muſt be his death: the ſword has try'd too often,
And all the deadly Inſtruments of warre
Have aim'd at his great heart, but ne're could touch it:
Yet not a limbe about him wants a ſcarre.
Caſ. Madam my duty———
Ero. Will you he gone?
Caſ. I muſt (Lady) but I ſhall be ready,
When you are pleas'd command me, for your ſervice.
Excellent Prince———To all my heartie love,
And a good farewell.
Mon. Thanks honeſt *Caſsilane.*
Caſ. Come, *Annophill.*
Gonz. Shall I not wait upon you ſir?
Caſ. From hence you ſhall not ſtirre a foot:
Loving *Gonzalo*, it muſt be all my ſtudy
To requite you.
Gonz. I may be ſo fortunate to deſerve
The name of friend from you, I have enough.
Caſ. You are ſo, and you have made your ſelfe ſo.
Gonz. I will then preſerve it.
Ero. *Antinous* you are my ſervant, are you not?
Ant. It hath pleaſed you ſo to grace me.
Ero. Why are you then dejected? you will ſay,
You have loſt a father; but you have found a Miſtris
Doubles that loſſe: be maſter of your ſpirit;
You have a cauſe for it.: which is my favour,
Gonz. And mine.
Ero. Will no man eaſe me of this foole?
Gonz. Your fellow.
Ero. *Antinous* wait upon us.
Ant. I ſhall Madam.
Gonz. Nay but Ladie, Ladie.

Erot. Sir, you are rude: and if you be the Maſter
Of ſuch meanes as you doe talk of, you ſhould
Learne good manners.
Gonz. O Lady, you can finde a fault in me,
But not perceive it in your ſelfe; you muſt, ſhall heare me:
I love you for your pride, 'tis the beſt vertue
In you.
Erot. I could hang this fellow now: by whom
Are you ſupported, that you dare doe this?
Have you not example here in a Prince
Tranſcending you in all things, yet beares himſelfe
As doth become a man had ſeen my beautie?
Back to your Countrey, and your Curtizans,
Where you may be admired for your wealth,
Which being conſum'd, may be a meanes to gaine you
The opinion of ſome wit. Here's nothing
To be got but ſcorne, and loſſe of time.
Gonz. Which are things I delight in.
Erot. *Antinous* follow me. *Exit.*
Gonz. She is vext to the ſoule.
Mon. Let her be vext, 'tis fit ſhe ſhould be ſo:
Give me thy hand *Gonzalo*, thou art in our favour,
For we doe love to cheriſh lofty ſpirits,
Such as percuſſeere the earth, and bound
With an erected countenance to the clouds.
Gonz. 'S-foot, what thing is this?
Mon. I doe love fire-works, becauſe they mount:
An Exhalation I profeſſe to adore,
Beyond a fixed ſtarre, 'tis more illuſtrious,
As every thing rais'd out of ſmoak is ſo:
Their vertue is in action: what doe you think of me?
Gonz. Troth ſir,
You are beyond my gheſſe, I know you not.
Mo. Doe you know your ſelfe?
Gonz. Yes ſir.
Mon. Why you and I are one: I am proud, and
Very prond too, that I muſt tell you; I ſaw
It did become you, couſin *Gonzalo*, prethee
Let it be ſo.
Gonz. Let it be ſo good couſin.
Mon. I am no great ones foole.
Gonz. I hope ſo, for alliance ſake.
Mo. Yet I do ſerve the Mighty, Monſtrous, and Magnanimous
Invincible *Erota.*
Gonz. O good couſin, now I have you: Ile meet you in your Coat.
Mo. Coat? I have my horſe-mans coat I muſt confeſſe
Lin'd through with Velvet, and a Scarlet out-ſide;
If you'll meet me in't, Ile ſend fort;
And couſin you ſhall ſee me with much comfort,
For it is both a new one, and a right one,
It did not come collaterall.
Gon. Adieu good couſin; at this preſent I have ſome buſineſſe.
Mo. Farewell (excellent couſin.)

Actus Tertius. Scæna prima.

Enter Gonzalo and Fernando.

Gonz. Candy, I ſay, is loſt already.
Fer. Yes,
If to be conqueror be to be loſt.
Gonz. You have it; one dayes conqueſt hath undone them,
And ſold them to their vaſſalage; for what
Have I elſe toyl'd my braines, profuſely emptied
My moneyes, but to make them ſlaves to *Venice*,
That ſo in caſe the ſword did loſe his edge,
Then Art might ſharpen hers?
Fer. *Gonzalo* how?
Gonz. *Fernando* thus: you ſee how through this Land,
Both of the beſt and baſeſt I am honour'd;
I onely gave the State of *Venice* notice,
When, where, and how to land, or you had found
A better entertainment: I was he
Encourag'd young *Antinous* to affront
The devill his father: for the devill I think
Dares not doe more in battaile.
Fer. But why did ye?
I finde no ſuch great policie in that.
Gonz. Indeed *Fernando*, thou canſt fight, not plot:
Had they continu'd one, they two alone
Were of ſufficient courage and performance
To beat an Armie.
Fern. Now by all my hopes,
I rather ſhall admire, then envy vertue.
Gonz. Why then by all your hopes you'll rather have
Your Braines knockt out, then learne how to be wiſe;
You States-man? Well ſir, I did more then this,
When *Caſſilane* crav'd from the common treaſure
Pay for his Souldiers, I ſtrook home, and lent him
An hundred thouſand Duckets,
Fer. Marry ſir,
The policy was little, the love leſſe,
And honeſty leaſt of all.
Gonz. How ſay ye by that?
Go fight, I ſay goe fight, Ile talke no more with you,
You are inſenſible.
Fer. Well, I ſhall obſerve ye,
Gonz. Why look you ſir, by this meanes have I got
The greateſt part of *Caſſilanes* eſtate
Into my hands, which he can ne're redeem,
But muſt of force ſinke: do you conceive me now?
Fer. So:
But why have you importuned the Senate,
For me to ſojourne with them?
Gonz. There's the quinteſſence,
The ſoule, and grand elixer of my wit:
For he (according to his noble nature)
Will not be knowne to want, though he do want,
And will be bankrupted ſo much the ſooner,
And made the ſubject of our ſcorne and laughter.
Fern. Here's a perfect plotted ſtratagem.
Gonz. Why? could you
Imagine, that I did not hate in heart
My Countreyes enemies? yes, yes, *Fernando*,
And I will be the man that ſhall undoe them.
Fer. Ye are in a ready way.
Gonz. I was never out on't.
Enter Gaſpero.
Gonz. Peace,
Here comes a wiſe Coxcombe, a tame Coward.
Now worthy *Gaſpero*, what,
You come (I know) to be my Lord *Fernando's*
Conducter to old *Caſſilane*?
Gaſ. To wait upon him.
Gonz. And my Lords the Senators ſent you?
Gaſp. My noble Lord they did.
Gonz My Lord *Fernando*,
This gentleman, (as humble as you ſee him)
Is even this Kingdomes treaſure; In a word,

'Tis his chiefe glory that he is not wiſer
Then honeſt, nor more honeſt then approv'd
In truth and faith.
Gaſp. My Lord.
Gonz. You may be bold
To truſt him with your boſome, he'll not deceive,
If you relie upon him once.
Ferd. Your name is *Gaſpero?*
Gaſp. Your ſervant.
Gonz. Goe commend me
(Right honeſt *Gaſpero*) commend me heartily
To noble *Caſſilane*, tell him my love
Is vow'd to him.
Gaſ. I ſhall.
Gonz. I know you will.
My Lord I cannot long be abſent from you.
Fer. Sir, you are now my guide. *Exit.*
Gonz. Thus my deſignes
Run uncontroul'd; yet *Venice* though I be
Intelligencer to thee, in my braine
Are other large Projects: for if proud *Erota*
Bend to my lure, I will be *Candy's* King,
And Duke of *Venice* too. Ha? *Venice* too?
O'twas prettily ſhov'd in: why not? *Erota*
May in her love ſeale all ſure: if ſhe ſwallow
The bait, I am Lord of both; if not, yet *Candy*
Deſpight of all her power ſhall be ruin'd.

Enter Caſſilane, Arcanes, and Annophill.

Caſ. Urge me no farther *Annophill.*
Anno. My Lord.
Caſ. Thy fathers poverty has made thee happie;
For though 'tis true, this ſolitary life
Sutes not with youth and beautie, O my childe,
Yet 'tis the ſweeteſt Guardian to protect
Chaſte names from Court-aſperſions; there a Lady
Tender and delicate in yeares and graces,
That doats upon the charmes of eaſe and pleaſure,
Is ſhip-wrackt on the ſhore; for 'tis much ſafer
To truſt the Ocean in a leaking ſhip,
Then follow greatneſſe in the wanton rites
Of luxurie and ſloth.
Ann. My wiſhes ſir,
Have never ſoar'd a higher flight, then truely
To finde occaſion wherein I might witneſſe
My duty and obedience.
Caſ. 'Tis well ſaid,
Canſt thou forbeare to laugh *Arcanes?*
Arc. Why ſir?
Caſ. To look upon my beggerie, to look upon
My patience in my beggerie: Tell me,
Does it ſhew handſome? bravely?
Handſome? thou wilt flatter me,
And ſweare that I am miſerable.
Arc. Nothing
More glorifies the noble, and the valiant,
Then to deſpiſe contempt: if you continue
But to enjoy your ſelfe, you in your ſelfe
Enjoy all ſtore beſides.
Caſ. An excellent change:
I that ſome ſeven Apprentice-ſhips commanded
A hundred Miniſters, that waited on
My nod, and ſometimes twenty thouſand ſouldiers,
Am now retir'd, attended in my age
By one poore maid, followed by one old man.
Arc. Sir, you are lower in your owne repute
Then you have reaſon for.
Caſ. The *Romane* Captaines,
I meane the beſt, ſuch as with their bloods
Purchas'd their Countreyes peace, the Empires glorie,
Were glad at laſt to get them to ſome Farmes,
Off-from the clamours of the ingratefull great ones,
And the unſteddy multitude, to live
As I doe now, and 'twas their bleſſing too,
Let it be ours *Arcanes.* ——
Arc. I cannot but
Applaud your ſcorne of injuries.
Caſ. Of injuries?
Arcanes, Annophill, lend both your hands,
So, what ſay yee now?
Arc. Why now my Lord ——
Caſ. I ſweare
By all my paſt proſperities; thus ſtanding
Between you two, I thinke my ſelfe as great,
As mighty, as if in the Capitoll
I ſtood amidſt the Senators, with all
The *Cretane* ſubjects proſtrate at my feet.
Ann. Sir, you are here more ſafe.
Caſ. And more beloved:
Why look yee ſirs, I can forget the weakneſſe
Of the traduced ſouldiers, the neglect
Of the faire-ſpoken Senate, the impietie
Of him, the villaine, whom (to my diſhonour)
The World miſcalls my ſon.
But by the——
Arc. Sir, remember that you promis'd no occaſion
Should move your patience.
Caſ. Thou do'ſt chide me friendly.,
He ſhall not have the honour to be thought upon
Amongſt us. *Enter a Servant.*
Now? the newes?
Ser. The Secretarie,
With the *Venetian* priſoner, deſire
Admittance to your Lordſhip.
Caſ. How? to me?
What myſterie is this? *Arcanes* can they
Thinkſt thou, meane any good?
Arc. My Lord, they dare not
Intend ought elſe but good.
Caſ. Tis true, they dare not;
Arcanes welcome them: Come hither *Annophill*,
Stand cloſe to me, wee'll change our affability
Into a forme of State: and they ſhall know
Our heart is ſtill our owne.
Enter Arcanes, Fernando, and Gaſpero.
Arc. My Lord ——
Caſ. *Arcanes*,
I know them both: *Fernando*, as you are
A man of greatneſſe, I ſhould under-value
The right my ſword hath fought for, to obſerve
Low-fawning complements, but as you are
A Captive and a ſtranger, I can love you,
And muſt be kinde. You are welcome.
Fern. 'Tis the all
Of my ambition.
Gaſ. And for proof how much
He truely honours your heroick vertues,
The Senate on his importunity,
Commend him to your Lordſhips guard.
Caſ. For what?
Gaſ. During the time of his abode in *Candy.*

To be your houſhold gueſt.
Fer. Wherein my Lord,
You ſhall more make me debtor to your nobleneſſe,
Then if you had return'd me without ranſome.
Caſſ. Are you in earneſt Sir?
Fern. My ſute to the Senate
Shall beſt reſolve you that.
Caſſ. Come hither Secretarie,
Look that this be no trick now put upon me:
For if it be——Sirrah——
Gaſ. As I have troth
(My Lord) it onely is a favour granted
Upon *Fernando's* motion, from himſelfe:
Your Lordſhip muſt conceive, I'de not partake
Ought, but what ſhould concerne your honour; who
Has been the prop, our Countries ſhield, and ſafety,
But the renowned *Caſſilane*?
Caſſ. Applauſe?
Is *Gaſpero*---puffe---nothing----why, young Lord,
Would you ſo much be ſequeſter'd from thoſe
That are the blazing Comets of the time,
To live a ſolitarie life with me?
A man forſaken? all my hoſpitality
Is now contracted to a few; theſe two,
This tempeſt-wearied ſouldier, and this Virgin;
We cannot feaſt your eyes with Maſques and Revells,
Or Courtly Anticks: the ſad ſports we riot in,
Are Tales of foughten fields, of Martiall ſcarres,
And things done long agoe, when men of courage
Were held the beſt, not thoſe well-ſpoken youths,
Who onely carry conqueſt in their tongues;
Now ſtories of this nature are unſeaſonable
To entertaine a great Dukes ſon with.
Fer. Herein
Shall my Captivity be made my happineſſe,
Since what I loſe in freedome, I regaine
(With int'reſt) by converſing with a Souldier
So matchleſſe for experience, as great *Caſſilane*.
Pray ſir admit me.
Caſ. If you come to mock me,
I ſhall be angrie.
Fer. By the love I beare
To goodneſſe, my intents are honourable.
Caſ. Then in a word, my Lord, your viſitations
Shall find all due reſpect: But I am now
Growne old, and have forgot to be an hoſt;
Come when you pleaſe you are welcome.
Fer. Sir, I thank you.
Ann. Good ſir be not too urgent; for my father
Will ſoon be mov'd: yet in a noble way
Of courteſie he is as eaſily conquer'd.
Fer. Lady, your words are like your beauty, powerfull;
I ſhall not ſtrive more how to doe him ſervice,
Then how to be your ſervant.
Caſ. Shee's my daughter,
And does command this houſe.
Fer. I ſo conceive her.
Caſ. Doe you heare?
Gaſ. My honour'd Lord.
Caſ. Commend me to them.
Tell 'em I thank them.
Gaſ. Whom my Lord?
Caſ. The Senate:
Why how come you ſo dull? O they are gratious,
And infinitely gratefull——Thou art eloquent,
Speak modeſtly in mentioning my ſervices:
And if ought fall out in the By, that muſt
Of meere neceſſity touch any act
Of my deſerving praiſes, bluſh when you talke on't,
'Twill make them bluſh to heare on't.
Gaſ. Why my Lord——
Caſ. Nay, nay, you are too wiſe now; good, obſerve me,
I doe not raile againſt the hopefull Springall,
That builds up monuments in Braſſe; reares Trophies
With Mottoes and Inſcriptions, quaint devices
Of Poetrie and fiction; let's be quiet.
Arc. You muſt not croſſe him.
Gaſ. Not for *Candys* wealth.
Fer. You ſhall for ever make me yours.
Ann. 'Twere pitty to double your captivity.
Arc. Who's here, *Decius*? *Enter Decius.*
Caſ. Ha! *Decius*? who nam'd *Decius*?
Dec. My duty to your Lordſhip: I am bold,
Preſuming on your noble and knowne goodneſſe
To——
Caſ. What?
Dec. Preſent you with this——
Caſ. Letter?
Dec. Yes my honour'd Lord.
Caſ. From whom?
Dec. Pleaſe you peruſe
The in-ſide, you ſhall finde a name ſubſcrib'd,
In ſuch humility, in ſuch obedience,
That you your ſelfe will judge it tyranny
Not to receive it favourably.
Caſ. Hey-day.
Good words my Maſters; this is Court-infection,
And none but Cowards ply them: Tell me, *Decius*,
Without more circumſtance, who is the ſender?
Dec. Your much griev'd ſonne *Antinous*.
Caſ. On my life
A challenge; ſpeak, as thou art worthy ſpeak:
Ile anſwer't.
Dec. Honour'd Sir.
Caſ. No honour'd Sirs----
Foole your yong Idoll with ſuch pompous Attributes.
Say briefely, what containes it?
Dec, 'Tis a lowly
Petition for your favour.
Caſ, Raſh young man,
But that thou art under my owne roofe, and know'ſt
I dare not any way infringe the Lawes
Of hoſpitality, thou ſhould'ſt repent
Thy bold and rude intruſion. But preſume not
Againe to ſhew thy Letter, for thy life;
Decius, not for thy life.
Arc. Nay then (my Lord)
I can with-hold no longer: you are too rough,
And wreſtle againſt nature, with a violence
More then becomes a father: wherein would yee
Come nearer to the likeneſſe of God,
Then in your being entreated? Let not thirſt
Of honour, make you quite forget you are
A man, and what makes perfect man-hoods, comforts
A father.
Ann. If a memory remaine
Of my departed mother; if the purity
Of her unblemiſh'd faith deſerve to live
In your remembrance, let me yet by theſe
Awake your love to my uncomforted Brother.
Fer. I am a ſtranger: but ſo much I tender
Your ſons deſertfull vertues, that I vow

His Sword nere conquer'd me ſo abſolutely,
As ſhall your curteſie, if you vouchſafe
At all our inſtances, to new receive him,
Into your wonted favour.
Gaſ. Sir, you cannot
Require more low ſubmiſſion.
Anno. Am I not
Growne vile yet in your eyes? then by the name
Of father, let me once more ſue for him,
Who is the only now remaining branch
With me, of that moſt ancient roote, whoſe body
You are, deare ſir.
Caſ. 'Tis well: an hoſt of furies
Could not have baited me, more torturingly,
More rudely, or more moſt unnaturally?
Decius, I ſay, let me no more heare from him;
For this time goe thou hence, and know from me
Thou art beholding to me that I have not
Killed thee already, looke to't next, looke to't.
Arcanes fie, fie *Annophil*, *Exit.*
Arc. He's gone.
Chaf'd beyond ſufferance: we muſt follow him.
Dec. Lady, this letter is to you.
Anno. Come with me,
For we muſt ſpeake in private: pleaſe you ſir,
To ſee what entertainemeut our ſad houſe
Can yeild? *Ex.*
Fer. I ſhall attend you Lady.
Gaſ. How do ye like
To ſojourne here, my Lord?
Fer. More then to feaſt
With all the Princes of the earth beſides:
Gonzalo told me that thou wert honeſt.
Gaſ. Yes ſir,
And you ſhall find it.
Fer. Shall I?
Gaſ. All my follies
Be elſe recorded to my ſhame.
Fer. Enough,
My heart is here for ever lodg'd.
Gaſ. The Lady,
Fer. The place admits no time to utter all,
But *Gaſpero* if thou wilt prove my friend,
I'le ſay thou art——
Gaſ. Your ſervant: I conceive ye,
Wee'll chooſe ſome fitter leiſure.
Fer. Never man
Was (in a moment) or more bleſſ'd, or wretched. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hyparcha, (placing two chaires) Antinous,
and Erota.

Er. Leave us.
Hy. I ſhall. *Ex.*
Er. *Antinous* ſit downe.
Ant. Madam:
Er. I ſay ſit downe: I do command you ſit;
For, looke what honour thou didſt gaine by me,
I cannot loſe by it: happy *Antinous*,
The graces, and the higher Deities
Smil'd at thy birth, and ſtill continue it:
Then thinke that I (who ſcorne leſſer examples)
Muſt doe the like: ſuch as do taſte my power,
And talke of it, with feare and reverence,
Shall do the ſame unto the man I favour.
I tell thee youth, thou haſt a conqueſt won,
Since thou cam'ſt home, greater then that laſt,
Which dignified thy fame; greater then if
Thou ſhouldſt goe out againe, and conquer farther;
For I am not aſham'd to acknowledge
My ſelfe ſubdued by thee.
Ant. Great Lady——
Er. Sit ſtill, I will not heare thee elſe: now ſpeake,
And ſpeake like my *Antinous*, like my Souldier,
Whom Cupid, and not Mars, hath ſent to Battle.
Ant. I muſt (I ſee) be ſilent.
Er. So thou maiſt:
There's greater Action in it than in clamour,
A looke, (if it be gratious) will begin the War,
A word conclude it: then prove no Coward,
Since thou haſt ſuch a friendly enemie,
That teaches thee to conquer.
Ant. You do amaze me Madam,
I have no skill, no practice in this War,
And whether you be ſerious, or pleaſe
To make your ſport on a dejected man,
I cannot rightly gheſſe: but be it as it will,
It ir a like unhappineſſe to me:
My diſcontents beare thoſe conditions in them, *Muſick.*
And lay me out ſo wretched, no deſignes
(How ever truly promiſing a good)
Can make me relliſh ought, but a ſweet-bitter,
Voluntarie Exile. *Muſick againe*
Er. Why an Exile?
What comfort can there be in thoſe companions *Enter*
Which ſad thoughts bring along with? *Hyparcha.*
Hyp. Madam.
Er. Whence comes this well-tun'd ſound?
Hyp. I know not Madam.
Er. Liſten wench:
What ever friendly hands they are that ſend it *Song.*
Let 'em play on; they are Maſters of their facultie.
Doth it pleaſe you ſir?
Ant. According to the time.
Er. Go to 'em wench,
And tell 'em, we ſhall thanke 'em; for they have kept
As good time to our diſpoſition, as to their inſtruments;
Unleſſe *Antinous* ſhall ſay he loves, *Enter*
There never can be ſweeter accents uttered. *Philander.*
Phi. Let then the heart, that did imploy thoſe hands,
Receive ſome ſmall ſhare of your thankes with them,
'Tis happineſſe enough that you did like it;
A fortune unto me, that I ſhould ſend it
In ſuch a lucky minute; but to obtaine
So gratious welcome, did exceed my hopes.
Ero. Good Prince, I thanke you for it.
Phi. O Madam, poure not (to faſt) joyes on me,
But ſprinkle 'em ſo gently, I may ſtand 'em:
It is enough at firſt, you have laid aſide
Thoſe cruell angry lookes out of your eyes,
With which (as with your lovely) you did ſtrike
All your beholders in an Extaſie.
Ero. *Philander*, you have long profeſs'd to love me,
Phi. Have I but profeſt it Madam?
Er. Nay, but heare me?
Phi. More attentively, then to an Oracle.
Er. And I will ſpeake more truly, if more can be:
Nor ſhall my language be wrapt up in Riddles,
But plaine as truth it ſelfe: I love this Gentleman,
Whoſe griefes has made him ſo uncapable
Of Love, he will not heare, at leaſt not underſtand it.
I that have lookt with ſcornefull eyes on thee,
And other Princes mighty in their ſtates,

And in their friends as fortunate,have now prai'd,
In a petitionary kind almoſt,
This man,this wel-deſerving man,(that I muſt ſay)
To looke upon this beauty,yet you ſee
He caſts his eyes rather upon the ground,
Then he will turne 'em this way: *Philander*
You looke pale; I'le talke no more.
Phi. Pray go forward: I would be your Martyr,
To dye thus,were immortally to live.
Ero. Will you goe to him then, and ſpeake for me?
You have loved longer,but not ferventer,
Know how to ſpeake,for you have done it like
An Orator,even for your ſelfe: then how will you for me
Whom you profeſſe to love above your ſelfe.
Phi. The curſes of diſſemblers follow me
Unto my grave,and if I do not ſo.
Er. You may (as all men do) ſpeake boldlier,better
In their friends cauſe ſtill,then in your owne;
But ſpeake your utmoſt,yet you cannot feigne,
I will ſtand by,and bluſh to witneſſe it.
Tell him ſince I beheld him, I have loſt
The happineſſe of this life,food,and reſt;
A quiet boſome, and the ſtate I went with.
Tell him how he has humbled the proud,
And made the living,but a dead *Erota.*
Tell him withall,that ſhe is better pleas'd
With thinking on him, then enjoyiug theſe.
Tell him——*Philander*,Prince; I talke in vaine
To you,you do not marke me.
Phi. Indeed, I do.
Er. But thou doſt looke ſo pale,
As thou wilt ſpoyle the ſtory in relating.
Phi. Not, if I can but live to tell it.
Er. It may be you have not the heart.
Phi. I have a will I am ſure,how e're my heart
May play the coward,but if you pleaſe,I'le trie.
Er. If a kiſſe will ſtrengthen thee,I give you leave
To challenge it,nay,I will give it you.
Phi. O that a man ſhould taſte ſuch heavenly bliſſe!
And be enjoyn'd to beg it for another.
Er. Alas,it is a miſerie I grieve
To put you to,and I will ſuffer rather
In his tyranuy,than thou in mine.
Phi. Nay Madam,ſince I cannot have your love,
I will endeavour to deſerve your pitty:
For I had rather have within the grave
Your love,then you ſhould want it upon earth.
But how can I hope,with a feeble tongue
To inſtruct him in the rudiments of love,
When your moſt powerfull beauty cannot worke it?
Er. Do what thou wilt (*Philander*) the requeſt
Is ſo unreaſonable,that I quit thee of it.
I deſire now no more,but the true patience,
And fortitude of Lovers,with thoſe helpes
Of ſighes and teares,which I ,think is all the Phiſick——
Phi. O if he did but heare you,'twere enough;
And I will wake him from his Appoplexie.
Antinous.
Ant. My Lord?
Phi. Nay pray,
No curteſie to me,you are my Lord,
(Indeed you are) for you command her heart,
That commands mine: nor can you want to know it.
For looke you,ſhe that told it you in words,
Explaines it now more paſſionately in teares;
Either thou haſt no heart, or a marble one,
If thoſe drops cannot melt it;prethee looke up,
And ſee how ſorrow ſits within her eyes,
And love the griefe ſhe goes with (if not her)
Of which thou art the parent: and never yet
Was there (by nature) that thing made ſo ſtony,
But it would love what ever it begot.
Ant. He that begot me, did beget theſe cares
Which are good iſſues, though happily by him
Eſteemed monſters: nay, the ill-judging world
Is likely enough to give them thoſe Characters.
Phi. What's this to love,and to the Lady? he's old,
Wrathfull,perverſe,ſelfe-will'd,and full of anger,
Which are his faults; but let them not be thine;
He thruſts you from his love,ſhe puls thee on,
He doubts your vertues, ſhe doth double them:
O either uſe thy owne eyes,or take mine,
And with them,my heart, then thou wilt love her,
Nay,doate upon her,more then on thy duty,
And men will praiſe thee equally for it;
Neglecting her,condemne thee,as a man
Unworthy ſuch a fortune: O *Antinous*,
'Tis not the friendſhip that I beare to thee,
But her command,that makes me utter this:
And when I have prevail'd, let her but ſay,
Philander,you muſt dye or this is nothing,
It ſhall be done together with a breath,
With the ſame willingneſſe,I live to ſerve her.
Er. No more *Philander.*
Phi. All I have done, is little yet to purpoſe,
But ere I leave him, I will perceive him bluſh;
And make him feele the paſſions that I do,
And every true lover will aſſiſt me in't,
And lend me their ſad ſighs to blow it home,
For *Cupid* wants a dart to wound this boſome.
Er. No more,no more *Philander*,I can endure no more.
Pray let him goe; go good *Antiuous*, make peace
With your owne mind,no matter though I periſh. Ex

Actus Quartus. Scæna prima.

Enter Hyparcha, and Mockingo.

Hyp. I Cannot help it.
Mo. Nor do I require it,
The malady needs no Phiſitian,
Helpe hoſpitall people.
Hyp. I am glad to heare
You are ſo valliant.
Mo. Valiant?
Can any man be proud that is not valiant;
Fooliſh woman,what wouldſt thou ſay? thou---
I know not what to call thee.
Hyp. I can you,
For I can call you Coxcome,Aſſe,and Puppy.
Mo. You do do it,I thanke you.
Hyp. That you'l loſe a fortune,
Which a Cobler better deſerves, then thou doſt.
Mo. Do not provoke my magnanimity,
For when I am inſens'd,I am inſenſible;
Go tell thy Lady, that hath ſent me word
She will diſcard me, that I diſcard her,
And throw a ſcorne upon her,which I would not,
But that ſhe does me wrong.
Enter Erota, and Antinous.
Ero. ~~*Ant.*~~ Do you not glory in your conqueſt more,

T

To take ſome great man priſoner, then to kill him ?
And ſhall a Lady find leſſe mercie from you,
That yeilds her ſelfe your Captive, and for her Ranſome,
Will give the jewell of her life, her heart ,
Which ſhe hath lockt from all men but thy ſelfe:
For ſhame (*Antinous*)throw this dulneſſe off,
Art thou a man no where but in the field ?
Hyp. He muſt here Drums,and Trumpets ere he ſleeps,
And at this inſtant dreames he's in his Armour :
Theſe Iron-hearted Souldiers are ſo cold,
Till they be beaten to a womans armes,
And then they love 'em better then their owne ;
No Fort can hold them out.
Ant. What pitty is it (Madam) that your ſelfe,
Who are all excellence,ſhould become ſo wretched,
To thinke on ſuch a wretch as griefe hath made me ?
Seldom deſpairing men looke up to heaven,
Although it ſtill ſpeake to'em in its glories ;
For when ſad thoughts perplexe the mind of man,
There is a plumit in the heart,that waighs,
And puls us (living)to the duſt we came from ;
Did you but ſee the miſeries you purſue,
(As I the happineſſe that I avoid
That doubles my afflictions) you would flye
Unto ſome wilderneſſe, or to your grave,
And there find better comforts then in me,
For love,and cares can never dwell together.
Er. They ſhould,
If thou hadſt but my love,and I thy cares.
Ant. What wild beaſt in the Deſart,but would be
Taught by this Tongue to leave his crueltie,
Though all the beauties of the face were vail'd !
But I am ſavager than any beaſt,
And ſhall be ſo till *Decius* do arive,
Whom with ſo much ſubmiſſion I have ſent
Under my hand, that if he do not bring
His Benediction backe,he muſt to me
Be much more crueller,then I to you.
Ero. Is't but your fathers pardon you deſire ?
An. With his love,& then nothing next that,like yours.
Er. Decius is come. *Enter Decius.*
Ant. O welcome friend ; If I apprehend not
Too much of joy, there's comfort in thy lookes.
Er. There is indeed : I prethee *Decius* ſpeake it.
De. How? prethee *Decius*? this woman's ſtrangly alter'd.
An. Why doſt not ſpeake(good friend)and tell me how
The reverent bleſſiug of my life, received
My humble lines ; wept he for joy ?
Dec. No,ther's a letter will informe you more :
Yet I can tell you,what I think will grieve you,
The old man is in want,and angry ſtill,
And povertie is the bellowes to the Coale,
More then diſtaſt from you,as I imagine.
Ant. What's here ? how's this? It cannot be: now ſure
My griefes delude my ſenſes.
Er. In his lookes,
I read a world of changes : *Decius* marke
With what a ſad amazement he ſurveies
The newes : canſt thou gheſſe what 'tis ?
Dec. None good I feare.
Er. I feare ſo too: and then———
Ant. It is her hand.
Er. Are you not well?
Ant. Too well : if I were ought
But Rock,this Letter would conclude my miſeries,
Peruſe it(Lady)and reſolve me then,
In what a caſe I ſtand.
Dec. Sir, the worſt is,
Your fathers lowneſſe,and diſtaſte.
Ant. No *Decius*,
My ſiſter writes,*Fernando* has made ſuite
For love to her : and to expreiſe ſincerely
His conſtant truth,hath like a noble Gentleman,
Diſcovered plots of treachery ; contriv'd
By falſe *Gonzalo*,not intending more
The utter ruine of our houſe,then generally
Candies confuſion.
Dec. 'Tis a generous part
Of young *Fernando*.
Ant. 'Tis, and I could wiſh
All thrift to his affections *Decius*.
You find the ſumme on't Madam.
Er. Yes,I do.
Ant. And can you now yet think a heart oppreſt
With ſuch a throng of cares, can entertaine
An amorous thought ? love frees all toyles but one,
Calamitie and it can ill agree.
Er. Wil't pleaſe ye ſpeake my doome ?
Ant. Alas great Lady,
Why will you flatter thus a deſperate man,
That is quite caſt away ? O had you not
Procured the Senates warrant to enforce
My ſtay,I had not heard of theſe ſad newes.
What would you have me do ?
Er. Love me, or kill me,
One word ſhall ſentence either : for as truth
Is juſt , if you refuſe me , I am reſolute
Not to out-live my thraldome.
Ant. Gentle Lady.
Er. Say,muſt I live, or dye ?
Dec. My Lord,how can you
Be ſo inexorable : here's occaſion
Of ſuccouring your father in his wants,
Securely profer'd : pray ſir, entertaine it.
Er. What is my ſentence ?
Ant. What you pleaſe to have it ?
Er. As thou art Gentle, ſpeake thoſe words againe.
Ant. Madam,you have prevail'd , yet give me leave
Without offence,ere I reſigne the intereſt
Your heart hath in my heart, to prove your ſecreſie.
Er. Antinous, 'tis the greateſt Argument
Of thy affections to me.
Ants Madam, thus then,
My father ſtands for certaine ſummes engag'd
To treacherous *Gonzalo* ; and 'has more 'gag'd
The greateſt part of his eſtate to him :
If you receive this morgage,and procure
Acquitance from *Gonzalo* to my father,
I am what you would have me be.
Er. You'l love me then ?
Ant. Provided (Madam)that my father know not
I am an Agent for him.
Er. If I faile
In this,I am unworthy to be lov'd.
Ant. Then (with your favour) thus I ſeale my truth,
To day, and *Decius* witneſſe how unchangingly
I ſhall ſtill love *Erota*.
Er. Thou haſt quickned
A dying heart *Antinous*.
Dec. This is well :
Much happineſſe to both. *Enter Hyparcha*
Hyp. The Lord *Gonzalo*

Attends you Madam.
Er. Comes as we could wiſh,
Withdraw *Antinous*,here's a Cloſſet, where
You may partake his errand ; let him enter. *Enter*
Ant. Madam you muſt be wary. *Ex.* *Gonzalo*
Er. Feare it not,
I will be ready for him ; to entertaine him
With ſmiling welcome : Noble ſir,you take
Advantage of the time ; it had been fit
Some notice of your preſence, might have faſhion'd
A more prepared ſtate.
Gonz. Do ye mocke me Madam?
Er. Truſt me,you wrong your judgement, to repute
My gratitude a fault : I have examin'd
Your portly carriage, and will now confeſſe
It hath not ſlightly won me.
Gonz. The wind's turn'd ;
I thought 'twould come to this : it pleas'd us Madam,
At our laſt interview,to mention love,
Have you conſider'd on't?
Er. With more then common
Content : but ſir,if what you ſpake, you meant,
(As I have cauſe to doubt) then——
Gonz. What,(ſweet Lady?)
Er. Methinks me ſhould lay by this forme of ſtatelineſſe.
Loves courtſhip is familiar,and for inſtance,
See what a change it hath begot in me,
I could talke humbly now, as Lovers uſe.
Gonz. And I : and I : we meet in one ſelfe-center,
Of bleſt conſent.
Er. I hope my weakeneſſe ſir,
Shall not deſerve neglect : but if it prove ſo,
I am not the firſt Lady has been ruin'd
By being too credulous:you will ſmart for't one day.
Gon. Angell-like-Lady, let me be held a villaine,
If I love not ſincerely.
Er. Would I knew it?
Gonz. Make proofe by any fit command.
Er. What,do ye meane to marry me?
Gonz. How? meane? nay more, I meane
To make you Empreſſe of my earthly fortunes,
Regent of my deſires,for did ye covet
To be a reall Queene, I could advance you.
Er. Now I perceive you ſlight me,and would make me
More ſimple then my ſexes frailety warrants.
Gon. But ſay your mind, and you ſhall be a Queene.
Er. On thoſe conditions, call me yours.
Gon. Enough,
But are we ſafe?
Er. Aſſuredly.
Gon. In ſhort,
Yet Lady firſt be plaine : would you not chooſe
Much rather to prefer your own Sun-riſing,
Then any's elſe though ne're ſo neere entituled
By bloud,or right of birth?
Er. 'Tis a queſtion
Needs not a reſolution.
Gonz. Good : what if
I ſet the Crowne of *Candy* on your head?
Er. I were a Queene indeed then.
Gon. Madam,know
There's but a boy 'twixt you, and it:ſuppoſe him
Tranſhap'd into an Angell.
Er. Wiſe *Gonzalo*,
I cannot but admire thee.
Gonz. 'Tis worth thinking on :
Beſides your husband ſhall be Duke of *Venice.*
Er. Gonzalo, Duke of *Venice?*
Gonz. Ye are mine ye ſay.
Er. Piſh : you but dally with me ; and would lull me
In a rich golden dreame.
Gonz. You are too much diſtruſtfull of my truth.
Er. Then you muſt give me leave to apprehend
The meanes, and manner how.
Gonz. Why thus——
Er. You ſhall not,
We may be over-heard ; Affaires and counſels
Of ſuch high nature,are not to be truſted
Not to the Aire it ſelfe, you ſhall in writing,
Draw out the full deſigne ; which if effected,
I am as I profeſſe.
Gonz. O I applaud
Your ready care, and ſecreſie.
Er. Gonzalo,
There is a bar yet,twixt our hopes and us,
And that muſt be remov'd.
Gonz. What is't?
Er. Old *Caſſilane.*
Gonz. He? feare not him : I build upon his ruines
Already.
Er. I would find a ſmoother courſe
To ſhift him off.
Gonz. As how?
Er. Wee'l talke in private,
I have a ready plot.
Gonz. I ſhall adore you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Fernando,and Annophil.

Fer. Madam, although I hate unnoble practices,
And therefore have perform'd no more then what
I ought,for honours ſafety : yet *Annophil*,
Thy love hath been the ſpur,to urge me forward
For ſpeedier diligence.
Anno. Sir your owne fame
And memory will beſt reward themſelves.
Fer. All gaine is loſſe (ſweet beauty) if I miſſe
My comforts here : The brother and the ſiſter
Have double conquer'd me,but thou maiſt triumph.
Anno. Good ſir,I have a father.
Fer. Yes,a brave one ;
Could'ſt thou obſcure thy Beauty, yet the happineſſe
Of being but his daughter,were a dowre
Fit for a Prince : what ſay ye?
An. You have deſerv'd
As much as I ſhould grant.
Fer. By this faire hand
I take poſſeſſion.
Anno. What in words I dare not,
Imagine in my ſilence.
Fer. Thou art all vertue.

Enter Caſſilanes, and Arcanes,

Caſ. I'le tell thee how : *Baldwin* the Emperour,
Pretending title, more through tyranny,
Then right of conqueſt, or deſcent, uſurp'd
The ſtile of Lord o're all the *Grecian* Iſlands,
And under colour of an amity
With *Creet*,preferd the Marqueſſe *Mountferato*
To be our Governor ; the *Cretians* vex'd
By the ambitious *Turkes*, in hope of aide
From the Emperour, received for Generall,
This *Mountferato* ; he (the wars appealed)

Plots with the ſtate of *Venice*, and takes money
Of them for *Candy* : they paid well, he ſteales
Away in ſecret ; ſince which time, that right
The ſtate of *Venice* claimes o're *Candy*, is
By purchaſe, not inheritance, or Conqueſt :
And hence growes all our quarrell.

Arc. So a uſurer
Or Lumbard-Jew, might with ſome bags of traſh,
Buy halfe the Weſterne world.

Caſ. Money *Arcanes*
Is now a God on earth : it cracks virginities,
And turnes a Chriſtian, Turke;
Bribes juſtice, cut-throats honour, does what not ?

Arc. Not captives *Candy*.

Caſ. Nor makes thee diſhoneſt,
Nor me a Coward——Now ſir, here is homely,
But friendly entertainment.

Fer. Sir, I find it.

Arc. And like it, do ye not ?

Fer. My repaire ſpeakes for me.

Caſ. Fernando we were ſpeaking off—— how this ?

Enter Gonzalo, and Gaſpero, with a Casket.

Gon. Your friend, and ſervant.

Caſ. Creditors, my Lord,
Are Maſters and no Servants : as the world goes,
Debters are very ſlaves to thoſe to whom
They have been beholding to ; in which reſpect,
I ſhould feare you *Gonzalo*.

Gon. Me my Lord ?
You owe me nothing.

Caſ. What, nor love, nor money ?

Gon. Yes, love, I hope not money.

Caſ. All this braverie,
Will ſcarcely make that good.

Gonz. 'Tis done already :
See ſir, your Morgage which I only took,
In caſe you and your ſon had in the wars
Miſcarried : I yeild it up againe: 'tis yours.

Caſ. Are ye ſo conſcionable ?

Gon. 'Tis your owne.

Caſ. Piſh, piſh, I'le not receive what is not mine,
That were a dangerous buſineſſe.

Gon. Sir, I am paid for't,
The ſummes you borrowed, are return'd ; The bonds
Cancell'd, and your acquittance formerly ſeal'd :
Looke here ſir, *Gaſpero* is witneſſe to it.

Gaſ. My honoured Lord, I am.

Gon. My Lord *Fernando*,
Arcanes and the reſt, you all ſhall teſtifie,
That I acquit Lord *Caſſilane* for ever,
Of any debts to me.

Gaſ. 'Tis plaine and ample :
Fortune will once againe ſmile on us fairely.

Caſ. But hearke ye, hearke ye, if you be in earneſt,
Whence comes this bounty ? or whoſe is't?

Gon. In ſhort,
The great *Erota*, by this Secretary,
Returned me my full due.

Caſ. Erota? why
Should ſhe do this ?

Gon. You muſt aske her the cauſe,
She knowes it beſt.

Caſ. So ho ; *Arcanes*, none
But women pitty us ? ſoft-hearted women,
I am become a brave fellow now, *Arcanes*,
Am I not ?

Arc. Why ſir, if the gracious Princeſſe
Have tooke more ſpeciall notice of your ſervices,
And meanes to be more thankfull than ſome others,
It were an injury to gratitude,
To diſeſteeme her favours.

Anno. Sir ſhe ever
For your ſake moſt reſpectively lov'd me. reſpectfully

Caſ. The Senate, and the body of this Kingdom,
Are herein (let me ſpeake it without arrogance)
Beholding to her : I will thanke her for it ;
And if ſhe have reſerv'd a meanes whereby
I may repay this bounty with ſome ſervice,
She ſhall be then my Patroneſſe : come ſirs,
Wee'l taſte a cup of wine together now.

Gonz, Fernando, I muſt ſpeake with you in ſecret.

Fer. You ſhall——Now *Gaſpero*, all's well.

Gaſ. There's newes
You muſt be acquainted with.
Come, there is no maſter-peece in Art, like Policie. *Ex.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna prima.

Enter Fernando, and Michael.

Fer. The Senate is inform'd at full.

Mi. *Gonzalo*.
Dreames not of my arivall yet.

Fer. Nor thinkes
'Tis poſſible his plots can be diſcover'd :
He fats himſelfe with hopes of Crownes, and Kingdoms,
And laughes ſecurely, to imagine how
He meanes to gull all but himſelfe ; when truly,
None is ſo groſely gull'd as he.

Mich. There was never
A more arch villain.

Fer. Peace, the Senate comes.

Enter Porphino, Poſ. Senators, and Gaſpero, Attend.

Por. How cloſely, Treaſon cloakes it ſelfe in formes
Of Civill honeſty?

Poſ. And yet how palpably
Does heaven reveale it?

Fer. Gratious Lords,

Gaſ. The Embaſſadour,
Lord *Paulo Michael*, Advocate
To the great Duke of *Venice*.

Por. You are moſt welcome,
Your Maſter is a juſt and noble Prince.

Mic. My Lords, he bad me ſay ; that you may know
How much he ſcornes, and (as good Princes ought)
Defies baſe indirect, and godleſſe treacheries ;
To your more Sacred wiſdomes he refers
The puniſhment due to the falſe *Gonzalo*,
Or elſe to ſend him home to *Venice*.

Poſ. Herein
The Duke is royall : *Gaſpero* the Prince
Of *Cyprus* anſwer'd he would come.

Gaſ. My Lords,
He will not long be abſeut *Enter Philander,*

Porp. You *Fernando*, *and Melitus.*
Have made the State your debter : worthy Prince,
We ſhall be ſutors to you for your preſence,
In hearing, and determining of matters
Greatly concerning *Candy*.

Phi. Fathers, I am

A ſtranger.
Poſ. Why,the cauſe (my Lord) concernes
A ſtranger: pleaſe you ſeat your ſelfe.
Phi. How e're
Unfit,ſince you will have it ſo(my Lords)
You ſhall command me.
Por. You my Lord *Fernando*,
With the Ambaſſador,withdraw a while.
Fer. My Lords, we ſhall. *Ex.*
Poſ. *Melitus*, and the Secretary,
Give notice to *Gonzalo*, that the Senate
Requires his preſence. *Ex.Gaſ.and Mel.*
Phi. What concernes the buſineſſe? *Enter Caſ.*
Por. Thus noble Priuce —— *and Arca.*
Caſ. Let me alone,thou troubleſt me,
I will be heard.
Arc. You know not what you doe.
Poſ. Forbeare: who's he that is ſo rude? whats he that dares
To interrupt our counſels?
Caſ. One that has guarded,
Thoſe Purple roabes from Cankers worſe then Moaths,
One that hath kept your fleeces on your backs,
That would have been ſnatch'd from you: but I ſee
'Tis better now to be a dog,a Spanniell
In times of Peace,then boaſt the brnſed ſcars,
Purchas'd with loſſe of bloud in noble wars:
My Lords,I ſpeake to you.
Por. Lord *Caſſilane*,
We know not what you meane.
Caſ. Yes, you are ſet
Upon a bench of juſtice; and a day
Will come(heare this,and quake ye potent great ones)
When you your ſelves ſhall ſtand before a judge,
Who in a paire of ſcales will weigh your actions,
Without abatement of one graine: as then
You would be found full weight,I charge ye fathers
Let me have juſtice now.
Poſ. Lord *Caſſilane*,
What ſtrange diſtemperature provokes diſtruſt
Of our impartiality? be ſure
Wee'l flatter no mans injuries.
Caſ. 'Tis well;
You have a Law (Lords)that without remorſe
Dooms ſuch as are beleapred with the curſe
Of foule ingratitude unto death.
Por. We have.
Caſ. Then do me juſtice.
Enter Antinous, Decius, Erota, Hyparcha.
Dec. Mad-man, whether run'ſt thou?
Ant. Peace *Decius*, I am deafe.
Hyp. Will you forget
Your greatneſſe,and your modeſty?
Er. *Hyparcha* leave, I will not heare,
Ant. Lady; great,gentle,Lady.
Er. Prethee young-man forbeare to interrupt me,
Triumph not in thy fortunes; I will ſpeake.
Poſ. More uproares yet; who are they that diſturb us?
Caſ. The viper's come; his feares have drawn him hether,
And now (My Lords)be Chronicled for ever,
And give me juſtice againſt this vile Monſter,
This baſtard of my bloud.
Er. 'Tis juſtice fathers,
I ſue for too: and though I might command it,
(If you remember Lords, whoſe child I was)
Yet I will humbly beg it; this old wretch
'Has forfeited his life to me.
Caſ. Tricks, tricks;
Complots,devices,'twixt theſe paire of young-ones,
To blunt the edge of your well temper'd Swords,
Wherewith you ſtrike offendors, (Lords) but I
Am not a baby to be fear'd with bug-beares,
'Tis juſtice I require.
Er. And I.
Ant. You ſpeak too tenderly; and too much,like yo
To meane a cruelty; which would make monſtrous (
Your Sexe: yet for the loves ſake,which you once
Pleas'd to pretend,give my griev'd father leave
To vrge his owne revenge; you have no cauſe
For yours: keep peace about ye.
Caſ. Will you heare me?
Phi. Here's ſome ſtrange novelty.
Poſ. Sure we are mock'd,
Speake one at once: ſay wherein hath your Son
Transgreſs'd the Law?
Caſ. O the groſſe miſts of dulneſſe;
Are you this Kingdomes Oracles, yet can be
So ignorant? firſt heare,and then conſider,
That I begot him, gave him birth and life,
And education, were I muſt confeſſe,
But duties of a father: I did more;
I taught him how to manage Armes,to dare
An Enemy; to court both death and dangers;
Yet theſe were but additions to compleate
A well accompliſh'd Souldier: I did more yet.
I made him chiefe Commander in the field
Next to my ſelfe, and gave him the full proſpect
Of honour,and preferment; train'd him up
In all perfections of a martialliſt:
But he unmindfull of his gratitude,
You know with what contempt of my deſerts,
Firſt kick'd againſt mine honour,ſcorn'd all
My ſervices; then got the palme of glory
Unto himſelfe: yet not content with this,
He (laſtly)hath conſpir'd my death, and ſought
Means to engage me to this Lady's debt,
Whoſe bounty, all my whole eſtate could never
Give ſatisfaction too: now honoured fathers,
For this cauſe only, if your Law be law,
And you the Miniſters of juſtice; then
Thinke of this ſtrange ingratitude in him.
Phi. Can this be ſo *Antinous*?
Ant, 'Tis all true,
Nor hath my much wrong'd father limn'd my faults
In colours halfe ſo black, as in themſelves,
My guilt hath dyed them: were there mercy left,
Yet mine owne ſhame would be my Executioner:
Lords,I am guilty.
Er. Thou belieſt *Antinous*,
Thine innocence: alas (my lords)hee's deſperate,
And talkes he knowes not what: you muſt not credit
His lunacy; I can my ſelfe diſprove
This accuſation: *Caſſilane*,be yet
More mercifull; I beg it.
Caſ. Time,nor fate,
The world,or what is in it, ſhall not alter
My reſolution; he ſhall dye.
Er. The Senats
Prayers; or weeping Lovers,ſhall not alter
My reſolution: thou ſhalt dye.
Ant. Why Madam,
Are ye all Marble?
Poſ. Leave your ſhifts *Antinous*,

What plead you to your fathers accuſation?
Ant. Moſt fully guilty.
Poſ. You have doom'd your ſelfe,
We cannot quit you now.
Caſ. A burthen'd conſcience
Will never need a hang-man: hadſt thou dar'd
To have denide it, then this Sword of mine
Should on thy head have prov'd thy tongue a lyar.
Er. Thy ſword? wretched old man, thou haſt liv'd too
To carry peace or comfort to thy grave; (long
Thou art a man condemn'd: my Lords this tyrant
Had periſh'd but for me, I ſtill ſuppli'd
His miſerable wants; I ſent his daughter
Mony to buy him food; the bread he eate,
Was from my purſe: when he (vaingloriouſly)
To dive into the peoples hearts, had pawn'd
His birth-right, I redeemed it, ſent it to him,
And for requitall, only made my ſuite,
That he would pleaſe to new receive his ſon
Into his favour, for whoſe love I told him
I had been ſtill ſo friendly: But then he
As void of gratitude, as all good nature,
Diſtracted like a mad man, poaſted hether
To pull this vengeance on himſelfe, and us;
For why, (my Lords) ſince by the Law, all meanes
Is blotted out of your commiſſion,
As this hard hearted father hath accus'd
Noble *Antinous*, his unblemiſhed Son,
So I accuſe this father, and crave judgement.
Caſ. All this is but deceit, meere trifles forg'd
By combination to defeat the proceſſe
Of Juſtice, I will have *Antinous* life.
Arc. Sir, what do ye meane?
Er. I will have *Caſſilane's*.
Ant. Cunning and cruell Lady, runs the ſtreame
Of your affections this way? have you not
Conqueſt enough by treading on my grave?
Unleſſe you ſend me thether in a ſhrowd
Steept in my fathers bloud? as you are woman,
As the proteſts of love you vow'd were honeſt;
Be gentler to my father.
Er. *Caſſilane*,
Thou haſt a heart of flint: let my intreates,
My teares, the Sacrifice of griefes unfained,
Melt it: yet be a father to thy ſon,
Unmaske thy long beſotted judgement, ſee
A low obedience kneeling at the feet
Of nature: I beſeech you.
Caſ. Piſh, you coſen
Your hopes: your plots are idle: I am reſolute.
Er. *Antinous*, urge no further.
Ant. Hence thou Sorcery
Of a beguiling ſoftneſſe, I will ſtand,
Like the earths Center, unmoved; Lords your breath
Muſt finiſh theſe diviſions: I confeſſe
Civility doth teach I ſhould not ſpeake
Againſt a Lady of her birth, ſo high
As great *Erota*, but her injuries
And thankeleſſe wrongs to me, urge me to cry
Alowd for juſtice, Fathers.
Dec. Whether run you?
Ant. For (honoured fathers) that you all may know
That I alone am not unmatchable
In crimes of this condition, leſt perhaps
You might conceive, as yet the caſe appeares,
That this foule ſtaine, and guilt runs in a bloud;
Before this preſence, I accuſe this Lady
Of as much vile ingratitude to me.
Caſ. Impudent Traitor!
Phi. Her? O ſpare *Antinous*;
The world reputes thee valiant, do not ſoyle
All thy paſt nobleneſſe with ſuch a cowardize,
As murthering innocent Ladies will ſtamp on thee?
Ant. Brave Prince, with what unwillingneſſe I force
Her follies, and in thoſe her ſin, be witneſſe,
All theſe about me: ſhe is bloudy minded,
And turnes the juſtice of the Law to rigor:
It is her cruelties, not I accuſe her:
Shall I have Audience?
Er. Let him ſpeake my Lords.
Dec. Your memory will rot.
Ant. Caſt all your eyes
On this, what ſhall I call her? truthleſſe woman,
When often in my diſcontents, the ſway
Of her unruly bloud, her untam'd paſſion,
(Or name it as you liſt) had houre by houre
Sollicited my love, ſhe vow'd at laſt
She could not, would not live unleſſe I granted
What ſhe long ſued for: I in tender pitty,
To ſave a Lady of her birth, from ruine,
Gave her her life, and promis'd to be hers:
Nor urg'd I ought from her, but ſecreſie,
And then enjoyn'd her to ſupply ſuch wants
As I perceiv'd my fathers late engagements
Had made him ſubject to; what, ſhall I heape up
Long repetitions? ſhe to quit my pitty,
Not only hath diſcover'd to my father
What ſhe had promis'd to conceale, but alſo
Hath drawne my life into this fatall forfeit;
For which, ſince I muſt dye, I crave a like
Equality of juſtice againſt her;
Not that I covet bloud, but that ſhe may not
Practice this art of falſehood on ſome other,
Perhaps more worthy of her love hereafter.
Por. If this be true———
Er. My Lords, be as the Law is,
Indifferent, upright, I do plead guilty:
Now ſir, what glory have you got by this?
'Las man, I meant not to outlive thy doome;
Shall we be friends in death?
Caſ. Heare me, the villaine
Scandals her, honour'd Lords.
Er. Leave off to doate,
And dye a wiſe man.
Ant. I am over-reach'd,
And maſter'd in my own reſolution.
Phi. Will ye be wilfull Madam? here's the curſe
Of loves diſdaine.
Caſ. Why ſit you like dumb Statues?
Demur no longer.
Poſ. *Caſſilane*, *Erota*,
Antinous, death ye aske; and 'tis your doomes,
You in your follies liv'd, dye in your follies.
Caſ. I am reveng'd, and thanke you for it.
Er. Yes, and I: *Antinous* hath been gratious.
Ant. Sir, may I preſume to crave a bleſſing from you
Before we part.
Caſ. Yes, ſuch a one as Parents
Beſtow on curſed ſons, now, now, I laugh
To ſee how thoſe poore younglings are both cheated
Of life and comfort: looke ye, looke ye, Lords,
I go but ſome ten minutes (more or leſſe)

Before my time, but they have finely coz'nd
Themſelves of many, many hopefull yeares
Amidſt their prime of youth and glory; now
My vengeance is made ful. Welcome my joy, *Enter Annoph.*
Thou com'ſt to take a ſeaſonable bleſsing
From thy halfe buried fathers hand; I am dead
Already girle, and ſo is ſhe and he,
We all are wormes-meat now.
Anno. I have heard all;
Nor ſhall you dye alone: Lords on my knees
I beg for juſtice too.
Porp. 'Gainſt whom, for what?
Ann. Firſt let me be reſolv'd; does the Law favour
None, be they ne're ſo mighty?
Porp. Not the greateſt.
Ann. Then juſtly I accuſe of foule ingratitude
(My Lords) you of the Senate all, not one
Excepted.
Poſ. Porp. Us?
*Phil. Annophill*________
Ann. You are the Authors
Of this unthrifty bloud-ſhed; when your enemies
Came marching to your gates, your children ſuck'd not
Safe at their mothers breaſts, your very Cloyſters
Were not ſecure, your ſtarting-holes of refuge
Not free from danger, nor your lives your owne:
In this moſt deſperate Extaſie, my father,
This aged man, not onely undertook
To guard your lives, but did ſo; and beat off
The daring foe; for you he pawn'd his lands,
To pay your ſouldiers, who without their pay
Refus'd to ſtrike a blow: but (Lords) when peace
Was purchas'd for you, and victorie brought home;
Where was your gratitude, who in your Coffers
Hoarded the ruſtie treaſure which was due
To my unminded father? he was glad
To live retir'd in want, in penurie,
Whilſt you made feaſts of ſurfeit, and forgot
Your debts to him: The ſum of all is this,
You have been unthankfull to him; and I crave
The rigor of the Law againſt you all.
Caſ. My Royall ſpirited daughter!
Ero. Annophill
Thou art a worthy wench; let me embrace thee.
Ann. Lords, why doe ye keep your ſeats? they are no
For ſuch as are offenders. (places
Poſ. Though our ignorance
Of *Caſsilanes* engagements might aſſwage
Severity of juſtice, yet to ſhew
How no excuſe ſhould ſmooth a breach of Law,
I yeeld me to the triall of it.
Porp. So muſt I:
Great Prince of *Cyprus*, you are left
The onely Moderator in this difference;
And as you are a Prince be a Protector
To wofull *Candy*.
Phil. What a Scene of miſerie
Hath thine obdurate frowardneſſe (old man)
Drawne on thy Countries boſome? and for that
Thy proud ambition could not mount ſo high
As to be ſtil'd thy Countries onely Patron,
Thy malice hath deſcended to the depth
Of hell, to be renowned in the Title
Of the deſtroyer? doſt thou yet perceive
What curſes all poſterity will brand
Thy grave with? that at once haſt rob'd this kingdome
Of honour and of ſafety.
Erot. Children yet unborne
Will ſtop their eares when thou art nam'd.
Arc. The world will be too little to containe
The memorie of this deteſted deed;
The Furies will abhorre it.
Dec. What the ſword
Could not enforce, your peeviſh thirſt of honour
(A brave, cold, weak, imaginarie fame)
Hath brought on *Candy*: *Candy* groans, not theſe
That are to die.
Phil. 'Tis happineſſe enough
For them, that they ſhall not ſurvive to ſee
The wounds wherewith thou ſtab'ſt the land that gave
Thee life and name.
Dec. 'Tis *Candy's* wrack ſhall feele________
Caſ. The miſchief of your folly.
*Porp. Poſ. Annophill*________
Ann. I will not be entreated.
Caſ. Prethee *Annophill.*
Ann. Why would ye urge me to a mercy which
You in your ſelfe allow not?
Caſ. 'Tis the Law,
That if the party who complaines, remit
The offender, he is freed: is't not ſo Lords?
Porp. Poſ. 'Tis ſo.
Caſ. Antinous, By my ſhame obſerve
What a cloſe witch-craft popular applauſe is:
I am awak'd, and with cleare eyes behold
The Lethargie wherein my reaſon long
Hath been be-charm'd: Live, live, my matchleſſe ſonne,
Bleſt in thy fathers bleſsing; much more bleſt
In thine owne vertues: let me dew thy cheeks
With my unmanly teares: Riſe, I forgive thee:
And good *Antinous*, if I ſhall be thy father
Forgive me: I can ſpeak no more.
Ant. Deare Sir,
You new beget me now----Madam your pardon,
I hartily remit you.
Ero. I as freely
Diſcharge thee *Caſsilane.*
Ann. My gracious Lords,
Repute me not a blemiſh to my Sex,
In that I ſtrove to cure a deſperate evill
With a more violent remedy: your lives,
Your honours are your owne.
Phil. Then with conſent
Be reconcil'd on all ſides: Pleaſe you fathers
To take your places.
Poſ. Let us againe aſcend,
With joy and thankfulneſſe to heaven: And now
To other buſineſſe Lords.
Enter Gaſpero, and Melitus, with Gonzalo.
Mel. Two howres and more Sir,
The Senate hath been ſet.
Gonz. And I not know it?
Who ſits with them?
Mel. My Lord, the Prince of *Cyprus.*
Gonz. Gaſpero,
VVhy how comes that to paſſe?
Gaſ. Some waighty cauſe
I warrant you.
Gonz. Now Lords the buſineſſe? ha?
VVho's here, *Erota?*
Porp. Secretarie doe your charge
Upon that Traitor.

Gonz. Traytor?
Gaſ. Yes, *Gonzalo*, Traitor,
Of treaſon to the peace and ſtate of *Candy*,
I doe arreſt thee.
Gonz. Me? thou dog?
Enter Fernando and Michael.
Mich. With Licenſe
From this grave Senate, I arreſt thee likewiſe
Of Treaſon to the State of *Venice.*
Gonz. Ha?
Is *Michael* here? nay then I ſee
I am undone.
Ero. I ſhall not be your Queen,
Your Dutcheſſe, or your Empreſſe.
Gonz. Dull, dull braine.
O I am fool'd?
Gaſ. Look Sir, do you know this hand? (to *Venice*,
Mic. Do you know this Seale? Firſt (Lords) he writes
To make a perfect league, during which time
He would in private keep ſome Troops in pay,
Bribe all the Centinells throughout this kindom,
Corrupt the Captaines; at a Banquet poyſon
The Prince, and greateſt Peeres, and in concluſion
Yield *Candy* ſlave to *Venice.*
Gaſ. Next, he contracted
With the Illuſtrious Princeſſe, the Lady *Erota*,
In hope of marriage with her, to deliver
All the *Venetian* gallantry, and ſtrength,
Upon their firſt arrivall, to the mercy
Of her and *Candy.*
Erot. This is true *Gonzalo.*
Gon. Let it be true: what then?
Poſ. My Lord Ambaſſadour,
What's your demand?
Mich. As likes the State of *Candy*,
Either to ſentence him as he deſerves
Here, or to ſend him like a ſlave to *Venice.*
Porph. We ſhall adviſe upon it.
Gonz. O the devills,
That had not thruſt this trick into my pate----
A Politician foole? deſtruction, plague
Candy and *Venice* both.
Poſ. Porp. Away with him.
Mel. Come ſir, Ile ſee you ſafe. *Exeunt. Gonz. Mel.*
Ero. Lords, e're you part
Be witneſſe to another change of wonder;
Antinous, now be bold, before this preſence,
Freely to ſpeak, whether or no I us'd
The humbleſt meanes affection could contrive,
To gaine thy love.
Ant. Madam, I muſt confeſſe it,
And ever am your ſervant.
Ero. Yes *Antinous*,
My ſervant, for my Lord thou ſhalt be never:
I here diſclaim the intereſt thou hadſt once
In my too paſsionate thoughts. Moſt noble Prince,
If yet a relique of thy wonted flames
Live warme within thy boſome, then I bluſh not
To offer up the aſſurance of my faith,
To thee that haſt deſerv'd it beſt.
Phil. O Madam,
You play with my calamity.
Ero. Let heaven
Record my truth for ever.
Phil. With more joy
Then I have words to utter, I accept it.
I alſo pawne you mine.
Ero. The man that in requitall
Of noble and un-ſought affection
Growes cruell, never lov'd, nor did *Antinous.*
Yet herein (Prince) ye are beholding to him;
For his neglect of me humbled a pride,
Which to a vertuous wife had been a Monſter.
Phil. For which Ile ranke him my deſerving friend.
Ant Much comfort dwell with you, as I could wiſh
To him I honour moſt.
Caſ. O my *Antinous*,
My owne, my owne good ſon.
Fer. One ſuit I have to make.
Phil. To whom *Fernando*?
Fer. Lord *Caſſilane* to you.
Caſ. To me?
Fer. This Lady
Hath promiſed to be mine.
Ann. Your bleſsing ſir;
Brother your love.
Ant. You cannot ſir beſtow her
On a more noble gentleman.
Caſ. Saiſt thou ſo?
Antinous I confirm it. Here *Fernando*,
Live both as one; ſhe is thine.
Ant. And herein ſiſter,
I honour you for your wiſe ſetled love.
This is a day of Triumph, all Contentions
Are happily accorded: *Candy's* peace
Secur'd, and *Venice* vow'd a worthy friend. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE
LOVERS PROGRES.

Actus primus. Scæna prima

Enter Leon and Malfort.

Malfort.
AND as I told you Sir.
Leon. I underſtand you,
Clarinda's ſtill perverſe.
Malf. Shee's worſe, obdurate,
Flinty, relentleſſe, my love-paſſions jeer'd at,
My preſents ſcorn'd.
Leon. 'Tis ſtrange a waiting-woman,
In her condition apt to yield, ſhould hold out,
A man of your place, reverend beard and ſhape,
Beſieging her.
Mal. You might adde too my wealth,
Which ſhe contemnes, five hundred Crowns *per annum*,
For which I have ventur'd hard, my conſcience knows it,
Not thought upon, though offer'd for a Joyinture:
This Chaine which my Lords Peſants worſhip, flouted;
My ſolemne hums and ha's, the ſervants quake at,
No Rhetorick with her; every houre ſhe hangs out
Some new flag of defiance to torment me:
Laſt Lent my Lady cal'd me her poor John,
But now I am growne a walking Skelliton,
You may ſee through and through me.
Leon. Indeed you are much falne away.
Malf. I am a kinde of nothing,
As ſhe hath made me: love's a terrible gliſter,
And if ſome Cordiall of her favours help not,
I ſhall like an Italian dye backward,
And breath my laſt the wrong way.
Leo. As I live you have my pity; but this is cold comfort,
And in a friend lip-phyſick; and now I think on't,
I ſhould doe more, and will, ſo you deny not
Your ſelfe the meanes of comfort.
Malf. Ile be hang'd firſt: one dram of't I beſeech you.
Leo. You are not jealous of any mans acceſſe to her?
Mal. I would not receive the *Dor*, but as a boſome (friend
You ſhall direct me, ſtill provided that
I underſtand who is the man, and what
His purpoſe that pleads for me.
Leon. By all meanes.
Firſt, for the undertaker I am he:
The meanes that I will practiſe, thus ——
Mal. Pray you forward,
Leon. You know your Lady chaſte *Caliſte* loves her.
Malf. Too well, that makes her proud.
Leon. Nay, give me leave.
This beauteous Lady, I may ſtile her ſo,
(Being the paragon of *France* for feature)
Is not alone contented in her ſelfe
To ſeem, and be good, but deſires to make
All ſuch as have dependance on her like her;
For this *Clarinda's* liberty is reſtrain'd;
And though her kinſman the gate's ſhut againſt me;
Now if you pleaſe to make your ſelfe the doore,
For my conveyance to her, though you run
The hazard of a check for't, 'tis no matter.
Malf. It being for mine owne ends.
Leo. Ile give it o're,
If that you make the leaſt doubt otherwiſe:
Studying upon't? good morrow.
Malf. Pray you ſtay ſir;
You are my friend: yet as the Proverb ſaies,
When love puts in, friendſhip is gone: ſuppoſe
You ſhould your ſelfe affect her?
Leon. Do you think Ile commit Inceſt; for it is no leſſe,
She being my couſin Germane. Fare you well ſir.
Malf. I had forgot that; for this once forgive me.
Onely to eaſe the throbbing of my heart,
(For I doe feele ſtrange pangs) inſtruct me what
You will ſay for me.
Leon. Firſt, Ile tell her that
She hath ſo far beſotted you, that you have
Almoſt forgot to caſt accompt.
Malf. Meere truth ſir.
Leon. That of a wiſe and provident Steward,
You are turn'd ſtarke Aſſe.
Malf. Urge that point home, I am ſo.
Leon. That you adore the ground ſhe treads upon,
And kiſſe her foot-ſteps.
Mal. As I doe when I finde their print in the Snow.
Leon. A loving foole I know it,
By your bloudleſſe-froſty lips: then having related
How much you ſuffer for her, and how well
You doe deſerve it---
Malf. How? to ſuffer?
Leon. No ſir, to have your love return'd.
Malf. That's good, I thank you.
Leon. I will deliver her an Inventorie
Of your good parts: as this your precious noſe,
Dropping affection: your high-forehead, reaching
Almoſt to the crowne of your head; your ſlender waſte,
And a back not like a threſhers, but a bending
And Court-like back, and ſo forth, for your body.
But when I touch your minde, for that muſt take her,
(Since your out-ſide promiſes little) Ile enlarge it,
(Though ne're ſo narrow) as your Arts to thrive,
Your compoſition with the Cook, and Butler,
Fory Coney-skins and Chippings, and halfe a ſhare
With all the under-officers of the houſe,
In ſtrangers bounties, that ſhe ſhall have all,
And you as 'twere her Bailiffe.
Malf. As I will be.
Leon. As you ſhall, ſo Ile promiſe. Then your qualities,

As playing on a Gytterne, or a Jewes Trumpe.
Malf. A little too on the Viall.
Leon. Feare you nothing.
Then ſinging her aſleep with curious catches
Of your owne making : for as I have heard,
You are Poeticall.
Mal. Something given that way.
Yet my works ſeldome thrive : and the main reaſon
The Poets urge for't, is, becauſe I am not
As poore as they are.
Leon. Very likely : fetch her,
While I am in the vaine.
Mal. 'Tis an apt time, my Lady being at her prayers.
Leon. Let her pray on.
Nay goe, and if upon my interceſſion
She doe you not ſome favour, Ile diſclaime her ;
Ile ruminate on't the while.
Malf. A hundred Crownes is your reward.
Leo. Without 'em----nay,no trifling. *Ex. Malf.*
That this dull clod of ignorance ſhould know
How to get money, yet want eyes to ſee
How groſſely hee's abus'd, and wrought upon,
When he ſhould make his will,the rogues turn'd rampant,
As he had renew'd his youth : A handſome wench
Love one a ſpittle-whore would run away from ?
Well Maſter Steward, I will plead for you
In ſuch a Method, as it ſhall appeare
You are fit to be a propertie.
Enter Malfort and Clarinda.
Mal. Yonder he walks
That knowes my worth and value,though you ſcorn it.
Clar. If my Lady know not this______
Mal. Ile anſwer it :
If you were a Nun, I hope your couſin German
Might talke with you through a grate, but you are none,
And therefore may come cloſer : ne're hang off,
As I live you ſhall bill : you may ſalute as ſtrangers,
Cuſtome allowes it. Now, now, come upon her
With all your Oratory, tickle her to the quick,
As a young advocate ſhould, and leave no vertue
Of mine unmentioned, Ile ſtand Centinell ;
Nay keep the doore my ſelfe. *Exit.*
Clar. How have you work'd
This piece of motley to your ends ?
Leon. Of that at leaſure, Miſtris. *Kiſſing.*
Clar. Lower, you are too loud,
Though the fool be deaf,ſome of the houſe may hear you.
Leon. Suppoſe they ſhould, I am a gentleman,
And held your kinſeman, under that I hope
I may be free.
Clar. I grant it, but with caution ;
But be not ſeen to talke with me familiarly,
But at fit diſtance, or not ſeen at all,
It were the better : you know my Ladies humour,
Shee is all honour, and compos'd of goodneſſe,
(As ſhe pretends) and you having no buſineſſe,
How jealous may ſhe grow ?
Leon. I will be rul'd.
But you have promis'd, and I muſt enjoy you.
Clar. We ſhall finde time for that ; you are too haſtie :
Make your ſelfe fit, and I ſhall make occaſion,
Deliberation makes beſt in that buſineſſe,
And contents every way.
Leon. But yon muſt feed
This fooliſh Steward with ſome ſhadow of
A future favour, that we may preſerve him
To be our inſtrument.
Clar. Hang him.
Leon. For my ſake ſweet,
I undertook to ſpeak for him, any bauble,
Or ſlight employment in the way of ſervice,
Will feed him fat.
Clar. Leave him to me, *Enter Malfort.*
Malf. She comes. My Lady.
Clar. I will ſatisfie her.
Mal. How far have you prevail'd ?
Leon. Obſerve.
Clar. Mounſieur *Malfort.*
I muſt be briefe, my couſin hath ſpoke much
In your behalfe, and to give you ſome proof,
I entertaine you as my ſervant,
You ſhall have the grace.
Leon. Upon your knee receive it,
Clar. And take it a ſpeciall favour from me,
To tye my ſhooe.
Malf. I am ore-joy'd.
Leon. Good reaſon.
Clar. You may come higher in time.
Leon. No more, the Lady. *Enter Caliſta.*
Malf. She frownes.
Clar. I thanke you for this viſit couſin,
But without leave hereafter from my Lady,
I dare not change diſcourſe with you.
Malf. Pray you take your mornings draught.
Leon. I thank you : } *Exeunt Leon. Malfort.*
Happineſſe attend your honour.
Caliſt. Who gave warrant to this private parle?
Clar. My innocence ; I hope
My conference with a kinſeman cannot call
Your anger on me.
Caliſt. Kinſman ? Let me have
No more of this, as you deſire you may continue mine.
Clar. Why Madam (under pardon)
Suppoſe him otherwiſe : yet comming in
A lawfull way it is excuſable.
Caliſt. How's this ?
Clar. I grant you are made of pureneſſe,
And that your tenderneſſe of honour holds
The ſoveraigntie o're your paſſions. Yet you have
A noble Husband, with allow'd embraces,
To quench laſcivious fires, ſhould ſuch flame in you,
As I muſt ne're believe. Were I the wife
Of one that could but zanie brave *Cleander,*
Even in his leaſt perfections, (excuſe
My ore-bold inference) I ſhould deſire
To meet no other object.
Cal. You grow ſaucie. Doe I look further ?
Clar. No, deare Madam : and
It is my wonder or aſtoniſhment rather,
You could deny the ſervice of *Liſandar* ;
A man without a rivall : one the King
And Kingdome gazes on with admiration,
For all the excellencies a mother could
Wiſh in her onely ſonne.
Cal. Did not miue honour
And Obligation to *Cleander*, force me
To be deafe to his complaints?
Clar. 'Tis true ; but yet
Your rigor to command him from your preſence,
Argu'd but ſmall compaſſion ; the Groves
Witneſſe his grievous ſufferings, your faire name
Upon the rhinde of every gentle Poplar,

And amorous Myrtle, (trees to *Venus* ſacred)
With adoration carv'd, and kneel'd unto,
This you (unſeen of him) both ſaw and heard
Without compaſſion, and what receiv'd he
For his true ſorrowes? but the heavy knowledge,
That 'twas your peremptory will and pleaſure,
(How e're my Lord liv'd in him) he ſhould quit
Your ſight and houſe for ever.
Cal. I confeſſe I gave him a ſtrong potion to worke
Upon his hot bloud, and I hope 'twill cure him :
Yet I could wiſh the cauſe had concern'd others,
I might have met his ſorrowes with more pittie ;
At leaſt have lent ſome counſell to his miſeries,
Though now for honour ſake, I muſt forget him,
And never know the name more of *Liſander* :
Yet in my juſtice I am bound to grant him,
(Laying his love aſide) moſt truely noble.
But mention him no more, this inſtant houre
My brother *Lidian*, new return'd from travaile,
And his brave friend *Clarange*, long ſince rivalls
For faire and rich *Olinda*, are to heare
Her abſolute determination ; whom
She pleaſes to elect : ſee all things ready
To entertain 'em : and on my diſpleaſure
No more words of *Liſander*. (but her owne :
Clar. She endures to heare him nam'd by no tongue
How e're ſhe carries it, I know ſhe loves him. *Exit.*
Cal. Hard nature : hard condition of poore women !
That where we are moſt ſu'd too, we muſt flye moſt.
The trees grow up, and mixe together freely ,
The Oke not envious of the ſailing Cedar ,
The luſtie Vine not jealous of the Ivie
Becauſe ſhe clips the Elme ; the flowers ſhoot up,
And wantonly kiſſe one another hourely,
This bloſſome glorying in the others beauty,
And yet they ſmell as ſweet, and look as lovely :
But we are ty'd to grow alone. O honour,
Thou hard Law to our lives, chaine to our freedomes ;
He that invented thee had many curſes ;
How is my ſoule divided? O *Cleander*,
My beſt deſerving husband ! O *Liſander !*
The trueſt lover that e're ſacrific'd
To *Cupid* againſt *Hymen* : O mine honour ;
A Tyrant, yet to be obey'd, and 'tis
But juſtice we ſhould thy ſtrict Lawes endure,
Since our obedience to thee keeps us pure. *Exit.*

Enter Cleander, Lidian, and Clarange.

Clean. How inſupportable the difference
Of deare friends is, the ſorrow that I feele
For my *Liſanders* abſence, one that ſtampes
A reverend print on friendſhip, does aſſure me
You are rivals for a Lady, a faire Lady,
And in the acquiſition of her favours,
Hazard the cutting of that Gordion knot
From your firſt childhood to this preſent houre,
By all the tyes of love and amity faſtend,
I am bleſt in a wife (heaven make me thankefull)
Inferiour to none (ſans pride I ſpeake it)
Yet if I were a free-man, and could purchaſe
At any rate the certainty to enjoy
Liſanders converſation while I liv'd,
Forgive me my *Caliſte* and the Sexe,
I never would ſeeke change.
Lid. My Lord and brother,
I dare not blame your choice, *Liſanders* worth,
Being a Miſtris to be ever courted ;
Nor ſhall our equall ſuit to faire *Olinda*
Weaken, but adde ſtrength to our true affection,
With zeale ſo long continued.
Claran. When we know
Whom ſhe prefers, as ſhe can chooſe but one,
By our ſo long tride friendſhip we have vow'd
The other ſhall deſiſt.
Clea. 'Tis yet your purpoſe,
But how this reſolution will hold
In him that is refus'd, is not alone
Doubtfull, but dangerous.

Enter Malfort.

Malf. The rich heire is come ſir.
Cleand. Madam *Olinda.*
Malf. Yes ſir, and makes choice,
After ſome little conference with my Lady,
Of this room to give anſwer to her ſuitors.
Cle. Already both look pale, between your hopes
To win the prize, and your deſpaire to loſe
What you contended for.
Lid. No ſir, I am arm'd.
Clar. I confident of my intereſt.
Cle. Ile beleeve ye when you have endur'd the teſt.

Enter Caliſte, Olinda, and Clarinda.

Malf. Is not your garter
Unty'd ? you promis'd that I ſhould grow higher
In doing you ſervice.
Clar. Fall off or you loſe mee. *Exit Malf.*
Cle. Nay take your place, no *Paris* now ſits judge
On the contending goddeſſes. You are
The Deitie that muſt make curſt or happy,
One of your languiſhing ſervants.
Ol. I thus look with equal eyes on both; either deſerves
A fairer fortune then they can in reaſon
Hope for from me ; from *Lidian* I expect,
When I have made him mine, all pleaſures that
The ſweetneſſe of his manners, youth, and vertues
Can give aſſurance of : but turning this way
To brave *Clarange*, in his face appeares
A kinde of majeſty which ſhould command,
Not ſue for favour. If the faireſt Lady
Of *France*, ſet forth with natures beſt endowments
Nay ſhould I adde a Princeſſe of the bloud,
Did now lay claime to either for a husband,
So vehement my affection is to both,
My envie at her happineſſe would kill me.
Cle. The ſtrangeſt love I ever heard.
Cal. You can enjoy but one.
Clar. The more I ſay the merrier.
Olin. Witneſſe theſe teares I love both, as I know
You burne with equall flames, and ſo affect me;
Abundance makes me poore ; ſuch is the hard
Condition of my fortune ; be your owne judges ;
If I ſhould favour both, 'twill taint my honour,
And that before my life I muſt prefer,
If one I leane to, the other is diſvalewed ;
You are fierie both, and love will make you warmer,
Clar. The warmer ſtill the fitter. You are a foole Lady.
Oli. To what may love, and the devill jealouſie ſpur you
Is too apparent : my name's cal'd in queſtion :
Your ſwords flie out, your angers range at large :
Then what a murther of my modeſty followes ?
Clar. Take heed of that by any meanes : O innocent,
That will deny a bleſſing when 'tis offer'd,
Wonld I were murther'd ſo, I would thank my modeſty.
Cle. What pauſe you on ? *Oli.* It is at length reſolved.

Clara. We are on the Rack, uncertain expectation,
The greateſt torture.
Lidian. Command what you pleaſe,
And you ſhall ſee how willingly we will execute.
Olinda. Then heare what for your ſatisfaction,
And to preſerve your friendſhip I reſolve
Againſt my ſelfe, and 'tis not to be alter'd:
You are both brave gentlemen, Ile ſtill profeſſe it,
Both noble ſervants, for whoſe gentle offers,
The undeſerving, and the poore *Olinda*
Is ever bound; you love both, faire, and vertuouſly;
Would I could be ſo happy to content both:
Which ſince I cannot, take this reſolute anſwer;
Goe from me both contentedly, and he
That laſt makes his returne, and comes to viſit,
Comes to my bed. You know my will: farewell;
My heart's too big to utter more: come friend.
Cal. Ile wait on you to your Coach.
Exeunt Olinda, Caliſte, Clarinda.
Clean. You both look blank, I cannot blame you.
Lid. We have our diſpatches.
Clara, Ile home.
Lid. And Ile abroad again, Farewell. { *Exit Clarange*
Clara. Farewell to yee. { *and Lidian.*
Clean. Their blunted departure troubles me: I feare
A ſuddaine and a dangerous diviſion
Of their long love will follow: have you took
Your leave of faire *Olinda?* { *Enter Caliſte with a*
Cal. She is gone ſir. { *purſe.*
Cle. Had you brought news *Liſander* were return'd too,
I were moſt happy.
Cal. Still upon *Laſander?*
Cle. I know he loves me, as he loves his health:
And heaven knowes I love him.
Cal. I finde it ſo:
For me you have forgot, and what I am to you.
Cle. O think not ſo. If you had loſt a ſiſter,
You lock'd all your delights in, it would grieve you:
A little you would wander from the fondneſſe,
You ow'd your husband: I have loſt a friend,
A noble friend, all that was excellent
In man, or man-kinde, was contain'd within him.
That loſſe my wife——
Enter Malfort.
Malf. Madam, your noble Father----
A fee for my good newes.
Cal. Why? what of him ſir?
Mal. Is lighted at the doore, and longs to ſee you.
Caliſt. Attend him hither.
Clean. O my deare *Liſander.*
But Ile bee merry: lets meet him my *Caliſte.*
Cal. I hope *Liſanders* love will now be buried:
My father will bring joy enough for one moneth,
To put him out of his memorie.
Enter Dorilaus, his arme in a ſcarffe.
Dor. How doe you ſonne?
Bleſſe my faire child, I am come to viſit yee,
To ſee what houſe you keep, they ſay you are bountifull,
I like the noyſe well, and I come to trie it.
Ne're a great belly yet? how have you trifl'd?
If I had done ſo (ſonne) I ſhould have heard on't
On both ſides by Saint *Denis.*
Clean. You are nobly welcome ſir:
We have time enough for that.
Dorilaus. See how ſhe bluſhes:
'Tis a good ſigne you'll mend your fault, how doſt thou,
My good *Caliſte?*
Cal. Well, now I ſee you ſir;
I hope you bring a fruitfulneſſe along with ye.
Dor. Good luck, I never miſſe, I was ever good at it:
Your mother groand for't wench, ſo did ſome other,
But I durſt never tell.
Cal. How does your arme ſir?
Clean. Have you been let bloud of late?
Dor. Againſt my will ſir.
Cal. A fall deare father?
Dor. No, a Gun, deare daughter;
Two or three Guns; I have one here in my buttock,
'Twould trouble a Surgeons teeth to pull it out.
Cal. O me! O me!
Dor. Nay, if you fall to fainting,
'Tis time for me to trudge: art ſuch a coward,
At the meere name of hurt to change thy colour?
I have been ſhot that men might ſee clean through me;
And yet I fainted not: beſides my ſelfe,
Here are an hoſpitall of hurt men for yee.
Enter Servants, wounded in ſeverall places.
Clean. What ſhould this wonder be?
Cal. I am amaz'd at it. (ſoundly,
Dor. What think ye of theſe? they are every one hurt
Hurt to the proof, they are through, & through I aſſure ye;
And that's good game, they ſcorne your puling ſcratches.
Cal. Who did this ſir?
Dor. Leave crying, and Ile tell you,
And get your plaiſters, and your warme ſtupes ready:
Have you ne're a Shepheard that can tarre us over?
'Twill proove a buſineſſe elſe, we are ſo many.
Comming to ſee you, I was ſet upon,
I and my men, as we were ſinging frolickly,
Not dreaming of an ambuſh of baſe rogues,
Set on ith' forreſt, I have forgot the name---
Cle. 'Twixt this, and *Fountaine-Bleiu?*
In the wilde Forreſt?
Dor. The ſame, the ſame, in that accurſed Forreſt,
Set on by villaines, that make boot of all men.
The Peeres of *France* are pillage there, they ſhot at us,
Hurt us, un-hors'd us, came to the ſword, there plide us,
Oppreſt us with freſh multitudes, freſh ſhot ſtill,
Rogues that would hang themſelves for a freſh doublet,
And for a Skarlet Caſſock kill their fathers.
Cle. Lighted you among theſe?
Dor. Among theſe murtherers,
Our poore blouds were ingag'd: yet we ſtrook bravely,
And more then once or twice we made them ſhun us,
And ſhrink their rugged heads: but we were hurt all.
Cle. How came you off? for I even long to hear that.
Dor. After our prayers made to heaven to help us,
Or to be mercifull unto our ſoules,
So neare we were. Alas poore wench, wipe, wipe.
See heaven ſends remedy.
Cal. I am glad 'tis come ſir,
My heart was even a bleeding in my body.
Dor. A curl'd haire gentleman ſtept in, a ſtranger,
As he rod by, belike he heard our bickering,
Saw our diſtreſſes, drew his ſword, and prov'd
He came to execute, and not to argue.
Lord what a lightning me thought flew about him,
When he once toſs'd his blade; in face *Adonis,*
While peace inhabited between his eye-browes:
But when his noble anger ſtirr'd his mettle,
And blew his firie parts into a flame,
Like *Pallas,* when eſh ſits between two armies,

Viewing with horrid browes their ſad events,
Such then hee look'd : and as her ſhield had arm'd him.
Cal. This man ſir were a friend to give an age for.
This gentleman I muſt love naturally :
Nothing can keep me off ; I pray you goe on ſir.
Dor. I will,for now you pleaſe me : this brave youth,
This bud of *Mars*, for yet he is no riper,
When once he had drawne bloud, and fleſh'd his ſword,
Fitted his manly mettle to his ſpirit,
How he beſtirr'd him ? what a lane he made?
And through their fierie Bullets thruſt ſecurely ;
The hardned villaines wondring at his confidence,
Lame as I was I follow'd, and admir'd too,
And ſtirr'd, and laid about me with new ſpirit,
My men too with new hearts thruſt into action,
And down the rogues went.
Cle. I am ſtrook with wonder.
Dor. Remember but the ſtorie of ſtrong *Hector*,
When like to lightning he broke through his van-guard,
How the *Greeks* frighted ran away by Troops,
And trod downe Troops to ſave their lives : ſo this man,
Diſpers'd theſe ſlaves: had they been more and mightier,
He had come off the greater, and more wonder.
*Cle.*Where is the man,good ſir,that we may honor him?
Cal. That we may fall in ſuperſtition to him.
Dor. I know not that, from me he late departed,
But not without that pious care to ſee ſafe
Me, and my weak men lodg'd, and dreſs'd; I urg'd him
Firſt hither, that I might more freely thanke him :
He told me he had buſineſſe crav'd my pardon,
Buſineſſe of much import.
Clean. Know you his name ?
Dor. That he deny'd me too : a vow had bard him.
Cal. In that he was not noble to be nameleſſe.
*Dor.*Daughter you muſt remēber him when I am dead,
And in a noble ſort requite his piety,
'Twas his deſire to dedicate this ſervice
To your faire thoughts. *Cal.* He kuowes me then ?
Dor. I nam'd you,
And nam'd you mine : I think that's all his knowledge.
Cle. No name, no being ?
Cal. Now I am mad to know him :
Saving mine honour, any thing I had now
But to enjoy his ſight, but his bare picture ;
Make me his Saint, I muſt needs honour him.
Serv. I know his name.
Cal. There's thy reward for't ; ſpeak it.
Ser. His man told me, but he deſir'd my ſilence.
Cal. O *Jaſper* ſpeak,'tis thy good Maſters cauſe too :
We all are bound in gratitude to compell thee.
Serv *Liſander*, Yes, I am ſure it was *Liſander*.
Cal. *Liſander* ? 'twas *Liſander*.
Cle. Tis *Liſander*.O my baſe thoughts? my wicked ?
To make queſtion this act could be another mans :
'Tis *Liſander*, a handſome timber'd man.
Serv. Yes. (mourn'd?
Cle. My *Liſander* ! was this friends abſence to bee
Cal. I grant it :
Ile mourne his going now, and mourne it ſeriouſly :
When you weep for him, ſir, Ile beare you company.
That ſo much honour, ſo much honeſty
Should be in one man, to doe things thus bravely,
Make me his Saint, to me give this brave ſervice :
VVhat may I doe to recompence his goodneſſe ?
I cannot tell.
Cle. Come ſir, I know you are ſickly,ſo are your men.
Dor. I muſt confeſſe I am weake,
And fitter for a bed then long diſcourſes.
Cle. You ſhall hear to morrow , to morrow provide
Dor. *Liſander*—— (Surgeons.
Cal. VVhat new fire is this ? *Liſander*---*Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna prima.

Enter Liſander, and Lancelot.

Liſ. PRethee good *Lancelot* remember that
Thy Maſters life is in thy truſt, and therefore
Be very careful.
Lance. I will loſe mine owne,rather then hazard yours.
Liſ. Take what diſguiſe
You in your owne diſcretion ſhall think fitteſt,
To keep your ſelfe unknowne.
Lanc. I warrant yee ;
'Tis not the firſt time I have gone inviſible :
I am as fine a Fairie in a buſineſſe
Concerning night-worke——
Liſ. Leave your vanities :
VVith this purſe (which deliver'd,
You may ſpare your Oratory) convey this Letter to
Caliſte's woman.
Lanc. 'Tis a handſome girle, Miſtris *Clarinda*.
Liſ. I have made her mine. You know your work.
Lanc. And if I ſweat not in it,
At my returne diſcarde me. *Exit.*
Liſand. O *Caliſte* ! the faireſt ! cruelleſt !
Enter Clarange.
Clar. So early ſtirring ? a good day to you.
Liſ. I was viewing ſir,
The ſite of your houſe , and the handſomneſſe about it :
Believe me it ſtands healthfully and ſweetly.
Clara. The houſe and maſter of it really
Are ever at your ſervice. *Liſ.* I returne it :
Now if you pleaſe goe forward in your ſtorie
Of your deare friend and Miſtris.
Clara. I will tell it,
And tell it ſhort, becauſe 'tis breakfaſt time,
(And love a tedious thing to a quick ſtomach)
You eate not yeſter-night.
Liſ. I ſhall endure ſir.
Clara. My ſelfe (and as I then deliver'd to you)
A gentleman of noble hope, one *Lidian*,
Both brought up from our infancy together,
One company,one friendſhip, and one exerciſe,
Ever affecting, one bed holding us,
One griefe, and one joy parted ſtill between us,
More then companions, twins in all our actions,
VVe grew up till we were men,held one heart ſtill :
Time call'd us on to Armes, we were one ſouldier,
Alike we ſought our dangers and our honours,
Glоried alike one in anothers nobleneſſe :
VVhen Armes had made us fit, we were one lover,
VVe lov'd one woman, lov'd without diviſion,
And woo'd a long time with one faire affection ;
And ſhe, as it appeares, loves us alike too.
At length conſidering what our love muſt grow to,
And covet in the end, this one was parted,
Rivalls and honours make men ſtand at diſtance.
VVe then woo'd with advantage, but were friends ſtill,

Saluted fairely, kept the peece of love,
We could not both enjoy the Ladies favour,
Without ſome ſcandall to her reputation,
We put it to her choice, this was her ſentence,
To part both from her, and the laſt returning
Should be her Lord; we obey'd, and now you know it;
And for my part, (ſo truely I am touch'd with't)
I will goe farre enough, and be the laſt too,
Or ne're returne.
Liſand. A ſentence of much cruelty;
But milde, compar'd with whats pronounc'd on me.
Our loving youth is borne to many miſeries.
What is that *Lidian* pray ye? (faire Ladie.
Claran. *Caliſte's* brother, if ever you have heard of that
Liſan. I have ſeen her ſir.
Claran. Then you have ſeen a wonder.
Liſan. I doe confeſſe: of what yeares is this *Lidian*?
Clara. About my years: there is not much between us.
Liſan. I long to know him.
Clara. 'Tis a vertuous longing,
As many hopes hang on his noble head,
As bloſſoms on a bough in *May*, and ſweet ones.
Liſ. Ye are a faire ſtorie of your friend.
Clar. Of truth ſir: now, what's the matter?
Enter a Servant.
Serv. There is a gentleman
At doore, would ſpeak with you on private buſineſſe.
Clara. With me?
Serv. He ſaies ſo, and brings haſte about him.
Clara. Wait on him in. *Exit Serv.*
Liſan. I will retire the while, to the next room.
Clar. We ſhall not long diſturbe you. *Ent. Alcidon.*
Alc. Save ye ſir.
Clara. The like to you fair ſir: pray you come neare.
Alc. Pray you inſtruct me for I know you not.
With Monſieur *Clarange* I would ſpeake.
Clar. I am he ſir:
Ye are nobly welcome; I wait your buſineſſe.
Alcid. This will informe you.
Clara. Will you pleaſe to ſit down? *Reads.*
He ſhall command me ſir, Ile wait upon him
Within this houre.
Alcid. Y'are a noble gentleman,
Wil't pleaſe you bring a friend? we are two of us,
And pitty either ſir ſhould be unfurniſh'd.
Clara. I have none now, and the time is ſet ſo ſhort,
'Twill not be poſsible.
Alc. Doe me the honour:
I know you are ſo full of brave acquaintance,
And worthy friends, you cannot want a partner:
I would be loath to ſtand ſtill ſir; beſides,
You know the cuſtome, and the vantage of it,
If you come in alone.
Clar. And I muſt meet it.
Alc. Send, wee'l defer an houre, let us be equall:
Games won and loſt on equall tearmes ſhew faireſt.
Clar. 'Tis to no purpoſe to ſend any whither,
Unleſſe men be at home by Revelation:
So pleaſe you breath a while; when I have done with him
You may be exercis'd too: Ile trouble no man.
Enter Liſander.
Liſ. They are very loud. Now what's the newes?
Clara. I muſt leave you,
Leave you a while, two houres hence Ile returne friend.
Liſan. Why, what's the matter?
Clar. A little buſineſſe.
Liſ. And't be but a little, you may take me with ye.
Clar. 'Twill be a trouble to you.
Liſ. No indeed, to do you ſervice, I account a pleaſure.
Clar. I muſt alone. *Liſan.* Why?
Clarang. 'Tis neceſsity---
Before you paſſe the walks, and back agen,
I will be with ye. *Liſ.* If it be not unmannerly
To preſſe you, I would goe.
Claran. Ile tell you true ſir,
This gentleman and I upon appointment,
Are going to viſit a Lady.
Liſond. I am no *Capuchin*, why ſhould not I goe?
Alc. Take the gentleman,
Come he may ſee the gentlewoman too,
And be moſt welcome, I do beſeech you take him.
Liſan. By any means, I love to ſee a gentlewoman,
A prettie wench too.
Clar. Well ſir, wee'll meet you,
And at the place: My ſervice to the Lady.
Alc. I kiſſe your hand. *Exit.*
Clara. Prethee read o're her Letter.
Liſander reads.

Monſieur,

I *Know you have conſider'd the dark ſentence* Olinda *gave us, and that (however ſhe diſguis'd it) it* pointed *more at our ſwords edges then our bodies baniſhments;* the *laſt muſt enjoy her: if we retire, our youths are* loſt in *wandring; in emulation we ſhall grow old men,* and feeble, *Which is the ſcorne of love, and ruſt of honour, and ſo* return *more fit to wed our Sepulchers, then the Saint we* aime at; *let us therefore make our journey ſhort, and our hearts* rea*dy, and with our ſwords in our hands put it to fortune,* which *ſhall be worthy to receive that bleſsing, Ile ſtay* you on *the mountaine, our old hunting place, this gentleman* alone *runs the hazzard with me, and ſo I kiſſe your hand.*

Your ſervant *Lidian.*

Is this your wench? you'll finde her a ſharp Miſtris.
What have I thruſt my ſelfe into? is this that *Lidian*
You told me of? *Clara.* The ſame.
Liſan. My Ladies brother?
No cauſe to heave my ſword againſt but his?
To ſave the father yeſterday, and this morning,
To help to kill the ſon? this is moſt courteous?
The onely way to make the daughter doat on me.
Clara. Why doe you muſe? would ye goe off?
Liſ. No, no, I muſt on now; this will be kindly taken;
No life to ſacrifice, but part of hers?
Doe you fight ſtraight? *Clara.* Yes, preſently.
Liſ. To morrow then,
The balefull tidings of this day will break out,
And this nights Sun will ſet in bloud; I am troubl'd:
If I am kill'd, I am happy.
Clara. VVill you goe friend?
Liſ. I am ready ſir, fortune thou haſt made me monſtrous.
Enter Malfort and Clarinda. (Exeu
Malf. Your couſin, and my true friend, luſty *Leon*,
Shall know how you uſe me.
Clar. Be more temperate,
Or I will never uſe, nor know you more
Ith' way of a ſeruant: all the houſe takes notice
Of your ridiculous fopperie; I have no ſooner
Perform'd my duties in my Ladies chamber,
And ſhe ſcarce down the ſtaires, but you appeare
Like my evill ſpirit to me. (der
Mal. Can the fiſh live out of the water, or the Salaman-

Out of the fire ? or I live warme, but in
The frying-pan of your favour ?
Cla. Pray you forget
Your curious compariſons,borrowed from
The pond,and kitchin,and remember what
My Ladies pleaſure is for th' entertainment
Of her noble father.
Ma I would learn the art of memory in your table book.
Cla. Very good ſir,no more but up and ride,I apprehend
Your meaning,ſoft fire makes ſweet mault ſir :
I'le anſwer you in a Provetbe,
Mal. But one kiſſe from thy honey lippe.
Cla. You fight too high,my hand is
A faire aſcent from my foot,his ſlavering kiſſes
Spoyle me more gloves,---enough for once, you'l ſurfet
With too much grace.
Mal. Have you no imployment for me ?
Cla. Yes,yes,go ſend for *Leon*, and convey him
Into the private Arbour,from his mouth
I heare your praiſes with more faith.
Ma. I am gone·yet one thing ere I go, there's at the dore
The rareſt Fortune-teller, he hath told me
The ſtrangeſt things ; he knows ye are my Miſtris,
And under ſeale deliver'd how many children
I ſhall beget on you, pray you give him hearing,
He'l make it good to you.
Gla. A cunning man
Of your own making,howſoe're I'le heare him
At your intreaty.
Mal. Now I perceive ye love me,
At my entreaty,come in friend —remember
To ſpeake as I directed, he knows his leſſon,
And the right way to pleaſe her; this it is
To have a head -peece. *Exit.*

Enter Lancelot like a Fortune-teller,with a Purſe, and two Letters in it.

Cla. 'Tis ſaid you can tell Fortunes to come.
Lan. Yes Miſtris and what's paſt;
Unglove your hand,by this ſtraight line, I ſee
You have laine crooked.
Cla. How ? laine crooked ?
Lan. *Yes* ; and in that poſture plaid at the old game,
(No body heares me and I'le be no blab)
And at it loſt your maiden-head.
Cla. A ſhrewd fellow ;
Tis truth,but not to be confeſſ'd ; in this
Your palmeſtry deceaves you,ſome thing elſe ſir.
Lan. *Ye* are a great woman with your Lady, and
Acquainted with her counſels.
Cla. Still more ſtrange.
Lan. There is a noble Knight *Liſander* loves her,
Whom ſhe regards not and the deſtinies
With whom I am familiar, have deliver'd
That by your meanes alone,he muſt enjoy her.
Your hand agen, *Yes*,yes ; you have already
Promis'd him your aſſiſtance,and what's more,
Taſted his bounty,for which,from the skye
There are 200. crownes dropp'd in a Purſe,
Looke backe,you'l find it true ; nay,open it,
Tis good Gold I aſſure you.
Cla. How,two Letters ? the firſt indorſ'd to me? this to (my Lady ?
Subſcrib'd *Liſander*.
Lan. And the Fortuneteller, his ſervant *Lancelot*.
Cla. How had I loſt my eyes,
That I could not know thee ? not a word of the loſſe
Of my virginity.
Lanc. Nor who I am.
Cla. I'le uſe all ſpeedy meanes for your diſpatch,
With a welcome anſwer, but till you receive it,
Continue thus disguis'd,Mounſieur *Malfort*
(*You* know the way to humour him)ſhall provide
A lodging for you,and good entertainment ;
Nay,ſince we trade both one way,thou ſhalt have
Some feeling with me,take that.
Lan. Bountifull wench may'ſt thou ne're want imploy-(ment.
Cla. Nor ſuch pay boy. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lidian, Alcidon,(at one dore)Liſander, Clarange.(at another.)

Lid. *You'r* welcome.
Alc. Let us do our office firſt,
And then make choice of a new peece of ground
To try our fortunes.
Liſ. All's faire here.
Alc. And here,their ſwords are equall.
Liſ. If there be any odds in mine, we will exchange.
Alc. Wee'l talke of that
When we are farther off, farwell.
Liſ. Farewell friend. *Ex.Liſand.and Alcid*
Lid. Come let us not be idle?
Cla. I will find you imployment, feare not.
Lid. *You* know ſir, the cauſe that brings us hether
Cla. There needs no more diſcourſing,
No time, nor place for repetition now.
Lid. Let our Swords argue,and I wiſh *Clarange*,
The proud *Olinda* ſaw us.
Cla. Would ſhe did ;
What ever eſtimation ſhe holds of me,
She ſhould behold me like a man fight for her.
Lid. 'Tis nobly ſaid; ſet on love;and my fortune---
Cla. The ſame for me, come home brave *Lidian*,
'Twas manly thruſt,this token to the Lady,
Ye have it ſir,deliver it,take breath,
I ſee ye bleed apace,ye ſhall have faire play.

Enter Liſander.

Liſ. *You* muſt lye there a while,I cannot help you,
Lid. Nay,then my fortunes gone,I know I muſt dye :
Yet dearely will I ſell my love, come on both,
And uſe your fortunes, I expect no favour ;
Weake as I am,my confidence ſhall meet ye.
Cla *Yeild* up your cauſe and live.
Lid. What doſt thou hold me?
A recreant,that prefers life before credit ?
Though I bleed hard,my honour finds no Iſſue,
That's conſtant to my heart.
Cla. Have at your life then.
Liſ. Hold,or I'le turne,and bend my ſword againſt ye ;
My cauſe *Clarange* too,view this brave Gentleman,
That yet may live to kill you,he ſtands nobly,
And has as great a promiſe of the day
As you can tye unto your ſelfe,he's ready,
His Sword as ſharpe,view him with that remembrance,
That you deliver'd him to me *Clarange* :
And with thoſe eyes,that clearneſſe will become ye :
View him, as you reported him ; ſurvey him,
Fixe on your friendſhip ſir, I know you are noble,
And ſtep but Inward to your old affection,
Examine but that ſoule grew to your boſome,
And try then if your Sword will bite,it cannot,
The edge will turne againe,aſham'd,and blunted;
Lidian,you are the patterne of faire friendſhip,

Exampled for your Love,and imitated,
The Temple of true hearts,ſtor'd with affections,
For ſweetneſſe of your ſpirit made a Saint,
Can you decline this nobleneſſe to anger?
To mortall anger? 'gainſt the man ye love moſt?
Have ye the name of vertuous, not the natnre?
Lid. I will ſit downe.
Clarin. And I'le ſit by you *Lidian.*
Liſ. And I'le go on, can heaven be pleas'd with theſe
To ſee two hearts that have been twin'd together(things?
Married in friendſhip to the world, to wonder,
Of one growth,of one nouriſhment, one health,
Thus mortally divorc'd for one weake woman?
Can love be pleas'd? love is a gentle ſpirit,
The wind that blowes the Aprill flowers, not ſofter;
She is drawne with doves to ſhew her peacefulneſſe,
Lions and bloudy Pards are *Mars's* ſervants;
Would ye ſerve love? do it with humbleneſſe,
Without a noiſe,with ſtill prayers, and ſoft murmurs;
Upon her Altars offer your obedience,
And not your brawles; ſhe's won with teares,not terrors:
That fire ye kindle to her deity,
Is only gratefull when it blowes with ſighs,
And holy Incenſe flung with white hand-innocence;
Ye wound her now; ye are too ſuperſtitious,
No ſacrifice of bloud,or death ſhe longs for:
Lid. Came he from heaven?
Clarin. He tels us truth good *Lidian.*
Liſ. That part of Noble love which is moſt ſweet,
And gives eternall being to faire beauty,
Honour.You hack a peeces with your ſwords,
And that ye fight to crowne, ye kill faire credit.
Clara. Thus we embrace,no more fight,but all friendſhip,
And where love pleaſes to beſtow his benefits,
Let us not argue.
Lid. Nay brave ſir, come in too;
You may love alſo, and may hope,If he do,
And not rewarded for't,there is no juſtice;
Farwell friend, here let's part upon our pilgrimage,
It muſt be ſo,Cupid draws on our ſorrowes.
And where the lot lights——
Claran. I ſhall count it happineſſe,
Farewell deare friend.
Liſ. Firſt, let's relieve the Gentleman
That lyes hurt in your cauſe,and bring him off,
And take ſome cure for your hurts, then I will part too,
A third unfortunate,and willing wanderer. *Exeunt.*

Enter Olinda,and Caliſte.

Olin. My feares foreſaw 'twould come to this.
Cal. I would your ſentence had been milder.
Olin. 'Tis paſt helpe now.
Cal. I ſhare in your deſpaire,and yet my hopes
Have not quite left me,ſince all poſſible meanes
Are practiſed to prevent the miſchiefe following
Their mortall meeting,my Lord is coaſted one way;
My father,though his hurts forbad his travell,
Hath tooke another,my brother in Law *Beronte,*
A third,and every minute we muſt looke for
The certaine knowledge,which we muſt endure
With that calme patience heav'n ſhall pleaſe to lend us.
Enter Dorilaus,and Cleander,ſeverally.
Dor. Dead both?
Clea. Such is the rumour, and 'tis generall.
Olin. I heare my paſſing-bell.
Cal. I am in a feavour.
Clea. They ſay their ſeconds too; but what they are,
Is not known yet, ſome worthy fellows certain.
Dor. Where had you knowledge?
Clea. Of the Country people,'tis ſpoken every where.
Dor. I heard it ſo too;
And 'tis ſo common,I do halfe beleeve it,
You have loſt a brother wench,he lov'd you well,
And might have liv'd to have done his countrie ſervice,
But he is gone, thou feld'ſt untimely *Lidian,*
But by a valiant hand,that's ſome ſmall comfort,
And tooke him with thee too, thou lov'ſt brave company,
Weeping will do no good,you loſt a ſervant,
He might have liv'd to have been your Maſter Lady,
But you fear'd that.
Olind. Good ſir, be tender to me,
The newes is bad enough,you need not preſſe it,
I lov'd him well, I lov'd 'em both.
Dor. It ſeemes ſo.
How many more have you to love ſo Lady?
They were both fooles to fight for ſuch a Fidle;
Certaine there was a dearth of noble anger,
When a ſlight woman was thought worth a quarrell.
Olin. Pray you thinke nobler.
Do. I'le tell thee what I thinke,the plague,war,famine,
Nay put in dice and drunkenneſſe,and thoſe
You'l grant are pretty helpes, kill not ſo many
(I meane ſo many noble) as your loves do,
Rather your lewdneſſe, I crave your mercy women.
Be not offended if I anger ye.
I am ſure ye have touch'd me deep, I came to be merry,
And with my children, but to ſee one ruin'd
By this fell accident----are they all dead?
If they be, ſpeake?
Clean. What newes?
Enter Beronte, Alcidon, Clarinda, following with a letter,
Ber. What dead? ye poſe me;
I underſtand you not.
Clea. My brother *Lidian, Clarange,* and their ſeconds.
Ber. Here is one of 'em, and ſure this Gentleman's alive.
Alc. I hope ſo,ſo is your ſon ſir,ſo is brave *Clarange:*
They fought indeed, and they were hurt ſufficiently;
We were all hurt,that bred the generall rumour,
But friends againe all,and like friends we parted.
Clea. Heard ye of *Liſander?*
Ber. Yes,and miſſ'd him narrowly:
He was one of the combatants, fought with this Gentle-
Second againſt your brother, by his wiſdome (man,
(For certainly good fortune followes him)
All was made peace, I'le tell you the reſt at dinner,
For we are hungry.
Alc. I before I eate
Muſt pay a vow I am ſworne to; my life Madam
Was at *Liſander's* mercy,I live by it;
And for the noble favour, he deſir'd me
To kiſſe your faire hand for him,offering
This ſecond ſervice as a Sacrifice
At the Altar of your vertues.
Dor. Come, joy on all ſides;
Heaven will not ſuffer honeſt men to periſh.
Clean. Be proud of ſuch a friend.
Dor. Forgive me Madam,
It was a griefe might have concern'd you neare too.
Clea. No worke of excellence but ſtill *Liſander,*
Go thy waies worthy. * *Ex. Manet. Cal.*
Olin. Wee'l be merry too, *Clarin. ſtayes Caliſt.*
Were I to ſpeake againe,I would be wiſer.

Cal. Too much of this rare cordiall makes me ſick,
However I obey you.
Clarin. Now or never is ian apt time to move her, Ma-
Cal. Who's that? (dam.
Clari. Your ſervant, I would ſpeake with your Ladyſhip.
Cal. Why doſt thou looke about?
Clarin. I have private buſineſſe
That none muſt heare but you. *Liſander*——
Cal. Where?
Clarin. Nay, is not here, but would entreat this favor,
Some of your Balſome from your own hand given,
For he is much hurt, and that he thinkes would cure him.
Cal. He ſhall have all, my prayers too.
Clarind. But conceive me,
It muſt be from your ſelfe immediately,
Pitty ſo brave a Gentleman ſhould periſh,
He is ſuperſtitious, and he holds your hand
Of infinite power: I would not urge this Madam,
But only in a mans extreames, to helpe him.
Cal. Let him come (good wench) 'tis that I wiſh, I am
My husband his true friend, my noble father, (happy in't,
The faire *Olinda*, all deſire to ſee him;
He ſhall have many hands.
Clarind. That he deſires not,
Nor eyes, but yours to looke upon his miſeries,
For then he thinkes 'twould be no perfect cure (Madam)
He would come private.
Cal. How can that be here?
I ſhall do wrong unto all thoſe that honour him,
Beſides my credit.
Clarin. Dare ye not truſt a hurt man?
Not ſtraine a curteſie to ſave a Gentleman?
To ſave his life, that has ſav'd all your family?
A man that comes like a poore mortifi'd Pilgrim;
Only to beg a bleſſing, and depart againe?
He would but ſee you, that he thinkes would cure him.
But ſince you find fit reaſons to the contrary,
And that it cannot ſtand with your cleare honour,
Though you beſt know how well he has deſerv'd of ye:
I'l ſend him word backe, though I grieve to do it,
Grieve at my ſoule, for certainly 'twill kill him,
What your will is.
Cal. Stay, I will thinke upon't; where is he wench?
Clarin. If you deſire to ſee him,
Let not that trouble you, he ſhall be with ye,
And in that time, that no man ſhall ſuſpect ye;
Your honour Madam, is in your own free keeping;
Your care in me, in him all honeſty;
If ye deſire him not, let him paſſe by ye:
And all this buſineſſe reckon but a dreame.
Cal. Go in, and counſell me, I would faine ſee him,
And willingly comfort him.
Clarin. 'Tis in your power.
And if you dare truſt me, you ſhall do it ſafely,
Read that, and let that tell you, how he honours you.
Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scæna prima.

Enter Clarinda, with a Key, and Leon.

Leon. This happy night. *Kiſſes her.*
Clarin. Preſerve this eagerneſſe
Till we meet nearer, there is ſomething done
Will give us opportunity.
Leon. Witty girle, the plot?
Clarind, You ſhall heare that at leaſure,
The whole houſe reeles with joy at the report
Of *Lidians* ſafety, and that joy increas'd
From their affection to the brave *Liſander*,
In being made the happy inſtrument to compound
The bloudy difference.
Leon. They will heare ſhortly that
Will turne their mirth to mourning, he was then
The principall meanes to ſave two lives, but ſince
There are two falne, and by his ſingle hand,
For which his life muſt anſwer, if the King,
Whoſe arme is long, can reach him. (this key,
Cla. We have now no ſpare time to heare ſtories, take
'Twill make your paſſage to the banquetting houſe
I'the garden free.
Leon. You will not faile to come?
Cla. For mine owne ſake ne're doubt it? now for *Li-*
(*ſander.* *Exit.*
Enter Dorilaus, Cleander, Servants with lights.
Dor. To bed, to bed, 'tis very late.
Clea. To bed all, I have dranke a health too much,
Dor. You'l ſleep the better,
My uſuall phiſicke that way.
Clean. Where's your Miſtris?
Clarin. She is above, but very ill and aguiſh:
The late fright of her brother, has much troubl'd her;
She would entreate to lye alone.
Clea. Her pleaſure. (health,
Do. Commend my love to her, and my prayers for her
I'le ſee her ere I goe. *Ex. Manet Clarin.*
Clarin. All good reſt to ye:
Now to my watch for *Liſander*, when he's furniſh'd,
For mine own friend, ſince I ſtand Centinell,
I love to laugh i'th' evenings too, and may,
The priviledge of my place will warrant it. *Exit.*
Enter Liſander, and Lancelot.
Liſ. You have done well hetherto; where are we now?
Lan. Not far from the houſe, I heare by th'owles,
There are many of your welch falkoners about it;
Here were a night to chooſe to run away with
Another mans wife, and do the feate.
Liſ. Peace knave,
The houſe is here before us, and ſome may heare us;
The candles are all out.
Lanc. But one i'the parlor,
I ſee it ſimper hether, pray come this way.
Liſ. Step to the garden doore, and feele and't be open.
Lan. I am going, lucke deliver me from the ſaw pits,
Or I am buried quicke: I heare a dog,
No, 'tis a cricket, ha? here's a cuckold buried,
Take heed of his horns ſir, here's the doore, 'tis open.
Clarinda at the doore. Whoſe there?
Liſan. Friend.
Cla. Sir, *Liſander*?
Liſ. I.
Clarin. Ye are welcome, follow me, and make no noiſe.
Liſ. Go to your horſe, and keep your watch with care,
And be ſure ye ſleep not. *Ex. Liſan. Clarin.* (ſirah
Lanc. Send me out the dairy-maid
To play at trump with me, and keep me waking,
My fellow horſe, and I now muſt diſcourſe
Like two learned Almanack-makers, of the ſtars,
And tell what a plentifull year 'twil prove of drunkards,

If I had but a pottle of Sacke, like a ſharp prickle,
To knock my noſe againſt when I am nodding,
I ſhould ſing like a Nightingall, but I muſt
Keepe watch without it, I am apt to dance,
Good fortune guide me from the faires circles. *Exit.*

Enter Clarinda with a Taper, and Liſander with a Piſtole,
two Chaires ſet out.

Clarin. Come neare, *Caliſte ſitting*
I'le leave ye now, draw but that Curtaine, *behind a*
And have your wiſh; now *Leon* I am for thee. *Curtaine.*
We that are ſervants muſt make uſe of ſtoln houres,
And be glad of ſnatch'd occaſions. *Exit.*
Liſand. Shee is aſleepe,
Fierce love hath clos'd his lights, I may looke on her,
Within her eyes 'has lock'd his graces up,
I may behold and live; how ſweet ſhe breathes?
The orient morning breaking out in odors,
Is not ſo full of perfumes, as her breath is;
She is the abſtract of all excellence, and ſcornes a paralell.
Cal. Who's there?
Liſ. Your ſervant, your moſt obedient ſlave (adored
That comes but to behold thoſe eyes againe, (Lady)
And pay ſome vowes I have to ſacred beauty,
And ſo paſſe by; I am blind as ignorance,
And know not where I wander, how I live,
Till I receive from their bright influence
Light to direct me, for devotions ſake,
You are the Saint I tread theſe holy ſteps to.
And holy Saints are all relenting ſweetneſſe;
Be not inrag'd, nor be not angry with me;
The greateſt attribute of heaven is mercy;
And 'tis the crowne of juſtice, and the glory
Where it may kill with right, to ſave with pitty.
Cal. Why do you kneele, I know you come to mock me,
T' upbraid me with the benefits you have giv'n me,
Which are too many, and too mighty ſir,
For my returne; and I confeſſe 'tis juſtice,
That for my cruelty you ſhould deſpiſe me,
And I expect however you are calme now,
A foyle you ſtrive to ſet your cauſe upon,
It will breake out; *Caliſte* is unworthy,
Coy, proud, diſdainefull, I acknowledge all,
Colder of comfort than the frozen North is,
And more a ſtranger to *Liſanders* worth,
His youth and faith then it becomes her gratitude,
I bluſh to grant it, yet take this along,
A ſoveraigne medicine to allay diſpleaſure,
May be an argument to bring me off too;
She is married, and ſhe is chaſte; how ſweet that ſounds?
How it perfumes all ayre 'tis ſpoken in?
O deare *Liſander*, would you breake this union?
Liſ. No, I adore it: let me kiſſe your hand,
And ſeale the faire faith of a Gentleman on it.
Cal. You are truly valiant, would it not afflict you
To have the horrid name of coward touch you?
Such is the whore to me.
Liſ. I nobly thanke ye;
And may I be the ſame when I diſhonour ye;
This I may do againe. *(Kiſſing her hand.*
Cal. Ye may, and worthily;
Such comforts maids may grant with modeſty;
And neither make her poore, nor wrong her bounty;
Noble *Liſander*, how fond now am I of ye?
I heard you were hurt.
Liſ. You dare not heale me Lady?
I am hurt here; how ſweetly now ſhe bluſhes?
Excellent objects kill our ſight, ſhe blinds me;
The roſes in the pride of May ſhew pale to her;
O tyrant cuſtome! and O coward honour!
How ye compell me to put on mine owne chaines?
May I not kiſſe ye now in ſuperſtition?
For you appeare a thing that I would kneele to:
Let me erre that way. *Kiſſes h*
Cal. Ye ſhall erre for once, I have a kind of noble pity
Among your manly ſufferings, make this moſt,
To erre no farther in deſire, for then ſir,
Ye adde unto the gratitudes I owe you;
And after death, your deare friends ſoule ſhall bleſſe you.
Liſ. I am wondrous honeſt.
Cal. I dare try. *Kiſſes.*
Liſ. I have taſted a bleſſedneſſe too great for dull mo-
Once more aud let me dye.
Cal. I dare not murther,
How will maids curſe me if I kill with kiſſes?
And young men flye th' embraces of faire virgins?
Come pray ſit down, but let's talke temperately.
Liſ. Is my deare friend a bed?
Cal. Yes, and aſleep;
Secure aſleep, 'tis midnight too *Liſander*,
Speake not ſo loud.
Liſ. You ſee I am a Statue,
I could not ſtand elſe as I had eaten Ice,
Or tooke into my bloud a drowzie poyſon,
And natures nobleſt, brighteſt flame burne in me;
Midnight? and I ſtand quietly to behold ſo?
The alarme rung, and I ſleep like a coward?
I am worne away, my faith, and dull obedience
Like crutches, carry my decayed body
Down to the grave, I have no youth within me,
Yet happily you love too.
Cal. Love with honour.
Liſ. Honour? what's that? 'tis but a ſpecious title
We ſhould not prize too high.
Cal. Dearer than life.
Liſ. The value of it, is as time has made it,
And time and cuſtome have too far inſulted,
We are no Gods, to be alwaies tyed to ſtrictneſſe,
'Tis a preſumption to ſhew too like 'em;
March but an houre or two under loves enſignes,
We have examples of great memories——
Cal. But foule ones too, that greatneſſe cannot cove
That wife that by example ſins, ſins double,
And puls the curtaine open to her ſhame too;
Me thinkes to enjoy you thus——
Liſ. 'Tis no joy Lady,
A longing bride if ſhe ſtop here, would cry,
The Bridegroome too, and with juſt cauſe curſe Hy
But yeild a little, be one houre a woman,
(I do not ſpeake this to compell you Lady)
And give your will but motion, let it ſtirre
But in the taſte of that weake feares call evill,
Try it to underſtand it, wee'l do no thing,
You'l never come to know pure good elſe.
Cal. Fie ſir.
Liſ. I have found a way, let's ſlip into this errour
As Innocents, that know not what we did;
As we were dreaming both let us embrace;
The ſin is none of ours then, but our fancies;
What have I ſaid? what blaſphemie to honour?
O my baſe thoughts! pray ye take this and ſhoot me.

My villaine thoughts? *Noiſe within.*
Cal. *I* weep your miſerie, and would to heaven--what
Liſ. *It* comes on louder. (noiſe ?
Kill me, and ſave your ſelfe ; ſave your faire honour,
And lay the fault on me, let my life periſh,
My baſe laſcivious life, ſhoote quickely Lady,
Cal. Not for the world, retire behind the hangings,
And there ſtand cloſe —my husband, cloſe *Liſander.*
Clean. Deareſt, are you well? *Enter* Cleander
Cal. O my ſad heart; my head, my head. *with a Taper.*
Clea. Alas poore ſoule! what do you out of your bed?
You take cold my *Caliſte* : how do ye?
Cal. Not ſo well ſir to lye by ye, my brothers fright---
Clea. *I* had a frightfull dreame too,
A very frightfull dreame my beſt *Caliſte* :
Me thought there came a Dragon to your Chamber,
A furious Dragon (wife) *I* yet ſhake at it:
Are all things well?
Liſ. Shall *I* ſhoote him?
Cal. No. All well Sir.
'Twas but your care of me, your loving care,
Which alwaies watches.
Clean. And me thought he came
As if he had riſen thus out of his den,
As *I* do from theſe hangings.
Liſ. Dead.
Cal. Hold good Sir.
Clea. And forc'd ye in his armes thus.
Cal. 'Twas but fancie
That troubled ye, here's nothing to diſturbe me,
Good ſir to reſt againe, and *I* am now drouſie,
And will to bed; make no noiſe deare husband,
But let me ſleep: before you can call any body *I* am a bed.
Clea. This, and ſweet reſt dwell with ye. *Exit.*
Cal. Come out againe, and as you love *Liſander*,
Make haſte away, you ſee his mind is troubled :
Do you know the doore ye came at?
Liſ. Well ſweet Lady.
Cal. And can ye hit it readily?
Liſ. *I* warrant ye;
And muſt *I* go? muſt here end all my happineſſe?
Here in a dreame, as if it had no ſubſtance?
Cal. For this time friend, or here begin our ruines;
We are both miſerable.
Liſ. This is ſome comfort
In my afflictions; they are ſo full already,
They can find no encreaſe.
Cal. Deare ſpeake no more.
Liſ. You muſt be ſilent then.
Cal. Farewell *Liſander*, thou joy of man farewell.
Liſ. Farewell bright Lady,
Honour of woman-kind, a heavenly bleſſing.
Cal. Be ever honeſt,
Liſ. *I* will be a dog elſe;
The vertues of your mind *I*'le make my library,
In which *I*'le ſtudy the celeſtiall beauty :
Your conſtancie, my armour that *I*'le fight in :
And on my ſword your chaſtity ſhall ſit,
Terror to rebell bloud.
Cal. Once more farewell: *Noiſe within.*
O that my modeſtie cou'd hold you ſtill ſir, ——he comes
Liſ. Heaven keep my hand from murther, (againe.
Murther of him I love.
Cal. Away deare friend,
Downe to the garden ſtaires, that way *Liſander*,
We are betrai'd elſe. *Ent. Clea.*
Liſ. Honour guard the Innocent. *Exit. Liſ.*
Clean. Stil up? I fear'd your health.
Cal. 'Has miſſ'd him happily;
I am going now, I have done my meditations,
My heart's almoſt at peace.
Clea. To my warme bed then.
Cal. I will, pray ye lead. *A Piſtoll ſhot within*
Clean. A Piſtoll ſhot i'th' houſe?
At theſe houres? ſure ſome theefe, ſome murtherer:
Riſe ho, riſe all, I am betraide.
Cal. O fortune!
O giddy thing! he has met ſome oppoſition,
And kil'd; I am confounded, loſt for ever. *Enter* Dorilaus
Dor. Now, what's the matter?
Clea. Theeves, my noble father, villaines, and Rogues.
Dor. Indeed, I heard a Piſtoll, let's ſearch about.
Enter Malfort, Clarinda, and Servants.
Mal. To bed againe, they are gone ſir,
I will not bid you thanke my valour for't;
Gone at the garden doore; there were a dozen,
And bravely arm'd, I ſaw 'em.
Clarin. I am glad, glad at the heart.
Ser. One ſhot at me, and miſſ'd me.
Mal. No, 'twas at me, the bullet flew cloſe by me,
Cloſe by my eare; another had a huge Sword,
Flouriſh'd it thus; but at the point I met him,
But the Rogue taking me to be your Lordſhip,
(As ſure your name is terrible, and we
Not much unlike in the darke) roar'd out aloud,
'Tis the kill cow *Dorilaus*, and away
They ran as they had flowne: now you muſt love me,
Or feare me for my courage wench.
Clarin. O Rogue?
O lying Rogue, *Liſander* ſtumbled Madam,
At the ſtaires head, and in the fall the ſhot went off;
Was gone before they roſe.
Cal. I thanke heaven for't.
Clari. I was frighted too, it ſpoyl'd my game with *Leon.*
Cle. You muſt ſit up; and they had come to your Chamber
What pranks would they have plaid: how came the doore
Ma. I heard 'em when they forc'd it; up I roſe, (open?
Took *Durindana* in my hand; and like
Orlando, iſſu'd forth.
Clarin. I know you are valiant.
Clean. To bed again,
And be you henceforth provident, at ſun-riſing
We muſt part for a while.
Dor. When you are a bed,
Take leave of her, there 'twill be worth the taking;
Here 'tis but a cold ceremony, ere long
Wee'l find *Liſander*, or we have ill fortune.
Clea. Locke all the doores faſt.
Mal. Though they all ſtood open,
My name writ on the doore, they dare not enter. *Exeunt.*

Enter Claran, *Frier with a Letter.*

Claran. Turnd Hermit?
Fri. Yes, and a devout one too: I heard him preach.
Claran. That leſſens my beliefe,
For though I grant my *Lidian* a ſcholler
As far as fits a Gentleman, he hath ſtudied
Humanity, and in that he is a Maſter;
Civility of manners, courtſhip, Armes;
But never aim'd at (as I could perceive)
The deep points of divinity.

Fri. That confirmes his
Devotion to be reall,no way tainted
With oſtentation, or hypocriſie,
The cankers of Religion; his ſermon
So full of gravity and with ſuch ſweetneſſe
Deliver'd,that it drew the admiration
Of all the hearers on him; his own letters
To you,which witneſſe he will leave the world,
And theſe to faire *Olinda*,his late Miſtris,
In which he hath with all the moving language
That ever expreſſ'd Rhetorick ſollicited
The Lady to forget him,and make you
Bleſſed in her embraces,may remove
All ſcrupulous doubts.
Claran. It ſtrikes a ſadneſſe in me,
I know not what to thinke of't.
Fri. Ere he entred
His ſollitary cell, he pen'd a ditty,
His long and laſt farewell to love, and women,
So feelingly, that I confeſſe however
It ſtands not with my order to be taken
With ſuch Poeticall raptures; I was mov'd,
And ſtrangely with it.
Claran. Have you the copy?
Fri. Yes ſir;
My Novice too can ſing it,if you pleaſe
To give him hearing.
Claran. And it will come timely,
For I am full of melancholy thoughts,
Againſt which I have heard with reaſon Muſick
To be the ſpeedieſt cure,pray you apply it.

A Song by the Novice.

ADieu fond love,farewell you wanton powers,
I am free againe;
Thou dull diſeaſe of bloud and Idle howers.
Bewitching paine,
Flie to the fooles that ſigh away their time.
My nobler love to heaven clime,
And there behold beauty ſtill young,
That time can ne're corrupt, nor death deſtroy;
Immortall ſweetneſſe by faire Angels ſung,
And honour'd by eternity and joy:
There lives my love,thether my hopes aſpire;
Fond love declines,this heavenly love growes higher.

Fri. How do ye approve it?
Claran. To its due deſert,
It is a heavenly Hymne,no ditty father,
It paſſes through my eares unto my ſoule,
And workes divinely on it;give me leave
A little to conſider;ſhall I be
Out done in all things? nor good of my ſelfe,
Nor by example? ſhall my looſe hopes ſtill,
The viands of a fond affection,feed me
As I were a ſenſuall beaſt, ſpirituall food
Refuſ'd by my ſicke pallat?'tis reſolv'd.
How far off father,doth this new made Hermit
Make his abode?
Fri. Some two dayes journey ſon.
Claran. Having reveal'd my faire intentions to ye,
I hope your piety will not deny me
Your aides to further 'em?
Fri. That were againſt a good mans charity.
Claran. My firſt requeſt is,
You would ſome time,for reaſons I will ſhew you,
Defer delivery of *Lidians* Letters
To faire *Olinda.*
Fri. Well ſir.
Claran. For what followes,
You ſhall direct me; ſomething I will do,
A new borne zeale,and friendſhip prompts me to. *Ex.*

Enter Dorilaus,Cleander, Chamberlaine,Table,
Tapers,and three ſtooles.

Clea. We have ſupp'd well friend;let our beds be ready,
We muſt be ſtirring early,
Cham. They are made ſir.
Dor. I cannot ſleep yet, where's the joviall hoſt
You told me of? 'tas been my cuſtome ever
To parley with mine hoſt.
Clea. He's a good fellow,
And ſuch a one I know you love to laugh with;
Go call your Maſter up.
Cham. He cannot come ſir.
Dor. Is he a bed with his wife?
Cham. No certainly.
Dor. Or with ſome other gheſts?
Cham. Neither and't like ye.
Clea. Why then he ſhall come by your leave my friend,
I'le fetch him up my ſelfe.
Cham. Indeed you'l faile ſir.
Dor. Is he i'th' houſe?
Cham. No, but he is hard by ſir;
He is faſt in's grave, he has been dead theſe three weekes.
Dor. Then o' my conſcience he will come but lamely,
And diſcourſe worſe.
Clean. Farewell mine honeſt Hoſt then,
Mine honeſt merry Hoſt;will you to bed yet?
Dor. No,not this houre,I prethee ſit and chat by me.
Clean. Give us a quart of wine then,wee'l be merry.
Dor. A match my ſon;pray let your wine be living,
Or lay it by your Maſter.
Cham. It ſhall be quick ſir. *Exit.*
Dor. Has not mine Hoſt a wife?
Clean. A good old woman.
Dor. Another coffine,that is not ſo hanſome;
Your Hoſteſſes in Innes ſhould be blith things,
Pretty,and young to draw in paſſengers;
She'l never fill her beds well, if ſhe be not beauteous.
Clean And curteous too. *Enter Chamberlai*
Dor. I,I,and a good fellow, *with wine.*
That will miſtake ſometimes a Gentleman
For her good man; well done;here's to *Liſander.*
Clean. My full love meets it;make fire in our lodgings,
Wee'l trouble thee no farther; to your Son. *Ex.Cham*
Dor. Put in *Clarange* too;off with't,I thanke ye;
This wine drinkes merrier ſtill,O for mine Hoſt now,
Were he alive againe,and well diſpos'd,
I would ſo claw his pate.
Clean. Y'are a hard drinker.
Dor. I love to make mine Hoſt drunke, he will lye the
The rareſt,and the roundeſt,of his friends,
His quarrels,and his gheſts,and they are the beſt bauds too
Take 'em in that tune.
Clean. You know all.
Dor. I did ſon,but time,and armes have worne me ou
Clea. 'Tis late ſir,I heare none ſtirring. *A lute is ſtruc*
Dor. Hark,what's that, a Lute?
'Tis at the doore I thinke.

Cle

Clean. The doores are ſhut faſt.
Dor. 'Tis morning ſure, the Fidlers are got up
To fright mens ſleepes, have we ne're a piſpot ready?
Clea. Now I remember, I have heard mine Hoſt that's
Touch a lute rarely, and as rraely ſing too, (dead,
A brave ſtill meane.
Dor. I would give a brace of French Crownes
To ſee him riſe and Fidle.

A Song.

Tis late and cold, ſtirre up the fire;
Sit cloſe, and draw the Table nigher;
Be merry, and drinke wine that's old,
A hearty medicine 'gainſt a cold.
Your beds of wanton downe the beſt,
Where you ſhall tumble to your reſt;
I could wiſh you wenches too,
But I am dead and cannot do;
Call for the beſt the houſe may ring,
Sacke, White, and Claret let them bring,
And drinke apace while breath you have,
You'l find but cold drinke in the grave;
Plover, Patridge for your dinner,
And a Capon for the ſinner,
You ſhall find ready when you are up,
And your horſe ſhall have his ſup:
Welcome ſhall flye round,
And I ſhall ſmile though under ground.

Clean. Harke, a Song, now as I live, it is his voice.
Dor. He ſings well, the devill has a pleaſant pipe.
Clea. The fellow lyed ſure, *Enter Hoſt.*
He is not dead, he's here: how pale he lookes?
Dor. Is this he?
Clean. Yes.
Hoſt. You are welcome noble Gentlemen,
My brave old gheſt moſt welcome.
Clean. Lying knaves,
To tell us you were dead, come ſit downe by us,
We thanke ye for your Song.
Hoſt. Would 't had been better.
Dor. Speake, are ye dead?
Hoſt. Yes indeed am I Gentlemen,
I have been dead theſe three weekes.
Dor. Then here's to ye, to comfort your cold body.
Clean. What do ye meane? ſtand further off.
Dor. I will ſtand nearer to him,
Shall he come out on's coffin to beare us company,
And we not bid him welcome? come mine Hoſt,
Mine honeſt Hoſt, here's to ye.
Hoſt. Spirits ſir, drinke not?
Clea. Why do ye appeare?
Hoſt. To waite upon ye Gentlemen,
'Thas been my duty living, now my farewell;
I feare ye are not us'd accordingly.
Dor. I could wiſh you warmer company mine Hoſt,
How ever we are us'd?
Hoſt. Next to entreate a courteſie,
And then I goe to peace.
Clea. Is't in our power?
Hoſt. Yes, and 'tis this, to ſee my body buried
In holy ground, for now I lye unhallowed,
By the clarkes fault, let my new grave be made
Amongſt good fellowes, that have died before me,
And merry Hoſtes of my kind.
Clea. It ſhall be done.
Dor. And forty ſtoopes of wine dranke at thy funerall.
Clea. Do you know our travell?
Hoſt. Yes, to ſeeke your friends,
That in afflictions wander now.
Clean. Alas!
Hoſt. Seeke 'em no farther, but be confident
They ſhall returne in peace.
Dor. There's comfort yet.
Clea. Pray ye one word more, is't in your power mine
Anſwer me ſoftly, ſome houres before my death, (Hoſt,
To give me warning.
Hoſt. I cannot tell ye truly,
But if I can, ſo much alive I lov'd ye,
I will appeare againe, adieu. *Exit.*
Dor. Adieu ſir.
Clean. I am troubl'd; theſe ſtrange apparitious are
For the moſt part fatall.
Dor. This if told, will not
Find credit, the light breakes a pace, let's lye downe
And take ſome little reſt, an houre or two,
Then do mine hoſtes deſire, and ſo returne,
I do beleeve him.
Clean. So do I, to reſt ſir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Caliſte, and Clarinda.

Cal. Clarinda?
Clarin. Madam.
Cal. Is the houſe well ordered?
The doores look'd to now in your Maſters abſence?
Your care, and diligence amongſt the Servants?
Clarin. I am ſtirring Madam.
Cal. So thou art *Clarinda*,
More then thou ought'ſt I am ſure, why doſt thou bluſh?
Clarin. I do not bluſh,
Cal. Why doſt thou hang thy head wench?
Clarin. Madam, ye are deceiv'd, I looke upright,
I underſtand ye not: ſhe has ſpied *Leon*, *aſide.*
Shame of his want of caution.
Cal. Looke on me; what, bluſh againe?
Clarin. 'Tis more then *I* know Madam;
I have no cauſe that *I* find yet.
Cal. Examine then.
Clarin. Your Ladyſhip is ſet *I* thinke to ſhame me.
Cal. Do not deſerve't? who lay with you laſt night?
What bedfellow had ye? none of the maids came neare
Clarin. Madam they did. (ye?
Cal. 'Twas one in your Coſins cloathes then.
And wore a ſword; and ſure *I* keep no *Amazons*;
Wench do not lye, 'twill but proclame thee guilty;
Lyes hide our ſins like nets; like perſpectives,
They draw offences nearer ſtill, and greater.
Come tell the truth.
Clarin. You are the ſtrangeſt Lady
To have theſe doubts of me; how have *I* liv'd Madam?
And which of all my carefull ſervices deſerves theſe
Cal. Leave facing? 'twill not ſerve ye, ſhames?
This impudence becomes thee worſe then lying?
I thought ye had liv'd well, and *I* was proud of't;
But you are pleas'd to abuſe my thoughts, who was't?
Honeſt repentance yet will make the fault leſſe.
Clarin. Do ye compell me? do you ſtand ſo ſtrict too?
Nay, then have at ye; *I* ſhall rub that ſore Madam,
(Since ye provoke me) will but vexe your Ladyſhip,
Let me alone.
Cal. I will know.
Clarin. For your own peace,
The peace of your owne conſcience aske no farther;

Walke in,and let me alone.
*Cal.*No,I will know all.
Clarin. Why, then I'le tell ye,'twas a man I lay with,
Never admire, 'tis eaſie to be done,Madam,
And uſuall too,a proper man I lay with;
Why ſhould you vexe at that? young as *Liſander,*
And able too; I grudge not at your pleaſure,
Why ſhould you ſtir at mine? I ſteale none from ye,
Cal. And doſt thou glory in this ſin?
*Clarin.*I am glad on't,to glory in't is for a mighty Lady
That may command.
Cal. Why didſt thou name *Liſander?*
Clarin. Does it anger ye? does it a little gall ye?
I know it does,why would ye urge me Lady?
Why would ye be ſo curious to compell me?
I nam'd *Liſander* as my preſident,
The rule I err'd by,you love him,I know it,
I grudg'd not at it, but am pleas'd it is ſo;
And by my care and diligence you enjoy'd him.
Shall I for keeping counſell have no comfort?
Will you have all your ſelfe? ingroſſe all pleaſure?
Are ye ſo hard hearted? why do ye bluſh now Madam?
Cal. My anger bluſhes,not my ſhame baſe woman.
*Clari.*I'le make your ſhame bluſh,ſince you put me to't
Who lay with you t'other night?
Cal. With me? ye monſter.
*Clarin.*Whoſe ſweet embraces circled ye?not your husbands;
I wonder ye dare touch me in this point Madam?
Stir her againſt ye in whoſe hand your life lies?
More then your life your honour? what ſmug *Amazon*
Was that I brought you? that maid had ne're a petticoat?
Cal. She'l halfe perſwade me anon, I am a beaſt too,
And I miſtruſt my ſelfe, though I am honeſt
For giving her the Helme, thou knoweſt *Clarinda,*
(Ev'n in thy conſcience)I was ever vertuous;
As far from luſt in meeting with *Liſander*
As the pure wind in welcoming the morning;
In all the converſation I had with him,
As free;and innocent,as yon'd faire heaven;
Didſt not thou perſwade me too?
Clarin. Yes, I had reaſon for't,
And now you are perſwaded I'le make uſe on't.
Cal. If I had ſin'd thus,and my youth entic'd me,
The nobleneſſe and beauty of his perſon,
Beſide the mighty benefits I am bound to,
Is this ſufficient warrant for thy weakeneſſe?
If I had been a whore, and crav'd thy counſell
In the conveyance of my fault,and faithfulneſſe,
Thy ſecrecie,and truth in hiding of it;
Is it thy juſtice to repay me thus?
To be the Maſter ſinner to compell me?
And build thy luſts ſecurity on mine honour?
Clarin. They that love this ſin,love their ſecurity;
Prevention Madam is the naile I knock'd at,
And I have hit it home,and ſo I'le hold it,
And you muſt pardon me,and be ſilent too,
And ſuffer what ye ſee,and ſuffer patiently;
I ſhall do worſe elſe.
Cal. Thou canſt not touch my credit,
Truth will not ſuffer me to be abus'd thus.
Clarin. Do not you ſticke to truth,ſhe is ſeldome heard (Madam,
A poore weake tongue ſhe has,and that is hoarſe too
With pleading at the bars, none underſtands her,
Or if you had her,what can ſhe ſay for ye?
Muſt ſhe not ſweare he came at midnight to ye,
The doore left open,and your husband cozen'd
With a feign'd ſickneſſe?
Cal. But by my ſoule I was honeſt, thou know'ſt I wa (hone
*Clarin.*That's all one what I know,
What I will teſtifie is that ſhall vexe ye;
Truſt not a guilty rage with likelihoods,
And on apparent proofe, take heed of that Madam;
If you were innocent (as it may be ye are)
I do not know,I leave it to your conſcience,
It were the weakeſt and the pooreſt part of ye,
Men being ſo wil'ing to beleeve the worſt,
So open eyed in this age to all infamie,
To put your fame in this weake barke to the venture.
Cal. What do *I* ſuffer? O my pretious honour,
*I*nto what boxe of evils have *I* lock'd thee?
Yet rather then be thus outbrav'd,and by
My drudg,my footſtoole, one that ſued to be ſo;
Periſh both life. and honour, devill thus
I dare thy worſt,defie thee,ſpit at thee,
And in my vertuous rage,thus trample on thee;
Awe me thy Miſtris, whore, to be thy baud?
Out of my houſe, proclame all that thou knoweſt,
Or malice can invent, fetch jealouſie
From hell,and like a furie breath it in
The boſome of my Lord; and to thy utmoſt
Blaſt my faire fame, yet thou ſhalt feele with horror
To thy ſear'd conſcience,my truth is built
On ſuch a firme baſe, that if e're it can
Be forc'd,or undermin'd by thy baſe ſcandals,
Heaven keeps no guard on *Innocence.* *Exit.*
Clarin. I am loſt,
*I*n my owne hopes forſaken, and muſt fall
The greateſt torment to a guilty woman
Without revenge,till *I* can faſhion it
I muſt ſubmit,at leaſt appeare as if
I did repent,and would offend no farther.
Monſieur *Beronte* my Lords brother is
Oblieg'd unto me for a private favour;
'Tis he muſt mediate for me;but when time
And oportunity bids me ſtrike,my wreake
Shall powre it ſelfe on her nice chaſtitie
Like to a torrent,deeds,not words ſhall ſpeake me. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna prima.

Enter Alcidon, and Beronte ſeverally.

Alc. YE are oportunely met.
Ber. Your countenance expreſſes haſt mixt with ſome (feare.
Alc. You'l ſhare with me in both, as ſoone as you are (made
Acquainted with the cauſe,if you love vertue,
In danger not ſecure; I have no time
For circumſtance,inſtruct me if *Liſander*
Be in your fathers houſe?
Ber. Upon my knowledge he is not there.
Alc. I am glad on't.
Ber. Why good ſir?
(Without offence I ſpeake it) there's no place
In which he is more honour'd,or more ſafe,
Then with his friend *Cleander.*
Alc. In your votes
I grant it true, but as it now ſtands with him,
I can give reaſon to make ſatisfaction
For what I ſpeake; you cannot but remember
The ancient difference between *Liſander*

And *Cloridon*, a man in grace at Court?
Beront. I do; and the foule plot of *Cloridons* kinſmen
Upon *Liſanders* life, for a fall given to *Cloridon*
'Fore the King, as they encountred at a ſolemne tilting.
Alcid. It is now reveng'd:
In briefe a challenge was brought to *Liſander*
By one *Chryſantes*; and as far as valour
Would give him leave, declin'd by bold *Liſander*:
But peace refus'd, and braves on braves heap'd on him,
Alone he met the oppoſites, ending the quarrell
With both their lives.
Ber. I am truely ſorry for't.
Alc. The King incenſed for his favourites death,
Hath ſet a price upon *Liſanders* head,
As a reward to any man that brings it
Alive, or dead; to gaine this, every where
He is purſu'd, and laid for, and the friendſhip
Between him and your noble brother knowne,
His houſe in reaſon cannot paſſe unſearcht,
And that's the principall cauſe that drew me hither,
To haſten his remove, if he had choſen
This Caſtle for his ſanctuary.
Ber. 'Twas done nobly,
And you moſt welcome; this night pray you take
A lodging with us; and at my intreaty
Conceale this from my brother, he is growne
Exceeing ſad of late; and the hard fortune
Of one he values at ſo high a rate,
Will much encreaſe his melancholy.
Alc. I am tutor'd: pray you lead the way.
Ber. To ſerve you I will ſhew it. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleander with a book.

Cle. Nothing more certaine then to dye, but when
Is moſt uncertaine: if ſo, every houre
We ſhould prepare us for the journey, which
Is not to be put off. I muſt ſubmit
To the divine decree, not argue it,
And chearfully I welcome it: I have
Diſpos'd of my eſtate, confeſs'd my ſinnes,
And have remiſſion from my Ghoſtly Father,
Being at peace too here: the apparition
Proceeded not from fancy, *Dorilaus*
Saw it, and heard it with me, it made anſwer
To our demands, and promis'd, if 'twere not
Deny'd to him by fate, he would forewarne me
Of my approaching end, I feele no ſymptome
Of ſickneſſe, yet I know not how a dulneſſe
Invades me all over. Ha? *Enter Hoſt.*
Hoſt. I come ſir,
To keep my promiſe; and as farre as ſpirits
Are ſenſible of ſorrow for the living,
I grieve to be the meſſenger to tell you,
Ere many houres paſſe, you muſt reſolve
To fill a grave.
Cle. And feaſt the wormes?
Hoſt. Even ſo ſir.
Clean. I heare it like a man.
Hoſt. It well becomes you, there's no evading it.
Clean. Can you diſcover by whoſe means I muſt dye?
Hoſt. That is deny'd me:
But my prediction is too ſure; prepare
To make your peace with heaven. So farewell ſir, *Ex.*
Cle. I ſee no enemy neare; and yet I tremble
Like a pale Coward: my ſad doom pronounc'd
By this aëriall voice, as in a glaſſe
Shewes me my death in its moſt dreadfull ſhape.
What rampire can my humane frailty raiſe
Againſt the aſſault of fate? I doe begin
To feare my ſelfe, my inward ſtrengths forſake me,
I muſt call out for helpe. Within there? haſte,
And break in to my reſcue.

Enter Dorilaus, Caliſte, Olinda, Beronte, Alcidon, Servants and Clarinda at ſeverall doores.

Dor. Reſcue? where? ſhew me your danger.
Cal. I will interpoſe
My loyall breaſt between you and all hazzard.
Ber. Your brothers ſword ſecures you.
Alc. A true friend will dye in your defence.
Clean. I thanke yee,
To all my thanks. Encompaſs'd thus with friends
How can I feare? and yet I doe, I am wounded,
Mortally wounded: nay it is within,
I am hurt in my minde: One word ---
Dor. A thouſand.
Cle. I ſhall not live to ſpeak ſo many to you.
Dor. Why? what forbids you?
Cle. But even now the ſpirit
Of my dead Hoſt appear'd, and told me, that
This night I ſhould be with him: did you not meet it?
It went out at that doore.
Dor. A vaine *Chymera*
Of your imagination: can you thinke
Mine Hoſt would not as well have ſpoke to me now,
As he did in the Inne? theſe waking dreames
Not alone trouble you, but ſtrike a ſtrange
Diſtraction in your family: ſee the teares
Of my poore daughter, faire *Olinda's* ſadneſſe,
Your brothers and your friends griefe, ſervants ſorrow.
Good ſonne beare up, you have many yeares to live
A comfort to us all: let's in to ſupper;
Ghoſts never walke till after mid-night, if
I may believe my Grannam. VVe will waſh
Theſe thoughts away with wine, ſpight of Hobgoblins.
Cle. You reprehend me juſtly: gentle Madam,
And all the reſt, forgive me, Ile endeavour
To be merry with you.
Dor. That's well ſaid.
Beron. *I* have procur'd your pardon.
Cal. Once more *I* receive you
Into my ſervice: but take ſpeciall care
You fall no further.
Clar. Never Madam: ſir,
When you ſhall finde fit time to call me to it,
I will make good what I have ſaid.
Ber. Till when, upon your life be ſilent.
Dor. We will have a health unto *Liſander.*
Cle. His name ſir
Somewhat revives me; but his ſight would cure me.
How ever let's to ſupper.
Olin. VVould *Clarange*
And *Lidian* were here too, as they ſhould be,
If wiſhes cou'd prevaile.
Cal. They are fruitleſſe Madam. *Ex.* *Enter Leon.*
Leon. If that report ſpeak truth, *Clarinda* is
Diſcharg'd her Ladies ſervice, and what burthen,
I then have drawne upon me is apparent,
The crop ſhe reapt from her attendance was
Her beſt Revenue, and my principall meanes
Clarinda's bountie, though I labour'd hard for't,
A younger brothers fortune: Muſt *I* now
Have ſoure ſawce after ſweet meats? and be driv'n
To leavie halfe a Crown a week, beſides

Clouts, ſope, and candles, for my heire apparent,
If ſhe prove, as ſhe ſweares ſhe is with childe;
Such as live this way, finde like me, though wenching
Hath a faire face, there's a Dragon in the taile of't
That ſtings toth' quick. I muſt skulke here, untill
I am reſolv'd: how my heart pants between
My hopes and feares? ſhee's come; are we in the Port?
If not, let's ſink together.

Enter Clarinda.

Clar. Things goe better
Then you deſerve; you carry things ſo openly,
I muſt beare every way, I am once more
In my Ladies grace.
Leon. And I in yours.
Clar. It may be; but I have ſworne unto my Lady never
To ſinne againe.
Leon. To be ſurpriz'd——the ſinne
Is in it ſelfe excuſable; to be taken
Is a crime, as the Poet writes.
Clar. You know my weakneſſe,
And that makes you ſo confident. You have got
A faire ſword; was it not *Liſanders*?
Leon. Yes wench,
And I growne valiant by the wearing of it:
It hath been the death of two. With this *Liſander*
Slew *Cloridon*, and *Chryſanthes.* I took it up,
Broken in the handle, but that is reform'd,
And now in my poſſeſsion; the late Maſter
Dares never come to challenge it: this ſword,
And all the weapons that I have, are ever
Devoted to thy ſervice: Shall we bill?
I am very gameſome.
Clar. *I* muſt firſt diſpoſe of
The foole *Malfort*; he hath ſmoak'd you, and is not,
But by ſome new device to be kept from me:
I have it here ſhall fit him: you know where
You muſt expect me, with all poſſible ſilence
Get thither.
Leon. You will follow?
Clar. VVill I live?
She that is forfeited to luſt muſt dye,
That humour being un-fed; begone, here comes *Exit Le.*
My champion in Armour. *Ent. Malf. in Armour.*
Malf. What adventure
I am bound upon *I* know not, but it is
My Miſtris pleaſure that *I* ſhould appeare thus.
I may perhaps be terrible to others,
But as *I* am, *I* am ſure my ſhadow frights me,
The claſhing of my Armour in my eares,
Sounds like a paſſing-bell; and my Buckler, puts me
*I*n minde of a Beere; this my broad ſword a pick-axe
To dig my grave: O love, abominable love,
What Monſters iſſue from thy diſmall den,
Clarinda's placket, which *I* muſt encounter,
Or never hope to enter?
Clar. Here's a Knight errant, Monſieur *Malfort.*
Malf. Stand, ſtand, or *I*le fall for yee.
Clar. Know ye not my voice?
Malf. Yes, 'twas at that *I* trembl'd.
But were my falſe friend *Leon* here——
Clar. 'Tis he.
Malf. Where? where?
Clar. He is not come yet.
Malf. 'Tis well for him,
I am ſo full of wrath.
Clar. Or feare—— This *Leon,*
How 'ere my kinſman, hath abus'd you groſſely,
And this night vowes to take me hence perforce,
And marry me to another: 'twas for this,
(Preſuming on your love) I did entreat you
To put your armour on, that with more ſafety
You might defend me.
Mal. And Ile doe it bravely.
Clar. You muſt ſtand here to beate him off, and ſuffer
No humane thing to paſſe you, though it appeare
In my Lords ſhape, or Ladies: be not cozen'd
With a diſguiſe.
Mal. I have been fool'd already, but now I am wiſe.
Car. You muſt ſweare not to ſtirre; hence.
Malf. Upon theſe lips.
Clar. Nor move untill I call you?
Malf. Ile grow here rather.
Clar. This nights taske well ended,
I am yours to morrow. Keep ſure guard. *Exit Cla.*
Malf. Adiew;
My honey-combe how ſweet thou art, did not
A neſt of Hornets keep it? what impoſſibilities
Love makes me undertake? I know my ſelfe
A naturall coward, and ſhould *Leon* come,
Though this were Cannon proofe, I ſhould deliver
The wench before he ask'd her. I heare ſome footing:
'Tis he; where ſhall I hide my ſelfe? that is
My beſt defence.

Enter Cleander.

Cle. I cannot ſleep, ſtrange viſions
Make this poore life, I fear'd of late to loſe,
A toy that I grow weary of.
Malf. 'Tis *Leon.*
Clean. What's that?
Mal. If you are come ſir for *Clarinda*;
I am glad I have her for you; I reſigne
My intereſt; you'll finde her in her chamber,
I did ſtay up to tell you ſo.
Clean. *Clarinda*, and *Leon*!
There is ſomething more in this
Then I can ſtay to aske. *Exit.*
Malf. What a cold pickle,
(And that none of the ſweeteſt) doe I finde
My poore ſelfe in?
Clean. ſpeaks within. Yield villaine.

Enter Clarinda and Leon, running.
Cleander following.

Clar. 'Tis my Lord,
Shift for your ſelfe.
Leon. His life
Shall firſt make anſwer
For this intruſion. *Kills Cleander.*
Malf. I am going away,
I am gone already. *Falls in a ſwoune.*
Clean. Heaven take mercy on
My ſoule; too true preſaging Hoſt.
Clar. Hee's dead,
And this wretch little better:
Doe you ſtare upon your
Handy-work?
Leon. I am amaz'd.
Clar. Get o're the garden Wall, flye for your life,
But leave your ſword behinde; enquire not why:
*I*le faſhion ſomething out of it, though *I* periſh,
Shall make way for revenge.

Leon. Theſe are the fruits
Of luſt *Clarinda.*
Clar. Hence repenting Milk-ſop. *Ex. Leon.*
Now 'tis too late. *Liſanders* ſword, I that,
That is the baſe Ile build on. So. Ile raiſe
The houſe. Help, murther, a moſt horrid
Puts the ſword in Malf. hand.
Murther. Monſieur *Beronte*, noble *Dorilaus*,
All buried in ſleep? Aye me a murther:
A moſt unheard-of murther.
Enter Dorilaus as from bed.
Dor. More lights knaves;
Beronte, *Alcidon*; more lights.
Enter Beronte, Alcidon, and Servants, with lights
Clar. By this I ſee too much.
Dor. My ſonne *Cleander* bathing
In his owne gore. The devill to tell truth ith' ſhape of
An Hoſt!
Ber. My Brother?
Malf. I have been
Ith'other world, in hell I think, theſe devills
With fire-brands in their pawes ſent to torment me,
Though I never did the deed, for my lewd purpoſe
To be a whore-maſter.
Dor. Who's that?
Alc. 'Tis one in Armour. A bloudy ſword in his hand.
Dor. Sans queſtion the murtherer.
Malf. Who I? you doe me wrong,
I never had the heart to kill a Chicken;
Nor doe I know this ſword.
Alc. I doe, too well.
Ber. I have ſeen *Liſander* weare it.
Clar. This confirmes
What yeſter-night I whiſper'd: let it worke,
The circumſtance may make it good.
Mal. My Lord? and I his murtherer?
Ber. Drag the villaine hence,
The Rack ſhall force a free confeſſion from him.
Mal. I am ſtrook dumbe;
You need not ſtop my mouth.
Ber. Away with him. *Exit with Malf.*
Enter Caliſte and Olinda.
Cal. Where is my Lord?
Dor. All that
Remaines of him lies there: look on this object,
And then turne marble.
Cal. I am ſo already,
Made fit to be his monument: but wherefore
Doe you, that have both life and motion left you,
Stand ſad ſpectators of his death,
And not bring forth his murtherer?
Ber. That lies in you: you muſt, and ſhal produce him.
Dor. She *Beronte*?
Ber. None elſe.
Dor. Thou ly'ſt, Ile prove it on thy head,
Or write it on thy heart.
Alc. Forbeare, there is
Too much bloud ſhed already,
Ber. Let not choler
Stifle your judgement: many an honeſt father
Hath got a wicked daughter. If I prove not
With evident proofes, her hand was in the bloud
Of my deare brother, (too good a husband for her)
Give your revenge the reines, and ſpur it forward.
Dor. In any circumſtance but ſhew her guilty,
Ile ſtrike the firſt ſtroak at her.
Ber. Let me aske
A queſtion calmly: doe you know this ſword?
Have you not ſeen *Liſander* often weare it.
Dor. The ſame with which he reſcued me.
Cal. I do, What inference from this to make me guilty?
Ber. Was he not with you in the houſe to night?
Cal. No on my ſoule.
Ber. Nor ever heretofore
In private with you, when you feign'd a ſickneſſe,
To keep your husband abſent?
Cal. Never ſir, to a diſhoneſt end.
Ber. Was not this woman
Your inſtrument? her ſilence does confeſſe it:
Here lyes *Cleander* dead, and here the ſword
Of falſe *Liſander*, too long cover'd with
A maſque of ſeeming truth.
Dor. And is this all
The proofe you can alleage? *Liſander* guilty,
Or my poore daughter an adultereſſe?
Suppoſe that ſhe had chang'd diſcourſe with one
To whom ſhe ow'd much more?
Cal. Thou haſt thy ends, wicked *Clarinda.* *She falls.*
Oli. Helpe, the Lady ſinks, malice hath kill'd her.
Dor. I would have her live,
Since I dare ſweare ſhee's innocent: 'tis no time
Or place to argue now: this cauſe muſt be
Decided by the Judge; and though a Father,
I will deliver her into the hands
Of Juſtice. If ſhe prove true gold when try'd,
Shee's mine: if not, with curſes Ile diſclaime her:
Take up your part of ſorrow, mine ſhall be
Ready to anſwer with her life the fact
That ſhe is charg'd with.
Ber. Sir, I look upon you as on a father.
Dor. VVith the eyes of ſorrow
I ſee you as a brother: let your witneſſes
Be readie.
Ber. 'Tis my care.
Alc. I am for *Lidian.*
This accident no doubt will draw him from
His Hermits life.
Clar. Things yet goe right, perſiſt ſir. *Exeunt.*
Enter Liſander, and Lancelot.
Liſ. Are the horſes dead?
Lanc. Out-right. If you ride at this rate,
You muſt reſolve to kill your two a day,
And that's a large proportion.
Liſ. Will you pleaſe
At any price, and ſpeedily, to get freſh ones.
You know my danger, and the penalty
That followes it, ſhould I be apprehended.
Your duty in obeying my commands,
Will in a better language ſpeak your ſervice,
Then your unneceſſary, and untimely care of my expence.
Lanc. I am gone ſir. *Exit.*
Liſan. In this thicket
I will expect you: Here yet I have leiſure
To call my ſelfe to a ſtrict account
For my paſs'd life, how vainly ſpent: I would
I ſtood no farther guilty: but I have
A heavier reckoning to make: This hand
Of late as white as innocence, and unſpotted,
Now weares a purple colour, dy'd in gore,
My ſoule of the ſame tincture; pur-blinde paſsion,
With flattering hopes, would keep me from deſpaire,
Pleading I was provok'd to it; but my reaſon
Breaking ſuch thin and weak defences, tells me

I have done a double murther ; and for what ?
Was it in ſervice of the King ? his Edicts
Command the contrary : or for my Countrey ?
Her *Genius*, like a mourning mother, anſwers
In *Cloridon* and *Chryſanthes* ſhe hath loſt
Two hopefull ſonnes, that might have done their parts,
To guard her from Invaſion : for what cauſe then ?
To keep th'opinion of my valour upright,
Ith' popular breath, a ſandy ground to build on ;
Bought with the Kings diſpleaſure, as the breac
Of heaveus decrees, the loſſe of my true comforts,
In Parents, Kinſmen, friends, as the fruition
Of all that I was borne to, and that ſits
Like to a hill of Lead here, in my exile,
(Never to be repeal'd, if I eſcape ſo)
I have cut off all hopes ever to look on

Enter Lidian, like a Hermite.

Divine *Caliſte*, from her ſight, and converſe,
For ever baniſh'd.

Lid. I ſhould know this voice,
His naming too my ſiſter, whom *Liſander*
Honour'd, but in a noble way, aſſures me
That it can be no other : I ſtand bound
To comfort any man I finde diſtreſſ'd :
But to ayd him that ſav'd my life, Religion
And Thankfulneſſe commands, and it may be
High providence for this good end hath brought him
Into my ſolitary walke. *Liſander*, noble *Liſander*.

Liſ. Whatſoe're thou art,
That honourable attribute thou giv'ſt me,
I can pretend no right to : come not neare me,
I am infectious, the ſanctity
Of thy profeſſion (for thou appeareſt
A reverend *Hermite*) if thou flye not from me,
As from the plague or leproſie, cannot keep thee
From being polluted.

Lid. With good counſell ſir,
And holy prayers to boot I may cure you,
Though both wayes ſo infected. You look wildly,
Peace to your conſcience ſir, and ſtare upon me,
As if you never ſaw me : hath my habit
Alter'd my face ſo much, that yet you know not
Your ſervant *Lidian* ?

Liſ. I am amaz'd !
So young, and ſo religious ? (the world :

Lid. I purpoſe (heaven make me thankfull for't) to leave
I have made ſome triall of my ſtrengths in this
My ſollitarie life ; and yet I finde not
A faintneſſe to goe on.

Liſ. Above beliefe : doe you inhabit here ?

Lid. Mine owne free choiſe ſir :
I live here poorely, but contentedly,
Becauſe I finde enough to feed my fortunes ;
Indeed too much : theſe wilde fields are my gardens,
The Chryſtall Rivers they afford their waters,
And grudge not their ſweet ſtreams to quench afflictions ;
The hollow rocks their beds, which thogh they are hard,
(The Emblemes of a doting lovers fortune)
Yet they are quiet ; and the wearie ſlumbers
The eyes catch there, ſofter then beds of Down friend ;
The Birds my Bell to call me to devotions ;
My Book the ſtory of my wandring life,
In which I finde more houres due to repentance
Then time hath told me yet.

Liſ. Anſwer me truely.

Lid. I will doe that without a conjuration.

Liſ. Ith' depth of meditation doe you not
Sometimes think of *Olinda* ?

Lid. I endeavour
To raze her from my memorie, as I wiſh
You would doe the whole Sex, for know *Liſander*,
The greateſt curſe brave man can labour under,
Is the ſtrong witch-craft of a womans eyes ;
Where I finde men I preach this doctrine to 'em :
As you are a Scholler, knowledge make your Miſtris,
The hidden beauties of the heavens your ſtudie ;
There ſhall you finde fit wonder for your faith,
And for your eye in immitable objects :
As you are a profeſs'd ſouldier, court your honour,
Though ſhe be ſterne, ſhe is honeſt, a brave Miſtris ;
The greater danger you oppoſe to win her,
She ſhewes the ſweeter, and rewards the nobler ;
Womens beſt loves to hers meere ſhadowes be,
For after death ſhe weds your memorie.
Theſe are my contemplations.

Liſ. Heavenly ones ;
And in a young man more remarkable.
But wherefore doe I envy, and not tread in
This bleſſed tract ? here's in the heart no falſhood
To a vow'd friend, no quarrells ſeconded
With Challenges, which anſwer'd in defence
Of the word Reputation, murther followes.
A man may here repent his ſinnes, and though
His hand like mine be ſtain'd in bloud, it may be
With penitence and true contrition waſh'd off ;
You have prov'd it *Lidian.*

Lid. And you'll finde it true, if you perſevere.

Liſ. Here then ends my flight,
And here the furie of the King ſhall finde me
Prepar'd for heaven, if I am mark'd to dye ;
For that I truely grieve for.

Enter Frier : and Clarange in Friers habit.

Frier. Keep your ſelfe conceal'd, I am iuſtructed.

Clar. How the ſight
Of my deare friend confirmes me ?

Liſ. What are theſe?

Lid. Two reverend Friers, one I know.

Fri. To you
This journey is devoted.

Lid. Welcome Father.

Fri. I know your reſolution ſo well grounded,
And your adiew unto the world ſo conſtant,
That though I am th'unwilling meſſenger
Of a ſtrange accident to trie your temper,
It cannot ſhake you. You had once a friend,
A noble friend, *Clarange.*

Lid. And have ſtill, I hope good father.

Fri. Your falſe hopes deceive you,
Hee's dead.

Liſ. *Clarange* dead ?

Fri. I buried him.
Some ſaid he dy'd of melancholy, ſome of love,
And of that fondneſſe periſh'd.

Lid. O *Clarange.*

Clar. Haſt thou ſo much brave nature, noble *Lidian*,
So tenderly to love thy rivalls memorie ?
The bold *Liſander* weeps too.

Fri. I expected that you would beare this better.

Lid. I am a man ſir, and my great loſſe weigh'd duly—

Fri. His laſt words were
After Confeſſion, live long deare *Lidian*,
Poſſeſt of all thy wiſhes ; and of me

He did deſire, bathing my hand with teares,
That with my beſt care, I ſhould ſeek and finde you,
And from his dying mouth prevaile ſo with yon,
That you a while ſhould leave your Hermites ſtrictneſſe,
And on his monument pay a teare, or two,
To witneſſe how you lov'd him. (he had not
Lid. O my heart! to witneſſe how I lov'd him? would
Lead me unto his grave, but ſacrific'd
His ſorrowes upon mine, he was my friend,
My noble friend, I will bewayle his aſhes,
His fortunes and poore mine were born together,
And I will weep 'em both: I will kneele by him,
And on his hallow'd earth doe my laſt duties.
Ile gather all the pride of ſpring to deck him,
Wood-bines ſhall grow upon his honour'd grave;
And as they proſper claſpe to ſhew our friendſhip,
And when they wither Ile die too.
Clar. Who would not
Deſire to dye, to be bewaild thus nobly?
Fri. There is a Legacy he hath bequeath'd you;
But of what value I muſt not diſcover,
Untill thoſe Rites and pious Ceremonies
Are duly tender'd.
Lid. I am too full of ſorrow to be inquiſitive
Liſ. To think of his
I doe forget mine owne woes.

Enter Alcidon.

Alc. Graze thy fill, now
Thou haſt done thy buſineſſe; ha? who have we here?
Liſander, Lidian? and two reverend Friers?
What a ſtrange Scene of ſorrow is expreſt
In different poſtures, in their looks and ſtation?
A common Painter eying theſe, to helpe
His dull invention, might draw to the life
The living ſonnes of *Priam*, as they ſtood
On the pale walls of *Troy*, when *Hector* fell
Under *Achilles* Speare: I come too late,
My horſe, though good and ſtrong, mov'd like a Tortoiſe:
Ill newes had wings, and hath got here before me.
All *Pythagoreans?* not a word?
Lid. O *Alcidon*——
Deep rivers with ſoft murmures glide along
The ſhallow roare: *Clarange!*
Liſ. Cloridon? Chryſanthes? ſpare my grief, and apprehend
What I ſhould ſpeak.
Alc. Their fates I have long ſince
For your ſake mourn'd; *Clarange's* death, for ſo
Your ſilence doth confirme, till now I heard not:
Are theſe the bounds that are preſcrib'd unto
The ſwelling ſeas of ſorrow?
Liſ. The bounds *Alcidon?*
Can all the windes of miſchiefe from all quarters,
Euphrates, Ganges, Tigris, Volga, Po,
Paying at once their tribute to this Ocean,
Make it ſwell higher? I am a murtherer,
Baniſh'd, proſcrib'd, is there ought elſe that can
Be added to it?
Lid. I have loſt a friend,
Priz'd dearer then my being, and he dead
My miſery's at the height contemne the worſt
Of fortunes malice.
Alc. How our humane weakneſſe,
Growne deſperate from ſmall diſaſters makes us
Imagine them a period to our ſorrowes,
When the firſt ſyllable of greater woes
Is not yet written. *Lid.* How?
Liſ. Speak it at large,
Since griefe muſt break my heart, I am ambitious
It ſhould be exquiſite.
Alc. It muſt be told,
Yet e're you heare it, with all care put on
The ſureſt Armour anvil'd in the ſhop
Of paſſive fortitude; the good *Cleander*
Your friend is murther'd.
Liſ. 'Tis a terrible pang,
And yet it will not doe, I live yet, act not
The tortrers part; if that there be a blow
Beyond this, give it, and at once diſpatch me.
Alc. Your ſword dyed in his heart-bloud was found
Your private conference at mid-night urg'd (near him
With faire *Caliſte*; which by her whoſe pure truth,
Would never learne to tell a lie, being granted,
She by inrag'd *Beronte* is accus'd
Of murther and adulterie, and you
(However I dare ſweare it falſe) concluded
Her principall agent.
Lid. Wave upon wave rowles o're me,
My ſiſter? my deare ſiſter?
Clar. Hold great heart.
Fri. Teare open his Doublet.
Liſ. Is this wound too narrow
For my life to get out at? Bring me to
A Cannon loaded, and ſome pittying friend
Give fire unto it, while I nayle my breaſt
Unto his thundring mouth, that in the inſtant,
I may be peece-meale torne, and blowne ſo far,
As not one joynt of my diſmember'd limbes
May ever be by ſearch of man found out.
Cleander! Yet why name I him? however
His fall deſerv'd an earth-quake, if compar'd
With what true honour in *Caliſte* ſuffers,
Is of no moment; my good Angel keep me
From blaſphemy, and ſtrike me dumb before
In th' agony of my ſpirit, I doe accuſe
The powers above, for their unjuſt permiſſion
Of vertue, innocent vertue, to be branded
With the leaſt vitious marke.
Clar. I never ſaw a man ſo far tranſported.
Alc. Give it way, 'tis now no time to ſtop it.

Enter Lancelot.

Lanc. Sir, I have bought
Freſh horſes; and as you reſpect your life
Speedily back 'em; the Archers of the Kings guard,
Are every where in queſt of you.
Liſ. My life?
Periſh all ſuch with thee that wiſh it longer { *Strikes Lancelot.*
Let it but cleare *Caliſte's* innocence,
And *Neſtors* age to mine was youth, Ile flye
To meet the rage of my incenſed King,
And wiſh his favourites ghoſt appear'd in flames,
To urge him to revenge, let all the tortures
That tyranny ever found out circle me,
Provided juſtice ſet *Caliſte* free.
Alc. Ile follow him. { *Ex. Liſander, Alcidon, & Lancelot.*
Lid. I am rooted here
Fri. Remember your dear friends laſt requeſt, your ſiſters (dangers,
With the aides that you may lend her.
Lid. Pray you ſupport me,
My legs deny their office.
Clar. I grow ſtill
Farther engag'd unto his matchleſſe vertues,
And I am dead indeed, untill I pay
The debt I owe him in a noble way. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Dorilaus, and Servant.

Dor. Thou haſt him ſafe?
Serv. As faſt as locks can make him:
He muſt break through three doores, and cut the throats
Of ten tall fellowes, if that hee ſcape us:
Beſides, as far as I can apprehend,
He hath no ſuch invention, for his looks
Are full of penitence.
Dor. Truſt not a knaves looks,
They are like a whores oathes;
How does my poore daughter
Brook her reſtraint?
Serv. With ſuch a reſolution
As well becomes your Lordſhips childe. *Knock within.*
Dor. Who's that?
Serv. Monſieur *Lemure.* *Enter Lemur.*
Dor. This is a ſpeciall favour,
And may ſtand an example in the court
For courteſie: It is the Clyants duty
To wait upon his patron; you prevent me,
That am your humble ſuter.
Lemure. My neare place
About the King, though it ſwell others, cannot
Make me forget your worth and age, which may
Challenge much more reſpect; and I am ſorry
That my endeavours for you have not met with
The good ſucceſſe I wiſh'd; I mov'd the King
With my beſt advantage both of time and place,
Ith' favour of your daughter.
Dor. How doe you finde his Majeſty affected?
Lem. Not to be
Sway'd from the rigour of the Law: yet ſo far
The rarity of the cauſe hath won upon him,
That he reſolves to have in his owne perſon
The hearing of it; her tryall will be noble,
And to my utmoſt ſtrength, where I may ſerve her,
My aydes ſhall not be wanting.
Dor. I am your ſervant.
Lem. One word more: if you love *Liſanders* life,
Adviſe him as he tenders it to keep
Out of the way: if he be apprehended,
This City cannot ranſome him; ſo good morrow. *Ex.*
Dor. All happineſſe attend you: goe thy wayes,
Thou haſt a cleare and noble ſoule: for thy ſake
Ile hold that man mine enemy, who dares mutter,
The court is not the ſphere where vertue moves } *Enter*
Humanity and nobleneſſe waiting on her } *Serv.*
Serv. Two gentlemen (but what they are I know not,
Their faces are ſo muff'd) preſſe to ſee you,
And will not be deny'd.
Dor. What ere they are, I am to old to feare.
Serv. They need no uſher, they make their own way.

Enter Liſander, Alcidon.

Dor. Take you yours. *Liſander!* *Exit. Serv.*
My Joy to ſee you, and my ſorrow for
The danger you are in, contend ſo here,
Though different paſſions, nay oppos'd in nature,
I know not which to entertaine.
Liſ. Your hate ſhould win the victorie from both, with (juſtice,
You may look on me as a Homicide,
A man whoſe life is forfeited to the Law,
But if (how ere I ſtand accus'd) in thought
I ſinn'd againſt *Cleanders* life, or live
Guilty of the diſhonour of your daughter,
May all the miſeries that can fall on man
Here, or hereafter circle me.
Dor. To me this proteſtation's uſeleſſe, I embrace you
As the preſerver of my life, the man
To whom my ſonne owes his, with life, his honour,
And howſoever your affection
To my unhappy daughter, though it were
(For I have ſifted her) in a noble way,
Hath printed ſome taint on her fame, and brought
Her life in queſtion, yet I would not purchaſe
The wiſh'd recoverie of her reputation,
With ſtrong aſſurance of her innocence
Before the King her Judge, wirh certaine loſſe
Of my *Liſander*, for whoſe life, if found,
There's no redemption; my exceſſe of love,
(Though to enjoy you one ſhort day would lengthen
My life a dozen yeares) boldly commands me,
Upon my knees, which yet were never bent,
But to the King and heaven, to entreat you
To flye hence with all poſſible ſpeed, and leave
Caliſte to her fortune.
Liſ. O bleſsed Saints, forſake her in affliction? can you
Be ſo uunaturall to your owne bloud,
To one ſo well deſerving, as to value
My ſafety before hers? ſhall innocence
In her be branded, and my guilt eſcape
Unpuniſh'd? doe's ſhe ſuffer ſo much for me,
For me unworthy, and ſhall I decline
(Eating the bitter bread of baniſhment)
The courſe of juſtice to draw out a life?
(A life? I ſtile it falſe, a living death)
Which being uncompell'd laid downe will cleare her,
And write her name a-new in the faire legend
Of the beſt women? ſeek not to diſſwade me.
I will not, like a careleſſe Poet, ſpoyle
The laſt act of my Play, till now applauded,
By giving the world juſt cauſe to ſay I fear'd
Death more then loſſe of honour,
Dor. But ſuppoſe heaven hath deſign'd ſome
Other ſaving meanes for her deliverance?
Liſ. Other meanes? that is
A miſchiefe above all I have groan'd under:
Shall any other pay my debt, while I
Write my ſelfe bankrupt? or *Caliſte* owe
The leaſt beholdingneſſe for that which ſhe
On all the bonds of gratitude I have ſeal'd to,
May challenge from me to be freely tender'd?
Avert it mercy! I will goe to my grave,
Without the curſes of my creditors;
Ile vindicate her faire name, and ſo cancell
My obligation to her, to the King,
To whom I ſtand accomptable for the loſſe
Of two of his lov'd ſubjects lives, Ile offer
Mine owne in ſatisfaction, to heaven
Ile pay my true repentance, to the times
Preſent, and future, Ile be regiſtred
A memorable preſident to admoniſh
Others, however valiant, not to truſt
To their abilities to dare, and doe,
And much leſſe for the aërie words of honour,
And falſe ſtamp'd reputation to ſhake off

The chains of their religion, and allegeance,
The principall means appointed to prefer
Societies and Kingdomes. *Exit.*
Dor. Let's not leave him; his mind's much troubled.
Alc. Were your daughter free,
Since from her dengers his diſtraction riſes
His cauſe is not ſo deſperate for the ſlaughter
Of *Cloridon* and *Chryſanthes*, but it may
Find paſſage to the mercy of the King,
The motives urg'd in his defence, that forc'd him
To act that bloudy Scæne.
Dor. Heaven can ſend ayds,
When they are leaſt expected; let us walke,
The houre of tryall drawes neare.
Alc. May it end well. *Exeunt.*
Enter Olinda and Lidian.
Ol. That for my love you ſhould turne Hermit *Lidian*,
As much amazes me, as your report *Clarange's* dead.
Lid. He is ſo, and all comforts
My youth can hope for, Madam, with him buried;
Nor had I ever left my cell, but that
He did injoine me at his death to ſhed
Some teares of friendſhip on his Monument,
And thoſe laſt Rites perform'd, he did bequeath you
As the beſt legacie a friend could give,
Or I indeed could wiſh to my embraces.
Ol. 'Tis ſtill more ſtrange, Is there no foule play in it?
I muſt confeſſe I am not ſorry ſir
For your faire fortune; yet 'tis fit I grieve
The moſt untimely death of ſuch a Gentleman,
He was my worthy ſervant.
Lid. And for this acknowledgment, if I could prize you
A higher rate I ſhould, he was my friend: (at
My deareſt friend.
Ol. But how ſhould I be aſſur'd ſir
(For ſlow beleefe is the beſt friend of truth)
Of this Gentlemans death? if I ſhould credit it,
And afterward it fall out contrary,
How am I ſham'd? how is your vertue tainted?
Lid. There is a Frier that came along with me:
His buſineſſe to deliver you a Letter
From dead *Clarange*: You ſhall heare his teſtimonie.
Father, my reverend Father, looke upon him,
Such holy men are Authors of no Fables.
Enter Clarange (with a Letter writ out) and Frier.
Ol. They ſhould not be; their lives and their opinions,
Like brighteſt pureſt flames ſhould ſtill burne upwards,
To me ſir? *(delivers the Letter.*
Clar. If you are the faire *Olinda*——
Frier. I doe not like theſe croſſe points.
Clar. Give me leave, I am neareſt to my ſelfe. What I
Shal be purſu'd: you muſt not over-rule me. (have ploted
Ol. Doe you put the firſt hand to your own undoing?
Play to betray your game? Mark but this letter.
Lady I am come to claime your noble promiſe, *Reads.*
If you be Miſtris of your word, ye are mine,
I am laſt return'd: your riddle is diſſolv'd,
And I attend your faith. Your humble ſervant *Clarange.*
Is this the Frier that ſaw him dead?
Lid. 'Tis he.
Clarange on my life: I am defeated:
Such reverend habits juggle? my true ſorrow
For a falſe friend not worth a teare derided?
Fri. You have abus'd my truſt.
Ol. It is not well, nor like a gentleman.
Clar. All ſtratagems
In love, and that the ſharpeſt war, are lawfull,
By your example I did change my habit,
Caught you in your owne toyle, and triumph in it,
And what by policy's got, I will maintaine (off.
With valour; no *Liſander* ſhall come in again to fetch you
Lid. His honor'd name
Pronounc'd by ſuch a treacherous tongue is tainted,
Maintaine thy treaſon with thy ſword? With what
Contempt I heare it; in a Wilderneſſe
I durſt encounter it, and would, but that
In my retired houres, not counterfeited
As thy religious ſhape was, I have learn'd
When Juſtice may determine ſuch a cauſe,
And of ſuch weight as this faire Lady is,
Muſt not be put to fortune, I appeale
Unto the King, and he whoſe wiſedome knowes
To doe his ſubjects right in their eſtates,
As graciouſly with judgement will determine
In points of honour.
Olin. I'le ſteere the ſame courſe with you.
Claran I'le ſtand the tryall.
Fri. What have you done? or what intend you?
Claran. Aske not; I'le come off with honour. *Exeunt.*

Enter Beronte, Clarinda. Malfort, a bar ſet forth, Officers.

Ber. Be conſtant in your proofes: ſhould you ſhrinke
Your life muſt anſwer it, nor am I ſafe, (backe now,
My honour being engag'd to make that good
Which you affirme.
Clarin. I am confident, ſo dearely
I honour'd my dead Lord, that no reſpect,
Or of my Ladies bounties (which were great ones
I muſt confeſſe) nor of her former life,
For while that ſhe was chaſt, indeed I lov'd her,
Shall hinder me from lending my aſſiſtance
Unto your juſt revenge—mine owne I meane, *aſide.*
If *Leon* keepe far off enough, all's ſecure:
Liſander dares not come in, modeſt bluſhes
Parted with me long ſince, and impudence
Arm'd with my hate, unto her innocence ſhall be
The weapon I will fight with now
Ber. The racke
Being preſented to you, you'l roare out
What you conceale yet,
Mal. Conceale? I know nothing
But that I ſhall be hang'd, and that I looke for,
It is my deſtiny, I ever had
A hanging looke; and a wiſe woman told me,
Though I had not the heart to do a deed
Worthy the halter, in my youth or age,
I ſhould take a turne with a wry mouth and now
'Tis come about: I have penn'd mine owne ballad
Before my condemnation, in feare—
Some rimer ſhould prevent me: here's my Lady?
Would I were in heaven, or a thouſand miles hence,
That I might not bluſh to looke on her.
Enter Dorilaus, Caliſte, Olinda.
Dor. You behold this preparation, and the enemies
Who are to fight againſt your life, yet if
You bring no witneſſe here, that may convince ye
Of breach of faith to your Lords bed, and hold up
Unſpotted hands before the King, this tryall
You are to undergo, will but refine,
And not conſume your honour.

Cal, How confirm'd
I am here, whatſoever Fate falls on me,
You ſhall have ample teſtimony ; till the death
Of my deare Lord, to whoſe ſad memory
I pay a mourning widdowes teares, I liv'd
Too happy in my holy-day trim of glorie,
And courted with felicitie, that drew on me,
With other helpes of nature, as of fortune,
The envie, not the love of moſt that knew me,
This made me to preſume too much, perhaps
Too proud ; but I am humbled ; and if now
I doe make it apparent, I can beare
Adverſity with ſuch a conſtant patience
As will ſet off my innocence, I hope ſir,
In your declining age, when I ſhould live
A comfort to you, you ſhall have no cauſe,
How e're I ſtand accus'd, to hold your honour
Ship-wrack'd in ſuch a daughter.
Ol. O beſt friend, my honour's at the ſtake too, for----
Dor. Be ſilent ; the King.
Enter King, Lemure, and Attendants.
Lem. Sir, if you pleaſe to look upon
The Priſoner, and the many ſervices
Her Father hath done for you----
King. We muſt look on
The cauſe, and not the perſons. Yet beholding
With an impartiall eye, th' excelling beauties
Of this faire Lady, which we did beleeve
Upon report, but till now never ſaw 'em,
It moves a ſtrange kind of compaſsion in me ;
Let us ſurvey you nearer, ſhee's a book
To be with care peruſ'd ; and tis my wonder,
If ſuch miſhapen gheſts, as luſt and murther,
At any price ſhould ever finde a lodging
In ſuch a beauteous Inne ! miſtake us not,
Though we admire the outward ſtructure, if
The roomes be foule within, expect no favour.
I were no man, if I could look on beautie
Diſtreſs'd, without ſome pitty ; but no King,
If any ſuperficiall gloſſe of feature
Could worke me to decline the courſe of Juſtice.
But to the cauſe, *Cleander's* death, what proofes
Can you produce againſt her?
Ber. Royall ſir, touching that point my brothers death,
We build on ſuppoſitions.
King. Suppoſitions? how? Is ſuch a Lady ſir to bee condemn'd
On ſuppoſitions?
Ber. They are well grounded ſir :
And if we make it evident ſhe is guilty
Of the firſt crime we charge her with, Adulterie,
That being the parent, it may finde beliefe,
That murther was the iſſue.
King. We allow
It may be ſo ; but that it may be, muſt not
Inferre a neceſſary conſequence
To caſt away a Ladies life. What witneſſes
To make this good?
Ber. The principall, this woman,
For many yeares her ſervant ; ſhe hath taken
Her oath in Court. Come forward.
King. By my Crowne a lying face.
Clar. I ſwore ſir for the King :
And if you are the partie, as I doe
Believe you are, for you have a good face,
How ever mine appeares, ſwearing for you ſir,
I ought to have my oath paſſe.
King. Impudent too? well, what have you ſworne?
Clar. That this Lady was
A goodly tempting Lady, as ſhe is :
How thinks your Majeſtie? and *I* her ſervant,
Her officer as one would ſay, and truſted
With her cloſeſt Chamber-ſervice ; that *Liſander*
VVas a fine timber'd gentleman, and active,
That he cou'd doe fine gambolls
To make a Lady merrie ; that this paire,
A very loving couple, mutually
Affected one another : ſo much for them ſir.
That *I*, a ſimple waiting-woman, having taken
My bodily oath, the firſt night of admittance
*I*nto her Ladiſhips ſervice, on her ſlippers,
(That was the book) to ſerve her will in all things,
And to know no Religion but her pleaſure,
'Tis not yet out of faſhion with ſome Ladies ;
That *I*, as the premiſſes ſhew, being commanded
To doe my function, in conveyance of
Liſander to her chamber, (my Lord abſent,
On a pretended ſickneſſe) did the feat,
(*It* cannot be deny'd) and at dead mid-night
Left 'em together : what they did, ſome here
Can eaſily imagine? *I* have ſaid, ſir.
Dor. The devills Oratrix.
King. Then you confeſſe you were her Bawd?
Clar. That's courſe, her agent ſir.
King. So goodie agent? and you think there is
No puniſhment due for your agentſhip?
Clar. Let her ſuffer firſt,
Being my better, for adulterie,
And *I*le endure the Mulct impos'd on Bawdes,
Call it by the worſt name.
Cal. Live *I* to heare this?
King. Take her aſide. Your anſwer to this Lady?
Cal. Heav'n grant me patience : to be thus confronted,
(O pardon Royall ſir a womans paſsion)
By one, and this the worſt of my miſ-fortunes,
That was my ſlave, but never to ſuch ends ſir,
VVould give a ſtatue motion into furie :
Let my paſs'd life, my actions, nay intentions,
Be by my grand accuſer juſtly cenſur'd,
(For her *I* ſcorne to anſwer) and if they
Yeeld any probability of truth
In that ſhe urges, and I will confeſſe
A guilty cauſe ; the peoples voyce, which is
The voyce of truth, my husbands tenderneſſe
In his affection to me, that no dotage
But a reward of humbleneſſe, the friendſhip
Eccho'd through *France* between him and *Liſander*,
All make againſt her ; for him, in his abſence,
(VVhat ever imputation it draw on me)
I muſt take leave to ſpeak : 'tis true, he lov'd me,
But not in ſuch a wanton way, his reaſon
Maſter'd his paſsions : *I* grant *I* had
At mid-night conference with him ; but if he
Ever receiv'd a farther favour from me,
Then what a ſiſter might give to a brother,
May *I* ſinke quick : and thus much, did he know
The ſhame *I* ſuffer for him, with the loſſe
Of his life for appearing, on my ſoule
He would maintaine. *Enter Liſander, and Alcidon.*
Liſ. And will, thou cleare example of womens pureneſſe.
King. Though we hold her ſuch,
Thou haſt expreſs'd thy ſelfe a deſperat foole,
To thruſt thy head into the Lions jawes,

The juſtice of thy King.
Liſ. I came prepar'd for't,
And offer up a guilty life to cleare
Hir innocence; the oath ſhe tooke, I ſweare to;
And for *Cleanders* death, to purge my ſelfe
From any colour malice can paint on me,
Or that ſhe had a hand in't, I can prove
That fatall night when he in his own houſe fell,
And many daies before, I was diſtant from it
A long daies journey.
Clarin. I am caught.
Ber. If ſo,
How came your Sword into this ſtewards hands? ſtand forth.
Mal. I have heard nothing that you ſpake;
I know I muſt dye, and what kind of death
Pray you reſolve me, I ſhall go away elſe
In a qualme; I am very faint.
Enter Leon, Servants, and Guard
King Carry him off, his feare will kil him. *Ex. with Mal.*
Dor. Sir, 'twas my ambition,
My Daughters reputation being wounded
I'th' generall opinion, to have it
Cur'd by a publike triall; I had elſe
Forborne your Majeſties trouble: I'le bring forth
Cleanders murtherer, in a wood I heard him
As I rod ſadly by, unto himſelfe
With ſome compunction, though this devill had none,
Lament what he had done, curſing her luſt,
That drew him to that bloudy fact.
Leon. To leſſen
The fouleneſſe of it, for which I know juſtly
I am to ſuffer, and with my laſt breath
To free theſe Innocents, I do confeſſe all;
This wicked woman only guilty with me.
Clari. Is't come to this? thou puling Rogue, dye thou
With prayers in thy mouth; I'le curſe the lawes
By which I ſuffer, all I grieve for is,
That I dye unreveng'd.
Leon. But one word more ſir,
And I have done; I was by accident where
Liſander met with *Cloridon*, and *Cryſanthes*,
Was an eare witneſſe when he ſought for peace,
Nay, begg'd it upon colder tearmes then can
Almoſt find credit, his paſt deeds conſidered,
But they deafe to his reaſons, ſeverally
Aſſaulted him, but ſuch was his good fortune,
That both fell under it; upon my death
I take it uncompel'd, that they were guilty
Of their owne violent ends; and he againſt
His will, the Inſtrument.
Alc. This I will ſweare too, for I was not far off.
Dor. They have alleadg'd
As much to wake your ſleeping mercy ſir,
As all the Advocates of *France* can plead
In his defence.
King. The criminall judge ſhall ſentence
Theſe to their merits——with mine owne hand Lady
I take you from the bar, and do my ſelfe
Pronounce you innocent. *Ex: with Leon, and Clarin.*
All. Long live the King.
King And to confirme you ſtand high in our favour,
And as ſome recompence for what you have
With too much rigour in your triall ſuffered;
Aske what you pleaſe, becoming me to grant,
And be poſſeſt of't.
Cal. Sir, I dare not doubt
Your royall promiſe, in a King it is
A ſtrong aſſurance, that emboldens me
Upon my humble knees to make my boone
Liſanders pardon.
Dor. My good *Genius* did prompt her to it.
Lem. At your feet thus proſtrate, I ſecond her petition.
Alc. Never King
Powr'd forth his mecocie on a worthyer ſubject.
Ber. To witneſſe my repentance for the wrong
In my unjuſt ſuſpition I did both;
I joyne in the ſame ſuit.
Liſ. The life you give,
Still ready to lay down for your ſervice,
Shall be againſt your enemies imploy'd,
Not hazzarded in brawles.
All. Mercie dread ſir.
King So many preſſing me, and with ſuch reaſons
Moving compaſſion, I hope it will not
Be cenſur'd levity in me though I borrow
In this from juſtice to relieve my mercie;
I grant his pardon at your interceſſion,
But ſtill on this condition; you *Liſander*,
In expiation of your guilt, ſhall build
A monument for my *Cloridon*, and *Cryſanthes*:
And never henceforth draw a Sword, but when
By us you are commanded, in defence of
The Flower de Luce, and after one yeares ſorrow
For your deare frend, *Cleanders* wretched fate,
Marry *Caliſte*. *Ent. Lidian.*
Liſ. On your ſacred hand, I vow to do it ſeriouſly.
Lid. Great ſir ſtay,
Leave not your ſeat of juſtice, till you have
Given ſentence in a cauſe as much important
As this you have determined.
King. Lidia? *Enter Clarange, and Frier*
Lid. He ſir, your humbleſt ſubject, I accuſe *Clarange*
Of falſhood in true friendſhip at the height;
We both were ſuiters to this Lady, both
Injoyn'd one pennance.
Clara. Trouble not the King
With an unneceſſarie repetition
Of what the Court's familiar with already.
King. Clarange?
Dor. With a ſhaven crowne?
Olin. Moſt ſtrange,
Claran. Looke on thy rivall, your late ſervant Madam,
But now devoted to a better Miſtris,
The Church, whoſe orders I have tooke upon me:
I here deliver up my intereſt to her;
And what was got with cunning as you thought,
I ſimply thus ſurrender: heretofore,
You did outſtrip me in the race of friendſhip,
I am your equall now.
Dor. A ſuite ſoone ended.
Claran. And joyning thus your hands, I know both willing,
I may do in the Church my *Friers* Office
In marrying you.
Lid. The victory is yours ſir.
King. It is a glorious one and well ſet's of
Our Scæne of mercy; to the dead we tender
Our ſorrow, to the living ample wiſhes
Of future happines: 'tis a Kings duty
To prove himſelfe a father to his Subjects:
And I ſhall hold it if this well ſucceed,
A meritorious, and praiſe worthy deed. *Exeunt.*

Prologue.

A Story, and a known one, long ſince writ,
Truth muſt take place, and by an able wit,
Foule mouth'd detraction daring not deny
To give ſo much to Fletchers *memory;*
If ſo, ſome may object, why then do you
Preſent an old piece to us for a new?
Or wherefore will your profeſt writer be
(Not tax'd of theft before) a Plagary?
To this he anſwers in his juſt defence,
And to maintaine to all our Innocence,
Thus much, though he hath travel'd the ſame way,
Demanding, and receiving too the pay
For a new Poem, you may find it due,
He having neither cheated us, nor you;
He vowes, and deeply, that he did not ſpare
The utmoſt of his ſtrengths, and his beſt care
In the reviving it, and though his powers
Could not as he deſired, in three ſhort howers
Contract the Subject, and much leſſe expreſſe
The changes, and the various paſſages
That will be look'd for, you may heare this day
Some Scænes that will confirme it is a play,
He being ambitious that it ſhould be known
What's good was Fletchers, *and what ill his owne.*

Epilogue.

Still doubtfull, and perplex'd too, whether he
Hath done Fletcher *right in this Hiſtorie,*
The Poet ſits within, ſince he muſt know it,
He with reſpect, deſires that you would ſhew it
By ſome accuſtomed ſigne, if from our action,
Or his indeavours you meet ſatisfaction,
With ours he hath his ends, we hope the beſt,
To make that certainty in you doth reſt.

FINIS.

THE ISLAND PRINCESSE.

Actus primus. Scæna prima

A Bell Rings.
Enter Pymero, Chriſtophero, and Pedro.

Pymero. OPen the Ports, and ſee the watch reliev'd,
And let the guards be careful of their buſines
Their vigilant eyes fixt on theſe Iſlanders,
They are falſe and deſperate people, when they find
The leaſt occaſion open to encouragement,
Cruell, and crafty ſoules, beleeve me Gentlemen,
Their late attempt, which is too freſh amongſt us,
In which againſt all armes, and honeſty,
The Governour of *Ternata* made ſurprize.
Of our confederate, the King of *Tidore*,
As for his recreation he was rowing
Betweene both Lands, bids us be wiſe and circumſpect.

Chr. It was a miſchiefe ſuddenly imagin'd,
And as ſoone done; that Governour's a feirce knave,
Unfaithfull as he is feirce too, there's no truſting;
But I wonder much how ſuch poore and baſe pleaſures,
As tugging at an oare, or skill in ſteerage,
Should become Princes.

Py. Baſe breeding love baſe pleaſure;
They take as much delight in a Baratto,
A little ſcurvy boate to row her tithly,
And have the art to turne and wind her nimbly,
Thinke it as noble too, though it be ſlaviſh,
And a dull labour that declines a Gentleman:
As we Portugalls, or the Spaniards do in riding,
In managing a great horſe which is princely:
The French in Courtſhip, or the dancing Engliſh,
In carrying a faire preſence.

Ped. He was ſtrangely taken;
But where no faith is, there's no truſt; he has paid for't
His ſiſter yet the faire and great *Quiſara*,
Has ſhewd a noble mind, and much love in't
To her afflicted brother, and the nobler ſtill it appeares,
And ſeaſons of more tendernes, becauſe his ruine ſtiles her
And his impriſonment adds to her profit. (abſolute
Feeling all this, which makes all men admire her,
The warme beames of this fortune that fall on her,
Yet has ſhe made diverſe and noble treaties,
And propoſitions for her brothers freedome,
If wealth or honour——

Py. Peace, peace, you are fool'd ſir;
Things of theſe natures have ſtrange outſides *Pedro*,
And cunning ſhadowes, ſet 'em far from us,
Draw 'em but neare, they are groſſe, and they abuſe us;
They that obſerve her cloſe, ſhall find her nature,
Which I doubt mainly will not prove ſo excellent;
She is a Princeſſe, and ſhe muſt be faire,
That's the prerogative of being royall:
Let her want eyes and noſe, ſhe muſt be beautious,
And ſhe muſt know it too, and the uſe of it,
And people muſt beleeve it, they are dam'd elſe:
Why, all the neighbour Princes, are mad for her,

Chr. Is ſhe not faire then?

Py. But her hopes are fairer,
And there's a haughty Maſter, the King of *Bakan*,
That lofty ſir, that ſpeakes far more, and louder
In his own commendations then a Cannon:
He is ſtrucken dumbe with her.

Ped. Beſhrew me ſhe is a ſweet one.

Py. And there's that hopefull man of *Syana*,
That ſpritely fellow, he that's wiſe and temperate,
He is a lover too.

Chr. Wou'd I were worth her looking
For; by my life I hold her a compleate one,
The very Sun I thinke, affects her ſweetneſſe,
And dares not as he does to all elſe, dye it
Into his tauny Livery.

Py. She dares not ſee him,
But keepes her ſelfe at diſtance from his kiſſes,
And weares her complexion in a caſe; let him but like it
A week or two, or three, ſhe would looke like a Lion;
But the maine ſport on't is, or rather wonder
The Governour of *Ternata* her mortall enemie,
He that has catcht her brother King is ſtrooke too,
And is arriv'd under ſafe conduct alſo,
And hoſtages of worth delivered for him;
And he brought a letter from his priſoner,
Whether compel'd, or willingly delivered
From the poore King, or what elſe dare be in't.

Chr. So it be honourable, any thing, 'tis all one,
For I dare thinke ſhe'l do the beſt.

Py. 'Tis certaine
He has admittance, and ſollicites hourely,
Now if he have the tricke——

Ped. What trick?

Py. The true one,
To take her too, if he be but skil'd in bat-fowling,
And lime his buſh right.

Chr. I'le be hang'd when that hits,
For 'tis not a compel'd, or forc'd affection,
That muſt take her, I gueſſe her ſtout and vertuous,
But where's your unckle ſir, our valiant Captaine,
The brave *Ruy Dias* all this while?

Py. I marry,
He is amongſt 'em too.

Ped. A Lover.

Py. Nay,
I know not that, but ſure he ſtands in favour,
Or wou'd ſtand ſtifly, he is no Portugall elſe.

Chr. The voyce ſays in good favour, in the liſt too

Of the privy woers, how cunningly of late
I have obſerv'd him,and how privately
He has ſtolne at all houres from us,and how readily
He has feign'd a buſineſſe to bid the Fort farewell
For five or ſixe daies,or a month together,
Sure there is ſomething —
Py. Yes, yes, there is a thing in't,
A thing would make the beſt on's all dance after it;
A dainty thing;Lord how this unckle of mine
Has read to me, and rated me for wenching,
And told me in what deſperate caſe 'twould leave me,
And how 'twould ſtew my bones.
Ped. You car'd not for it.
Py. Ifaith,not much,I ventur'd on ſtill eaſily,
And tooke my chance,danger is a Souldiers honour;
But that this man,this herbe of Grace,*Ruy Dias*,
This father of our faculties ſhould ſlip thus,
For ſure he is a ferriting, that he
That would drinke nothing to depreſſe the ſpirit,
But milke and water,eate nothing but thin ayre
To make his bloud obedient, that his youth
In ſpight of all his temperance,ſhould tickle,
And have a love mange on him.
Chr. 'Tis in him ſir
But honourable courtſhip,and becomes his ranke too.
Py. In me 'twere abominable Lecherie,or would be,
For when our thoughts are on't,and miſſe their levell,
We muſt hit ſomething.
Ped. Well, 'is a noble Gentleman,
And if he be a ſuitor, may he ſpeed in't.
Py. Let him alone,our family ne're fail'd yet.
Chr. Our mad Lieutenant ſtill merry *Pyniero*,
Thus wou'd he do if the Surgeon were ſearching of him.
Ped. Eſpecially if a warme wench had ſhot him.
Py. But harke *Chriſtophero*; come hether *Pedro*;
When ſaw you our brave countryman *Armuſia*?
He that's arriv'd here lately,and his gallants?
A goodly fellow, and a brave companion
Me thinkes he is,and no doubt truly valiant,
For he that dares come hether, dares fight any where.
Chr. I ſaw him not of late,a ſober Gentleman
I am ſure he is,and no doubt bravely ſprung,
And promiſes much nobleneſſe.
Py. I love him,
And by my troath wou'd faine be inward with him;
Pray lets go ſeeke him.
Ped. Wee'l attend you ſir.
Py. By that time we ſhal heare the burſt of buſineſſe. *Ex.*

Enter Ruy Dias, Quiſara, Quiſana, and Panura.

Quiſar. Aunt I much thanke you for your curteſie,
And the faire liberty you ſtill allow me,
Both of your houſe and ſervice, though I be
A Princeſſe,and by that Prerogative ſtand free
From the poore malice of opinion,
And no waies bound to render up my actions,
Becauſe no power above me can examine me;
Yet my deare brother being ſtill a priſoner,
And many wandring eyes upon my waies,
Being left alone a Sea-marke,it behoves me
To uſe a little caution, and be circumſpect.
Quiſan. You'r wiſe and noble Lady.
Quiſar. Often *Aunt*
I reſort hether,and privately to ſee you,
It may be to converſe with ſome I favour;
I wou'd not have it knowne as oft, nor conſtru'd,
It ſtands not with my care.
Quiſ..n. You ſpeake moſt fairely,
For even our pure devotions are examin'd.
Quiſar. So mad are mens minds now.
Ruy. Or rather monſtrous;
They are thick dreams,bread in foggs that know no fairneſſe.
Quiſan. Madam the houſe is yours,I am yours,pray uſe me,
And at your ſervice all I have lyes proſtrate;
My care ſhall ever be to yeild ye honour,
And when your fame fals here,'tis my fault Lady;
A poore and ſimple banquet I have provided,
Which if you pleaſe to honour with your preſence —
Quiſar. I thanke ye Aunt,I ſhall be with you inſtantly,
A few words with this Gntleman.
Quiſan. I'le leave ye,
And when you pleaſe retire,I'le wait upon you. *Exeunt.Quiſ.& Pan.*
Quiſar. Why,how now Captaine,what affraid to ſpeak to me?
A man of armes,and danted with a Lady?
Commanders have the power to parle with Princes.
Ruy. Madam,the favours you have ſtill ſhowr'd on me,
Which are ſo high above my meanes of merit,
So infinite,that nought can value 'em
But their owne goodneſſe,no eyes looke up to 'em
But thoſe that are of equall light,and luſtre,
Strike me thus mute,you are my royall Miſtris,
And all my ſervices that aime at honour,
Take life from you,the Saint of my devotions;
Pardon my wiſh,it is a faire ambition,
And well becomes the man that honours you;
I wou'd I were of worth,of ſomething neare you,
Of ſuch a royall peece,a King I wou'd be,
A mighty King that might command affection,
And bring a youth upon me might bewitch ye,
And you a ſweet ſould Chriſtian.
Quiſar. Now you talke ſir;
You Portugals,though you be rugged Souldiers,
Yet when you liſt to flatter,you are plaine courtiers;
And could you wiſh me Chriſtian brave *Ruy Dias*?
Ruy. At all the danger of my life great Lady,
At all my hopes,at all——
Quiſar. Pray ye ſtay a little,
To what end runs your wiſh?
Ruy. O glorious Lady,
That I might — but *I* dare not ſpeake.
Quiſar, I dare then,
That you might hope to marry me; nay bluſh not,
An honourable end needs no excuſe;
And would you love me then?
Ruy. My ſoule not dearer.
Quiſar. Do ſome brave thing that may entice me that way,
Some thing of ſuch a meritorious goodneſſe,
Of ſuch an unmatcht nobleneſſe,that I may know
You have a power beyond ours that preſerves you,
'Tis not the perſon,nor the royall title,
Nor wealth,nor glory that I looke upon,
That inward man I love that's lin'd with vertue,
That well deſerving ſoule workes out a favour;
I have many Princes ſuiters, many great ones,
Yet above theſe I love you,you are valiant,
An active man,able to build a fortune;
I do not ſay I dote,nor meane to marry,
Only the hope is ſomething may be done,
That may compell my faith,and aske my freedom,
And leave opinion faire.
Ruy. Command deare Lady,

And let the danger be as deep as hell,
As direfull to attempt ———
Quiſar. Y'are too ſudden,
I muſt be rul'd by you, find out a fortune
Wiſely and hanſomely, examine time,
And court occaſion that ſhe may be ready;
A thouſand uſes for your forward ſpirit
Ye may find daily, be ſure ye take a good one,
A brave and worthy one that may advance ye,
Forced ſmiles reward poore dangers; you are a Souldier,
I wou'd not talke ſo elſe, and I love a Souldier,
And that that ſpeakes him true, and great, his vallour;
Yet for all theſe which are but womens follies,
You may do what you pleaſe, I ſhall ſtill know ye,
And though ye weare no ſword.
Ru. Excellent Lady,
When I grow ſo cold, and diſgrace my nation,
That from their hardy nurſes ſucke adventures,
'Twere fit I wore a Tombſtone; you have read to me
The ſtory of your favour, if I miſtake it,
Or grow a tenant in the ſtudy of it,
A great correction Lady----
Quiſar. Let's toth' banquet,
And have ſome merrier talke, and then to Court,
Where I give audience to my generall Suiters;
Pray heaven my womans wit hold; there brave Captain,
You may perchance meet ſomething that may ſtartle ye;
I'le ſay no more, come be not ſad----
I love ye. *Exeunt*

Enter Pyniero, Armuſia Soza, Chriſtophero, and Emanuel.

Py. You are welcome gentlemen, moſt worthy welcom,
And know there's nothing in our power may ſerve ye,
But you may freely challenge.
Arm. Sir we thanke ye,
And reſt your ſervants too.
Py. Ye are worthy Portugals,
You ſhew the bravery of your minds and ſpirits;
The nature of our country too, that brings forth
Stirring, unwearied ſoules to ſeeke adventures;
Minds never ſatisfied with ſearch of honour
Where time is, & the ſunne gives light, brave countrimen,
Our names are known, new worlds diſcloſe their riches,
Their beauties, and their prides to our embraces;
And we the firſt of nations find theſe wonders.
Arm. Theſe noble thoughts ſir, have intic'd us forward,
And minds unapt for eaſe to ſee theſe miracles,
In which we find report a poore relater;
We are arriv'd among the bleſſed Iſlands,
Where every wind that riſes blowes perfumes,
And every breath of aire is like an Incence:
The treaſure of the Sun dwels here, each tree
As if it envied the old Paradice,
Strives to bring forth immortall fruit; the ſpices
Renewing nature, though not deifying,
And when that fals by time, ſcorning the earth,
The ſullen earth ſhould taint or ſucke their beauties,
But as we dreamt, for ever ſo preſerve us:
Nothing we ſee, but breeds an admiration;
The very rivers as we floate along,
Throw up their pearles, and curle their heads to court us;
The bowels of the earth ſwell with the births
Of thouſand unknowne gems, and thouſand riches;
Nothing that beares a life, but brings a treaſure;
The people they ſhew brave too, civill manner'd,
Proportioned like the Maſtres of great minds,
The women which I wonder at----
Py. Ye ſpeake well.
Ar. Of delicate aſpects, faire, clearly beauteous,
And to that admiration, ſweet and courteous.
Py. And is not that a good thing? brave *Armuſia*
You never ſaw the Court before?
Ar. No certaine,
But that I ſee a wonder too, all excellent,
The Government exact.
Chr. Ye ſhall ſee anon,
That that will make ye ſtart indeed, ſuch beauties,
Such riches, and ſuch forme.

Enter Bakam, Syana, Governour.

Soz. We are fire already;
The wealthy Magazine of nature ſure
Inhabits here.
Arm. Theſe ſure are all *Ilanders.*
Py. Yes, and great Princes too, and luſty lovers.
Ar. They are goodly perſons; what might he be ſigneor
That beares ſo proud a ſtate?
Py. King of *Bakam,*
A fellow that farts terrour;
Em. He lookes highly,
Sure he was begot o'th' top of a ſteeple.
Chr. It may well be,
For you ſhall heare him ring anon.
Py. That is *Syana,*
And a brave temper'd fellow, and more valiant.
Soz. What rugged face is that?
Py. That's the great Governour,
The man ſurpriz'd our friend, I told ye of him.
Ar. 'Has dangerous eyes.
Py. A perilous theefe, and ſubtle.
Chr. And to that ſubtlety a heart of Iron.
Py. Yet the young Lady makes it melt.
Ar, They ſtart all,
And thunder in the eyes.
Ba. Away ye poore ones,
Am I in competition with ſuch bubbles?
My vertue, and my name rank'd with ſuch trifles?
Sy. Ye ſpeake loud.
Ba. Young-man, I will ſpeake louder;
Can any man but *I,* deſerve her favour,
You petty Princes?
Py. He will put 'em all in's pocket.
Princes flie at one another.
Sy. Thou proud mad thing be not ſo full of glory,
So full of vanity.
Ba. How? I contemne thee,
And that fort-keeping fellow,
Py. How the dog lookes,
The bandog Governour?
Gov. Ha, why?
Ba. Away thing,
And keepe your ranke with thoſe that fit your toyalty;
Call out the Princeſſe.
Gov. Doſt thou know me bladder,
Thou inſolent impoſtume?
Ba. I deſpiſe thee;

Gov. Art thou acquainted with my nature baby?
Let my revenge for injuries? darſt thou hold me
So far behind thy file, I cannot reach thee?
What canſt thou merit?
Ba. Merit? I am above it;
I am equall with all honours, all atchievements,
And what is great and worthy; the beſt doer
I keepe at my command, fortune's my ſervant,
'Tis in my power now to deſpiſe ſuch wretches,
To looke upon ye ſlightly, and neglect ye,
And but ſhe daines at ſome houres to remember ye,
And people have beſtowed ſome titles one ye,
I ſhould forget your names——
Sy. Mercy of me;
What a blowne foole has ſelfe affection
Made of this fellow? did not the Queene your mother,
Long for bellows, and bagpipes when ſhe was great with (ye,
She brought forth ſuch a windy birth?
Gov. 'Tis ten to one
She eate a Drum, and was deliver'd of alarum,
Or elſe he was ſwadled in an old ſaile when he was yong.
Sy. He ſwels too mainly with his meditations;
Faith talke a little hanſomer, ride ſoftly
That we may be able to hold way with ye, we are Prin-ces,
But thoſe are but poore things to you; talke wiſer,
'Twill well become your mightineſſe; talke leſſe,
That men may thinke ye can do more.
Gov. Talke truth,
That men may thinke ye are honeſt, and beleeve ye,
Or talke your ſelfe aſleep, for I am weary of you.
Ba. Why? I can talke and do.
Gov. That wou'd do excellent.
Ba. And tell you, only I deſerve the Princeſſe,
And make good only I, if you dare, you ſir,
Or your *Syanas* Prince.
Py. Heres a ſtorme toward,
Me thinkes it ſings already, to him Governour.
Gov. Here lies my proofe. *Draw.*
Sy. And mine.
Gov. I'le be ſhort with ye,
For theſe long arguments I was never good at.
Py. How white the boaſter lookes?

Enter Ruy Dias, Quiſara, Quiſana, Panura.

Ar. I ſee he lackes faith.
Ru. For ſhame forbeare great Princes, rule your angers,
You violate the freedome of this place,
The ſtate and royalty——
Gov. He's well contented
It ſeemes, and ſo I have done.
Ar. Is this ſhe ſignior?
Py. This is the Princeſſe ſir.
Ar. She is ſweet and goodly,
An admirable forme, they have cauſe to juſtle.
Quiſar. Ye wrong me and my court, ye forward Princes;
Comes your love wrapt in violence to ſeeke us?
Is't fit though you be great, my preſence ſhould be
Staind, and polluted with your bloudy rages?
My privacies affrighted with your ſwords?
He that loves me, loves my command; be temper'd,
Or be no more what ye profeſſe, my Servants.
Omnes We are calme as peace.
Ar. What command ſhe carries?
And what a ſparkling Majeſty flyes from her?
Quiſar. Is it ye love to do? ye ſhall find danger,
And danger that ſhall ſtart your reſolutions,
But not this way; 'tis not contention,
Who loves me to my face beſt, or who can flatter moſt
Can carry me, he that deſerves my favour,
And will enjoy what I bring, love and Majeſty,
Muſt win me with his worth; muſt travell for me;
Muſt put his haſty rage off, and put on
A well confirm'd, temperate, and true vallour.
Omnes But ſhew the way.
Quiſar. And will, and then ſhew you
A will to tread the way, I'le ſay ye are worthy.
Py. What taske now
Will ſhe turne 'em to? theſe hot youths,
I feare will find a coolling card, I read in her eyes
Something that has ſome ſwinge muſt flye amongſt 'em;
By this hand I love her a little now.
Quiſar. 'Tis not unknown to you
I had a royall brother, now miſerable,
And Priſoner to that man; if I were ambitious,
Gap'd for that glory was ne're borne with me,
There they ſhould lye as miſeries upon him:
If I were covetous, and my heart ſet
On riches, and thoſe baſe effects that follow
On pleaſures uncontroul'd, or ſafe revenges,
There he ſhould dye, his death would give me all theſe;
For then ſtood I up abſolute to do all;
Yet all theſe flattering ſhews of dignity,
Theſe golden dreames of greatneſſe cannot force
To forget nature and my faire affection.
Therefore that man that would be known my lover,
Muſt be known his redeemer, and muſt bring him
Either alive or dead to my embraces,
For even his bones I ſcorne ſhall feele ſuch ſlavery,
Or ſeeke another Miſtris, 'twill be hard
To do this, wondrous hard, a great adventure,
Fit for a ſpirit of an equall greatneſſe;
But being done, the reward is worthy of it.
Chr. How they ſtand gaping all?
Quiſar. *Ruy Dias* cold?
Not flye like fire into it? may be you doubt me,
He that ſhall do this is my husband Prince;
By the bright heavens he is, by whoſe juſtice
I openly proclame it; if I lye,
Or ſeeke to ſet you on with ſubtilty,
Let that meet with me, and reward my falſhood.
No ſtirring yet, no ſtart into a bravery?
Ruy. Madam, it may be, but being a maine danger,
Your Grace muſt give me leave to looke about me,
And take a little time, the cauſe will aske it,
Great acts require great counſells.
Quiſar. Take your pleaſure,
I feare the Portugall.
Ba. I'le raiſe an Army
That ſhall bring backe his Iſland fort and all,
And fixe it here.
Gov. How long will this be doing?
You ſhould have begun in your Grandfathers dayes.
Sy. What may be,
And what my power can promiſe nobleſt Lady,
My will I am ſure ſtands faire.
Quiſar. Faire be your fortune,
Few promiſes are beſt, and faire performance.
Gov. Theſe cannot doe,
Their power and arts are weake ones.

'Tis in my will, I have this King your brother,
He is my priſoner,I accept your priſoner,
And bleiſe the faire occaſion that atchiev'd him:
I love ye,and I honor ye,but ſpeake
Whether alive or dead he ſhall be rendred,
And ſee how readily,how in an inſtant,
Quicke as your wiſhes Lady-----

Quiſar. No,I ſcorne ye,
You and your courteſie;I hate your love ſir;
And ere I would ſo baſely win his liberty,
I would ſtudy to forget he was my brother;
By force he was taken; he that ſhall enjoy me,
Shall fetch him backe by force,or never know me.

Py. As I live,a rare wench.

Ar. She has a noble ſpirit.

Gov. By force?

Quiſar. Yes ſir by force,and make you glad too
To let him goe.

Gov. How?you may looke nobler on me,
And thinke me no ſuch boy;by force he muſt not,
For your love much may be.

Quiſar. Put up your paſſion,
And pack ye home, I ſay, by force,and ſuddenly.
He lies there till he rots elſe,although I love him
Moſt tenderly and dearly,as a brother,
And out of theſe reſpects would joy to ſee him;
Yet to receive him as thy courteſie,
With all the honour thou couldſt adde unto him
From his hands that moſt hate him, I had rather
Though no condition were propounded for him,
See him far ſunke i'th earth,and there forget him.

Py. Your hopes are gelt good Governour.

Arm. A rare woman.

Gov. Lady,
I'le pull this pride, I'le quench this bravery,
And turne your glorious ſcorne to teares and howlings;
I will proud Princeſſe;this neglect of me
Shall make thy brother King moſt miſerable;
Shall turne him into curſes 'gainſt thy crueltie:
For where before I us'd him like a King,
And did thoſe Royall Offices unto him,
Now he ſhall lie a ſad lump in a dungeon,
Loden with chaines and fetters,colds and hunger,
Darkneſſe and lingring death for his companions;
And let me ſee who dare attempt his reſcue,
What deſperate foole;looke toward it;farwell,
And when thou know'ſt him thus,lament thy follies,
Nay I will make thee kneele to take my offer:
Once more farwell,and put thy truſt in puppits. *Exit.*

Quiſar. If none dare undertake it,I'le live a mourner.

Ba. You cannot want.

Sy. You muſt not.

Ru. 'Tis moſt dangerous,
And wiſe men wou'd proceed with care & counſell,
Yet ſome way would I knnw----
Walke with me Gentlemen——— *Exeunt.*

Ar. How doe you like her ſpirit? } *Manent Arm.*
Soz. 'Tis a cleare one, } *& his Comp.*
Clod with no dirty ſtuffe,ſhe is all pure honor.

Em. The braveſt wench I ever look'd upon,
And of the ſtrongeſt parts,ſhe is moſt faire,
Yet her mind ſuch a mirrour——

Arm. What an action
Wou'd this be to put forward one,what a glory,
And what an everlaſting wealth to end it?
Methinkes my ſoule is ſtrangely rais'd.

Soz. To ſtep into it,
Juſt while they thinke,and ere they have determin'd
To bring the King off.

Ar. Things have been done as dangerous.

Em. And proſper'd beſt when they were leaſt conſiderd.

Ar. Bleſſe me my hopes,
And you my friends aſſiſt me.
None but our companions.

Soz. You deale wiſely,
And if we ſhrinke the name of ſlaves dye with us.

Em. Stay not for ſecond thoughts.

Ar. I am determin'd;
And though I loſe,it ſhall be ſung, I was valiant,
And my brave offer ſhall be turn'd to ſtory,
Worthy the Princeſſe tongue. A boat that's all
That's unprovided,and habits like to merchants,
The reſt wee'l councell as we goe.

Soz. Away then,
Fortune lookes faire on thoſe,make haſte to win her.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scæna prima.

Enter Keeper, and 2 or 3 Moores.

Kee. I Have kept many a man,and many a great one,
Yet I confeſſe, I nere ſaw before
A man of ſuch a ſufferance; he lies now
Where I would not lay my dog, for ſure 'twou'd kill him.
Where neither light or comfort can come neare him;
Nor aire,nor earth that's wholſome; it grieves me
To ſee a mighty King with all his glory,
Sunke o'th' ſudden to the bottome of a dungeon.
Whether ſhould we deſcend that are poore Raſcals
If we had our deſerts?

1 *Mo.* 'Tis a ſtrange wonder,
Load him with Irons, oppreſſe him with contempts,
Which are the Governors commands, give him nothing,
Or ſo little,to ſuſtaine life,'tis next nothing;
They ſtir not him,he ſmiles upon his miſeries,
And beares'em with ſuch ſtrength,as if his nature
Had been nurs'd up,and foſter'd with calamities.

2, He gives no ill words,curſes,nor repines not,
Blames nothing, hopes in nothing we can heare of;
And in the midſt of all theſe frights, feares nothing.

Kee. I'le beſworne
He feares not,for even when I ſhake for him,
As many times my pitty will compell me,
When other ſoules that beare not halfe his burthen,
Shrinke in their powers,and burſt with their oppreſſions;
Then will he ſing,wooe his afflictions,
And court 'em in ſad aires, as if he wou'd wed 'em.

1. That's more then we have heard yet,we are only
Appointed for his guard, but not ſo neare him,
If we could heare that wonder———

Kee. Many times
I feare the Governour ſhould come to kuow it;
For his voice ſo affects me,ſo delights me,
That when I find his houre, I have Muſicke ready,
And it ſtirs me infinitely,be but ſtill and private,
And you may chance to heare.

King appeares loden with chaines;his head, arms only above.

2. We will not ſtir ſir;
This is a ſuddaine change, but who darres blame it.
Kee. Now harke and melt, for I am ſure I ſhall;
Stand ſilent, what ſtubbourne weight of chaines——
1 Yet he lookes temperately.
2. His eyes not ſunke, and his complexion firme ſtill,
No wildneſſe, no diſtemper'd touch upon him,
How conſtantly he ſmiles, and how undanted?
With what a Majeſty he heaves his head up? *Muſick.*
Ke. Now marke, I know he wil ſing; do not diſturb him.
Your allowance from the Governor, wou'd it were more
Or in my power to make it hanſomer. (ſir,
Kin. Do not tranſgreſſe thy charge, I take his bounty,
And fortune, whileſt I beare a mind contented,
Not leavend with the glory I am falne from,
Nor hang upon vaine hopes, that may corrupt me.

Enter Governor.

Gov. Thou art my ſlave, and I appeare above thee.
Kee. The Governor himſelfe.
Gov. What, at your banquet?
And in ſuch ſtate, and with ſuch change of ſervice?
Kin. Nature's no glutton ſir, a little ſerves her.
Gov. This diet's hollſome then.
Kin. I beg no better.
Gov. A calme contented mind, give him leſſe next;
Theſe full meales will oppreſſe his health, his Grace
Is of a tender, and pure conſtitution,
And ſuch repletions——
Kin. Mocke, mock, it moves not me ſir,
Thy mirthes, as do thy miſchiefes flie behind me.
Gov. Ye carry it handſomely, but tell me patience,
Do not you curſe the brave and royall Lady
Your gratious ſiſter? do not you damn her pitty,
Damn twenty times a day, and dam it ſeriouſly?
Do not you ſweare aloud too, cry and kick?
The very ſoule ſweat in thee with the agony
Of her contempt of me? couldſt not thou eate her
For being ſo injurious to thy fortune,
Thy faire and happy fortune? couldſt not thou wiſh her
A Baſtard, or a whore, fame might proclame her
Black ugly fame, or that thou hadſt had no ſiſter?
Spitting the generall name out, and the nature;
Blaſpheming heaven for making ſuch a miſchiefe;
For giving power to pride, and will to woman?
Kin. No Tyrant, no, I bleſſe and love her for it;
And though her ſcorne of thee, had laid up for me
As many plagues as the corrupted aire breeds,
As many miſchiefes as the houres have minutes,
As many formes of death, as doubt can figure;
Yet I ſhould love her more ſtill, and more honour her;
All thou canſt lay upon me, cannot bend me,
No not the ſtroke of death, that I deſpiſe too:
For if feare could poſſeſſe me, thou hadſt won me;
As little from this houre I prize thy flatteries,
And leſſe then thoſe thy prayers, though thou wouldſt
And if ſhe be not Miſtris of this nature, (kneele to me;
She is none of mine, no kin, and I contemne her.
Gov. Are you ſo valiant ſir?
Kin. Yes, and ſo fortunate;
For he that holds my conſtancy ſtill conquers;
Hadſt thou preſerv'd me as a noble enemy,
And as at firſt, made my reſtraint ſeeme to me
But only as the ſhadow of captivity,
I had ſtill ſpoke thee noble, ſtill declar'd thee
A valiant, great, and worthy man, ſtill lov'd thee,
And ſtill prefer'd thy faire love to my ſiſter;
But to compell this from me with a miſery,
A moſt inhumane, and unhanſome ſlavery——
Gov. You will relent for all this talke I feare not,
And put your wits a worke agen.
Kin. You are cozen'd;
Or if I were ſo weake to be wrought to it,
So fearefull to give way to ſo much poverty,
How I ſhould curſe her heart if ſhe conſented.
Gov. You ſhall write and entreat, or——
Kin. Do thy utmoſt,
And e'ne in all thy tortures I'le laugh at thee,
I'le thinke thee no more valiant, but a villaine;
Nothing thou haſt done brave, but like a theefe,
Atchiev'd by craft, and kept by cruelty;
Nothing thou canſt deſerve, thou art unhoneſt;
Nor no way live to build a name, thou art barbarous.
Gov. Down with him low enough, there let him mur-
And ſee his dyet be ſo light and little, (mur,
He grow not thus high hearted on't, I will coole ye,
And make ye cry for mercy, and be ready
To worke my ends, and willingly; and your ſiſter taken
Your ſcornefull, cruell ſiſter ſhall repent too, (downe,
And ſue to me for grace.
Give him no liberty,
But let his bands be doubled, his eaſe leſſened;
Nothing his heart deſires, but vexe and torture him;
Let him not ſleepe, nothing that's deare to nature
Let him enjoy; yet take heed that he dye not;
Keepe him as neere death, and as willing to embrace it,
But ſee he arrive not at it; I will humble him,
And her ſtout heart that ſtands on ſuch defiance;
And let me ſee her champions that dare venture
Her high and mighty wooers, keepe your guards cloſe,
And as you love your lives be diligent,
And what I charge, obſerve.
Omnes We ſhall be dutifull. *(Exit.Gov.*
Gov. I'le pull your courage King and all your bravery.
1. Moſt certaine he is reſolved nothing can ſtir him;
For if he had but any part about him
Gave way to feare or hope, he durſt not talke thus,
And do thus ſtoutly too, as willingly,
And quietly he ſunke downe to his ſorrows,
As ſome men to their ſleepes.
Kee. Yes, and ſleepes with 'em;
So litle he regards them, ther's the wonder,
And often ſoundly ſleepes, wou'd I durſt pitty him,
Or wou'd it were in my will, but we are ſervants,
And tyed unto command.
2. I wiſh him better,
But much I feare 'has found his tombe already,
We muſt obſerve our guards.
1. He cannot laſt long,
And when he is dead, he is free.
Kee. That's the moſt cruelty,
That we muſt keepe him living.
2. That's as he pleaſe;
For that man that reſolves, needs no Phiſitian. *Exeunt.*

Enter Armuſia, Soza, Emanuel. like merchants,
Arm'd underneath.

Arm. Our proſperous paſſage was an omen to us,
A lucky and a faire omen.
Omnes We beleeve it.
Ar. The ſea and wind ſtrove who ſhould moſt befriend
And as they favourd our deſigne and lov'd us, (us,
So lead us forth---where lies the boat that brought us?

Soz. Safe lodg'd within the Reeds,cloſe by the Caſtle,
That no eye can ſuſpect, nor thought come neare it.
Em. But where have you been, brave ſir?
Ar. I have broke the Ice boyes:
I have begun the game, faire fortune guide it,
Suſpectleſſe have I travell'd all the towne through,
And in this Merchants ſhape won much acquaintance,
Survey'd each ſtrength and place that may befriend us,
View'd all his Magazines,got perfect knowledge
Of where the priſon is, and what power guards it.
Soz. Theſe will be ſtrong attempts.
Ar. Courage is ſtrong:
What we began with policy,my deare friends,
Let's end with manly force; there's no retiring,
Unleſſe it be with ſhame.
Em. Shame his that hopes it
Ar. Better a few,and clearer fame will follow us,
However, loſe or win, and ſpeak our memories,
Then if we led our Armies; things done thus,
And of this noble waight, will ſtile us worthyes.
Soz. Direct, and we have done, bring us to execute,
And if we flinch, or faile———
Ar. I am ſure ye dare not.
Then further know,and let no eare be neare us
That may be falſe.
Em. Speak boldly on, we are honeſt;
Our lives and fortunes yours.
Ar. Hard by the place then
Where all his treaſure lies, his armes,his women,
Cloſe by the priſon too where he keeps the King,
I have hir'd a lodging, as a trading merchant,
A Celler to that too, to ſtow my wares in,
The very wall of which, joynes to his ſtore-houſe.
Soz. What of all this?
Ar. Ye are dull, if ye apprehend not:
Into that Celler, elected friends, I have convey'd
And unſuſpected too that will doe it;
That that will make all ſhake, and ſmoak too.
Em. Ha?
Ar. My thoughts have not been idle,nor my practice:
The fire I brought here with me ſhall doe ſomething,
Shall burſt into materiall flames,and bright ones,
That all the Iſland ſhall ſtand wondring at it,
As if they had been ſtricken with a Comet:
Powder is ready, and enough to worke it,
The match is left a-fire, all, all huſht,and lockt cloſe,
No man ſuſpecting what I am but Merchant:
An houre hence, my brave friends,look for the fury,
The fire to light us to our honour'd purpoſe,
For by that time 'twill take.
Soz. What are our duties?
Ar. When all are full of feare and fright, the Governour
Out of his wits,the to ſee flames ſo imperious,
Ready to turne to aſhes all he worſhips,
And all the people there to ſtop theſe ruines,
No man regarding any private office;
Then flie we to the priſon ſuddenly,
Here's one has found the way,and dares direct us.
Em. Then to our ſwords and good hearts,
I long for it.
Ar. Certaine we ſhall not find much oppoſition,
But what is muſt be forced.
Soz. 'Tis bravely caſt ſir,
And ſurely too I hope.
Ar. If the fire faile not,
And powder hold his nature,ſome muſt preſently
Upon the firſt cry of the amazed people,
(For nothing will be markt then,but the miſerie)
Be ready with the boat upon an inſtant,
And then all's right and faire.
Em. Bleſſe us deare fortune.
Ar. Let us be worthie of it in our courage,
And fortune muſt befriend us,come all ſever,
But keep ſtill within ſight, when the flame riſes
Let's meet, and either doe, or dye.
Soz. So be it. *Exeunt.*

Enter Governour and Captaine.

Gov. No Captaine, for thoſe troops we need 'em not,
The Towne is ſtrong enough to ſtand their furies;
I wou'd ſee 'em come,and offer to doe ſomething.
They are high in words.
Cap. 'Tis ſafer ſir then doing.
Gov. Doſt thinke they dare attempt.
Cap. May be by treaty
But ſure by force they wil not prove ſo forward.
Gov. No faith,I warrant thee,they know me wel enough,
And know they have no child in hand to play with:
They know my nature too, I have bit ſome of 'em,
And to the bones,they have reaſon to remember me,
It makes me laugh to think how glorious
The fooles are in their promiſes, and how pregnant
Their wits and powers are to bring things to paſſe;
Am I not growne leane with loſſe of ſleep and care
To prevent theſe threatnings, Captaine?
Cap. You look well ſir:
Upon my conſcience you are not like to ſicken
Upon any ſuch conceit.
Gov. I hope I ſhall not:
Well wou'd I had this wench, for I muſt have her,
She muſt be mine; and there's another charge Captaine;
What betwixt love and brawling I got nothing,
All goes in maintenance——
Heark what was that, *The Train takes.*
That noyſe there? it went with a violence.
Cap. Some old wall belike ſir,
That had no neighbour helpe to hold it up,
Is fallen ſuddenly.
Gov, I muſt diſcard theſe Raſcals,
That are not able to maintaine their buildings,
They blur the beauty of the Town.
Within, Fire, fire.
Gov. I heare another tune, good Captaine,
It comes on freſher ſtill, tis loud and fearefull,
Look up into the Towne, how bright the ayre ſhewes;
Upon my life ſome ſuddaine fire. *Ex. Cap.*
The bell too? *Bell Rings.*
I heare the noyſe more cleare

Enter Citizen.

Cit. Fire, fire.
Gov. Where? where?
Cit. Suddenly taken in a Merchans houſe ſir,
Fearefull and high it blazes; helpe good people.
Gov. Pox o' their paper-houſes,how they ſmother,
They light like candles, how the rore ſtill riſes?

Enter Captaine.

Cap. Your Magazine's a fire ſir,help,help ſuddenly,
The Caſtle too is in danger, in much danger,
All will be loſt, get the people preſently,
And all that are your guard,and all helpe,all hands ſir,
Your wealth, your ſtrenth,is burnt elſe, the town periſht;

The Caſtle now begins to flame.
Gov. My ſoule ſhakes. (him,
Cap. A Merchants houſe next joyning? ſhame light on
That ever ſuch a neighbour, ſuch a villaine———
Gov. Raiſe all the garriſon, and bring 'em up.
Enter other Citizens.
And beat the people forward---Oh I have loſt all
In one houſe, all my hopes : good worthy Citizens
Follow me all, and all your powers give to me,
I will reward you all. Oh curſed fortune----
The flame's more violent : ariſe ſtill, help, helpe Citizens,
Freedome & wealth to him that helps: follow, oh follow.
Fling wine, or any thing, Ile ſee't recompenc'd.
Buckets, more Buckets ; fire, fire, fire. *Ex. omnes.*

Enter Armuſia, and his company.

Arm. Let it flame on, a comely light it gives up
To our diſcovery.
Soz. Hearke, what a merry crye
Theſe hounds make? forward fairely,
We are not ſeen in the miſt, we are Not noted. Away,
Away. Now if we loſe our fortune———*Exit.*
Enter Captaine and Citizens.
Cap. Up ſouldiers, up, and deale like men.
Cit. More water, more water, all is conſum'd elſe.
Cap. All's gone, unleſſe you undertake it ſtraight, your
Wealth too, that muſt preſerve, & pay your labor bravely.
Up, up, away. *Ex. Cap. and Cit. Then,*
Enter Armuſia and his company breaking
open a doore.
Ar. So, thou art open, keep the way cleare
Behinde ſtill. Now for the place.
Sold. 'Tis here ſir.
Ar. Sure this is it.
Force ope the doore---A miſerable creature!
Yet by his manly face ——— *The King diſcover'd.*
Kin. Why ſtare ye on me?
You cannot put on faces to afright me :
In death I am a King ſtill, and contemne ye :
Where is that Governour? me thinks his man-hood
Should be well pleas'd to ſee my Tragedy,
And come to bath his ſterne eyes in my ſorrowes ;
I dare him to the fight, bring his ſcornes with him,
And all his rugged threats : here's a throat, ſouldiers ;
Come, ſee who can ſtrike deepeſt.
Em. Break the Chain there.
Kin. What does this mean?
Ar. Come, talke of no more Governours,
He has other buſineſſe ſir, put your legs forward,
And gather up your courage like a man,
Wee'll carrie off your head elſe : we are friends,
And come to give your ſorrowes eaſe.
Soz. On bravely ;
Delayes may loſe agen,
Enter Guard.
Ar. The Guard.
Soz. Upon 'em.
Ar. Make ſpeedy, and ſure work.
Em. They flye.
Ar. Up with him, and to the Boat ; ſtand faſt, now be (ſpeedy,
When this heat's paſt, wee'll ſing our Hiſtory.
Away, like thoughts, ſudden as deſires, friends ;
Now ſacred chance be ours.
Soz. Pray when we have done ſir.
Exeunt.

Enter 3 or 4 Citizens ſeverally.

1. What is the fire allaid?
2. 'Tis out, tis out,
Or paſt the worſt, I never did ſo ſtoutly
I'le aſſure you neighbours ſince I was a man :
I have been burnt at both ends like a ſquib :
I liv'd two hovres in the fire, 'twas a hideous matter;
But when men of underſtanding come about it,
Men that judge of things, my wife gave me over,
And tooke her leave a hundred times, I bore up ſtill,
And toſt the Buckets boyes.
3. We are all meere Martins.
1. I heard a voice at latter end o'th hurry,
Or elſe I dreamt I heard it, that ſaid treaſon.
2. 'Tis like enough, it might cry murder to, for there was
Many without a joint, but whats that to us : Lets home
And fright our wives. for we looke like Devils.
Enter 3 Women.
3. Here come ſome of 'em to fright us.
1 *W.* Mine's alive neighbor—oh ſweet hony husband.
2. Thou lieſt I thinke abominably, and thou hadſt bin
In my place, thou wouldſt have ſtunke at both ends.
Get me ſome drinke, give me whole tuns of drinke,
Whole ciſternes; for I have foure dozen of fine firebrands
In my belly, I have more ſmoke in my mouth, then would
Blote a hundred herrings.
2 *Wo.* Art thou come ſafe agen?
3 *Wo.* I pray you what became of my man, is he in a well?
2. At hearts eaſe in a Well, is very well neighbour;
We left him drinking of a new dozen of Buckets;
Thy husbands happy, he was through roaſted,
And now hee's baſting of himſelfe at all points:
The Clarke and he are cooling their pericraniums;
Body O me neighbors there's fire in my codpiece.
1 *Wo.* Bleſſe my husband.
2. Blow it out wife—— blow, blow, the gable end a'th'
Women. Some water, water, water. (ſtore-houſe.
3. Peace, tis but a ſparkle ;
Raiſe not the Towne again, 'twill be a great hinderance,
I'm glad tis out, and't had tane in my hayloft?
What frights are theſe, marry heaven bleſſe thy modicum.
3 *Wo.* But is a drown'd outright, pray put me out of
Feare neighbor.
2. Thou wouldſt have it ſo, but after a hundred fires
More, hee'l live to ſee thee burnt for brewing muſty
Liquor.
1. Come lets goe neighbor.
2 For I would very faine turne downe this liquor;
Come, come, I fry like a burnt marry-bone :
Women get you afore, and draw upon us ;
Run wenches run, and let your taps run with ye ;
Run as the fire were in your tailes, cry ale, ale.
Wom. Away lets nouriſh the poore wretches.
2. Wee'l Rallie up the reſt of the burnt Regiment.

Enter Governor, Captaine, Souldier, and Guard.

Gov. The fire's quencht Captain, but the miſchief hangs
The Kings redeem'd, & gon too; a trick, a dam'd one: (ſtill;
Oh I am overtaken poorely, tamely. (ſon!
Cap. Where were the guard that waited upon the pri-
Sol. Moſt of 'em ſlaine, yet ſome ſcap't ſir, and they de-
They ſaw a little boat ready to receive him, (liver,
And thoſe redeem'd him, making ſuch haſte and fighting;

Fighting beyond the force of men.
Gov. I am loſt Captaine,
And all the world will laugh at this, and ſcorne me:
Count me a heavy ſleepy foole, a coward,
A coward paſt recovery, a confirm'd coward,
One without carriage, or common ſenſe.
Sol. Hee's gone ſir,
And put to ſea amaine, paſt our recovery,
Not a Boat ready to purſue; if there were any,
The people ſtand amazed ſo at their valour,
And the ſudden fright of fire, none knowes to execute.
Gov. Oh, I could tear my limbs, & knock my boys brains
'Gainſt every poſt I meet; fool'd with a fire?
Cap. It was a crafty trick.
Gov. No, I was lazy,
Confident ſluggiſh lazie, had I but met 'em,
And chang'd a dozen blowes, I had forgiv'n 'em,
By both theſe hands held up, and by that brightneſſe
That gildes the world with light, by all our worſhips,
The hidden ebbes and flowes of the blew Ocean,
I will not reſt; no mirth ſhall dwell upon me,
Wine touch my mouth, nor any thing refreſh me,
Till I be wholy quit of this diſhonour:
Make ready my Barrato's inſtantly,
And what I ſhall intend---
Cap. We are your ſervants. *Exeunt.*

Enter Quiſara, Ruy Dyas.

Quiſar. Never tell me, you never car'd to win me,
Never for my ſake to attempt a deed,
Might draw me to a thought you ſought my favour:
If not for love of me, for love of armes ſir,
For that cauſe you profeſſe, for love of honour,
Of which you ſtile your ſelfe the mighty Maſter,
You might have ſtept out nobly, and made an offer,
As if you had intended ſomething excellent,
Put on a forward face.
Ru. Deare Lady hold me---
Quiſar, I hold ye, as I finde yee, a faint ſervant.
Ru. By---I dare doe——
Quiſar. In a Ladies chamber
I dare beleeve ye, there's no mortall danger:
Give me the man that dares doe, to deſerve that:
I thought you *Portugalls* had been rare wonders,
Men of thoſe haughty courages and credits,
That all things were confin'd within your promiſes,
The Lords of fate and fortune I beleev'd yee,
But well I ſee I am deceiv'd *Ruy Dias,*
And blame too late my much beliefe.
Ru. I am aſham'd, Lady,
I was ſo dull, ſo ſtupid to your offer:
Now you have once more ſchool'd me, I am right,
And ſomething ſhall be thought on ſuddenly,
And put in act as ſoone, ſome preparation ---
Quiſar. And give it out?
Ru. Yes, Lady, and ſo great too;
In which, the noyſe of all my Countrey-men---
Quiſar. Thoſe will doe well, for they are all approv'd (ones,
And though he be reſtor'd alive.
Ru. I have ye.
Quiſar. For then we are both ſervants.
Ru. I conceive ye,
Good Madam give me leave to turne my fancies.
Quiſ. Do, & make all things fit, & then Ile viſit you. *Ex.*
Ru. My ſelfe, the cozen, and the Garriſon,
The neighbours of the out-Iſles of our nation,
Syana's ſtrength, for I can humour him:
And proud *Bekamus,* I ſhall deceive his glory. *A ſhout.*
What ringing ſound of joy is this? whence comes it?
May be the Princes are in ſport.

Enter Pyniero, Chriſtoph.

Py. Where are ye?
Ru. Now *Pyniero,* what's the haſte you ſeek me?
Py. Doe you know this ſigne ſir?
Ru. Ha!
Py. Doe you know this embleme?
Your noſe is boar'd.
Ru. Boar'd? what's that?
Py. Y'are topt ſir:
The Kings come home againe, the King.
Ru. The devill?
Py. Nay ſure he came a gods name home:
Hee's return'd ſir.
Chriſt. And all this joy yee heare---
Ru. Who durſt attempt him?
The Princes are all here.
Chry: They are worthy Princes,
They are ſpeciall Princes, all they love by ounces.
Believe it ſir, 'tis done, and done moſt bravely and eaſily.
What fortune have ye loſt ſir?
What juſtice have ye now unto this Lady?
Py. How ſtands your claime?
That ever man ſhould be fool'd ſo,
When he ſhould doe and proſper; ſtand proteſting,
Kiſſing the hand, and farting for a favour,
When he ſhould be about his buſineſſe ſweating;
She bid you goe, and pickt you out a purpoſe,
To make your ſelfe a fortune by, a Lady, a Lady, and a luſty (one,
A lovely, that now you may goe look, ſhe poynted ye,
Knowing you were a man of worth and merit,
And bid you fly, you have made a faire flight on't,
You have caught a gooſe.
Ru. How dare you thus moleſt me? *A ſhout.*
It cannot bee.
Chr. Heark how the generall joy rings!
Py. Have you your hearing left? is not that drunk too?
For if you had been ſober, you had been wiſe ſure.
Ru. Done? who dares doe?
Py. It ſeems an honeſt fellow,
That has ended his Market before you be up.
Chr. The ſhame on't 's a ſtranger too.
Py. 'Tis no ſhame,
He took her at her word, and tyed the bargaine,
Dealt like a man indeed, ſtood not demurring,
But clapt cloſe to the cauſe, as he will doe to the Lady:
'Is a fellow of that ſpeed and handſomneſſe,
He will get her with childe too, ere you ſhall come to (know him,
Is it not brave, a gentleman ſcarce landed,
Scarce eating of the aire here, not acquainted,
No circumſtance of love depending on him,
Nor no command to ſhew him, muſt ſtart forth,
At the firſt ſight to-----
Ru. I am undone.
Py. Like an Oyſter:
She neither taking view, nor value of him,
Unto ſuch deeds as theſe ---Pox o' theſe,
Theſe wiſe delayings——
They make men cowards.
You are undone as a man would undoe an egge,
A hundred ſhames about ye.

Enter Quiſara, Panura, and Traine.

Quiſar. Can it be poſſible,
A ſtanger that I have not knowne,not ſeen yet,
A man I never grac'd; O Captaine,Captaine,
What ſhall I doe? I am betray'd by fortune,
It cannot be,it muſt not be.
Py. It is Lady,
And by my faith a hanſome Gentleman;
'Tis his poore Schollers prize.
Quiſar. Muſt I be given
Unto a man I never ſaw,ne're ſpoke with,
I know not of what Nation?
Py. Is a Portugall,
And of as good a pitch he will be given to you Lady,
For hee's given much to hanſome fleſh.
Quiſar. Oh *Ruy Dias,*
This was your ſloth,your ſloth,your ſloth *Ruy Dias.*
Py. Your love ſloth, Unckle doe you find it now?
You ſhonld have done at firſt,and faithfully: *A ſhout.*
And then the tother had lyed ready for ye;
Madam,the generall joy comes.
Quiſar. We muſt meet it——but with what comfort?

Enter Citizens carrying boughes,boyes ſinging after 'em;
Then King, Armuſia, Soza, Emanuell; The
Princes and traine following.

Quiſar. Oh my deare brother what a joy runs through
To ſee you ſafe again,your ſelfe, and mighty, (me,
What a bleſt day is this?
Kin. Riſe up faire ſiſter,
I am not welcome till you have embraced me.
Ru. A generall gladnes ſir flies through the City,
And mirth poſſeſſes all to ſee your Grace arrive,
Thus happily arrived againe,and fairely;
'Twas a brave venture who ſo e're put for it,
A high and noble one,worthy much honor;
And had it failed,we had not failed great ſir,
And in ſhort time too to have forc'd the Governor,
In ſpight of all his threats.
Kin. I thanke ye Gentleman.
Ru. And all his ſubtilties to ſet you free,
With all his heart and will too.
Kin. I know ye love me.
Py. This had bin good with ſomething done before it,
Somthing ſet off to beautifie it, now it ſounds emptie like
A Barbers baſon,pox there's no mettall in't,no noble mar-
Ba. I have an army ſir,but that the Governor, (row.
The fooliſh fellow was a little provident,
And wiſe in letting ſlip no time, became him too,
That would have ſcoured him elſe,and all his confines;
That would have rung him ſuch a peale——
Py. Yes backward,
To make doggs houle, I know thee to a farthing,
Thy armye's good for hawkes, there's
Nothing but ſheeps hearts in it.
Sy. I have done nothing ſir, therefore
I thinke it convenient I ſay little what I purpoſed,
And what my love intended.
Kin. I like your modeſtie,
And thanke ye royall friends,I know it griev'd ye
To know my miſerie; but this man Princes,
I muſt thanke heartily indeed and truly,
For this man ſaw me in't,and redeemed me:
He lookt upon me ſinking,and then caught me.
This ſiſter this,this all man, this all valour,
This pious man.
Ru. My countenance, it ſhames me,
One ſcarce arrived,not harden'd yet, not
Read in dangers and great deeds,ſea-ſick, not ſeaſon'd—
Oh I have boy'd my ſelfe.
Kin. This noble bulwarke,
This launce and honor of our age and Kingdome;
This that I never can reward, nor hope
To be once worthy of the name of friend to,
This, this man from the bowels of my ſorrowes
Has new begot my name,and once more made me:
Oh ſiſter, if there may be thanks for this,
Or any thing neere recompence invented.
Ar. You are too noble ſir,there is reward
Above my action too by millions:
A recompence ſo rich and glorious,
I durſt not dreame it mine,but that 'twas promiſed;
But that it was propounded,ſworne and ſealed
Before the face of heaven,I durſt not hope it,
For nothing in the life of man, or merit,
It is ſo truly great, can elſe embrace it.
Kin. O ſpeake it,ſpeake it,bleſſe mine eares to heare it;
Make me a happy man,to know it may be,
For ſtill methinkes I am a priſoner,
And feele no libertie before I find it.
Ar. Then know it is your ſiſter,ſhe is mine ſir,
I claime her by her owne word,and her honour;
It was her open promiſe to that man
That durſt redeeme ye; Beauty ſet me on,
And fortune crownes me faire,if ſhe receive me.
Kin. Receive ye ſir --- why ſiſter --- ha -- ſo backward,
Stand as you knew me not,nor what he has ventured
My deareſt ſiſter.
Ar. Good ſir pardon me,
There is a bluſhing modeſtie becomes her,
That holds her back; women are nice to wooe ſir;
I would not have her forced,give her faire libertie;
For things compell'd and frighted of ſoft natures,
Turne into feares,and flye from their owne wiſhes.
Kin. Looke on my *Quiſara* ſuch another,
Oh all ye powers,ſo excellent in nature,
In honour ſo abundanr.
Quiſar. I confeſſe ſir,
Confeſſe my word is paſt too,he has purchaſed;
Yet good ſir give me leave to thinke, but time
To be acquainted with his worth and perſon;
To make me fit to know it; we are both ſtrangers,
And how we ſhould beleeve ſo ſuddenly,
Or come to faſten our affections ——
Alas,love has his complements.
Kin. Be ſudden
And certaine in your way,no womans doubles,
Nor coy delayes,you are his,and ſo aſſure it,
Or caſt from me and my remembrance ever;
Reſpect your word,I know you will,come ſiſter,
Lets ſee what welcome you can give a priſoner,
And what faire lookes a friend --- Oh my moſt noble
Princes, no diſcontents, but all be luſtie,
He that frownes this day is an open enemie:
Thus in my armes my deare.
Ar. You make me bluſh ſir.
Kin. And now lead on ——
Our whole Court crowned with pleaſure.
Ru. Madam,deſpaire not,ſomething ſhall be done yet,
And ſuddenly and wiſely.
Quiſar. O *Ruy Dias.* *Ex.*
Py. Well he's a brave fellow,& he has deſerv'd her ric
And you have had your hands full I dare ſwear Gentlem

Soz. We have done ſomething ſir, if it hit right.
Ch. The woman has no eyes elſe, nor no honeſty,
So much I think.
Py. Come, let's goe bounce amongſt 'em,
To the Kings health, and my brave country-mans.
My uncle looks as though he were ſick oth'
Worms friends. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna prima.

Enter Pyniero.

MIne uncle haunts me up & down,looks melancholy,
Wondrous proof melancholy,ſometimes ſweares,
Then whiſtles,ſtarts,cries,& groans,as if he had the Bots.
As to ſay truth, I think h'as little better,
And wo'd fain ſpeak; bids me good morrow at midnight,
And good night when 'tis noon, has ſomething hovers
About his braines, that would faine finde an iſſue,
But cannot out, or dares not:ſtil he followes; *Enter*
How he looks ſtill, and how he beats about, *Ruy Dyas.*
Like an old Dog at a dead ſent ? I marry,
There was a ſigh wou'd a ſet a ſhip a ſayling:
Theſe winds of love and honour blow at all ends.
Now ſpeak and't be thy will : good morrow Uncle.
Ru. Good morrow ſir.
Py. This is a new ſalute :
Sure h'as forgot me : this is pur-blinde *Cupid.*
Ru. My Nephew ?
Py. Yes ſir, if I be not chang'd.
Ru. I wou'd faine ſpeak with you.
Py. I wou'd faine have ye ſir,
For to that end *I* ſtay.
Ru. You know I love yee,
And I have lov'd you long, my deare *Pyniero,*
Bred and ſupply'd you.
Py. Whither walks this Preamble ?
Ru. You may remember, though I am but your Uncle,
I ſure had a fathers care, a fathers tenderneſſe.
Py. Sure he would wrap me into ſomething now ſud-
He doubts my nature in, for mine is honeſt, (denly,
He windes about me ſo.
Ru. A fathers deligence.
My privat benefits,I have forgot ſir,
But thoſe you might lay claime to as my follower;
Yet ſome men wou'd remember——
Pyn. I doe dayly. (one,
Ru. The place which I have put ye in,which is no weak
Next to my ſelfe you ſtand in all employments,
Your counſells, cares, aſſignements with me equall,
So is my ſtudy ſtill to plant your perſon;
Theſe are ſmall teſtimonies I have not forgot ye,
Nor wou'd not be forgotten.
Pyn. Sure you cannot.
Ru. O *Pyniero*----
Pyn. Sir; what hangs upon you,
What heavy weight oppreſſes ye, ye have loſt,
(I muſt confeſſe, in thoſe that underſtand ye)
Some little of your credit, but time will cure that;
The beſt may ſlip ſometimes.
Ru. Oh my beſt Nephew----
Pyn It may be yee feare her too, that diſturbs ye,
That ſhe may fall her ſelfe, or be forc'd from ye.
Ru. She is ever true,but I undone for ever.
Oh that *Armuſia*,that new thing, that ſtranger,
That flag ſtuck up to rob me of mine honor;
That murdring chaine ſhot at me from my Country;
That goodly plague that I muſt court to kill me.
Pyn. Now it comes flowing from him, I feared this,
Knew,he that durſt be idle, durſt be ill too,
Has he not done a brave thing ?
Ru. I muſt confeſſe it nephew,muſt allow it,
But that brave thing has undone me,has ſunke me,
Has trod me like a name in ſand to nothing,
Hangs betwixt hope and me,and threatens my ruine:
And if he riſe and blaze,farewell my fortune;
And when thats ſet,where's thy advancement Cozen?
That were a friend,that were a noble kinſman,
That would conſider theſe; that man were gratefull;
And he that durſt doe ſomething here durſt love me.
Pyn. You ſay true, 'tis worth conſideration,
Your reaſons are of weight,and marke me Unckle,
For I'le be ſudden,and to'th' purpoſe with you.
Say this *Armuſia* then wert taken off,
As it may be eaſily done.
How ſtands the woman ?
Ru. She is mine for ever;
For ſhe contemnes his deed and him.
Pyn. Pox on him,
Or if the ſingle pox be not ſufficient,
The hogs,the dogs,and devils pox poſſeſſe him:
'Faith this *Armuſia* ſtumbles me,'is a brave fellow;
And if he could be ſpared Unckle——
Ru. I muſt periſh:
Had he ſet up at any reſt but this,
Done any thing but what concern'd my credit,
The everlaſting loſing of my worth.——
Pyn. I underſtand you now,who ſet you on too;
I had a reaſonable good opinion of the devill
Till this houre; and I ſee he is a knave indeed,
An arrant ſtinking knave,for now I ſmell him;
I'le ſee what may be done then,you ſhall know,
You have a kinſman,but no villaine Unckle,
Nor no betrayer of faire fame.I ſcorne it;
I love and honour vertue; I muſt have
Acceſſe unto the Lady to know her mind too,
A good word from her mouth you know may ſtir me;
A Ladies looke at ſetting on——
Ru. You ſay well,
Here Cozen, here's a Letter readie for you,
And you ſhall ſee how nobly ſhee'l receive you,
And with what care direct.
Pyn. Farewell then Unckle,
After I have talked with her, I am your ſervant,
To make you honeſt if I can —— elſe hate you.
Pray ye no more complements, my head is buſie, heaven
What a malicious ſoule does this man carry ? (bleſſe me;
And to what ſcurvy things this love converts us ?
What ſtinking things,and how ſweetly they become us ?
Murther's a morall vertue with theſe Lovers,
A ſpeciall peece of Divinitie I take it:
I may be mad,or violentlie drunke,
Which is a whelp of that litter; or I may be covetous,
And learne to murther mens eſtates,thats baſe too;
Or proud,but thats a Paradiſe to this;
Or envious, and ſit eating of my ſelfe
At others fortunes; I may lye,and damnably,
Beyond the patience of an honeſt hearer;
Couzen,Cut purſes,ſit i'th' ſtocks for apples.

But when I am a lover, Lord have mercy,
Theſe are poore pelting ſins, or rather plagues,
Love and Ambition draw the devills Coach.

Enter Quiſana, and Panura.

How now! who are theſe? Oh my great Ladies followers,
Her riddle-founders, and her fortune-tellers,
Her readers of her love-lectures, her inflamers:
Theſe doors I muſt paſſe through, I hope they are wide.
Good day to your beauties, how they take it to 'em?
As if they were faire indeed.
Quiſ. Good morrow to you ſir.
Pin. That's the old Hen, the brood-bird? how ſhe buſtles?
How like an Inventory of Lecherie ſhe looks?
Many a good peece of iniquity
Has paſt her hands, I warrant her ——— I beſeech you,
Is the faire Princeſſe ſtirring?
Pan. Yes marry is ſhe ſir,
But ſomewhat private: have you a buſineſſe with her?
Pin. Yes forſooth have I, and a ſerious buſineſſe.
Pan. May not we know?
Pin. Yes, when you can keep counſell.
Pan. How prettily he looks? he's a ſouldier ſure,
His rudeneſſe ſits ſo handſomly upon him.
Quiſ. A good blunt gentleman.
Pin. Yes marry am I:
Yet for a puſh or two at ſharp, an't pleaſe you ———
Pan. My honeſt friend, you know not who you ſpeak to:
This is the Princeſſe Aunt.
Pin. I like her th' better
And ſhe were her Mother, (Lady) or her grandmother,
I am not ſo baſhfull but I can buckle with her.
Pan. Of what ſize is your buſineſſe?
Pin. Of the long ſixteens,
And will make way I warrant yee.
Pan. How fine he talks?
Pin. Nay in troth I talke but courſely, Lady,
But I hold it comfortable for the underſtanding:
How faine they wou'd draw me into ribaldry?
Theſe wenches that live eaſily, live high,
And love theſe broad diſcourſes, as they love poſſets;
Theſe dry delights ſerve for preparatives.
Pan. Why doe you look ſo on me?
Pin. I am gheſſing
By the caſt of your face, what the property of your place
For I preſume you turne a key ſweet beauty, (ſhould be,
And you another gravity, under the Princeſſe,
And by my ---. I warrant ye good places,
Comely commodious ſeates.
Quiſan. Prethee let him talke ſtill,
For me thinkes he talkes hanſomely.
Py. And truly
As neare as my underſtanding ſhall enable me
You look as if you kept my Ladies ſecrets:
Nay doe not laugh, for I meane honeſtly, (end?
How theſe young things tattle, when they get a toy by th'
And how their hearts goe pit a pat and look for it?
Wou'd it not dance too, if it had a Fiddle?
Your gravity I gheſſe, to take the Petitions,
And heare the lingring ſuits in love diſpos'd,
Their ſighes and ſorrowes in their proper place,
You keep the ayme office.
Qui. Prethee ſuffer him,
For as I live hee's a pretty fellow.
I love to here ſometimes what men think of us:
And thus deliver'd freely, 'tis no malice:
Proceed good honeſt man.
Pin. I will, good Madam.
According to mens ſtates and dignities,
Moneyes and moveables, you rate their dreames,
And caſt the Nativity of their deſires,
If he reward well, all he thinks is proſperous:
And if he promiſe place, his dreams are Oracles;
Your ancient practique Art too in theſe diſcoveries,
Who loves at ſuch a length, who a ſpan farther,
And who drawes home, yeeld you no little profit,
For theſe yee milk by circumſtance.
Qui. Yee are cunning.
Pin. And as they Oyle ye, and advance your ſpindle,
So you draw out the lines of love, your doores too,
The doores of deſtiny, that men muſt paſſe through;
Theſe are faire places.
Pan. He knowes all.
Pin. Your trap doores,
To pop fooles in it, that have no providence,
Your litle wickets, to work wiſe men, like wires throgh at,
And draw their ſtates and bodies into Cobwebs,
Your Poſterne doores, to catch thoſe that are cautelous,
And would not have the worlds eye finde their knaveries;
Your doores of danger, ſome men hate a pleaſure,
Unleſſe that may be full of feares; your hope doores,
And thoſe are fine commodities, where fooles pay
For every new encouragement, a new cuſtome;
You have your doores of honour, and of pleaſure;
But thoſe are for great Princes, glorious vanities,
That travell to be famous through diſeaſes;
There be the doores of povertie and death too:
But theſe you doe the beſt you can to damme up,
For then your gaine goes out.
Qui. This is a rare lecture.
Pin. Read to them that underſtand.
Pan. Beſhrew me,
I dare not venture on ye, yee cut too keen ſir.
Qui. We thank you ſir for your good mirth *Enter Quiſara.*
You are a good Companion.
Here comes the Princeſſe now, attend your buſineſſe.
Quiſar. Is there no remedy? no hopes can help me?
No wit to ſet me free? whoſe there hoe?
Quiſan. Troubled? her looks are almoſt wilde:
What ailes the Princeſſe?
I know nothing ſhe wants.
Quiſar. Who's that there with you?
Oh Signeur *Piniero*? you are moſt welcome:
How does your noble uncle?
Pin. Sad as you are Madam:
But he commends his ſervice, and this Letter.
Quiſar. Goe off, attend within---- Faire ſir, I thank ye,
Pray be no ſtranger, for indeed you are welcome;
For your owne vertues welcome.
Quiſ. We are miſtaken,
This is ſome brave fellow ſure.
Pan. I'me ſure hee's a bold fellow:
But if ſhe hold him ſo, we muſt beleeve it. *Ex.*
Quiſar. Doe you know of this faire ſir?
Pin. I gheſſe it Madam,
And whither it intends: I had not brought it elſe.
Quiſ. It is a buſineſſe of no common reckoning.
Pin. The handſomer for him that goes about it;
Slight actions are rewarded with ſlight thanks:
Give me a matter of ſome waight to wade in.
Quiſ. And can you love your Uncle ſo directly,
So ſeriouſly, and ſo full, to undertake this?
Can there be ſuch a faith?

Pyn. Dare you ſay I to it,
And ſet me on? 'tis no matter for my Uncle,
Or what I owe to him, dare you but wiſh it.
Quiſar. I wou'd faine——
Pyn. Have it done; ſay but ſo Lady.
Quiſan. Conceive it ſo.
Pyn. I will, 'tis that I am bound too:
Your will that muſt command me, and your pleaſure,
The faire aſpects of thoſe eyes, that muſt direct me:
I am no Uncles agent, I am mine owne, Lady;
I ſcorne my able youth ſhould plough for others,
Or my ambition ſerve for pay; I ayme,
Although I never hit, as high as any man,
And the reward I reach at ſhall be equall,
And what love ſpurs me on to, this deſire,
Makes me forget an honeſt man, a brave man,
A valiant, and a vertuous man, my country-man, *Armuſia*,
The delight of all the *Minions*, (your excellence;
Is love of you, doting upon your beauty, the admiration of
Make me but ſervant to the pooreſt ſmile,
Or the leaſt grace you have beſtow'd on others,
And ſee how ſuddenly Ile worke your ſafety,
And ſet your thoughts at peace; I am no flatterer,
To promiſe infinitely, and out-dream dangers;
To lye a bed, and ſweare men into Feavers,
Like ſome of your trim ſuters; when I promiſe,
The light is not more conſtant to the world,
Then I am to my word —— She turnes for millions.
Quiſar. I have not ſeen a braver confirm'd courage.
Pyn. For a tun of Crownes ſhe turns: ſhe is a woman,
And much I feare a worſe then I expected.
You are the object Lady, you are the eye
In which all excellence appears, all wonder,
From which all hearts take fire, all hands their valour:
And when he ſtands diſputing, when you bid him,
Or but thinks of his eſtate, Father, Mother,
Friends, Wife, and Children,
'Is a foole, and I ſcorne him,
And be but to make cleane his ſword: coward
Men have forgot their fealty to beauty.
Had I the place in your affections,
My moſt unworthy uncle is fit to fall from,
Liv'd in thoſe bleſſed eyes, and read the ſtories
Of everlaſting pleaſures figur'd there,
I wou'd finde out your cōmands before you thought 'em,
And bring 'em to you done, ere you dream't of 'em.
Quiſ. I admire his boldneſſe.
Pyn. This, or any thing;
Your brothers death, mine uncles, any mans,
No ſtate that ſtands ſecure, if you frowne on it.
Look on my youth, I bring no blaſtings to you,
The firſt flower of my ſtrength, my faith.
Quiſ. No more ſir;
I am too willing to believe, reſt ſatisfi'd;
If you dare doe for me, I ſhall be thankfull:
You are a handſome gentleman, a faire one,
My ſervant if you pleaſe; I ſeale it thus ſir.
No more, till you deſerve more. *Exit.*
Pyn. I am rewarded:
This woman's cunning, but ſhe's bloudy too;
Although ſhe pulls her Tallons in, ſhe's miſchievous;
Form'd like the face of heaven, cleare and tranſparent;
I muſt pretend ſtill, beare 'em both in hopes,
For feare ſome bloudy ſlave thruſt in indeed,
Faſhion'd and fleſh'd to what they wiſh: well uncle,
What will become of this, and what diſhonour
Follow this fatall ſhaft, if ſhot, let time tell,
I can but only feare, and croſſe to croſſe it. *Exit.*

Enter Armuſia, Emanuel, Soza.

Em. Why are you thus ſad? what can grieve or vex you
That have the pleaſures of the world, the profits,
The honour, and the loves at your diſpoſes?
Why ſhould a man that wants nothing, want his quiet?
Ar. I want what beggars are above me in, content:
I want the grace I have merited,
The favour, the due reſpect.
Soz. Does not the King allow it?
Ar. Yes and all honors elſe, all I can aske,
That he has power to give; but from his ſiſter,
The ſcornfull crueltie, forgive me beauty,
That I tranſgreſſe from her that ſhould looke on me,
That ſhould a little ſmile upon my ſervice,
And foſter my deſerts for her owne faiths ſake;
That ſhould at leaſt acknowledge me, ſpeake to me.
Soz. And you goe whining up and downe for this ſir,
Lamenting and diſputing of your grievances;
Sighing and ſobbing like a ſullen Schoole-boy,
And curſing good-wife fortune for this favor.
Ar. What would you have me doe?
Soz. Doe what you ſhould doe,
What a man would doe in this caſe, a wiſe man,
An underſtanding man that knowes a woman;
Knowes her and all her tricks, her ſcorns & all her trifles:
Goe to her and take her in your armes and ſhake her,
Take her and toſſe her like a barre.
Em. But be ſure you pitch her upon a feather-bed,
Shake her between a paire of ſheets ſir,
There ſhake theſe ſullen fits out of her, ſpare her not there,
There you may breake her will, and bruiſe no bone ſir.
Soz. Goe to her.
Em. Thats the way.
Soz. And tell her and boldly,
And doe not mince the matter, nor mocke your ſelfe,
With being too indulgent to her pride:
Let her heare roundly from ye, what ye are,
And what ye haue deſerved, and what ſhe muſt be.
Em. And be not put off like a common fellow,
With the Princeſſe would be private,
Or that ſhe has taken phiſicke, and admits none,
I would talke to her any where.
Ar. It makes me ſmile.
Em. Now you looke hanſomely:
Had I a wench to win, I would ſo flutter her,
They love a man that cruſhes 'em to verjuice;
A woman held at hard meat is your ſpanniel.
Soz. Pray take our counſell ſir.
Ar. *I* ſhall doe ſomething,
But not your way, it ſhewes too boiſterous,
For my affections are as faire and gentle,
As her they ſerve. *Enter King.*
Soz. The King.
Kin. Why, how now friend?
Why doe you rob me of the companie
I love ſo dearly ſir, *I* have bin ſeeking you;
For when *I* want you, *I* want all my pleaſure:
Why ſad? thus ſad ſtill man; *I* will not have it;
I muſt not ſee the face *I* love thus ſhadowed. (him,
Em. And't pleaſe your Grace, methinks it ill becomes
A ſouldier ſhould be joviall, high and luſtie.
Kin. He ſhall be ſo, come, come, I know your reaſon,

It ſhall be none to croſſe you, ye ſhall have her,
Take my word, ('tis a Kings word) ye ſhall have her,
She ſhall be yours or nothing, pray be merry.

Arm. Your grace has given me cauſe, I ſhall be ſir,
And ever your poore ſervant.

King. Me my ſelfe ſir,
My better ſelfe, I ſhall finde time, and ſuddenly,
To gratifie your loves too gentlemen,
And make you know how much I ſtand bound to you:
Nay 'tis not worth your thanks, no further complement;
Will you goe with me friend?

Arm. I beſeech your grace,
Spare me an houre or two, I ſhall wait on you,
Some little private buſineſſe with my ſelfe ſir,
For ſuch a time.

King. Ile hinder no devotion,
For I know you are regular, Ile take you gentlemen,
Becauſe hee ſhall have nothing to diſturbe him,
I ſhall look for your friend. *Exeunt. Manet Armuſia.*

Arm. I dare not faile ſir:
What ſhal I doe to make her know my miſery, *Enter Panura.*
To make her ſenſible? This is her woman,
I have a toy come to me ſuddenly,
It may worke for the beſt, ſhe can but ſcorne me,
And lower then I am I cannot tumble,
Ile trye what ere my fate be---- Good even faire one,

Pan. 'Tis the brave ſtranger- -A good night to you ſir.
Now by my Ladies hand a goodly gentleman!
How happy ſhall ſhe be in ſuch a husband?
Wou'd I were ſo provided too.

Arm. Good pretty one,
Shall I keep you company for an houre or two?
I want employment for this evening.
I am an honeſt man.

Pan. I dare beleeve yee:
Or if yee were not ſir, that's no great matter,
We take mens promiſes, wou'd ye ſtay with me ſir?

Arm. So it pleaſe you; pray let's be better acquainted,
I know you are the Princeſſe gentlewoman,
And wait upon her neere.

Pan. 'Tis like I doe ſo.

Arm. And may befriend a man, do him faire courteſies,
If he have buſineſſe your way.

Pan. I underſtand yee.

Arm. So kinde an office, that you may bind a gentleman
Hereafter to be yours, and your way too,
And ye may bleſſe the houre you did this benefit,
Sweet handſome faces ſhould have courteous mindes,
And ready faculties.

Pan. Tell me your buſineſſe,
Yet if I thinke it be to her, your ſelfe ſir,
For I know what you are, and what we hold ye,
And in what grace ye ſtand, without a ſecond
For thet but darkens, you wou'd doe it better,
The Princeſſe muſt be pleas'd with your acceſſes,
I'me ſure I ſhould.

Arm. I want a Courtiers boldneſſe,
And am yet but a ſtranger, I wou'd faine ſpeak with her:

Pan. 'Tis very late, and upon her houre of ſleep ſir.

Ar. Pray ye weare this, and believe my meaning civil,
My buſineſſe of that faire reſpect and carriage:
This for our more acquaintance. *Jewell.*

Pan. How cloſe he kiſſes?
And how ſenſible the paſſings of his lips are?
I muſt do it, and I were to be hang'd now, and I will do it,
He may doe as much for me, that's all I ayme at,
And come what will on't, life or death, I'le do it,
For ten ſuch kiſſes more, and 'twere high treaſon.

Arm. I wou'd be private with her.

Pan. So you ſhall,
'Tis not worth thankes elſe, you muſt diſpatch quick.

Arm. Suddenly.

Pan. And I muſt leave you in my chamber ſir,
Where you muſt locke your ſelfe that none may ſee you,
'Tis cloſe to her, you cannot miſſe the entrance,
When ſhe comes downe to bed.

Arm. I underſtand ye, and once more thanke ye Lady.

Pan. Thanke me but thus.

Arm. If I faile thee——
Come cloſe then. *Ex*

Enter Quiſara, and Quiſana.

Quiſar. 'Tis late good Aunt, to bed, I am ene unready,
My woman will not be long away.

Quiſan. I wou'd have you a little merrier firſt,
Let me ſit by ye, and read or diſcourſe
Something that ye fancy, or take my inſtrument.

Quiſar. No, no I thanke you,
I ſhall ſleep without theſe, I wrong your age Aunt
To make ye waite thus, pray let me entreat ye,
To morrow I'le ſee ye, I know y'are ſleepy,
And reſt will be a welcome gueſt, you ſhall not, *Enter*
Indeed you ſhall not ſtay; oh here's my woman, *Panura.*
Good night, good night, and good reſt Aunt attend you.

Qui. Sleep dwell upon your eyes, & faire dreams court ye.

Quiſar. Come, where have you been wench? make me
I ſlept but ill laſt night. (unready;

Pan. You'l ſleep the better
I hope too night Madam.

Quiſar. A little reſt contents me;
Thou loveſt thy bed *Panura.*

Pan. I am not in love Lady,
Nor ſeldome dreame of devils, I ſleep ſoundly.

Quiſar. I'le ſweare thou doſt, thy husband wou'd not tak
If thou wert married wench. (it ſo wel

Pan. Let him take Madam
The way to waken me, I am no dormouſe.
Husbands have larum bels, if they but
Ring once.

Quiſar. Thou art a merry wench.

Pan. I ſhall live the longer.

Quiſar. Prethee fetch my booke.

Pan. I am glad of that.

Quiſar. I'le read a while before I ſleep.

Pan. I will Madam.

Quiſar. And if *Ruy Dias* meet you and be importunat
He may come in.

Pan. I have a better fare for you,
Now leaſt in ſight play I. *Exit.*

Enter Armuſia, lockes the doore.

Quiſar. Why ſhould I love him?
Why ſhould I doat upon a man deſerves not,
Nor has no will to worke it? who's there wench?
What are you? or whence come you?

Arm. Ye may know me,
I bring not ſuch amazement noble Lady.

Quiſar. Who let you in?

Arm. My reſtles love that ſerves ye.

Quiſar. This is an impudence I have not heard of,
A rudeneſſe that becomes a theefe or ruſſin;
Nor ſhall my brothers love protect this boldneſſe,

Yo

You buil'd ſo ſtrongly on, my roomes are ſanctuaries,
And with that reverence they that ſeeke my favours,
And humble feares, ſhall render their approches.

Arm. Mine are no leſſe.

Quiſar. I am Miſtris of my ſelfe ſir,
And will be ſo, I will not be thus viſited;
Theſe feares and dangers thruſt into my privacy,
Stand further off, I'le cry out elſe.

Arm. Oh deare Lady!

Quiſar. I ſee diſhonour in your eyes.

Arm. There is none:
By all that beauty they are innocent;
Pray ye tremble not, you have no cauſe.

Quiſar. I'le dye firſt;
Before you have your will, be torne in peeces;
The little ſtrength I have left me to reſiſt you,
The gods will give me more, before I am forc'd
To that I hate, or ſuffer----

Arm. You wrong my duty.

Qniſar. So baſe a violation of my liberty?
I know you are bent unnobly; I'le take to me
The ſpirit of a man, borrow his boldneſſe,
And force my womans feares into a madneſſe,
And ere you arrive at what you aime at——

Arm. Lady,
If there be in you any womans pitty?
And if your feares have not proclam'd me monſtrous?
Looke on me and beleeve me; is this violence?
Is it to fall thus proſtrate to your beauty
A ruffins boldneſſe? is humility a rudeneſſe?
The griefes and ſorrowes that grow here an impudence?
Theſe forcings, and theſe feares I bring along with me,
Theſe impudent abuſes offered ye;
And thus high has your brothers favour blowne me:
Alas deare Lady of my life, I came not
With any purpoſe rough, or deſperate,
With any thought that was not ſmooth and gentle
As your faire hand, with any doubt or danger,
Far be it from my heart to fright your quiet;
A heavy curſe light on it when I intend it.

Quiſar. Now I dare heare you.

Arm. If I had been miſchievous,
As then I muſt be mad; or were a monſter,
If any ſuch baſe thought had harbour'd here,
Or violence that became not man,
You have a thouſand bulwarkes to aſſure you,
The holy powers beare ſhields to defend chaſtity;
Your honour and your vertues are ſuch armours;
Your cleare thoughts ſuch defences; if you miſdoubt ſtill,
And yet retaine a feare I am not honeſt,
Come with impure thoughts to this place;
Take this, and ſheath it heare; be your own ſafety;
Be wiſe, and rid your feares, and let me periſh;
How willing ſhall I ſleepe to ſatisfie you.

Quiſar. No, I beleeve now, you ſpeake worthily;
What came you then for?

Arm. To complaine, me beauty,
But modeſtly.

Quiſar. Of what?

Arm. Of your feirce cruelty,
For though I dye, I will not blame the doer:
Humbly to tell your grace, ye had forgot me:
A little to have toucht at, not accuſed,
For that I dare not do, your ſcornes, pray pardon me
And be not angry, that I uſe the liberty
To urge that word, a little to have ſhew'd you
What I have been, and what done to deſerve ye,
If any thing that love commands may reach ye,
To have remembred ye, but I am unworthy,
And to that miſery fals all my fortunes,
To have told ye, and by my life ye may beleeve me,
That I am honeſt, and will only marry
You, or your memory; pray be not angry.

Quiſar. I thanke you ſir, and let me tell you ſeriouſly,
Ye have taken now the right way to befriend ye,
And to beget a faire and cleare opinion,
Yet to try your obedience---

Arm. I ſtand ready Lady,
Without preſuming to aske any thing.

Quiſar. Or at this time to hope for further favour;
Or to remember ſervices, or ſmiles;
Dangers you have paſt through, and rewards due to 'em;
Loves or diſpaires, but leaving all to me:
Quit this place preſently.

Arm. I ſhall obey ye.

Enter Ruy Dias.

Ru. Ha?

Arm. Who's this?
What art thou?

Ru. A Gentleman.

Arm. Thou art no more I'm ſure: oh 'tis *Ruy Dias*;
How high he lookes, and harſh?

Ru. Is there not doore enough,
You take ſuch elbow roome?

Arm. If I take it, I'le carry it.

Ru. Does this become you Princeſſe?

Arm. The Captain's jealous,
Jealous of that he never durſt deſerve yet;
Go freely, go I'le give thee leave.

Ru. Your leave ſir?

Arm. Yes my leave ſir, I'le not be troubled neither,
Nor ſhall my heart ake, or my head be jealous,
Nor ſtrange ſuſpitious thoughts reigne in my memory;
Go on, and do thy worſt, I'le ſmile at thee;
I kiſſe your faire hand firſt, then farewell Captaine. *Ex.*

Quiſar. What a pure ſoule inherits here? what innocence?
Sure I was blind when I firſt lov'd this fellow,
And long to live in that fogg ſtil: how he bluſters!

Ru. Am I your property? or thoſe your flatteries,
The banquets that ye bid me to, the truſt
I build my goodly hopes on?

Qniſar. Be more temperate.

Ru. Are theſe the ſhewes of your reſpect and favour?
What did he here? what language had he with ye?
Did ye invite? could ye ſtay no longer?
Is he ſo gratious in your eye?

Quiſar. You are too forward.

Ru. Why at theſe private houres?

Quiſar. You are too ſaucy,
Too impudent to taske me with thoſe erours:
Do ye know what I am ſir, and my prerogative?
Though you be a thing I haue cal'd bith' name of friend,
I never taught you to diſpoſe my liberty;
How durſt you touch mine honour? blot my meanings?
And name an action, and of mine but noble?
Thou poore unworthy thing, how have I grac'd thee?
How have I nouriſht thee, and raiſed thee hourely?
Are theſe the gratitudes you bring *Ruy Dias*?
The thankes? the ſervices? I am fairely paid;
Was't not enough I ſaw thou wert a Coward,
And ſhaddowed thee? no noble ſparkle in thee?
Dayly provok'd thee, and ſtill found thee coward?

Rais'd noble cauſes for thee, ſtrangers ſtarted at;
Yet ſtill, ſtill, ſtill a Coward, ever Coward;
And with thoſe taints, doſt thou upbraid my vertues?
Ruy. I was too blame
Lady.
Quiſar. So blindly bold to touch at my behaviour?
Durſt thou but looke amiſſe at my allowance?
If thou hadſt been a brave fellow, thou hadſt had ſome licence,
Some liberty I might have then allowed thee
For thy good face, ſome ſcope to have argued with me;
But being nothing but a ſound, a ſhape,
The meere ſigne of a Souldier——of a Lover,
The dregs and draſſy part, diſgrace and jealouſie,
I ſcorne thee, and contemne thee.
Ru. Deareſt Lady,
If *I* have been too free——
Quiſar. Thou haſt been too fooliſh,
And goe on ſtill, I'le ſtudy to forget thee,
I would *I* could, and yet *I* pitty thee. *Exit.*
Ru. *I* am not worth it, if *I* were, that's miſery,
The next doore is but death, I muſt aime at it. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna prima.

Enter King, and Governor like a Moore Prieſt.

Kin. Soe far and truly you have diſcovered to me
The former currents of my life and fortune,
That *I* am bound to acknowledge ye moſt holy,
And certainly to credit your predictions
Of what are yet to come.
Gov. *I* am no lyer,
'Tis ſtrange *I* ſhould, and live ſo neare a neighbour;
But theſe are not my ends.
Kin. Pray ye ſit good father,
Certaine a reverend man, and moſt religious.
Gov. *I*, that beliefe's well now, and let me worke then,
I'le make ye curſe religion ere *I* leave ye;
I have liv'd a long time ſon, a mewd up man,
Sequeſter'd by the ſpeciall hand of heaven
From the worlds vanities, bid farewell to follies,
And ſhooke hands with all heats of youth and pleaſures,
As in a dreame theſe twenty yeares *I* have ſlumber'd,
Many a cold moone have *I* in meditation,
And ſearching out the hidden wils of heaven,
Laine ſhaking under, many a burning Sun
Has ſear'd my body, and boyl'd up my bloud,
Feebl'd my knees, and ſtampt a Meagerneſſe
Upon my figure, all to find out knowledge,
Which I have now attained too, thankes to heaven,
All for my countries good too, and many a viſion,
Many a miſticke viſion have I ſeen ſon,
And many a ſight from heaven which has been terrible,
Wherein the goods and evils of theſe Iſlands
Were lively ſhadowed; many a charge I have had too,
Still as the time grew ripe to reveale theſe,
To travell and diſcover, now *I* am come ſon,
The houre is now appointed,
My tongue is touch'd, and now I ſpeake.
Kin. Do holy man, *I*'le heare ye.
Gov. Beware theſe Portugals, *I* ſay beware 'em,
Theſe ſmooth fac'd ſtrangers, have an eye upon 'em.
The cauſe is now the God's, heare, and beleeve King.
King. *I* do heare, but before *I* give raſh credit,
Or hang too light on beliefe, which is a ſin father;
Know I have found 'em gentle, faithfull, valiant,
And am in my particular, bound to 'em,
I meane to ſome for my moſt ſtrange deliverance.
Gov. O Son, the future aimes of men, obſerve me,
Above their preſent actions, and their glory,
Are to be look'd at: the ſtars ſhew many turnings,
If you could ſee, marke but with my eyes pupill;
Theſe men came hether as my viſion tels me,
Poore, weatherbeaten, almoſt loſt, ſtarv'd, feebled,
Their veſſels like themſelves, moſt miſerable;
Made a long ſute for traffique, and for comfort,
To vent their childrens toyes, cure their diſeaſes:
They had their ſute, they landed, and too th' rate
Grew rich and powerfull, ſuckt the fat, and freedome
Of this moſt bleſſed *Iſle*, taught her to tremble,
Witneſſe the Caſtle here, the Cittadell,
They have clapt upon the necke of your *Tidore*,
This happy town, till that ſhe knew theſe ſtrangers,
To check her when ſhee's jolly.
Kin. They have ſo indeed father.
Gov. Take heed, take heed, *I* find your faire delivery,
Though you be pleas'd to glorifie that fortune,
And thinke theſe ſtrangers Gods, take heed *I* ſay,
I find it but a hanſome preparation,
A faire fac'd Prologue to a further miſchiefe:
Marke but the end good King, the pin he ſhootes at
That was the man deliver'd ye; the mirrour,
Your Siſter is his due; what's ſhe, your heire ſir?
And what's he a kin then to the Kingdome?
But heires are not ambitious, who then ſuffers?
What reverence ſhall the Gods have? and what juſtice
The miſerable people? what ſhall they doe?
Kin. He points at truth directly.
Gov. Thinke of theſe ſon:
The perſon, nor the manner *I* miſlike not
Of your preſerver, nor the whole man together,
Were he but ſeaſon'd in the faith we are,
Ne, our devotions learn'd.
King. You ſay right father.
Gov. To change our worſhips now, and our Religion?
To be traytor to our God?
King. You have well adviſed me,
And *I* will ſeriouſly conſider father,
In the meane time you ſhall have your faire acceſſe
Unto my ſiſter, adviſe her to your purpoſe,
And let me ſtill know how the Gods determine.
Gov. *I* will, but my maine end is to adviſe
The deſtruction of you all, a generall ruine,
And then *I* am reveng'd, let the Gods whiſtle. *Exeu*

Enter Ruy Dias, and Pyniero.

Ruy. *Indeed, I* am right glad ye were not greedie,
And ſuddaine in performing what *I* wild you,
Upon the perſon of *Armuſia*,
I was affraid, for *I* well knew your valour,
And love to me.
Py. 'Twas not a faire thing unckle,
It ſhewd not hanſome, carried no man in it.
Ruy. *I* muſt confeſſe 'twas ill, and *I* abhor it,
Only this good has riſen from this evill;
I have tried your honeſtie, and find proofe,
A conſtancie that will not be corrupted,
And *I* much honour it.
Py. This Bell ſounds better.

Ruy. My anger now, and that diſgrace I have ſuffer'd,
Shall be more manly vented, and wip'd off,
And my ſicke honour cur'd the right and ſtraight way;
My Swords in my hand now nephew, my cauſe upon it,
And man to man, one vallour to another,
My hope to his.
Py. Why? this like *Ruy Dias*?
This carries ſomething of ſome ſubſtance in it;
Some mettle and ſome man, this ſounds a gentleman;
And now methinkes ye utter what becomes ye;
To kill men ſcurvily, 'tis ſuch a dog tricke,
Such a ratcatchers occupation ——
Ru. It is no better,
But *Pyniero* now——
Py. Now I do bravely.
Ru. The difference of our ſtates flung by forgotten,
The full opinion I have won in ſervice,
And ſuch reſpects that may not ſhew us equall,
Laid hanſomely aſide, only our fortunes,
And ſingle manhoods---
Py. In a ſervice ſir,
Of this moſt noble nature, all I am,
If I had ten lives more, thoſe and my fortunes
Are ready for ye, I had thought ye had forſworn fighting,
Or baniſh'd thoſe brave thoughts were wont to waite upon you
I am glad to ſee 'em cal'd home agen.
Ruy. They are nephew,
And thou ſhall ſee what fire they carry in them,
Shews a Challenge
Here, you gueſſe what this meanes.
Py. Yes, very well ſir,
A portion of Scripture that puzzels many an interpreter.
Ruy. As ſoone as you can find him---
Py. That will not be long unckle,
And o' my conſcience heele be ready as quickly.
Ruy. I make no doubt good Nephew, carry it ſo
If you can poſſible that we may fight.
Py. Nay, you ſhall fight aſſure your ſelfe.
Ru. Pray ye heare me
In ſome ſuch place where it may be poſſible
The Princeſſe may behold us.
Py. I conceive ye,
Upon the ſand behind the Caſtle ſir,
A place remote enough, and there be windows
Out of her lodgings too, or I am miſtaken.
Ruy. Y'are i'th' right, if ye can worke that hanſomly ---
Py. Let me alone, and pray be you prepar'd
Some three houres hence.
Ruy. I will not faile.
Py. Get you home,
And if you have any things to diſpoſe of,
Or a few light prayers
That may befriend you, run 'em over quickely,
I warrant, I'le bring him on.
Ruy. Farewell Nephew,
And when we meet againe——
Py. I, I, fight handſomely;
Take a good draught or two of wine to ſettle ye,
'Tis an excellent armour for an ill conſcience Unckle;
I am glad to ſee this mans converſion,
I was affraid faire honour had been bedrid,
Or beaten out o'th' Iſland, ſouldiers and good ones,
Intended ſuch baſe courſes? he will fight now;
And I beleeve too bravely; I have ſeene him
Curry a fellowes carkaſſe hanſomely:
And in the head of a troope ſtand as if he had been rooted
Dealing large doles of death; what a raſcall was I (there,
I did not ſee his will drawn?
What does ſhe here?
Enter Quiſara.
If there be any miſchief toward, a woman makes one ſtil;
Now what new buſineſſe is for me?
Quiſar. I was ſending for ye,
But ſince we have met ſo faire,
You have ſav'd that labour; I muſt entreat you ſir---
Py. Any thing Madam,
Your wils are my commands.
Quſar. Y'are nobly courteous;
Upon my better thoughts Signeor *Pyniero*,
And my more peaceable conſiderations,
Which now I find the richer ornaments;
I wou'd deſire you to attempt no farther
Againſt the perſon of the noble ſtranger,
In truth I am aſhamd of my ſhare in't;
Nor be incited further by your unckle,
I ſee it will ſit ill upon your perſon;
I have conſidered, and it will ſhew ugly
Carried at beſt, a moſt unheard of cruelty;
Goood ſir deſiſt---
Py. You ſpeake now like a woman,
And wondrons well this tenderneſſe becomes ye;
But this you muſt remember---your command
Was laid on with a kiſſe, and ſeriouſly
It muſt be taken off the ſame way Madam,
Or *I* ſtand bound ſtill.
Quiſar. That ſhall not endanger ye,
Looke ye faire ſir, thus I take off that duty.
Py. Byth' maſſe 'twas ſoft and ſweet,
Some blouds would bound now,
And run a tilt; do not you thinke bright beauty,
You have done me in this kiſſe a mighty favour,
And that I ſtand bound by vertue of this honour,
To do what ever you command me?
Quiſar. I thinke ſir,
From me theſe are unuſuall curteſies,
And ought to be reſpected ſo; there are ſome,
And men of no mean ranke, would hold themſelves
Not poorely bleſt to taſte of ſuch a bounty.
Py. I know there are that wou'd do many unjuſt things
For ſuch a kiſſe, and yet I hold this modeſt;
All villanies body and ſoule diſpence with,
For ſuch a provocation, kill their kindred,
Demoliſh the faire credits of their Parents;
Thoſe kiſſes I am not acquainted with, moſt certaine Madam
The appurtenance of this kiſſe wou'd not provoke me
To do a miſchief, 'tis the devils owne dance,
To be kiſſ'd into cruelty.
Quiſar. I am glad you make that uſe ſir.
Py. I am gladder
That you made me beleeve you were cruell,
For by this hand I know I am ſo honeſt,
However I deceiv'd ye, 'twas high time too,
Some common ſlave might have been ſet upon it elſe,
That willingly I wou'd not kill a dog
That could but fetch and carry for a woman,
She muſt be a good woman made me kick him,
And that will be hard to find, to kill a man,
If you will give me leave to get another,
Or any ſhe that plaid the beſt game at it,
And fore a womans anger prefer her fancy.
Quiſar. I take it in you well.
Py. I thanke ye Lady,
And I ſhall ſtudy to confirme it.
Quiſar. Do ſir,

For this time,and this preſent cauſe I 'low it,
Moſt holy ſir.

Enter Governour, Quiſana,and Panura.

Gov. Bleſſe ye my royall daughter,
And in you, bleſſe this Iſland heaven.
*Quiſar.*Good Aunt,
What thinke ye of this man?
Quiſan. Sure 'is a wiſe man,
And a religious,he tels us things have hapned
So many yeares agoe almoſt forgotten,
As readily,as if they were done this houre.
Quiſar. Does he not meet with your ſharpe tongue?
Pan. He tels me Madam,
Marriage, and mouldy cheeſe will make me tamer.
Gov. A ſtubborne keeper, and worſe fare,
An open ſtable, and cold care,
Will tame a Jade,may be your ſhare.
*Pan.*BirLady, a ſharp prophet, when this proves good
I'le bequeath you a skin to make ye a hood.
Gov. Lady I would talke with you.
Quiſar. Do reverend ſir.
Gov. And for you good,for that that muſt concerne ye,
And give eare wiſely to me.
Quiſar. I ſhall father.
Gov. You are a Prinreſſe of that excellence,
Sweetneſſe,and grace,that Angell-like faire feature,
Nay, do not bluſh,I doe not ſlatter you,
Nor do I dote in telling this, I am amazed Lady,
And as I thinke the gods beſtow'd theſe on ye,
The gods that love ye.
Quiſar. I confeſſe their bounty.
Gov. Apply it then to their uſe, to their honour,
To them,and to their ſervice give this ſweetneſſe;
They have an inſtant great uſe of your goodneſſe;
You are a Saint eſteem'd here for your beauty,
And may a longing heart ———
*Quiſar.*I ſeeke no fealty,
Nor will I blemiſh that heaven has ſeal'd on me,
I know my worth,indeed the Portugals
I have at thoſe commands, and their laſt ſervices,
Nay, even their lives, ſo much I thinke my hanſomneſſe,
That what I ſhall enjoyne———
Gov. Uſe it diſcreetly,
For I perceive ye underſtand me rightly,
For here the gods regard your helpe,and ſuddenly;
The Portugals like ſharpe thornes (marke me Lady)
Sticke in our ſides,like razors, wound religion,
Draw deep,they wound,till the life bloud followes,
Our gods they ſpurne at,and their worſhips ſcorne,
A mighty hand they beare upon our government,
Theſe are the men your miracle muſt worke on,
Your heavenly forme,either to roote them out,
Which as you may endeavour will be eaſie,
Remember whoſe great cauſe you have to execute,
To nip their memory,that may not ſpring more,
Or fairely bring 'em home to our devotions,
Which will be bleſſed,and for which,you ſainted,
But cannot be,and they go;let me buzzle.
Quiſar. Go up with me,
Where wee'l converſe more privately;
I'le ſhew ye ſhortly how I hold their temper;
And in what chaine their ſoules.
Gov. Keep faſt that,hold ſtill,
And either bring that chaine, and thoſe bound in it,
And linke it,to our gods, and their faire worſhips,
Or daughter pinch their hearts a peeces with it,
I'le waite upon your grace.
Quiſar. Come reverend father.
Waite you below. *Ex. Quiſar.and Gov.*
*Pan.*If this prophet were a young thing,
I ſhould ſuſpect him now,he cleaves ſo cloſe to her;
Theſe holy coats are long, and hide in iniquities.
*Quiſan.*Away,away foole, a poore wretch,
Pan. Theſe poore ones
Warme but their ſtomakes once ----
Quiſan. Come in, thou art fooliſh. *Ex. Quiſan.and Pan.*

Enter Armuſia,Emanuel,Pyniero.

Arm. I am ſorry ſir my fortune is ſo ſtubborne,
To court my ſword againſt my countriman,
I love my nation well, and where I find
A Portugall of noble name and vertue,
I am his humble ſervant.Signeor *Pyniero*,
Your perſon,nor your unckles am I angry with,
You are both faire Gentlemen in my opinion,
And I proteſt, I had rather uſe my ſword
In your defences, then againſt your ſafeties;
'Tis me thinkes, a ſtrange dearth of enemies,
When we ſeeke foes among our ſelves.
Em. You are injured,
And you muſt make the beſt on't now, and readieſt--
*Arm.*You ſee I am ready in the place, and arm'd
To his deſire that cald me.
Py. Ye ſpeake honeſtly,
And I could wiſh ye had met on tearmes more friendly,
But it cannot now be ſo. *Enter Ruy Dias.*
Em. Turne ſir, and ſee.
Py. I have kept my word with ye unckle,
The Gentleman is ready. { *Enter Governour,and*
*Arm.*Ye are welcome. { *Quiſara above.*
*Ru.*Bid thoſe fooles welcome that affect your curteſie,
I come not to uſe complement, ye have wrongd' me,
And ye ſhall feele proud man ere I part from ye,
The effects of that,if fortune do not foole me;
Thy life is mine,and no hope ſhall redeeme thee.
Arm. That's a proud word,
More then your faith can juſtifie.
Quiſar. Sure they will fight.
Ruy. She's there,I am happy.
Gov. Let 'em alone, let 'em kill one another,
Theſe are the maine poſtes, if they fall,the buildings
Will tumple quickely.
Quiſar. How temperate *Armuſia*?
No more,be quiet yet.
Arm. I am not bloudy,
Nor do not feele ſuch mortall malice in me,
But ſince we cannot both enjoy the Princeſſe,
I am reſolv'd to fight.
Ruy. Fight home *Armuſia*,
For if thou faint'ſt, or fall'ſt———
Arm. Do ye make all vantages?
Ruy. Alwaies;unto thy life I will not ſpare thee,
Nor looke not for thy mercy.
Arm. I am arm'd then.
Ruy. Stand ſtill I charge ye nephew,as ye honour me.
Arm. And good *Emanuel*----not ----
Py. Ye ſpeake fitly,
For we had not ſtood idle elſe.
Gov. I am ſorry for't.
Em. But ſince you will have it ſo ----
Ruy. Come ſir.

Arm. I waight ye.
Py. I marry this looks hanſomely,
This is warme worke.
Gov Both fall an't be thy will. *Ruy fals.*
Py. My Unckle dead?
Em. Stand ſtill,or my ſwords in----
Ar. Now brave *Ruy Dias,*
Now where's your confidence,your prayers ? quickly
Your owne ſpite has condemn'd ye.
Quiſar. Hold *Armuſia.*
Ar. Moſt happy Lady.
Quiſar. Hold and let him riſe,
Spare him for me.
Ar. A long life may he enjoy Lady.
Gov. What ha' you done?'tis better they had all periſht.
Quiſar. Peace father, I worke for the beſt; *Armuſia,*
Be in the garden an houre hence. *Ex.Qu.and Gov.*
Ar. I ſhall Madam.
Py. Now as I live a Gentleman at all inches,
So brave a mingled temper ſaw I never.
Ar. Why are ye ſad ſir?how would this have griev'd you,
If ye had falne under a profeſt enemie ?
Under one had taken vantage of your ſhame too ?
Pray ye be at peace,I am ſo far from wronging ye,
Or glorying in the pride of ſuch a victorie,
That I deſire to ſerve ye,pray look cheerfully.(Gentleman
Py. Doe you heare this ſir?this love ſir? do you ſee this
How he courts ye? why doe you hold your head downe?
'Tis no high treaſon I take it,to be equal'd,
To have a ſlip i'th' field,no ſinne that's mortall ;
Come,come, thanke fortune and your friend.
Ar. It may be
You thinke my tongue may prove your enemie ;
And though reſtrain'd ſometimes, out of a braverie
May take a licenſe to diſable ye :
Beleeve me ſir,ſo much I hate that libertie,
That in a ſtrangers tongue 'twill prove an injurie,
And I ſhall right you in't.
Py. Can you have more Unckle ?
Ru. Sir you have beate me both wayes,yet ſo nobly,
That I ſhall ever love the hand that did it :
Fortune may make me worthie of ſome title
That may be neere your friend.
Ar. Sir I muſt leave ye,
But with ſo hearty love,and pray be confident, *Ex.Arm.*
I carry nothing from this place ſhall wrong ye. *& Em.*
Py. Come,come,you are right agen,ſir love your honor,
And love your friend,take heed of bloudy purpoſes,
And unjuſt ends, good heaven is angry with'm ;
Make your faire vertues,and your fame your miſtres,
And let theſe trinkets goe.
Ru. You teach well nephew,
Now to be honorable even with this Gentleman,
Shall be my buſineſſe,and my ends his.

Enter Governor and King.

Gov. Sir, ſir, you muſt doe ſomething ſuddenly,
To ſtop his pride ſo great and high,he is ſhot up,
Upon his perſon too,your ſtate is ſunke elſe :
You muſt not ſtand now upon termes of gratitude,
And let a ſimple tenderneſſe beſot ye :
I'le bring ye ſuddenly where you ſhall ſee him,
Attempting your brave ſiſter privately ;
Marke but his high behaviour then.
Kin. I will Father.
Gov. And with ſcorne, I feare contempt too.
Kin. I hope not.
Gov. I will not name a luſt ;
It may be that alſo;
A little force muſt be applyed upon him,
Now,now applyed, a little force to humble him.
Theſe ſweet intreaties doe but make him wanton.
Kin. Take heed ye wrong him not.
Gov. Take heed to your ſafety,
I but forewarne ye King; if you miſtruſt me,
Or thinke I come unſent______
Kin. No I'le goe with you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Armuſia, Quiſara.

Arm. Madam, you ſee there's nothing I can reach at,
Either in my obedience,or my ſervice,
That May deſerve your love, or win a liking,
But a poore thought, but I purſue it ſeriouſly,
Take pleaſure in your wils, even in your anger,
Which other men would grudge at,and grow ſtormy ;
I ſtudy new humility to pleaſe ye,
And take a kind of joy in my afflictions,
Becauſe they come from ye, I love my ſorrowes :
Pray Madam but conſider----
Quiſar. Yes, I do ſir,
And to that honeſt end I drew ye hether ;
I know ye have deſerv'd as much as man can,
And know it is a juſtice to requite you :
I know ye love.
Arm. If ever love was mortall,
And dwelt in man,and for that love command me,
So ſtrong I find it,and ſo true,here Lady,
Something of ſuch a greatneſſe to allow me,
Thoſe things I have done already,may ſeem foyles too:
'Tis equity that man aſpires to heaven,
Should win it by his worth, and not ſleepe to it.
Enter Governour, and King.
Gov. Now ſtand cloſe King and heare,and as you find
Beleeve me right,or let religion ſuffer. (him,
Quiſar. I dare beleeve your worth without additions ;
But ſince you are ſo liberall of your love ſir,
And wou'd be farther tried, I do intend it,
Becauſe you ſhall not,or you wou'd not win me
At ſuch an eaſie rate.
Arm. I am prepared ſtill,
And if I ſhrinke______
Quiſar. I know ye are no coward,
This is the utmoſt triall of your conſtancy,
And if you ſtand faſt now,I am yours,your wife ſir ;
You hold there's nothing deare that may atchieve me,
Doubted or dangerous.
Arm. There's nothing, nothing :
Let me but know, that I may ſtraight flie to it.
Quiſar. I'le tell you then, change your religion,
And be of one beleefe with me.
Arm. How ?
Quiſar. Marke,
Worſhip our Gods,renounce that faith you are bred in ;
'Tis eaſily done,I'le teach ye ſuddenly ;
And humbly on your knees______
Arm. Ha? I'le be hang'd firſt.
Quiſar. Offer as we do.
Arm. To the Devill Lady?
Offer to him I hate? I know the devill,
To dogs and cats? you make offer to them ;

To every bird that flies,and every worme.
How terribly I ſhake? Is this the venture?
The tryall that you talkt off? where have I bin?
And how forgot my ſelfe? how loſt my memorie?
When did I pray or looke up ſtedfaſtly?
Had any goodnes in my heart to guide me?
That I ſhould give this vantage to mine enemie;
The enemie to my peace,forſake my faith.
Quiſar. Come,come, I know ye love me.
Ar. Love ye this way?
This moſt deſtroying way? ſure you but jeſt Lady.
Quiſ. My love and life are one way.
Ar. Love alone then,and mine another way,
I'le love diſeaſes firſt,
Doate on a villaine that would cut my throat,
Wooe all afflictions of all ſorts,kiſſe crueltie;
Have mercy heaven,how have I been wandring?
Wandring the way of luſt,and left my maker?
How have I ſlept like Corke upon a water,
And had no feeling of the ſtorme that toſt me?
Trod the blinde paths of death? forſooke aſſurance,
Eternitie of bleſſedneſſe for a woman?
For a young hanſome face hazard my being?
Quiſ. Are not our powers eternall ſo their comforts?
As great and full of hopes as yours?
Ar. They are puppits.
Gov. Now marke him ſir, and but obſerve him nearly,
Ar. Their comforts like themſelves,cold ſenſeles outſides;
You make 'em ſicke,as we are, peeviſh, mad,
Subject to age; and how can they cure us,
That are not able to refine themſelves?
Quiſ. The Sun & Moon we worſhip,thoſe are heavenly,
And their bright influences we beleeve.
Ar. Away foole,
I adore the Maker of that Sun and Moone,
That gives thoſe bodies light and influence,
That pointed out their paths,and taught their motions;
They are not ſo great as we, they are our ſervants,
Plac'd there to teach us time, to give us knowledge
Of when and how the ſwellings of the maine aire,
And their returnes agen; they are but our ſtewards
To make the earth fat with their influence,
That ſhe may bring forth her increaſe and feed us.
Shall I fall from this faith to pleaſe a woman?
For her embraces bring my ſoule to ruine?
I lookd you ſhould have ſaid,make me a Chriſtian,
Worke that great cure,for 'tis a great one woman;
That labour truly doe performe, that venture
The crowne of all great triall,and the faireſt:
I lookd ye ſhould have wept and kneel'd to beg it,
Waſht off your miſt of ignorance, with waters
Pure and repentant,from thoſe eyes; I lookt
You ſhould have brought me your chief god ye worſhip,
He that you offer humane bloud and life to,
And made a ſacrifice of him to memorie,
Beat downe his Altars, ruin'd his falſe Temples.
Gov. Now you may ſee.
Quiſ. Take heed,you goe too far ſir,
And yet I love to heare him; I muſt have ye,
And to that end I let you ſtorme a little;
I know there muſt be ſome ſtrife in your boſome
To coole and quiet ye,ere you can come backe:
I know old friends cannot part ſuddenly,
There will be ſome let ſtill, yet I muſt have ye,
Have ye of my faith too,and ſo injoy ye.
Arm. Now I contemne ye,and I hate my ſelfe
For looking on that face laſciviouſly,
And it lookes ugly now methinkes.
Quiſar. How Portugall?
Ar. It lookes like death it ſelfe, to which 'twou'd lead
Your eyes reſemble pale diſpaire, they fright me, (me;
And in their rounds a thouſand horrid ruines,
Methinkes I ſee;and in your tongue heare fearefully
The hideous murmurs of weake ſoules have ſuffer'd;
Get from me,I deſpiſe ye,and know woman,
That for all this trap you have laid to catch my life in,
To catch my immortall life,I hate and curſe ye,
Contemne your deities,ſpurne at their powers,
And where I meet your maumet Gods,I'le ſwing 'em
Thus o're my head,and kick 'em into puddles,
Nay I will out of vengeance ſearch your Temples,
And with thoſe hearts that ſerve my God, demoliſh
Your ſhambles of wild worſhips.
Gov. Now, now you heare ſir.
Arm. I will have my faith ſince you are ſo crafty,
The glorious croſſe, although I love your brother;
Let him frowne too, I will have my devotion,
And let your whole State ſtorme.
Kin. Enter and take him;
I am ſorry friend that I am forc'd to do this.
Gov. Be ſure you bind him faſt.
Quiſar. But uſe him nobly.
King Had it to me been done,I had forgiven it,
And ſtill preſerv'd you faire,but to our Gods ſir——
Quiſar. Methinkes I hate 'em now,
Kin. To our Religion,
To theſe to be thus ſtubborne,thus rebellious
To threaten them.
Arm. Uſe all your violence,
I aske no mercy,nor repent my words;
I ſpit at your beſt powers; I ſerve one,
Will give me ſtrength to ſcourge your gods.
Gov. Away with him.
Arm. To grind 'em into baſe duſt, and diſperſe 'em,
That never more their bloudy memories——
Gov. Clap him cloſe up.
Kin. Good friend be cooler.
Arm. Never;
Your painted ſiſter I deſpiſe too.
King. Softly.
Arm. And all her devilliſh arts laugh and ſcorne at,
Mocke her blind purpoſes.
King. You muſt be temperate;
Offer him no violence I command you ſtrictly.
Gov. Now thou art up I ſhall have time to ſpeake too.
Quiſ. Oh how I love this man, how truly honour him.
Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scæna prima.

Enter Chriſtophero, and Pedro (at one doore) Emanuel, and Soza, (at another.)

Chr. Do you know the newes Gentlemen?
Em. Wou'd we knew as well ſir
How to prevent it.
Soz. Is this the love they beare us,
For our late benefit? taken ſo maliciouſly,
And clapt up cloſe? is that the thankes they render?

Ch. It muſt not be put up thus,ſmother'd ſleightly,
'Tis ſuch a baſe unnaturall wrong.
Ped. I know,
They may thinke to doe wonders,aime at all,
And to blow us with a vengeance out o'th' Iſlands:
But if we be our ſelves honeſt and reſolute,
And continue but Maſters of our ancient courages,
Sticke cloſe and give no vantage to their villanies----
Soz. Nay if we faint or fall apeeces now,
We are fooles and worthy to be markt for miſerie;
Begin to ſtrike at him they are all bound to?
To cancell his deſerts? what muſt we looke for
If they can carry this?
Em. I'le carry coales then;
I have but one life,and one fortune Gentlemen,
But I'le ſo husband it to vexe theſe raſcalls,
Theſe barbarous ſlaves.
Ch. Shall we goe charge 'em preſently?
Soz. No that will be too weake,and too foole-hardy,
We muſt have grounds that promiſe ſafety friends,
And ſure offence, we loſe our angers elſe,
And worſe then that, venture our lives too lightly.

Enter Pyniero.

Py. Did you ſee mine Uncle? plague 'a theſe Barbarians,
How the rogues ſticke in my teeth,I know ye are angry,
So I am too, monſtrous angry Gentlemen,
I am angry that I choke agen.
You heare *Armuſias* up,honeſt *Arm*:
Clapt up in priſon friends, the brave *Arm*:
Here are fine boyes.
Em. We hope he ſhall not ſtay there.
Py. Stay? no he muſt not ſtay,no talke of ſtaying,
Theſe are no times to ſtay;are not theſe Raſcals?
Speake,I beſeech ye ſpeake,are they not Rogues?
Thinke ſome abominable names --- are they not Devils?
But the devil's a great deale too good for 'em --- fuſty vil-
Ch. They are a kind of hounds. (laines.
Py. Hounds were their fathers,
Old blear-eyed bob-tail'd hounds —— Lord where's my
Soz. But what ſhall be done ſir? (Unckle?
Py. Done?
Soz. Yes to relieve him;
If it be not ſudden they may take his life too.
Py. They dare as ſoone take fire and ſwallow it,
Take ſtakes and thruſt into their tailes for gliſters:
His life? why 'tis a thing worth all the Iſlands,
And they know will be rated at that value;
His very impriſonment will make the Town ſtinck,
And ſhake and ſtinke, I have phiſick in my hand for 'em
Shall give the goblins ſuch a purge ——

Enter Ruy Dias.

Ped. Your Uncle.
Ru. I heare ſtrange newes,and have bin ſeeking ye;
They ſay *Armuſia's* priſoner.
Py. 'Tis moſt certaine.
Ru. Upon what cauſe?
Py. He has deſerv'd too much ſir;
The old heathen policie has light upon him,
And paid him home.
Ru. A moſt unnoble dealing.
Py. You are the next if you can carry it tamely,
He has deſerved of all.
Ru. I muſt confeſſe it;
Of me ſo nobly too.
Py. I am glad to heare it,
You have a time now to make good your confeſſion;
Your faith will ſhew but cold elſe, and for faſhion,
Now to redeeme all, now to thanke his courteſie,
Now to make thoſe beleeve that held you backward,
And an ill inſtrument, you are a Gentleman,
An honeſt man, and you dare love your Nation,
Dare ſticke to vertue though ſhe be oppreſt,
And for her owne faire ſake ſtep to her Reſcue:
If you live ages ſir,and loſe this houre,
Not now redeeme,and vindicate your honour,
Your life will be a murmure, and no man in't.
Ru. I thanke ye nephew, come along with me Gentle-
Wee'l make 'em dancing ſport immediately: (men,
We are Maſters of the Fort yet, we ſhall ſee
What that can doe.
Py. Let it but ſpit fire finely,
And play their turrets,and their painted Palaces,
A friſking round or two,that they may trip it,
And caper in the aire.
Ru. Come, wee'l doe ſomething
Shall make 'em looke about,wee'l ſend 'em plumbes
If they be not too hard for their teeth.
Py. And fine Potatoes
Roaſted in gunpowder, ſuch a banquet ſir
Will prepare their unmannerly ſtomacks.
Ru. They ſhall ſee
There is no ſafe retreat in villanie;
Come be high hearted all.
Omnes. We are all on fire ſir. *Exeunt.*

Enter King and Governor.

Kin. I am ungratefull,and a wretch, perſwade me not,
Forgetfull of the mercy he ſhow'd me,
The timely noble pitty —— why ſhould I
See him faſt bound and fetter'd,whoſe true curteſie,
Whoſe manhood,and whoſe mighty hand ſet me free?
Why ſhould it come from me? why I command this?
Shall not all tongues and truths call me unthankfull?
Gov. Had the offence bin thrown on you, 'tis certaine
It had been in your power,and your diſcretion
To have turn'd it into mercy,and forgiven it,
And then it had ſhow'd a vertuous point of gratitude,
Timely and nobly taken; but ſince the cauſe
Concernes the honour of our gods,and their title,
And ſo tranſcends your power,and your compaſſion,
A little your owne ſafety if you ſaw it too,
If your too fond indulgence did not dazle you,
It cannot now admit a private pitty;
'Tis in their wils, their mercies, or revenges,
And theſe revolts in you ſhew meere rebellious.
Kin. They are milde and pittifull.
Gov. To thoſe repent.
Kin. Their nature's ſoft and tender.
Gov. To true hearts
That feele compunction for their treſpaſſes:
This man defies 'em ſtill, threatens deſtruction
And demolition of their armes and worſhip,
Spits at their powers;take heed ye be not found ſir,
And markt a favourer of their diſhonour;
They uſe no common juſtice.
Kin. What ſhall I doe
To deſerve of this man ——
Gov. If ye more bemoane him,
Or mitigate your power to preſerve him,
I'le curſe ye from the gods,call up their vengeance,

Enter Quiſara with her hands bound, Quiſana, Panura.

And fling it on your Land and you, I have charge for't;
I hope to wracke you all.
King. What ailes my ſiſter?
Why is ſhe bound? why looks ſhe ſo diſtractedly?
Who does doe this?
Quiſan. We did it, pardon ſir,
And for her preſervation ——— She is growne wilde,
And raving on the ſtrangers love and honour,
Sometimes crying out, help, help, they will torture him,
They will take his life, they will murder him, preſently,
If we had not prevented, violently
Have laid hands on her owne life.
Go. Theſe are tokens
The gods diſpleaſure is gone out, be quicke,
And ere it fall doe ſomething to appeaſe 'em,
You know the ſacrifice ——— I am glad it works thus.
Quiſar. How low and baſe thou lookſt now that wert
No figure of a King methinks ſhowes on you, (noble?
No face of Majeſtie, foule ſwarth ingratitude
Has taken off thy ſweetneſſe, baſe forgetfulneſſe
Of mighty benefits, has turned thee Devill:
Thou haſt perſecuted goodnes, innocence,
And laid a hard and violent hand on vertue,
On that faire vertue that ſhould teach and guide us;
Thou haſt wrong'd thine owne preſerver, whoſe leaſt me-
Pois'd with thy maine eſtate, thou canſt not ſatisfie, (rit
Nay put thy life in too, 'twill be too light ſtill:
What haſt thou done?
Gov. Goe for him preſently,
And once more wee'l try if we can win him fairely:
If not, let nothing ſhe ſayes hinder ye, or ſtir ye;
She ſpeaks diſtractedly --- Do that the gods command ye:
Doe you know what ye ſay Lady?
Quiſar. I could curſe thee too,
Religion and ſeveritie has ſteel'd thee,
Has turnd thy heart to ſtone; thou haſt made the gods hard
Againſt their ſweet and patient natures, cruell: (too,
None of ye feele what braverie ye tread on?
What innocence? what beauty?
Kin. Pray be patient.
Quiſar. What honorable things ye caſt behind ye?
What monuments of man?

Enter Armuſia and Guard.

Kin. Once more *Armuſia*,
Becauſe I love ye tenderly and dearly,
And would be glad to win ye mine, I wiſh ye,
Even from my heart I wiſh and wooe ye———
Ar. What ſir,
Take heed how ye perſwade me falſely, then ye hate me;
Take heed how ye intrap me.
Kin. I adviſe ye,
And tenderly and truly I adviſe ye,
Both for your ſoules health and your ſafetie.
Ar. Stay,
And name my ſoule no more, ſhe is too precious,
Too glorious for your flatteries, too ſecure too.
Go. Conſider the reward ſir, and the honor
That is prepared, the glory you ſhall grow to.
Ar. They are not to be conſider'd in theſe caſes,
Not to be nam'd when ſoules are queſtioned;
They are vaine and flying vapors ——— touch my life,
'Tis ready for ye, put it to what teſt
It ſhall pleaſe ye, I am patient; but for the reſt
You may remove rocks with your little fingers,
Or blow a mountaine out o'th' way, with bellowes,
As ſoon as ſtir my faith; uſe no more arguments.
Gov. We muſt uſe tortures then.
Arm. Your worſt and paineful'ſt
I am joyfull to accept.
Gov. You muſt the ſharpeſt,
For ſuch has been your hate againſt our deities
Delivered openly, your threats and ſcornings,
And either your repentance muſt be mighty,
Which is your free converſion to our cuſtomes,
Or equall puniſhment, which is your life ſir.
Arm. I am glad I have it for ye, take it Prieſt,
And all the miſeries that ſhall attend it:
Let the Gods glut themſelves with Chriſtian bloud,
It will be ask'd againe, and ſo far followed,
So far reveng'd, and with ſuch holy juſtice,
Your Gods of gold ſhall melt and ſinke before it;
Your Altars, and your Temples ſhake to nothing;
And you falſe worſhippers, blind fooles of ceremony,
Shall ſeeke for holes to hide your heads, and feares in,
For ſeas to ſwallow you from this deſtruction,
Darkeneſſe to dwell about ye, and conceale ye,
Your mothers wombes agen---
Gov. Make the fires ready,
And bring the ſeverall tortures out.
Quiſar. Stand faſt ſir,
And feare 'em not, you that have ſtept ſo nobly
Into this pious triall ſtart not now,
Keepe on your way, a virgin will aſſiſt ye,
A virgin won by your faire conſtancy,
And glorying that ſhe is won ſo, will dye by ye;
I have touch'd ye every way, tried ye moſt honeſt,
Perfect, and good, chaſte, bluſhing chaſte, and temperate,
Valiant, without vaineglory, modeſt, ſtayed,
No rage, or light affection ruling in you:
Indeed, the perfect ſchoole of worth I find ye,
The temple of true honour.
Arm. Whether will ſhe?
What do you infer by this faire argument Lady?
Quiſar. Your faith, and your religion muſt be like ye,
They that can ſhew you theſe, muſt be pure mirrours,
When the ſtreames flow cleare and faire, what are the
I do embrace your faith ſir, and your fortune; (fountaines?
Go one, I will aſſiſt ye, I feele a ſparkle here,
A lively ſparke that kindles my affection,
And tels me it will riſe to flames of glory:
Let 'em put on their angers, ſuffer nobly,
Shew me the way, and when I faint inſtruct me;
And if I follow not----
Arm. O bleſſed Lady,
Since thou art won, let me begin my triumph,
Come clap your terrors on.
Quiſar. All your fell tortures.
For there is nothing he ſhall ſuffer brother,
I ſweare by new faith which is moſt ſacred,
And I will keepe it ſo, but I will follow in,
And follow to a ſcruple of affliction,
In ſpight of all your Gods without prevention.
Gov. Death ſhe amazes me.
King. What ſhall be done now?
Go. They muſt dye both,
And ſuddenly, they will corrupt all elſe;
This woman makes me weary of my miſchiefe,
She ſhakes me, and ſhe ſtaggers me, go in ſir,
I'le ſee the execution.

King. Not ſo ſuddaine :
If they goe all my friends and ſiſters periſh.
Gov. Wou'd I were ſafe at home agen.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. Arme, arme ſir,
Seek for defence,the Caſtle playes and thunders,
The Towne Rocks, and the houſes flye ith' aire,
The people dye for feare---Captaine *Ruy Dias,*
Has made an Oath he will not leave a ſtone here ;
No not the memory, here has ſtood a City,
Unleſſe *Armuſia* be deliver'd fairely.
Kin. I have my feares: what can our gods do now for us?
Gov. Be patient, But keep him ſtill : he is a cure ſir
Againſt both rage and Cannon : goe and fortifie,
Call in the Princeſſe, make the Pallace ſure,
And let 'em know you are a King : look nobly;
And take your courage to ye ; keep cloſe the priſoner,
And under command, we are betray'd elſe.
Ar. How ioyfully I goe ?
Quiſar. Take my heart with thee.
Gov. I hold a Wolfe by the eare now :
Fortune free me. *Exeunt.*

Enter foure Townes-men.

1. Heaven bleſſe us,
What a thundring's here ? what fire-ſpitting ?
We cannot drinke, but our Cans are mald amongſt us.
2. I wou'd they would mall our skores too :
Shame o'their Guns, I thought they had been bird-pots,
Or great Candlecaſes ; how deviliſhly they bounce,
And how the Bullets borrow a piece of a houſe here,
There another, and mend thoſe up agen
With another pariſh ; here fives a poudring-tub,
The meat ready roaſted ,& there a barrel piſſing vinegar,
And they two over-taking the top of a high Steeple,
Newly ſlic'd off for a ſallet.
3. A vengeance fire 'em.
2. Nay they fire faſt enough ;
You need not help 'em.
4. Are theſe the *Portugall* Bulls———
How loud they bellow ? (laces
2. Their horns are plaguie ſtrong, they puſh down Pal-
They toſſe our little habitations like whelps,
Like grindle-tailes, with their heeles upward ;
All the windowes ith' town dance a new trench-more,
Tis like to prove a bleſſed age for Glaſiers,
I met a hand, and a Letter in't in great haſte,
And by and by a ſingle leg running after it,
As if the Arme had forgot part of his arrant,
Heads flie like foot-balls every where.
1. What ſhall we doe ?
2. I care not, my ſhop's cancell'd,
And all the Pots and earthen pans in't vaniſh't :
There was a ſingle Bullet and they together by the eares;
You would have thought Tom Tumbler had been there,
And all his troop of devills.
3. Let's to the King,
And get this gentleman deliver'd handſomely ;
By this hand there's no walking above ground elſe.
2. By this leg---Let me ſweare nimbly by it,
For I know not how long I ſhall owe it,
If I were out oth' Towne once, if I came in agen to
Fetch my breakfaſt, I will give 'em leave to cram me
With a *Portugall* pudding : Come, let's doe any thing
To appeaſe this thunder, *Exeunt.*

Enter Pyniero, and Panura.

Pyn. Art ſure it was that blinde prieſt ?
Pan. Yes moſt certaine,
He has provok't all this ; the King is mercifull,
And wondrous loving ; but he fires him on ſtill,
And when he cooles enrages him, I know it,
Threatens new vengeance, and the gods fierce juſtice
When he but looks with faire eyes on *Armuſia,*
Will lend him no time to relent ; my royall Miſtris,
She has entertain'd a Chriſtian hope.
Py. Speake truely.
Pan. Nay 'tis moſt true, but Lord, how he lies at her,
And threatens her, and flatters her, and dams her,
And I feare, if not ſpeedily prevented,
If ſhe continue ſtout, both ſhall be executed.
Py. Ile kiſſe thee for this newes : nay more *Panura,*
If thou wilt give me leave, Ile get thee with Chriſtian,
The beſt way to convert thee.
Pan. Make me believe ſo.
Py. I will y'faith. But which way cam'ſt thou hither ?
The Pallace is cloſe guarded, and barricado'd.
Pan. I came through a private vault, which few there
It riſes in a Temple not farre hence, (know of ;
Cloſe by the Caſtle here.
Py. How---To what end ?
Pan A good one :
To give ye knowledge of my new-borne Miſtris,
And in what doubt *Armuſia* ſtands,
Thinke any preſent meanes, or hope to ſtop 'em
From their fell ends : the Princes are come in too,
And they are hardn'd alſo.
Py. The damn'd Prieſt———
Pa. Sure he's a cruell man, methinks Religion
Should teach more temperate leſſons.
Py. He the fire-brand ?
He dare to touch at ſuch faire lives as theirs are ?
Well Prophet, I ſhall propheſie, I ſhall catch ye,
When all your Prophecies will not redeem yee ?
Wilt thou doe one thing bravely ?
Pa. Any good I am able. (vertuous,
Py. And by thine owne white hand Ile ſweare thou art
And a brave wench, durſt thou but guide me preſently
Through the ſame vault thou cam'ſt into the Pallace,
And thoſe I ſhall appoynt, ſuch as I thinke fit.
Pa. Yes, I will doe it, and ſuddenly, and truely.
Py. I wou'd faine behold this Prophet.
Pa. Now I have yee ;
And ſhall bring yee where ye ſhall behold him,
Alone too, and unfurniſh'd of defences :
That ſhall be my care ; but you muſt not betray me.
Py. Doſt thou think we are ſo baſe? ſuch ſlaves, rogues?
Pa. I doe not :
And you ſhall ſee how fairely Ile worke for ye.
Py. I muſt needs ſteale that Prieſt,
Steale him, and hang him.
Pa. Do any thing to remove his miſchife, ſtrangle him---
Fy. Come prethee love.
Pa. You'll offer me no foule play?
The Vault is darke.
Py. 'Twas well remember'd.
Pa. And ye may ——
But I hold ye honeſt.
Ty. Honeſt enough, I warrant thee. (the place,
Pa. I am but a poore weak wench ; and what with
And

And your perſwaſions Sir ---- but I hope you will not;
You know we are often cozn'd.
Py. If thou doſt feare me,
Why doſt thou put me in minde.?
Pa. To let you know ſir,
Though it be in your power, and things fitting to it,
Yet a true gent———
Py. *I* know what hee'll doe:
Come and remember me, and Ile anſwer thee,
Ile anſwer thee to the full; wee'll call at th'Caſtle,
And then my good guide do thy will; ſha't finde me
A very tractable man.
Pa. I hope *I* ſhall ſir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bakam, Syana, and Souldiers,

Bak. Let my men guard the gates.
Syan. And mine the Temple,
For feare the honour of our gods ſhould ſuffer,
And on your lives be watchfull.
Ba. And be valiant;
And let's ſee, if theſe *Portugalls* dare enter;
What their high hearts dare doe: Let's ſee how readily,
The great *Ruy Dias* will redeem his Countrey-men;
He ſpeaks proud words, and threatens.
Sy. He is approv'd ſir,
And will put faire for what he promiſes;
I could wiſh friendlier termes,
Yet for our Liberties, and for our gods,
We are bound in our beſt ſervice
Even in the hazard of our lives.
Enter the King above.
Kin. Come up Princes,
And give your counſells, and your helpes, the Fort ſtill
Playes fearfully upon us, beats our buildings,
And turnes our people wild with feares.
Ba. Send for the priſoner,
And give us leave to argue. *Exit Ba. and Sy. Then,*

Enter Ruy Dyas, Emanuel, Chriſtoph. Pedro, with Sould.

Ru. Come on nobly,
And let the Fort play ſtill, we are
Strong enough to look upon 'em,
And returne at pleaſure; it may
Be on our view they will returne him.
Chr. We will returne 'em ſuch thanks elſe,
Shall make 'im ſcratch where it itches not.
Em. How the people ſtare,
And ſome cry, ſome pray, and ſome curſe heartily:
But it is the King———
Enter Syana, Bakam, Quiſara, Armuſia, with Souldiers above.
Ruy. I cannot blame their wiſedomes,
They are all above, *Armuſia* chain'd and bound too?
O theſe are thankfull Squiers.
Ba. Heare us *Ruy Dias,*
Be wiſe and heare us, and give ſpeedy anſwer,
Command thy Cannon preſently to ceaſe,
No more to trouble the afflicted People,
Or ſuddenly *Armu ſias* head goes off,
As ſuddenly as ſaid.
Em. Stay Sir, be moderate.
Arm. Doe nothing that's diſhonourable *Ruy Dyas,*
Let not the feare of me maſter thy valour;
Purſue 'em ſtill, they are baſe malitious people.
Kin. Friend be not deſperate.
Ar. I ſcorne your courteſies;
Strike when you dare, a faire arme guide the Gunner,
And may he let flye ſtill with fortune: friend,
Doe me the honour of a ſouldiers funeralls,
The laſt faire Chriſtian right, ſee me ith' ground,
And let the pallace burne firſt, then the Temples,
And on their ſcorn'd gods erect my monument:
Touch not the Princeſſe, as you are a ſouldier.
Quiſar. Which way you go, ſir,
I muſt follow neceſſary.
One life, and one death.
Kin. Will you take a truce yet?
Enter Pyniero, Soza, and Souldiers with the Governour.
Py. No, no, goe on:
Look here your god, your Prophet.
King. How came he taken?
Py. I Conjur'd for him King.
I am ſure Curre at an old blinde Prophet,
Ile haunt ye ſuch a falſe knave admirably;
A terrier I; I eartht him, and then ſnapt him.
Soz. Saving the reverence of your grace, we ſtole him
E'ne out of the next chamber to yee.
Py. Come, come, begin King,
Begin this bloudy matter when you dare;
And yet I ſcorne my ſword ſhould touch the raſcall,
Ile teare him thus before ye. Ha!
What art thou?
King. How's this!
Pulls his Beard and haire off.
Art thou a Prophet?
Ru. Come downe Princes.
Kin. VVe are abus'd———
Oh my moſt deare *Armuſia*——
Off which his chaines. And now my noble ſiſter,
Rejoyce with me, I know yee are pleas'd as I am.
Py. This is a pretious Prophet. Why *Don* Governour,
What make you here? how long have you taken orders?
Ruy. VVhy what a wretch
Art thou to work this miſchiefe?
To aſſume this holy ſhape to ruine honour,
Honour and chaſtity?
Enter King, and all from above.
Gov. I had paid you all,
But fortune plaid the ſlut. Come,
Give me my doome.
King. I cannot ſpeak for wonder.
Gov. Nay, 'tis *I* ſir,
And here I ſtay your ſentence.
King. Take her friend,
You have halfe perſwaded me to be a Chriſtian,
And with her all the joyes, and all the bleſſings.
VVhy what dreame have we dwelt in?
Ru. All peace to yee,
And all the happineſſe of heart dwell with ye,
Children as ſweet and noble as their Parents.
Py. And Kings at leaſt.
Ar. Good Sir forget my raſhneſſe.
And noble Princeſſe, for I was once angrie,
And out of that might utter ſome diſtemper,
Think not 'tis my nature.
Sya. Your joy is ours ſir,
And nothing we finde in ye, But moſt noble.
King. To priſon with this dog, there let him houle,
And if he can repent, ſigh out his villanies:
His Iſland we ſhall ſeize into our hands,

His father and himſelfe have both uſurp'd it,
And kept it by oppreſſion; the Towne and Caſtle,
In which I lay my ſelfe moſt miſerable,
Till my moſt honourable friend redeem'd me,
Signeur *Pyniero* I beſtow on you,
The reſt of next command upon theſe gentlemen,
Upon ye all my love.
Arm. O brave *Ruy Dias*,
You have ſtarted now beyond me. I muſt thank ye,
And thank ye for my life, my wife and honour.
Ruy. I am glad *I* had her for you ſir.
King. Come Princes,
Come friends and lovers all, come noble gentlemen,
No more guns now, nor hates, but joyes and triumphes,
An univerſall gladneſſe flye about us:
And know however ſubtill men dare caſt,
And promiſe wrack, the gods give peace at laſt.
Exeunt.

FINIS.

The Humorous Lieutenant.

Actus primus. Scæna prima

Enter 2. Uſhers, and Groomes with perfumes.

1.Uſher.
ROund,round, perfume it round,quick, loook ye
Diligently the ſtate be right, are theſe the richeſt
Cuſhions? Fie,fie,who waits i'th' wardrobe?
2Uſh. But pray tell me,do you thinke for certaine
Theſe Ambaſſadours ſhall have this morning audience?
1.Uſh. They ſhall have it: Lord that you live at Court
And underſtand not? I tell you they muſt have it.
2 Uſh. Upon what neceſſity?
1 Uſh. Still you are of the tricke of Court,ſell your place
Enter Ladies and Gentlemen.
And ſow your grounds,you are not for this tillage.
Madams, the beſt way is the upper lodgings,
There you may ſee at eaſe.
Ladies. We thanke you ſir. *Ex.Ladies,Gent·*
1Uſh. Would you have al theſe ſlighted? who ſhould report
The Embaſſadors were hanſome men? his beard (then
A neat one? the fire of his eyes quicker then lightning,
And when it breaks,as blaſting? his legs,though litle ones,
Yet movers of a maſſe of underſtanding?
Who ſhall commend their cloaths: who ſhall take notice
Of the moſt wiſe behaviour of their feathers?
Ye live a raw man here.
2 Uſh. I thinke I doe ſo.
Enter 2. Citizens,and Wives.
1 Uſh. Why,whether would you all preſſe?
1 Cit. Good Maſter *Uſher*. (here.
2 Cit. My wife,and ſome few of my honeſt neighbours,
1 Uſh. Prethee begon thou and thy honeſt neighbours,
Thou lookſt like an aſſe,why,whether would you fiſh face
2 Cit. If *I* might have
But the honour to ſee you at my poore houſe ſir,
A Capon bridled,and ſadled I'le aſſure your worſhip,
A ſhoulder of mutton, and a pottle of wine ſir;
I know your brother, he was as like ye,
And ſhot the beſt at buts ———
1 Uſh. A---upon thee.
2 Cit. Some muſick I'le aſſure you too,
My toy ſir, can play o'th' virginals.
1 Uſh. Prethee good toy,
Take away thy ſhoulder of mutton, it is flie blowne,
And ſhoulder take thy flap along,here's no place for ye;
Nay then you had beſt be knock'd. *Ex.Cit.*
Enter Celia.
Cel. I wou'd faine ſee him
The glory of this place, makes me remember,
But dye thoſe thoughts,dye all but my deſires,
Even thoſe to death are ſicke too; he's not here,
Nor how my eyes may guide me----
1 Uſh. What's your buſineſſe?
Who keeps the outward doore there? here's fine ſhufling,
You waſtcoater you muſt go backe.
Cel. There is not,
There cannot be,ſixe dayes and never ſee me?
There muſt not be deſire; ſir do you thinke
That if you had a Miſtris----
1 Uſh. Death,ſhe is mad.
Cel. And were your ſelfe an honeſt man? it cannot---
1 Uſh. What a devill haſt thou to do with me or my ho-
Will you be jogging, good nimble tongue, (neſty?
My fellow doore keeper.
2 Uſh. Prethee let her alone.
1 Uſh. The King is comming,
And ſhall we have an agent from the ſuburbs
Come to crave audience too?
Cel. Before I thought ye
To have a little breeding,ſome tang of Gentry;
But now I take ye plainly,
Without the helpe of any perſpective,
For that ye cannot alter.
1 Uſh. What's that?
Cel. An aſſe ſir,you bray as like one,
And by my troth,me thinkes as ye ſtand now,
Conſidering who to kick next, you appeare to me
Juſt with that kind of gravity,and wiſdome;
Your place may beare the name of Gentleman,
But if ever any of that butter ſtick to your bread---.
2 Uſh. You muſt be modeſter.
Cel. Let him uſe me nobler,
And weare good cloaths to do good offices;
They hang upon a fellow of his vertue,
As though they hung on Gibbets.
2.Uſh. A perilous wench.
1 Uſh. Thruſt her into a corner,I'le no more on her.
2 Uſh. You have enough,goe pretty maid, ſtand cloſe,
And uſe that little tongue, with a little more temper.
Cel. I thanke ye ſir.
2 Uſh. When the ſhews are paſt,
I'le have ye into the cellar, there wee'l dine
A very pretty wench,a witty rogue,
And there wee'l be as merry, can ye be merry?
Cel. O very merry.
2 Uſh. Only our ſelves; this churliſh fellow ſhall not
Cel. By no meanes. (know.
2 Uſh. And can you love a little?
Cel. Love exceedingly:
I have cauſe to love you deare ſir.
2 Uſh. Then I'le carry ye,
And ſhew you all the pictures,and the hangings,
The lodgings,gardens,and the walkes: and then (ſweet)
You ſhall tell me where you lye.
Cel. Yes marry will I.

2.Uſh. And't ſhall go hard but I'le ſend ye a veniſon pa-
And bring a bottle of wine along. (ſtie,
1.Uſh. Make roome there.
2.Uſh. Room there afore,ſtand cloſe,the train is coming

Enter King, Antigonous, Tymon,Charinthus,
Menippus.

Cel. Have I yet left a beauty to Catch fooles ?
Yet,yet,I ſee him not, O what a miſerie
Is love, expected long, deluded longer !
Ant. Conduct in the Embaſſadors.
1.Uſh. Make roome there.
Ant. They ſhall not wait long anſwer ---- *Flouriſh*
Cel. Yet he comes not. *Ent.3 Embaſſadors.*
Why are eyes ſet on theſe,and multitudes
Follow to make theſe wonders ? O good gods !
What would theſe looke like if my love were here ?
But I am fond,forgetfull.
Ant. Now your grievance,
Speake ſhort,and have as ſhort diſpatch.
1.Em. Then thus ſir :
In all our Royall Maſters names, We tell you
Ye have done injuſtice,broke the bonds of concord,
And from their equall ſhares, from *Alexander*
Parted,and ſo poſſeſs'd,not like a brother,
But as an open Enemie, Ye have hedged in
Whole Provinces,man'd and maintain'd theſe injuries ;
And daily with your ſword (though they ſtill honor ye)
Make bloudy roades,take Townes,and ruine Caſtles,
And ſtill their ſufferance feeles the waight. (ſhip
2.Em. Think of that love great ſir,that honor'd friend-
Your ſelfe hold with our Maſters, thinke of that ſtrength
When you were all one body,all one minde ;
When all your ſwords ſtrook one way,when your angers,
Like ſo many brother billowes roſe together,
And curling up your foaming creſts,defied
Even mighty Kings and in your fals, entomb'd 'em ;
O thinke of theſe ; and you that have been Conquerours,
That ever led your fortunes open ey'd,
Chain'd faſt by confidence ; you that fame courted,
Now ye want enemies and men to match ye ;
Let not your owne ſwords ſeeke your ends to ſhame ye.
Enter Demetrius with a Javelin, and Gentlemen.
3 Emb. Chooſe which you will,or peace or war,
We come prepared for either.
1 Uſh. Roome for the Prince there.
Cel. was it the Prince they ſaid ? how my heart trem-
'Tis he indeed ; what a ſweet noble fierceneſſe (bl'd !
Dwels in his eyes ? young *Meleager* like,
When he returnd from ſlaughter of the Boare,
Crown'd with the loves and honours of the people,
With all the gallant youth of *Greece* , he lookes now,
Who could deny him love ?
Dem. Haile Royall Father.
Ant. Ye are welcome from your ſport ſir,do you ſee this,
You that bring thunders in your mouthes,and earthquakes
To ſhake and totter my deſignes ? can you imagine (gent.
(You men of poore and common apprehenſions)
Whilſt I admit this man,my ſon, this nature
That in one looke carries more fire,and fierceneſſe,
Then all your maſters in their lives : dare I admit him,
Admit him thus,even to my ſide,My boſome,
When he is fit to rule,when all men cry him,
And all hopes hang about his head ; thus place him,
His weapon hatcht in bloud, all theſe attending
When he ſhall make their fortunes,all as ſudden
In any expedition he ſhall point 'em,
As arrowes from a Tartars bow,and ſpeeding,
Dare I do this, and feare an enemy ?
Feare your great Maſter ? yours ? or yours ?
Dem. O *Hercules*,
Who ſaies you do ſir ? Is there any thing
In theſe mens faces, or their Maſters actions,
Able to worke ſuch wonders ?
Cel. Now 'a ſpeakes :
O I could dwell upon that tongue for ever.
Dem. You call 'em Kings,they never wore thoſe roialties
Nor in the progreſſe of their lives ariv'd yet
At any thought of King : emperiall dignities,
And powerfull god-like actions, fit for Princes
They can no more put on, and make 'em ſit right,
Then I can with this mortall hand hold heaven :
Poore petty men, nor have I yet forgot
The chiefeſt honours time, and merit gave 'em :
Lyſimachus your Maſter,at his beſt,
His higheſt, and his hopefull'ſt dignities
Was but grand-maſter of the *Celephants* ;
Seleucus of the Treaſure ; and for *Ptolomy*,
A thing not thought on then,ſcarce heard of yet,
Some maſter of amunition : and muſt theſe men—
Cel. What a brave confidence flowes from his his ſpirit?
O ſweet young man !
Dem. Muſt theſe hold peace with us,
And on the ſame field hang their memories ?
Muſt theſe examine what the wils of Kings are ?
Preſcribe to their deſignes, and chaine their actions
To their reſtraints ? be freinds,and foes when they pleaſe?
Send out their thunders,and their menaces,
As if the face of mortall thinge were theirs ?
Go home good men,and tell your maſters from us,
We do 'em too much honour to force from 'em
Their barren countries,ruine their vaſt Cities,
And tell 'em out of love,we meane to leave 'em
(Since they will needs be Kings) no more to tread on,
Then they have able wits, and powers to manage,
And ſo we ſhall befriend 'em : ha ? what does ſhe there ?
Emb. This is your anſwer King.
Ant. 'Tis like to prove ſo.
Dem. Fie ſweet,what make you here ?
Cel. Pray ye do not chide me.
Dem. You do your ſelfe much wrong, and me.
Cel. Pray you pardon me,
I feele my fault,which only was committed
Through my deare love to you : I have not ſeen ye,
And how can I live then ? I have not ſpoke to ye----
Dem. I know this weeke ye have not ; I will redeem all
You are ſo tender now : thinke where you are,ſweet.
Cel. What other light have I left ?
Dem. Prethee *Celia*,
Indeed, I'le ſee ye preſently.
Cel. I have done ſir :
You will not miſſe ?
Dem. By this, and this,I will not.
Cel. 'Tis in your will : and I muſt be obedient.
Dem. No more of theſe aſſemblies.
Cel. I am commanded.
1 Uſh. Roome for the Lady there : Madam,my ſervice--
1 Gent. My Coach and't pleaſe you Lady :
2 Uſh. Roome before there.
2 Gent. The honour Madam,but to waite upon you---
Cel. My ſervants, and my ſtate :
Lord,how they flocke now ?

Before I was affraid they would have beat me;
How theſe flies play i'th Sunſhine? pray ye no ſervices,
Or if ye needs muſt play the hobby-horſes,
Seek out ſome beautie that affects 'em: farewell,
Nay pray ye ſpare: Gentlemen I am old enough
To go alone at theſe yeares, without crutches. *Exit.*
2.Uſh. Wel, I could curſe now: but that will not help me,
I made as ſure account of this wench now, immediately,
Do but conſider how the devill has croſt me,
Meate for my Maſter ſhe cries, well ———
3 Em. Once more ſir,
We aske your reſolutions: peace or war yet?
Dem. War, war, my noble father.
1 Em. Thus I fling it:
And faire ey'd peace, farewell.
Ant. You have your anſwer;
Conduct out the Embaſſadours, and give 'em convoies.
Dem. Tell your high hearted Maſters, they ſhall not ſeek
Nor coole i'th' field in expectation of us, (us,
Wee'l eaſe your men thoſe marches: In their ſtrengths,
And full abilities of mind and courage,
Wee'l find 'em out, and at their beſt trim buckle with 'em
3 Em. You will find ſo hot a Souldiers welcome ſir,
Your favor ſhall not freeze,
2 Em. A forwerd Gentleman,
Pitty the wars ſhould bruiſe ſuch hopes---
Ant. Conduct 'em - *Ex. Em.*
Now, For this preparation: where's *Leontius*?
Call him in preſently: for I meane in perſon Gentlemen
My ſelfe, with my old fortune----
Dem. Royall ſir:
Thus low I beg this honour: fame already
Hath every where rais'd trophies to your glory,
And conqueſt now grown old, and weake with following
The weary marches, and the bloudy ſhockes
You daily ſet her in: 'tis now ſcarce honour
To you that never knew to fight, but conquer,
To ſparkle ſuch poore people: the roiall Eagle
When ſhe hath tri'd her young ones gainſt the Sun,
And found 'em right; next teacheth 'em to prey,
How to command on wing, and check below her
Even birds of noble plume; I am your owne ſir,
You have found my ſpirit, trie it now, and teach it,
To ſtoop whole kingdomes: leave a little for me;
Let not your glory be ſo greedy ſir,
To eate up all my hopes; you gave me life,
If to that life you adde not what's more laſting,
A noble name, for man you have made a ſhadow:
Bleſſe me this day: bid me go on, and lead,
Bid me go on, no leſſe fear'd, then *Antigonus*,
And to my maiden ſword, tye faſt your fortune;
I know 'twill fight it ſelfe then: deare ſir honour me:
Never faire virgin long'd ſo.
Ant. Riſe, and command then,
And be as fortunate as I expect ye:
I love that noble will; your young companions
Bred up and foſter'd with ye, I hope *Demetrius*, *Enter*
You will make ſouldiers too: they muſt not leave ye. *Leon.*
2 Gent. Never till life leave us ſir.
Ant. O *Leontius*,
Here's worke for you in hand.
Leon. I am ev'n right glad ſir.
For by my troath, I am now grown old with idleneſſe;
I heare we ſhall abroad ſir.
Ant. Yes, and preſentiy,
But who thinkes you commands now?
Leon. Who commands ſir?
Methinkes mine eye ſhould guide me: can there be
(If you your ſelfe will ſpare him ſo much honour)
Any found out to lead before your armies,
So full of faith, and fire as brave *Demetrius*?
King *Philips* Son, at his yeares was an old Souldier,
'Tis time his fortune be a wing, high time ſir,
So many idle houres, as here he loyters,
So many ever-living names he loſes,
I hope 'tis he.
Ant. 'Tis he indeed, and nobly
He ſhall ſet forward: draw you all thoſe Garriſons
Upon the frontiers as you paſſe: to thoſe
Joyne theſe in pay at home, our ancient ſouldiers,
And as you go preſſe all the Provinces.
Leo. We ſhall not need;
Beleeve, this hopefull Gentleman
Can want no ſwords, nor honeſt hearts to follow him,
We ſhall be full, no feare ſir.
Ant. You *Leontius*,
Becauſe you are an old, and faithfull ſervant,
And know the wars, with all his vantages,
Be neare to his inſtructions, leaſt his youth
Loſe valours beſt companion, ſtaid diſcretion,
Shew where to lead, to lodge, to charge with ſafetie;
In execution not to breake, nor ſcatter,
But with a provident anger, follow nobly:
Not covetous of bloud, and death, but honour,
Be ever neare his watches; cheere his labours,
And where his hope ſtands faire, provoke his valour;
Love him, and thinke it no diſhonour (my *Demetrius*)
To weare this Jewell neare thee; he is a tri'd one,
And one that even in ſpight of time, that ſunke him,
And froſted up his ſtrength, will yet ſtand by thee.
And with the proudeſt of thine enemies
Exchange for bloud, and bravely: take his counſell.
Leo. Your grace hath made me young again, and wanton.
Ant. She muſt be known and ſuddenly; when you have
Come in and take your leave ſir, and ſome few (done
Prayers along.
Ant. Do ye know her?
Gent. Char. No, beleeve ſir.
Ant. Did you obſerve her *Tymon*?
Tym. I look'd on her,
But what ſhe is ----
Ant. I muſt have that found.
Tym. Well ſir.
Dem. I know my duty, *Exit. Ant.*
You ſhall be halfe my father.
Leo. All your Servant:
Come Gentlemen, you are reſolv'd I am ſure
To ſee theſe wars.
1 Gent. We dare not leave his fortunes,
Though moſt aſſured death hung round about us.
Leo. That bargaines yet to make;
Be not too haſty, when ye face the Enemie,
Nor too ambitious to get honour inſtantly,
But charge within your bounds, and keepe cloſe bodies,
And you ſhall ſee what ſport wee'l make theſe mad-caps;
You ſhall have game enough, I warrant ye,
Every mans Cock ſhall fight.
Dem. I muſt go ſee ſir:
Brave ſir, as ſoone as I have taken leave,
I'le meet you in the Parck;
Draw the men thether,
Waite you upon *Leontius*.

Gent. Wee'l attend ſir.
Lie. But I beſeech your Grace, with ſpeed; the ſooner
We are i'th' field———
Dem. You could not pleaſe me better. *Exit.*
Leo. You never ſaw the wars yet?
Gent. Not yet Collonell.
Leo. Theſe fooliſh Miſtriſſes do ſo hang about ye,
So whimper, and ſo hug, I know it Gentlemen,
And ſo intice ye, now ye are i'th' bud;
And that ſweet tilting war, with eies and kiſſes,
Th' allarums of ſoft vowes, and ſighes, and fiddle faddles,
Spoiles all our trade: You muſt forget theſe knick knacks,
A woman at ſome time of yeare, I grant ye
She is neceſſarie; but make no buſines of her;
How now Lieutenant?

Ent. Lieutenant.

Lieu. Oh ſir, as ill as ever;
We ſhall have wars they ſay; they are muſtring yonder:
Would we were at it once: fie, how it plagues me.
Le. Here's one has ſerved now under Captaine *Cupid*,
And crackt a Pike in's youth: you ſee whats come on't.
Lieu. No, my diſeaſe will never prove ſo honourable.
Le. Why ſure, thou haſt the beſt pox.
Lieu. If I have 'em,
I am ſure I got 'em in the beſt companie;
They are pox of thirty Coates.
Le. Thou haſt mewed 'em finely:
Here's a ſtrange fellow now, and a brave fellow,
If we may ſay ſo of a pockie fellow,
(Which I beleeve we may) this poore Lieutenant;
Whether he have the ſcratches, or the ſcabs,
Or what a devill it be, I'le ſay this for him,
There fights no braver ſouldier under Sun, gentlemen;
Show him an Enemie, his paine's forgot ſtraight;
And where other men, by beds and bathes have eaſe,
And eaſie rules of phiſick, ſet him in a danger,
A danger, thats a fearfull one indeed,
Ye rock him, and he will ſo play about ye,
Let it be ten to one, he ne're comes off againe;
Ye have his heart: and then he works it bravely,
And throughly bravely: not a pang remembred:
I have ſeen him do ſuch things, beliefe would ſhrinke at.
Gent. 'Tis ſtrange he ſhould do all this, and diſeas'd ſo.
Leo. I am ſure 'tis true: Lieutenant, canſt thou drink wel?
Lieu. Would I were drunk, dog-drunk, I might not feele
Gent. I would take Phiſicke. (this.
Lieu. But I would know my diſeaſe firſt. (backward?
Leon. Why? it may be the Collique: canſt thou blow
Lieu. There's never a bag-pipe in the kingdom better.
Gent. Is't not a plureſie?
Lieu. 'Tis any thing
That has the devill, and death in't: will ye march Gentle-
The Prince has taken leave. (men?
Leo. How know ye that?
Lie. I ſaw him leave the Court, diſpatch his followers,
And met him after in a bye ſtreet: I thinke
He has ſome wench, or ſuch a toy, to lick over
Before he goe: would I had ſuch another
To draw this fooliſh paine downe.
Leo. Let's away Gentlemen,
For ſure the Prince will ſtay on us.
Gent. Wee'l attend ſir. *Exeunt.*

Scæne 2. *Enter Demetrius, and Celia.*

Cel. Muſt ye needs go?
Dem. Or ſtay with all diſhonour.
Cel. Are there not men enough to fight?
Dem. Fie *Celia*,
This ill becomes the noble love you beare me;
Would you have your love a coward?
Cel. No; beleeve ſir,
I would have him fight, but not ſo far off from me.
Dem. Wouldſt have it thus? or thus?
Cel. If that be fighting———
Dem. Ye wanton foole: when I come home againe
I'le fight with thee, at thine weapon *Celia*,
And conquer thee too.
Cel. That you have done already,
You need no other Armes to me, but theſe ſir;
But will you fight your ſelfe ſir?
Dem. Thus deep in bloud wench,
And through the thickeſt rankes of Pikes.
Cel. Spur bravely,
Your firie Courſer, beat the troopes before ye,
And crambe the mouth of death with executions.
Dem. I would do more then theſe: But prethee tell me,
Tell me my faire, where got'ſt thou this male ſpirit?
I wonder at thy mind.
Cel. Were I man then,
You would wonder more.
Dem. Sure thou wouldſt prove a Souldier,
And ſome great Leader.
Cel. Sure I ſhould do ſomewhat;
And the firſt thing I did, I ſhould grow envious,
Extreamely envious of your youth, and honour.
Dem. And fight againſt me?
Cel. Ten to one, I ſhould do it.
Dem. Thou wouldſt not hurt me?
Cel. In this mind I am in,
I thinke I ſhould be hardly brought to ſtrike ye,
Unleſſe 'twere thus; but in my mans mind———
Dem. What?
Cel. I ſhould be friends with ye too,
Now I thinke better.
Dem. Ye are a tall Souldier:
Here, take theſe, and theſe;
This gold to furniſh ye, and keepe this bracelet;
Why do yon weep now?
You a maſculine ſpirit?
Cel. No, I confeſſe, I am a foole, a woman:
And ever when I part with you———
Dem. You ſhall not,
Theſe teares are like prodigious ſignes, my ſweet one,
I ſhall come backe, loden with fame, to honour thee.
Cel. I hope you ſhall:
But then my deare *Demetrius*,
When you ſtand Conquerour, and at your mercy
All people bow, and all things waite your ſentence;
Say then your eye (ſurveying all your conqueſt)
Finds out a beautie, even in ſorrow excellent,
A conſtant face, that in the midſt of ruine
With a forc'd ſmile, both ſcornes at fate, and fortune:
Say you find ſuch a one, ſo nobly fortified,
And in her figure, all the ſweets of nature?
Dem. Prethee,
No more of this, I cannot find her.
Cel. That ſhews as far beyond my wither'd beauty;
And will run mad, to love ye too.
Dem. Do you feare me,
And do you thinke, beſides this face, this beauty,
This heart, where all my hopes are lock'd———

Cel. I dare not :
No ſure, I think ye honeſt ; wondrous honeſt.
Pray doe not frowne, Ile ſwear ye are.
Dem. Ye may chooſe.
Cel. But how long will ye be away ?
Dem. I know not.
Cel. I know you are angry now : pray look upon me :
Ile aske no more ſuch queſtions.
Dem. The Drums beat,
I can no longer ſtay.
Cel. They doe but call yet :
How faine you would leave my company.
Dem. I wou'd not,
Unleſſe a greater power then love commanded,
Commands my life, mine honour.
Cel. But a little.
Dem. Prethee farewell, and be not doubtfull of me.
Cel. I would not have ye hurt : and ye are ſo ventrous---
But good ſweet Prince preſerve your ſelfe, fight nobly,
But do not thruſt this body ; 'tis not yours now,
'Tis mine, 'tis onely mine : doe not ſeek wounds, Sir,
For every drop of bloud you bleed ——
Dem. I will *Celia*,
I will be carefull.
Cel. My heart, that loves ye deerely.
Dem. Prethee no more, we muſt part :
Harke, they march now.
Drums a March.
Cel. Pox on theſe bawling Drums : I am ſure you'll kiſſe me,
But one kiſſe ? what a parting's this ?
Dem. Here take me,
And doe what thou wilt with me, ſmother me ;
But ſtill remember, if your fooling with me,
Make me forget the truſt——
Cel. I have done : farewell ſir,
Never look back, you ſhall not ſtay, not a minute.
Dem. I muſt have one farewell more.
Cel. No, the Drums beat ;.
I dare not ſlack your honour ; not a hand more,
Onely this look ; the gods preſerve, and ſave ye.

Actus Secundus. Scæna prima.

Enter Antigonus, Carinthus, Tymon.

Ant. What have ye found her out ?
Char. We have hearkned after her.
Ant. What's that to my deſire ?
Char. Your grace muſt give us time,
And a little meanes.
Ty. She is ſure a ſtranger,
If ſhe were bred or knowne here——
Ant. Your dull endeavours *Enter Menippus.*
Should never be employ'd. Welcome *Menippus.*
Men. I have found her ſir,
I meane the place ſhe is lodg'd in; her name is *Celia*,
And much a doe I had to purchaſe that too.
Ant. Doſt think *Demetrius* loves her ?
Men. Much I feare it,
But nothing that way yet can win for certaine.
Ile tell your grace within this houre.
Ant. A ſtranger ?
Men. VVithout all doubt.
Ant. But how ſhould he come to her ?
Men. There lies the marrow of the matter hid yet.
Ant. Has't thou been with thy wife ?
Men. No ſir, I am going to her.
Ant. Goe and diſpatch, and meet me in the garden,
And get all out ye can. *Exit.*
Men. Ile doe my beſt ſir. *Exit.*
Tym. Bleſt be thy wife, thou wert an arrant aſſe elſe.
Char. I, ſhe is a ſtirring woman indeed :
There's a braine.brother.
Tym. There's not a handſowe wench of any mettle
VVithin an hundred miles, but her intelligence
Reaches her, and out-reaches her, and brings her
As confidently to Court, as to a ſanctuary :
VVhat had his mouldy braines ever arriv'd at,
Had not ſhe beaten it out oth' Flint to faſten him ?
They ſay ſhe keeps an office of Concealements :
There is no young wench, let her be a Saint,
Unleſſe ſhe live ith' Center, but ſhe findes her,
And every way prepares addreſſes to her :
If my wife would have followed her courſe *Charinthus*,
Her lucky courſe, I had the day before him :
O what might I have been by this time, Brother ?
But ſhe (forſooth) when I put theſe things to her,
Theſe things of honeſt thrift, groans, ô my conſcience,
The load upon my conſcience, when to make us cuckolds,
They have no more burthen then a brood-gooſe, brother;
But let's doe what we can, though this wench faile us,
Another of a new way will be lookt at :
Come, let's abroad, and beat our brains, time may
For all his wiſedome, yet give us a day. *Ex.*

Scæne. 2. *Drum within. Allarme. Enter Demetrius and Leontius.*

Dem. I will not ſee 'em fall thus, give me way ſir,
I ſhall forget you love me elſe.
Leo. VVill ye loſe all ?
For me to be forgotten, to be hated,
Nay never to have been a man, is nothing,
So you, and thoſe we have preſerv'd from ſlaughter
Come ſafely off.
Dem. I have loſt my ſelfe.
Leo. You are cozn'd.
Dem. And am moſt miſerable.
Leo. There's no man ſo, but he that makes himſelf ſo.
Dem. I will goe on.
Leo. You muſt not : I ſhall tell you then,
And tell you true, that man's unfit to governe,
That cannot guide himſelfe : you lead an Army ?
That have not ſo much manly ſuff'rance left yee,
To beare a loſſe ?
Dem. Charge but once more *Leontius*,
My friends and my companions are engag'd all.
Leo. Nay give 'em loſt, I ſaw 'em off their horſes,
And the enemy maſter of their Armes ; nor could then,
The policie, nor ſtrength of man redeem 'em.
Dem. And ſhall I know this, and ſtand fooling ?
Leo. By my dead fathers ſoule you ſtir not, ſir,
Or if you doe, you make your way through me firſt.
Dem. Thou art a Coward.
Leo. To prevent a Madman.
None but your fathers Son, durſt call me ſo,
'Death if he did---Muſt I be ſcandall'd by ye,
That hedg'd in all the helps I had to ſave ye ?
That, where there was a valiant weapon ſtirring,
Both ſearch'd it out, and ſingl'd it, unedg'd it,

For feare it ſhould bite you , am I a coward?
Goe,get ye up,and tell 'em ye are the Kings Sonne ;
Hang all your Ladies favours on your Creſt,
And let them fight their ſhares ; ſpurre to deſtruction,
You cannot miſſe the way : be bravely deſperate,
And your young friends before ye,that loſt this battell ,
Your honourable friends,that knew no order,
Cry out,*Antigonus*, the old *Antigonus*,
The wiſe and fortunate *Antigonus*,
The great,the valiant,and the fear'd *Antigenus*,
Has ſent a deſperate ſonne, without diſcretion
To bury in an houre his age of honor.
Dem. I am aſhamed.
Leo. Tis ten to one, I die with ye :
The coward will not long be after ye ;
I ſcorne to ſay I ſaw you fall,ſigh for ye,
And tell a whining tale,ſome ten yeares after
To boyes and girles in an old chimney corner,
Of what a Prince we had,how bravely ſpirited ;
How young and faire he fell : wee'l all goe with ye,
And ye ſhall ſee us all, like ſacrifices
In our beſt trim,fill up the mouth of ruine,
Will this faith ſatisfie your folly ? can this ſhow ye ,
Tis not to die we feare,but to die poorely,
To fall,forgotten,in a multitude ?
If you will needs tempt fortune now ſhe has held ye,
Held ye from ſinking up.
Dem. Pray doe not kill me,
Theſe words pierce deeper then the wounds I ſuffer,
The ſmarting wounds of loſſe.
Leo. Ye are too tender ;
Fortune has houres of loſſe,and houres of honor,
And the moſt valiant feele them both : take comfort,
The next is ours, I have a ſoule deſcries it :
The angry bull never goes backe for breath,
But when he meanes to arme his fury double.
Let this day ſet but not the memorie,
And we ſhall find a time : How now Lieutenant ?

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieu. I know not : I am mall'd:we are bravely beaten,
All our young gallants loſt.
Leo. Thou art hurt.
Lieu. I am pepper'd,
I was i'th' midſt of all : and bang'd of all hands :
They made an anvile of my head,it rings yet ;
Never ſo threſh'd : do you call this fame? I have fam'd it ;
I have got immortall fame, but I'le no more on't ;
I'le no ſuch ſcratching Saint to ſerve hereafter ;
'O my conſcience I was kill'd above twenty times,
And yet I know not what a Devil's in't,
I crawled away,and lived againe ſtill ; I am hurt plaguily,
But now I have nothing neere ſo much paine Colonell,
They have ſliced me for that maladie.
Dem. All the young men loſt ?
Lie. I am glad you are here:but they are all i'th' pound ſir,
They'l never ride o're other mens corne againe,I take it,
Such friſking,and ſuch flaunting with their feathers,
And ſuch careering with their miſtres favours ;
And here muſt he be pricking out for honor,
And there got he a knocke,and downe goes pilgarlike,
Commends his ſoule to his ſhe-ſaint, and *exit*.
Another ſpurres in there,cryes make roome villaines,
I am a Lord,ſcarce ſpoken,but with reverence
A raſcall takes him o're the face,and fels him ;
There lyes the Lord, the Lord be with him.
Leo. Now ſir,
Doe you find this truth ?
Leo. I would not.
Lieu. Pox upon it,
They have ſuch tender bodies too ; ſuch Culliſſes,
That one good hanſome blow breaks 'em a pieces.
Leo. How ſtands the Enemie ?
Lieu. Even coole enough too :
For to ſay truth,he has bin ſhrewdly heated,
The gentleman no doubt will fall to his jewlips.
Leo. He marches not i'th' taile on's.
Lieu. No,plague take him,
Hee'l kiſſe our tailes as ſoone; he lookes upon us,
As if he would ſay,if ye will turne againe, friends,
We will belabor you a little better,
And beat a little more care into your coxcombs.
Now ſhall we have damnable Ballads out againſt us,
Moſt wicked madrigals : and ten to one Colonell,
Sung to ſuch lowſie,lamentable tunes.
Leo. Thou art merrie,
How e're the game goes : good ſir be not troubled,
A better day will draw this backe againe.
Pray goe,and cheere thoſe left,and lead 'em off,
They are hot, and wearie.
Dem. I'le doe any thing.
Leo. Lieutenant, ſend one preſentlie away
To 'th' King,and let him know our ſtate : and harke ye,
Be ſure the meſſenger adviſe his Majeſtie
To comfort up the Prince : hee's full of ſadnes.
Lieu. When ſhall I get a Surgeon ? this hot weather,
Unleſſe I be well pepper'd,I ſhall ſtinke Colonel.
Leo. Goe, I'le prepare thee one.
Lieu. If ye catch me then,
Fighting againe, I'le eat hay with a horſe. *Ex.*

Scæne 3. *Enter Leucippe(reading)and two Maids at a Table, writing.*

Leu. Have ye written to *Merione* ?
1.*Ma.* Yes,Madam.
Leu. And let her underſtand the hopes ſhe has ;
If ſhe come ſpeedilie ———
1.*Ma.*All theſe are ſpecified,
Leu. And of the chaine is ſent her,
And the rich ſtuffe to make her ſhew more hanſome here?
1 *Maid.* All this is done, Madam.
Leu. What have you diſpatcht there ?
2 *Mai.*A letter to the Countrey maid, and't pleaſe ye.
Leu. A pretty girle,but peeviſh,plaguy peeviſh :
Have ye bought the embroydered gloves , and that purſe (for her,
And the new Curle?
2. *Maid.* They are ready packt up Madam.
Leu. Her maiden-head will yeeld me; let me ſee now;
She is not fifteen they ſay : for her complexion——
Cloe, *Cloe*, *Cloe*, here, I have her,
Cloe, the Daughter of a Countrey gentleman ;
Her age upon fifteen : now her complexion,
A lovely browne ; here 'tis ; eyes black and rolling,
The body neatly built : ſhe ſtrikes a Lute well,
Sings moſt inticingly : theſe helpes conſider'd,
Her maiden-head will amount to ſome three hundred,
Or three hundred & fifty crowns;'twil bear it handſomly.
Her father's poore, ſome little ſhare deducted,
To buy him a hunting Nag ; I, 'twill be pretty :
VVho takes care of the Merchants wife?
1 *Mai.* I have wrought her.
Leu. You know for whom ſhe is ;

1. *Maid.* Very well, Madam,
Though very much adoe, I had to make her
Apprehend that happineſſe.
Leu. Thoſe kinde are ſubtile:
Did ſhe not cry and blubber when ye urg'd her. (periſh.
1. *Maid.* O moſt extremly, & ſwore ſhe would rather
Leu. Good ſignes, very good ſignes,
Symptomes of eaſie nature.
Had ſhe the plate?
1. *Maid.* She lookt upon't; and left it,
And turn'd againe, and view'd it.
Leu. Very well ſtill.
1 *Maid.* At length ſhe was content to let it lye there,
Till I call'd for't, or ſo.
Leu. She will come?
1. *Maid.* Doe you take me
For ſuch a foole, I would part without that promiſe?
Leu. The Chamber next the parke.
2. *Maid.* The Widdow Madam,
You bid me look upon?
Leu. Hang her, ſhe is muſtie:
She is no mans meat; beſide, ſhe is poore and ſluttiſh:
Where lies old *Thisby* now, you are ſo ſo long now----.
2. *Ma. Thisbe, Thisbe, Thiis.* agent *Thisbe*, ô I have her,
She lyes now in *Nicopolis*.
Leu. Diſpatch a packet,
And tell her, her ſuperiour here commands her,
The next Mon'th not to faile, but ſee deliver'd
Here to our uſe, ſome twenty young and handſome,
As alſo able maids, for the Court ſervice,
As ſhe will anſwer it: we are out of beautie,
Utterly out, and rub the time away here,
With ſuch blown ſtuff, I am aſham'd to ſend it. { *Knock*
Who's that? look out, to your buſineſſe maid, } *within.*
There's nothing got by idleneſſe: There is a Lady,
Which if I can but buckle with *Altea*,
A, A, A, A, Altea, young, and married,
And a great lover of her husband: well,
Not to be brought to Court: ſay ye ſo? I am ſorry, (is't?
The Court ſhall be brought to you then: how no w, who
1. *Maid.* An ancient woman, with a maid attending,
A pretty girle, but out of cloathes; for a little money,
It ſeemes ſhe would put her to your bringing up, Madam,
Enter Woman, and Phebe.
Leu. Let her come in. Would ye ought with us, good
I pray be ſhort, we are full of buſineſſe (woman
Wo. I have a tender girle here, and't pleaſe your honour.
Leu. Very well.
VVom. That hath a great deſire to ſerve your worſhip.
Leu. It may be ſo; I am full of Maids.
VVom. She is young, forſooth----
And for her truth; and as they ſay her bearing. (pulſe,
Leu. Ye ſay well: come ye hither maid, let me feel your
'Tis ſomewhat weak, but nature will grow ſtronger,
Let me ſee your leg, ſhe treads but low ith' paſternes.
VVom. A cork heele Madam.
Leu. We know what will doe it, (at?
Without your aime good woman: what do you pitch her
Shee's but a ſlight toy---cannot hold out long.
VVom. Even what yon think is meet.
Leu. Give her ten Crowns, we are full of buſineſſe,
Shee is a poore woman, let her take a Cheeſe home:
Enter the wench ith' office. *Ex. VVom. & 1. Mai.*
2. *Maid.* What's your name, ſiſter?
Phe, *Phebe* forſooth.
Leu. A pretty name; 'twill doe well:
Goe in, and let the other maid inſtruct ye *Phebe*; *Ex. Phe.*
Let my old velvet skirt be made fit for her,
I'le put her into action for a waſcoate,
And when I have rigg'd her up once, this ſmall Pinnace
Shall ſaile for gold, and good ſtore too: who's there? *Knock*
Lord, ſhall we never have any eaſe in this world? *within.*
Still troubled? ſtill moleſted? what would you have? *Ent.*
I cannot furniſh ye faſter then I am able *Menippe.*
And ye were my husband a thouſand times, I cannot do it;
At leaſt a dozen poaſts are gone this morning
For ſeverall parts of the Kingdome: I can do no more
But pay 'em, and inſtruct 'em.
Men. Prethee, good ſweet heart,
I come not to diſturbe thee, nor diſcourage thee,
I know thou labour'ſt truly: harke in thine eare.
Lieu. Ha?
What do you make ſo dainty on't? looke there,
I am an Aſſe, I can do nothing.
Men. Celia?
I, this is ſhe; a ſtranger borne.
Lieu. What would you give for more now?
Men. Prethee, my beſt *Leucippe*, there's much hangs on
Lodg'd at the end of *Marse's* ſtreet? thats true too;
At the ſacke of ſuch a Towne, by ſuch a Souldier
Preſerv'd a priſoner: and by Prince *Demetrius*
Bought from that man againe, maintain'd, and favourd:
How came you by this knowledge?
Leu. Poore weake man,
I have a thouſand eyes, when thou art ſleeping,
Abroad, and full of buſineſſe.
Men. You never tri'd her?
Leu. No, ſhe is beyond my levell; ſo hedg'd in
By the Princes infinite love, and favour to her----
Men. She is a hanſome wench.
Leu. A delicate, and knowes it;
And out of that proofe armes her ſelfe.
Men. Come in then;
I have a great deſigne from the King to you,
And you muſt worke like waxe now.
Leu. On this Lady?
Men. On this, and all your wits call home.
Leu. I have done,
Toyes in my time of ſome note; old as I am,
I thinke my braines will not worke without barme,
Take up the Bookes.
Men. As we goe in, I'le tell ye. *Exeunt.*

Scæne 4. *Enter Antigonus, Tymon, Lords, and a Souldier.*

Ant. No face of ſorrow for this loſſe? 'twill choake him,
Nor no maſt miſſe a friend, I know his nature
So deep impreſt with griefe, for what he has ſuffer'd,
That the leaſt adding to it, adds to his ruine;
His loſſe is not ſo infinite, I hope Souldier?
Soul. Faith neither great, nor out of diſcretion,
The young men out of heate.
Enter Demetrius, Leontius, and Lieutenant.
Ant. I gheſſe the manner.
Lord Men. The Prince and't like your Grace---s
Ant. You are welcome home ſir;
Come, no more ſorrow, I have heard your fortune,
And I my ſelft haue tride the like: cleare up man,
I will not have ye take it thus; if I doubted.
Your feare had loſt; and that you had turn'd your back to
Baſely beſought their mercies---- ('em,

Leo. No, no, by this hand ſir,
We fought like honeſt and tall men.
Antig. I know't *Leontius*; or if I thought
Neglect of rule, having his councell with ye,
Or too vaine-glorious appetite of fame,
Your men forgot, and ſcatter'd.
Leo. None of theſe ſir,
He ſhew'd himſelfe a noble gentleman,
Every way apt to rule.
Ant. Theſe being granted;
Why ſhould you think you have done an act ſo hainous,
That nought but diſcontent dwells round about ye?
I have loſt a Battaile.
Leo. I, and fought it hard too.
Ant. With as mnch meanes as man---
Leo. Or devill could urge it.
Ant. Twenty to one of our ſide now.
Leo. Turne Tables,
Beaten like dogs againe, like Owles, you take it
To hart for flying but a mile before 'em,
And to ſay truth, 'twas no flight neither ſir,
'Twas but a walke, a handſome walke,
I have tumbl'd with this old body, beaten like a ſtock-fiſh,
And ſtuck with arrowes, like an arming Quiver,
Blouded and bang'd, almoſt a day before 'em,
And glad I have got off then. Here's a mad ſhaver,
He fights his ſhare I am ſure, when ere he comes to't;
Yet I have ſeen him trip it tithely too,
And cry the devill take the hindmoſt ever.
Lieu. I learn'd it of my betters.
Leo. Boudge at this?
Ant. Has fortune but one face?
Lieu. In her beſt vizard,
Me thinks ſhe looks but lowzily.
Ant. Chance, though ſhe faint now,
And ſink below our expectations,
Is there no hope left ſtrong enough to boy her?
Dem. 'Tis not this day, I fled before the enemie,
And loſt my people, left mine honour murder'd,
My mayden honour, never to be ranſom'd,
(VVhich to a noble ſoule is too too ſencible)
Afflicts me with this ſadneſſe; moſt of theſe,
Time may turne ſtraight againe, experience perfect,
And new ſwords, cut new wayes to nobler fortunes.
O I have loſt———
Ant. As you are mine forget it:
I doe not think it loſſe.
Demet. O ſir, forgive me,
I have loſt my friends, thoſe worthy ſoules bred with me,
I have loſt my ſelfe, they were the pieces of me;
I have loſt all Arts, my Schooles are taken from me,
Honour and Armes, no emulation left me:
I liv'd to ſee theſe men loſt, look'd upon it;
Theſe men that twin'd their loves to mine, their vertues,
O ſhame of ſhames, I ſaw, and could not ſave 'em,
This carries ſulphure in't, this burnes and boyles me,
And like a fatall Tombe beſtrides my memorie.
Antig. This was hard fortune, but if alive, and taken,
They ſhall be ranſom'd; let it be at Millions.
Dem. They are dead, they are dead.
Lieu. VVhen would he weep for me thus?
I may be dead, and powder'd.
Leo. Good Prince, grieve not:
VVe are not certaine of their deaths: the enemy,
Though he be hot, and keene,
Yet holds good Quarter.
VVhat noyſe is this?

Great Shout within, Enter Gentlemen.

Lieu. He doe's not follow us?
Give me a ſteeple top.
Leo. They live, they live ſir.
Ant. Hold up your manly face;
They live, they are here, Son.
Dem. Theſe are the men.
1 *Gent.* They are, and live to honour ye.
Dem. How ſcap't ye noble friends? me thought I ſaw ye
Even in the jawes of death.
2. *Gent.* Thanks to our folly,
That ſpurr'd us on; we were indeed hedg'd round in't,
And ev'n beyond the hand of ſuccour beaten,
Unhors'd, diſarm'd: and what we lookt for then ſir,
Let ſuch poore weary ſoules that heare the Bell knoll,
And ſee the grave a digging, tell.
Dem. For heaven ſake
Delude mine eyes no longer: how came ye off?
1. *Gent.* Againſt all expectation: the brave *Seleucus*,
I thinke this day enamour'd on your vertue,
VVhen, through the Troops, he ſaw ye ſhoot like lightnings,
And at your manly courage all tooke fire,
And after that, the miſerie we fell too,
The never-certaine fate of war conſidering,
As we ſtood all before him, fortunes ruines,
Nothing but death expecting, a ſhort time
He made a ſtand upon our youths and fortunes,
Then with an eye of mercy inform'd his judgement,
How yet unripe we were, unblowne, unhardend,
Unfitted for ſuch fatall ends; he cryed out to us,
Goe Gentlemen, commend me to your Maſter,
To the moſt high, and hopefull prince *Demetrius*,
Tell him the valour that he ſhowed againſt me
This day, the virgin valour, and true fire
Deſerves, even from an Enemie, this courteſie;
Your lives and Armes freely I'le give 'em: thanke him,
And thus we are return'd Sir.
Leo. Faith 'twas well done;
'Twas bravely done; was't not a noble part Sir?
Lieu. Had I been there, up had I gone, I am ſure on't;
Theſe noble tricks, I never durſt truſt 'em yet.
Leo. Let me not live, and't were not a famed honeſtie;
It takes me ſuch a tickling way: now would I wiſh heaven
But ee'n the happines, ee'n that poore bleſſing
For all the ſharp afflictions thou haſt ſent me,
But ee'n i'th' head o'th' field to take *Seleucus*.
I ſhould doe ſomething memorable: fie, ſad ſtill.
1. *Gent.* Doe you grieve we are come off?
Dem. Unranſom'd, was it?
2. *Gent.* It was ſir.
Dem. And with ſuch a fame to me?
Said ye not ſo?
Leo. Ye have heard it.
Dem. O *Leontius*,
Better I had loſt 'em all: my ſelfe had periſhed,
And all my fathers hopes,
Leo. Mercy upon ye,
VVhat ayle ye Sir? 'death, doe not make fooles on's,
Neither goe to Church, nor tarry at home,
That's a fine Horne-pipe?
Ant. VVhat's now your griefe *Demetrius*?
Dem. Did he not beat us twice?
Leo. He beate a pudding;
Beate us but once.
Dem. Has beate me twice, and beat me to a coward,

Beat me to nothing.
Lieu. Is not the devill in him?
Leo. I pray it be no worſe.
Dem. Twice conquer'd me.
Leo. Bear witneſſe all the world, I am a dunce here.
Dem. With valour firſt he ſtrook me, then with honour;
That ſtroak *Leontius*, that ſtrook, do'ſt thou not feele it?
Leo. Where abouts was it? for I remember nothing yet.
Dem. All theſe gentlemen
That were his priſoners----
Leo. Yes, he ſet 'em free ſir,
With Armes and honour.
Dem. There, there, now thou haſt it;
At mine owne weapon, Courteſie, h'as beaten me,
At that I was held a Maſter in, he has cow'd me,
Hotter then all the dint oth' fight he has charg'd me:
Am I not now a wretched fellow? think on't;
And when thou haſt examin'd all wayes honourable,
And find'ſt no doore left open to requite this,
Conclude I am a wretch, and was twice beaten.
Ant. I have obſerv'd your way, and underſtand it,
And equall love it as *Demetrius*,
My noble childe thou ſhalt not fall in vertue,
I and my power will ſink firſt: you *Leontius*,
Wait for a new Commiſſion, ye ſhall out againe,
And inſtantly: you ſhall not lodge this night here,
Not ſee a friend, nor take a bleſſing with ye,
Before ye be ith' field: the enemy is up ſtill,
And ſtill in ful dnſigne: Charge him againe, Son,
And either bring home that againe thou haſt loſt there,
Or leave thy body by him.
Dem. Ye raiſe me,
And now I dare look up againe, *Leontius*.
Leo. I, I, ſir, I am thinking who we ſhall take of 'em,
To make all ſtraight; and who we ſhall give toth' devill.
VVhat ſaiſt thou now Lieutenant?
Lieu. I ſay nothing.
Lord what aile *I*, that *I* have no minde to fight now?
I finde my conſtitution mightily alter'd
Since *I* came home: *I* hate all noiſes too,
Eſpecially the noiſe of Drums; I am now as well
As any living man; why not as valiant?
To fight now, is a kinde of vomit to me,
It goes againſt my ſtomack.
Dem. Good ſir, preſently;
You cannot doe your Son, ſo faire a favour.
Ant. 'Tis my intent: Ile ſee ye march away too;
Come, get your men together preſently, *Leontius*,
And preſſe where pleaſe you, as you march.
Leo. VVe goe ſir.
Ant. VVait you on me, Ile bring ye to your command,
And then to fortune give you up.
Dem. Ye love me. *Ext.*
Leo. Goe, get the drums, beat round, Lieutenant.
Lieu. Harke ye, ſir,
I have a fooliſh buſineſſe they call marriage.
Leo. After the wars are done.
Lieu. The partie ſtaies ſir,
I have giv'n the Prieſt his money too: all my friends ſir,
My father, and my mother.
Leo. VVill you goe forward?
Lieu. She brings a pretty matter with her.
Leo. Halfe a dozen Baſtards.
Lieu. Some fortie ſir.
Leo. A goodly competency.
Lieu. I meane ſir, pounds a year; Ile diſpatch the matter,
'Tis but a night or two; Ile overtake ye ſir.
Leo. The 2 old legions, yes: where lies the horſe-quarter?
Lieu. And if it be a boy, Ile even make bold ſir.
Leo. Away with your whore,
A plague o' your whore, you damn'd rogue,
Now ye are cur'd and well; muſt ye be clicketing?
Lieu. I have broke my minde to my Ancient, in my abſence,
Hee's a ſufficient gentleman.
Leo. Get forward.
Lieu. Onely receive her portion.
Leo. Get ye forward;
Elſe Ile bang ye forward.
Lieu. Strange ſir,
A Gentleman and an officer cannot have the libertie
To doe the office of a man.
Leo. Shame light on thee,
How came this whore into thy head?
Lieu. This whore ſir?
'Tis ſtrange, a poore whore.
Leo. Doe not anſwer me:
Troop, Troop away; doe not name this whore againe,
Or think there is a whore.
Lieu. That's very hard ſir.
Leo. For if thou doſt, look to't, Ile have thee guelded,
Ile walk ye out before me: not a word more. *Ex.*

Scæne 5. *Enter Leucippe, and Governeſſe.*

Leu. Ye are the Miſtris of the houſe ye ſay,
Where this young Ladie lies.
Gov. For want of a better.
Leu. You may be good enough for ſuch a purpoſe:
When was the Prince with her? anſwer me directly.
Gover. Not ſince he went a warring.
Leuc. Very well then:
What carnall copulation are you privie too
Between theſe two? be not afraid, we are women,
And may talke thus amongſt our ſelves, no harme in't.
Gover. No ſure, there's no harme in't, I conceive that;
But truely, that I ever knew the gentlewoman
Otherwiſe given, then a hopefull gentlewoman——
Leuc. You'll grant me the Prince loves her?
Gov. There I am with ye.
And the gods bleſſe her, promiſes her mightily.
Leu. Stay there a while. And gives her gifts?
Gov. Extreamly;
And truely makes a very Saint of her.
Leu. I ſhould think now,
(Good woman let me have your judgement with me,
I ſee 'tis none of the worſt: Come ſit down by me)
That theſe two cannot love ſo tenderly.
Gov. Being ſo young as they are too.
Leu. You ſay well---
But that methinks ſome further promiſes——
Gov. Yes, yes,
I have heard the Prince ſweare he would marry her.
Leuc. Verie well ſtill: they doe not uſe to fall out?
Gov. The tendereſt Chickens to one another,
They cannot live an houre aſſunder.
Leu. I have done then;
And be you gone; you know your charge, and doe it.
You know whoſe will it is; if you tranſgreſſe it---
That is, if any have acceſſe, or ſee her,
Before the Kings will be fulfill'd---
Gov. Not the Prince, Madam?
Leu. You'll be hang'd if you it, that Ile aſſure ye.

Gov. But ne're the leſſe, Ile make bold to obey ye.
Leuc. Away, and to your buſineſſe then.
Gov. 'Tis done, Madam. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna prima.

Enter Antigonus and Menippus.

Ant. THou haſt taken wondrous pains; but yet *Menippus,*
You underſtand not of what bloud,& countrey.
Men. I labour'd that, but cannot come to know it.
A *Greek* I am ſure ſhe is, ſhe ſpeaks this language.
Ant. Is ſhe ſo excellent handſome?
Men. Moſt inticing.
Ant. Sold for a priſoner?
Men. Yes ſir,
Some poore creature.
Ant. And he loves tenderly?
Men. They ſay extreamly.
Ant. 'Tis well prevented then: yes, I perceiv'd it:
When he took leave now, he made a hundred ſtops,
Deſir'd an houre, but halfe an houre, a minute,
Which I with anger croſs'd; I knew his buſineſſe,
I knew 'twas ſhe he hunted on; this journey, man,
I beat out ſuddenly for her cauſe intended,
And would not give him time to breath. When comes ſhe?
Men. This morning ſir.
Ant. Lodge her to all delight then:
For I would have her try'd toth' teſt: I know,
She muſt be ſome crackt coyne, not fit his traffique,
Which when we have found, the ſhame will make him leave her,
Or we ſhal work a nearer way: Ile bury him,
And with him all the hopes I have caſt upon him,
Ere he ſhall dig his owne grave in that woman:
You know which way to bring her: Ile ſtand cloſe there,
To view her as ſhe paſſes: and doe you hear *Menippus,*
Obſerve her with all ſweetneſſe: humour her,
'Twill make her lie more careleſſe to our purpoſes.
Away, and take what helpes you pleaſe.
Men. I am gone ſir. *Exeunt.*

Scæne 2. *Enter Celia, and Governeſſe.*

Cel. Governeſſe, from whom was this Gown ſent me?
Prethee be ſerious true; I will not wear't elſe:
'Tis a handſome one.
Gov. As though you know not?
Cel. No faith:
But I believe, for certaine too, yet I wonder,
Becauſe it was his caution, this poore way,
Still to preſerve me from the curious ſearchings
Of greedy eyes.
Gov. You have it: does it pleaſe you?
Cel. 'Tis very rich, methinks too, prethee tell me?
Gov. From one that likes you wel, never look coy, Lady;
Theſe are no gifts, to be put off with poutings.
Cel. Powtings, and gifts? is it from any ſtranger?
Gov. You are ſo curious, that there is no talk to ye.
What if it be I pray ye?
Cel. Unpin good Governeſſe,
Quick, quick.
Gov. Why, what's the matter?
Cel. Quick, good Governeſſe:
Fie on't, how beaſtly it becomes me? poorely?
A trick put in upon me? well ſaid Governeſſe:
I vow I would not weare it---out, it ſmells muſty.
Are theſe your tricks? now I begin to ſmell it
Abominable muſty; will ye help me?
The Prince will come againe——
Gov. You are not mad ſure?
Cel. As I live ile cut it off: a pox upon it;
For ſure it was made for that uſe; do you bring me Livories?
Stales to catch Kites? doſt thou laugh too, thou baſe woman;
Gov. I cannot chuſe, if I ſhould be hang'd.
Cel. Abuſe me,
And then laugh at me too?
Gover. I doe not abuſe ye:
Is it abuſe, to give him drink that's thirſty?
You want cloathes; is it ſuch a hainous ſin I beſeech ye,
To ſee you ſtor'd?
Cel. There is no greater wickedneſſe
Then this way.
Gov. What way?
Cel. I ſhall curſe thee fearefully,
If thou provok'ſt me further: and take heed, woman;
My curſes never miſſe.
Gov. Curſe him that ſent it.
Cel. Tell but his name——
Gov. You dare not curſe him.
Cel. Dare not?
By this faire light——
Gov. You are ſo full of paſſion----
Cel. Dare not be good? be honeſt? dare not curſe him?
Gov. I think you dare not: I beleeve ſo.
Cel. Speak him.
Gov. Up with your valour then, up with it bravely,
And take your full charge.
Cel. If I doe not, hang me;
Tell but his name.
Gov. 'Twas Prince *Demetrius* ſent it:
Now, now, give fire, kill him ith' eye now Lady.
Cel. Is he come home?
Gov. It ſeems ſo; but your curſe now.
Col. You doe not lie, I hope.
Gov. You dare not curſe him.
Cel. Prethee do not abuſe me: is he come home indeed?
For I would now with all my heart beleeve thee.
Gov. Nay, you may chuſe: alas, I deale for ſtrangers,
That ſend ye ſcurvie muſty Gownes, ſtale Livories:
I have my tricks.
Cel. 'Tis a good gowne, a handſome one;
I did but jeſt; where is he?
Gov. He that ſent it---
Cel. How? he that ſent it? is't come to that againe?
Thou canſt not be ſo fooliſh: prethee ſpeak out,
I may miſtake thee.
Gov. I ſaid he that ſent it.
Cel. Curſe o' my life: why doſt thou vex me thus?
I know thou meanſt *Demetrius*, doſt thou not?
I charge thee ſpeak truth: if it be any other,
Thou knowſt the charge he gave thee, and the juſtice
His anger will inflict, if 'ere he know this,
As know he ſhall, he ſhall, thou ſpightfull woman,
Thou beaſtly woman; and thou ſhalt know too late too,
And feele too ſenſible, I am no ward,
No ſale ſtuffe for your money Merchants that ſent it!
Who dare ſend me, or how durſt thou, thou——
Gov. What you pleaſe:
For this is ever the reward of ſervice.

The Prince ſhall bring the next himſelfe.
Cel. 'Tis ſtrange
That you ſhould deale ſo peeviſhly : beſhrew ye,
You have put me in a heat.
Gov. I am ſure ye have kild me :
I ne're receiv'd ſuch language : I can but wait upon ye,
And be your drudge ; keep a poore life to ſerve ye.
Cel. You know my nature is too eaſie, Governeſſe,
And you know now, I am ſorry too : how does he ?
Gov. O God, my head.
Cel. Prethee be wel, and tell me,
Did he ſpeak of me, ſince he came ? nay, ſee now,
If thou wilt leave this tyranny ? good ſweet governeſſe,
Did he but name his *Celia* ? look upon me,
Upon my faith I meant no harme : here, take this,
And buy thy ſelfe ſome rrifies : did a' good wench?
Gov. He loves yee but too dearely.
Cel. That's my good Governeſſe.
Gov. There's more cloathes making for yee.
Cel. More cloathes ?
Gov. More :
Richer and braver ; I can tell yee that newes ;
And twenty glorious things.
Cel. To what uſe ſirrah? (wretches
Gov. Ye are too good for our houſe now : we poore
Shall loſe the comfort of ye.
Cel. No, I hope not.
Gov. For ever loſe ye Lady.
Cel. Loſe me ? wherefore ?
I heare of no ſuch thing.
Gov. 'Tis ſure it muſt be ſo :
You muſt ſhine now at Court : ſuch preparation,
Such hurrie, and ſuch hanging roomes———
Cel. Toth' Court wench ?
Was it toth' Court thou ſaidſt?
Gox. You'll finde it ſo.
Cel. Staie, ſtay, this cannot be.
Gov. I ſay it muſt be :
I hope to finde ye ſtill the ſame good Lady. (wench,
Cel. Toth' Court ? this ſtumbles me : art ſure for me,
This preparation is ?
Gov. She is peilous crafty:
I feare too honeſt for us all too. Am I ſure I live ?
Cel. Toth' Court? this cannot down : what ſhould I do
Why ſhould he on a ſuddain change his mind thus, (there?
And not make me acquainted ? ſure he loves me ;
His vow was made againſt it, and mine with him :
At leaſt while this King liv'd : he will come hither,
And ſee me ere I goe ?
Gov. Wou'd ſome wiſe woman
Had her in working : that I think he will not,
Becauſe he means with all joy there to meet ye.
Ye ſhall heare more within this houre ?
Cel. A Courtier ?
What may that meaning be ? ſure he will ſee me
If he be come, he muſt : Hark ye good Governeſſe,
What age is the King of ?
Gov. Hee's an old man, and full of buſineſſe.
Cel. I feare too full indeed : what Ladies are there ?
I would be loath to want good company.
Gov. Delicate young Ladies, as you would deſire ;
And when you are acquainted, the beſt company.
Cel. 'Tis very well : prethee goe in, let's talk more.
For though I feare a trick, Ile bravely try it.
Gov. I ſee he muſt be cunning,
Knoks this Doe downe. *Exeunt.*

Scæne 3. *Enter Lieutenant, & Leontius. Drums within.*

Leo. You ſhal not have your wil, ſirrah, are ye running?
Have ye gotten a toy in your heeles ? Is this a ſeaſon,
When honour pricks ye on, to prick your eares up,
After your whore, your Hobby-horſe ?
Lieu. Why look ye now :
What a ſtrange man are you? would you have a man fight
At all houres all alike.
Leo. Doe but fight ſomething ;
But halfe a blow, and put thy ſtomack to't :
Turne but thy face, and do but make mouthes at 'em.
Lieu. And have my teeth knockt out; I thank ye heartily,
Ye are my deare friend.
Leo. What a devill ailes thee ?
Doſt long to be hang'd ?
Lieu. Faith Sir, I make no ſuit for't :
But rather then I would live thus out of charity,
Continually in brawling——
Leo. Art thou not he ?
I may be cozn'd——
Lie. I ſhall be diſcover'd.
Leo. That in the midſt of thy moſt helliſh pains,
When thou wert crawling ſick, didſt aime at wonders,
When thou wert mad with paine ?
Lieu. Ye have found the cauſe out ;
I had ne're been mad to fight elſe : I confeſſe ſir,
The dayly torture of my ſide that vext me,
Made me as dayly careleſſe what became of me,
Till a kinde ſword there wounded me, and eas'd me ;
'Twas nothing in my valour fought ; I am well now,
And take ſome pleaſure in my life, methinks now,
It ſhewes as mad a thing to me to ſee you ſcuffle,
And kill one another fooliſhly for honour,
As 'twas to you, to ſee me play the cox-combe.
Leo. And wilt thou ne're fight more ?
Lieu. Ith' minde I am in,
Leo. Nor never be ſick againe ?
Lieu. I hope I ſhall not.
Leo. Prethee be ſick againe ; prethee, I beſeech thee,
Be juſt ſo ſick againe.
Lieu. Ile juſt be hang'd firſt.
Leo. If all the Arts that are can make a Chollique,
Therefore look to't : or if impoſthumes, marke me,
As big as foot-bals———
Lieu. Deliver me.
Leo. Or ſtones of ten pound weight ith' kidneyes,
Through eaſe and ugly dyets may be gather'd ;
Ile feed ye up my ſelfe ſir, Ile prepare ye,
You cannot fight, unleſſe the devill teare ye,
You ſhall not want provocations, Ile ſcratch ye,
Ile have thee have the tooth-ach, and the head-ach.
Lieu. Good Colonell, Ile doe any thing.
Leo. No, no, nothing—— (lowes,
Then will I have thee blowne with a paire of Smiths bel-
Becauſe ye ſhall be ſure to have a round gale with ye,
Fil'd full of oyle, o' devill, and *Aqua fortis*,
And let theſe worke, theſe may provoke.
Lieu. Good Colonell.
Leo. A coward in ful bloud ; prethee be plain with me,
Will roaſting doe thee any good ?
Lieu. Nor baſting neither, ſir.
Leo. Marry that goes hard. *Enter 1. Gent.*
1 Gent. Where are you Colonell ?
The Prince expects ye ſir ; has hedg'd the enemy

Within a ſtraight, where all the hopes and valours
Of all men living cannot force a paſſage,
He has 'em now.
Leo. I knew all this before ſir,
I chalk'd him out his way: but do you ſee that thing there?
Lieu. Nay good ſweet Colonell, Ile fight a little.
Leo. That thing?
1. *Gent.* What thing? I ſee the brave Lieutenant.
Leo. Rogue, what a name haſt thou loſt?
Lieu. You may helpe it?
Yet you may help't: Ile doe ye any courteſie:
I know you love a wench well. *Enter 2 Gent.*
Leo. Look upon him;
Doe you look too.]
2. *Gent.* What ſhould I look on?
I come to tell yee, the Prince ſtayes your direction,
We have 'em now ith Coop, ſir.
Leo. Let 'em reſt there,
And chew upon their miſeries: but look firſt——
Lieu. I cannot fight for all this.
Leo. Look on this fellow.
2 *Gent.* I know him; 'tis the valiant brave Lieutenant.
Leo. Canſt thou heare this, and play the rogue? ſteal off
Behinde me quickly, neatly doe it, (quickly,
And ruſh into the thickeſt of the enemy,
And if thou kill'ſt but two.
Lieu. You may excuſe me,
'Tis not my fault: I dare not fight.
Leo. Be rul'd yet
Ile beat thee on; goe wink and fight: a plague upon your
2 *Gent.* What's all this matter? (ſheeps heart.
1 *Gent.* Nay I cannot ſhew yee.
Leo. Here's twenty pound, goe but ſmell to 'em.
Lieu. Alas ſir,
I have taken ſuch a cold I can ſmell nothing.
Leo. I can ſmell a raſcall, a ranke raſcall:
Fye, how he ſtinks, ſtinkes like a tyred Jade.
2 *Gent.* What ſir?
Leo. Why, that ſir, doe not you ſmell him?
2. *Gent.* Smell him?
Lieu. I muſt endure.
Leo. Stinks like a dead dog, Carrion——
There's no ſuch damnable ſmell under heaven,
As the faint ſweat of a Coward: will ye fight yet?
Lie. Nay, now I defie ye; ye have ſpoke the worſt ye can
Of me, and if every man ſhould take what you ſay
To the heart.—
Leo. God a mercy,
God a mercy with all my heart; here I forgive thee;
And fight, or fight not, doe but goe along with us,
And keep my dog.
Lieu. I love a good dog naturally.
1 *Gent.* What's all this ſtir, Lieutenant?
Lieut. Nothing Sir,
But a ſlight matter of argument.
Leo. Pox take thee.
Sure I ſhall love this rogue, he's ſo pretty a Coward,
Come gentlemen, let's up now, and if fortune
Dare play the ſlut againe, Ile never more Saint her,
Come play fellow, come, prethee come up; come chicken,
I have a way ſhall fit yet: A tame knave..
Come, look upon us.
Lieu. Ile tell ye who does beſt boyes. *Exeunt.*

Scæne 4. *Enter Antigonus and Menippus above.*

Men. I ſaw her comming out,
Ant. VVho waits upon her?
Men. *Tymon, Charinthus*, and ſome other gentlemen,
By me appointed.
Ant. VVhere's your wife?
Men. Shee's ready
To entertaine her here ſir; and ſome Ladies
Fit for her lodgings.
Ant. How ſhews ſhe in her trim now?
Men. Oh moſt divinely ſweet.
Ant. Prethee ſpeak ſoftly.
How does ſhe take her comming?
Men. She beares it bravely;
But what ſhe thinks---For heaven ſake ſir preſerve me...
If the Prinee chance to finde this.
Ant. Peace ye old foole;
She thinks to meet him here.
Men. That's all the Project.
Ant. VVas ſhe hard to bring?
Men. No, ſhe believ'd it quickly,
And quickly made her ſelfe fit, the Gowne a little,
And thoſe new things ſhe has not been acquainted with,
At leaſt in this place, where ſhe liv'd a priſoner,
Troubled and ſtirr'd her minde, But believe me ſir,
She has worne as good, they ſit ſo apted to her;
And ſhe is ſo great a Miſtris of diſpoſure:
Here they come now: but take a full view of her.
Enter Celia, Tymon, Charinthus, and Gent.
How cheerefully ſhe looks? how ſhe ſalutes all?
And how ſhe viewes the place? ſhe is very yong ſure:
That was an admirable ſmile, a catching one,
The very twang of *Cupids* bow ſung to it:
She has two-edg'd eyes, they kill o'both ſides.
Men. She makes a ſtand, as though ſhe would ſpeak.
Ant. Be ſtill then.
Cel. Good Gentlemen, trouble your ſelves no further,
I had thought ſure to have met a noble friend here.
Tym. Yee may meet many Lady.
Cel. Such as you are
I covet few or none, ſir.
Char. VVill you walk this way,
And take the ſweets oth' garden? coole and cloſe, Lady.
Cel. Methinks this open aire's farre better, tend ye that
Pray where's the woman came along? (way.
Char. VVhat woman?
Cel. The woman of the houſe I lay at.
Tym. Woman?
Here was none came along ſure.
Cel. Sure I am catcht then:
Pray where's the Prince?
Char. He will not be long from yee,
We are his humble ſervants.
Cel. I could laugh now,
To ſee how finely I am cozn'd: yet I feare not,
For ſure I know a way to ſcape all dangers.
Tym. Madam, your lodgings lye this way.
Cel. My Lodgings?
For heaven ſake ſir, what office doe I beare here?
Ty. The great cõmander of all hearts { *Enter Leucippe,*
Cel. You have hit it. { *and Ladies.*
I thank your ſweet-heart for it. Who are theſe now?
Char. Ladies that come to ſerve yee.
Cel. Well conſider'd,
Are you my ſervants?
Lady. Servants to your pleaſures.
Cel. I dare believe ye, but I dare not truſt ye:
Catch'd with a trick? well, I muſt beare it patiently:

Methinks

Methinkes this Court's a neat place : all the people
Of ſuch refin'd a ſize——
Tym. This is no poore rogue.
Leu. Were it a Paradice to pleaſe your fancy,
And entertaine the ſweetneſſe you bring with ye;
Cel. Take breath ;
You are fat, and many words may melt ye,
This is three Bawdes beaten into one ; bleſſe me heaven,
What ſhall become of me? I am i'th' pitfall: (ones
O'my conſcience, this is the old viper, and all theſe little
Creep every night into her belly; do you heare plumpe ſer-
And you my litle ſucking Ladies, you muſt teach me, (vant
For I know you are excellent at carriage,
How to behave my ſelfe, for I am rude yet :
But you ſay the Prince will come ?
Lady. Will flie to ſee you.
Cel. For look you if a great man, ſay the King now
Should come and viſit me ?
Men. She names ye.
Ant. Peace foole.
Cel. And offer me a kindneſſe, ſuch a kindneſſe.
Leu. I, ſuch a kindneſſe.
Cel. True Lady ſuch a kindneſſe,
What ſhall that kindneſſe be now ?
Leu. A witty Lady,
Learne little ones, learne.
Cel. Say it be all his favour.
Leu. And a ſweet ſaying 'tis.
Cel. And I grow peeviſh ?
Leu. You muſt not be neglectfull.
Cel. There's the matter,
There's the maine doctrine now, and I may miſſe it.
Or a kind hanſome Gentleman ?
Leu. You ſay well.
Cel. They'l count us baſely bred.
Leu. Not freely nurtur'd.
Cel. I'le take thy counſell.
Leu. 'Tis an excellent woman.
Cel. I find a notable volume here, a learnd one ;
Which way ? for I would faine be in my chamber ;
In truth ſweet Ladies, I grow weary ; fie,
How hot the aire beats on me ?
Lady. This way Madam ?
Cel. Now by mine honour, I grow wondrous faint too.
Leu. Your fans ſweet Gentlewomen, your fans.
Cel. Since I am foold,
I'le make my ſelf ſome ſport, though I pay deare for't. *Ex.*
Men. You ſee now what a manner of woman ſhe is ſir.
Ant. Thou art an aſſe.
Men. Is this a fit love for the Prince ?
Ant. A coxcombe :
Now by my crowne a deintie wench, a ſharpe wench,
And a matchleſſe ſpirit : how ſhe Jeer'd 'em ?
How careleſly ſhe ſcoff'd 'em ? uſe her nobly ;
I would I had not ſeen her : waite anon,
And then you ſhall have more to trade upon. *Exeunt.*

Scæne 5. *Enter Leontius, and the 2 Gentlemen.*

Leo. We muſt keep a round, and a ſtrong watch to night,
The Prince will not charge the Enemy till the morning :
But for the trick I told ye for this raſcall,
This rogue, that health and ſtrong heart makes a coward.
1 *Gent.* I, if it take.
Leo. Ne're feare it, the Prince has it,
And if he let it fall, I muſt not know it ;
He will ſuſpect me preſently: but you two
May helpe the plough.
2 *Gent.* That he is ſicke again.
Leo. Extreamely ſicke : his diſeaſe growne incurable,
Never yet found, nor touch'd at. *Ent. Lieutenant.*
2 *Gent.* Well, we have it
And here he comes.
Leo. The Prince has been upon him,
What a flatten face he has now ? it takes beleeve it ;
How like an aſſe he lookes ?
Lieu. I feele no great paine,
At leaſt, I thinke I do not ; yet I feele ſenſibly
I grow extreamely faint : how cold I ſweat now ?
Leo. So, ſo, ſo.
Lieu. And now 'tis ev'n too true, I feele a pricking,
A pricking, a ſtrange pricking : how it tingles ?
And as it were a ſtitch too : the Prince told me,
And every one cri'd out I was a dead man ;
I had thought I had been as well---
Leo. Upon him now boyes,
And do it moſt demurely.
1 *Gent.* How now *Lieutenant* ?
Lieu. I thanke ye Gentlemen.
1 *Gent* 'Life, how lookes this man ?
How doſt thou good *Lieutenant* ?
2 *Gent.* I ever told ye
This man was never cur'd, I ſee it too plaine now ;
How do you feele your ſelfe? you looke not perfect,
How dull his eye hangs ?
1 *Gent.* That may be diſcontent.
2 *Gent.* Beleeve me friend, I would not ſuffer now
The tith of thoſe paines this man feeles ; marke his fore-
What a cloud of cold dew hangs upon't ? (head
Lieu. *I* have it,
*A*gaine *I* have it ; how it growes upon me ?
A miſerable man *I* am.
Leo. Ha, ha, ha,
A miſerable man thou ſhalt be,
This is the tameſt trout *I* ever tick ell'd.
1 *Phis.* This way he went. *Enter 2 Phi.*
2 *Phis.* Pray heaven we find him living,
He's a brave fellow, 'tis pitty he ſhould periſh thus.
1 *Phi.* A ſtrong hearted man, & of a notable ſufferance.
Lieu. Oh, oh.
1 *Gent.* How now ? how is it man ?
Lieu, Oh Gentlemen,
Never ſo full of paine.
2 *Gent.* Did I not tell ye ?
Lieu. Never ſo full of paine Gentlemen.
1 *Phi.* He is here ;
How do you ſir ?
2 *Phi.* Be of good comfort Souldier,
The Prince has ſent us to you.
Lieu. Do you thinke I may live ?
2 *Phi.* He alters hourely ſtrangely.
1 *Phi.* Yes, you may live : but——
Leo. Finely butted Doctor.
1 *Gent.* Do not diſcourage him.
1 *Phi.* He muſt be told truth,
'Tis now too late to trifle. *Enter Dem. and Gent.*
2 *Gent.* Here the Prince comes.
Dem. How now Gentlemen ?
2 *Gent.* Bewailing ſir, a Souldier,
And one I thinke, your Grace will grieve to part with,
But every living thing——
Dem. 'Tis true, muſt periſh,

Our lives are but our martches to our graves,
How doſt thou now *Lieutenant* ?
Lieu. Faith 'tis true ſir,
We are but ſpans, and candles ends.
Leo. He's finely mortified.
*Dem.*Thou art heart whole yet;I ſee he alters ſtrangely,
And that a pace too; I ſaw it this morning in him,
When he poore man, I dare ſweare——
Lieu. No beleev't ſir,
I never felt it.
Dem. Heres lies the paine now: how he is ſwel'd?
1 *Phi.* The Impoſtume
Fed with a new malignant humour now,
Will grow to ſuch a bigneſſe, 'tis incredible,
The compaſſe of a buſhell will not hold it,
And with ſuch a hell of torture it will riſe too.——
Dem. Can you endure me touch it?
Lieu. Oh,I beſeech you ſir:
I feele you ſenſibly ere you come neare me.
*Dem.*He's finely wrought,he muſt be cut,no cure elſe,
And ſuddenlie, you ſee how faſt he blowes out.
*Lieu.*Good Maſter Doctor,let me be beholding to you,
I feele I cannot laſt.
2 *Phi.* For what *Lieutenant*?
Lieu. But ev'n for halfe a dozen Cans of good wine,
That I may drinke my will out: I faint hideouſly. (men
*De.*Fetch him ſome wine;and ſince he muſt go gentle-
Why let him take his journey merrily. *Enter Servant with wine.*
Lieu. That's ev'n the neareſt way.
Leo. I could laugh dead now.
Dem. Here,off with that.
Lieu. Theſe two I give your Grace,
A poore remembrance of a dying man ſir,
And I beſeech you weare 'em out.
Dem. I will Souldier,
Theſe are fine legacies.
*Lieu.*Among the Gentlemen,
Even all I have left; I am a poore man,naked,
Yet ſomething for remembrance: foure a peece Gentle-
And ſo my body where you pleaſe. (men,
Leo. It will worke.
*Lieu.*I make your Grace my executor,and I beſeech ye
See my poore will fulfill'd: ſure I ſhall walke elſe.
Dem. As full as they can be fill'd, here's my hand Soul-
1 *Gent.* The wine will tickle him. (dier.
Lieu. I would heare a drum beat,
But to ſee how I could endure it.
Dem. Beat a drum there. *Drum within.*
*Lieu.*Oh heavenly muſick,I would heare one ſing to't,
I am very full of paine.
Dem. Sing? 'tis impoſible.
Lieu. Why,then I would drinke a drum full:
Where lies the Enemie?
2 *Gent.* Why,here cloſe by.
Leo. Now he begins to muſter.
Lieu. And dare ye fight?
Dare ye fight Gentlemen?
1 *Phi.* You muſt not cut him:
He's gone then in a moment; all the hope left, is
To worke his weakeneſſe into ſuddaine anger,
And make him raiſe his paſſion above his paine,
And ſo diſpoſe him on the enemie;
His body then, being ſtir'd with violence,
Will purge it,ſelfe and breake the ſore.
Dem. 'Tis true ſir.
1 *Phi.*And then my life for his.
Lieu. I will not dye thus.
*Dem.*But he is too weake to doe——
*Lieu.*Dye like a dog?
2 *Phi.* I,he's weake,but yet he's heart whole.
Lieu. Hem.
Dem. An excellent ſigne.
Lieu. Hem.
Dem. Stronger ſtill, and better.
Lieu. Hem,hem; ran,tan,tan,tan,tan. *Exit.*
1 *Phi.* Now he's i'th' way on't.
*De.*Well go thy waies,thou wilt do ſomething certain.
Leo. And ſome brave thing, or let mine eares be cut off.
He's finely wrought.
Dem. Let's after him.
Leo. I pray Sir;
But how this rogue, when this cloud's melted in him,
And all diſcover'd.——
Dem. That's for an after mirth,away,away,away. *Ex.*

Scæne 6. *Enter Seleucus,Lyſimachus, Ptolomy, Souldiers.*

Sel. Let no man feare to dye: we love to ſleep all,
And death is but the ſounder ſleep; all ages,
And all houres call us; 'tis ſo common, eaſie,
That little children tread thoſe paths before us;
We are not ſicke,nor our ſoules preſt with ſorrows,
Nor go we out like tedious tales,forgotten;
High,high we come, and hearty to our funerals,
And as the Sun that ſets, in bloud let's fall.
Liſ. 'Tis true,they have us faſt, we cannot ſcape 'em,
Nor keeps the brow of fortune one ſmile for us,
Diſhonourable ends we can ſcape though,
And (worſe then thoſe,captivities) we can die,
And dying nobly, though we leave behind us
Theſe clods of fleſh,that are too maſſie burthens,
Our living ſoules fiie crown'd with living conqueſts.
Ptol. They have begun,fight bravely,and fall bravely;
And may that man that ſeekes to ſave his life now
By price,or promiſe, or by feare fals from us, *Enter a Souldier.*
Never again be bleſt with name of Souldier.
Sel. How now? who charged firſt? I ſeek a brave hand
To ſet me off in death.
Soul. We are not charg'd ſir,
The Prince lies ſtill.
Sel. How comes this Larum up then?
*Sol.*There is one deſperate fellow,with the devill in him
(He never durſt do this elſe) has broke into us,
And here he bangs ye two or three before him,
There five or ſixe; ventures upon whole companies.
Ptol. And is not ſeconded?
Soul. Not a man followes.
Sel. Nor cut a peeces?
Soul. Their wonder yet has ſtaid 'em.
Sel. Let's in,and ſee this miracle?
Ptol. I admire it. *Ex.*

Enter Leontius, and Gentlemen.

*Leon.*Fetch him off,fetch him off,I am ſure he's clouted;
Did I not tell you how 'twould take?
1 *Gent.* 'Tis admirable.

Enter Lieutenant with colours in his hand, purſuing 3 or 4 Souldiers.

*Lieu.*Follow that blow, my friend,there's at your cox-
I fight to ſave me from the Surgeons miſeries. (combs.
*Leo.*How the knave curries 'em?

Lieu. You cannot rogues,
Till you have my diſeaſes,flie my furie,
Ye bread and butter rogues , do ye run from me?
And my ſide would give me leave,I would ſo hunt ye,
Ye porredge gutted ſlaves, ye veale-broth boobies.
Enter Demetrius,and Phiſitians,and Gentlemen.
*Leo.*Enough,enough *Lieutenant*,thou haſt done bravely.
Dem. Mirrour of man.
*Lieu.*There's a flag for ye ſir,
I tooke it out o'th' ſhop ,and never paid for't,
I'le to 'em againe,I am not come to th' text yet.
Dem. No more my ſouldiet : beſhrew my heart he is (hurt ſore.
Leo. Hang him, hee'l lick all thoſe whole.
1 Phi. Now will we take him,
And cure him in a trice.
Dem. Be carefull of him.
Lieu. Let me live but two yeares,
And doe what ye will with me ;
I never had but two houres yet of happineſſe ;
Pray ye give me nothing to provoke my valour,
For I am ev'n as weary of this fighting———
*2 Phi.*Ye ſhall have nothing;come to the Princes Tent
And there the Surgeons preſently ſhall ſearch ye,
Then to your reſt.
Lieu. A little hanſome litter
To lay me in,and I ſhall ſleepe.
Leo. Looke to him.
Dem. I do beleeve a horſe begot this fellow,
He never knew his ſtrength yet ; they are our owne.
*Leo.*I thinke ſo,I am cozen'd elſe;I would but ſee now
A way to fetch theſe off, and ſave their honours.
Dem. Only their lives.
Leo. Pray ye take no way of peace now,
Unleſſe it be with infinite advantage.
*Dem.*I ſhall be rul'd ;
Let the battels now move forward,
Our ſelfe will give the ſignall :
Ent. Trumpet and Herold.
Now Herold, what's your meſſage ?
Her. From my Maſters
This honourable courteſie,a Parley
For halfe an houre, no more ſir.
*Dem.*Let 'em come on,
They have my princely word.
Enter Seleucus,Lyſimacus, Ptolomy, attendants,Souldiers,
Her. They are here to attend ye.
Dem. Now Princes,your demands?
Sel. Peace, if it may bee
Without the too much tainture of our honour :
Peace, and wee'l buy it too.
Dem. At what price ?
Ly. Tribute.
Ptol. At all the charge of this war.
Leo. That will not do.
Sel. Leontius ,you and I have ſerv'd together,
And run through many a fortune with our ſwords,
Brothers in wounds,and health ; one meat has fed us,
One tent a thouſand times from cold night cover'd us :
Our loves have been but one ; and had we died then,
One monument had held our names,and actions :
Why do you ſet upon your friends ſuch prizes ?
And ſacrifice to giddy chance ſuch Trophies ?
Have we forgot to dye ? or are our vertues
Leſſe in afflictions conſtant,than our fortunes ?
Ye are deceiv'd old ſouldier.
Leo. I know your worths,
And thus low bow in reverence to your vertues :
Were theſe my wars, or lead my power in chiefe here,
I knew then how to meet your memories :
They are my Kings imployments ; this man fights now,
To whom I owe all dutie,faith,and ſervice ;
This man that fled before ye ; call backe that,
That bloudy day againe , call that diſgrace home,
And then an eaſie peace, may ſheath our ſwords up.
I am not greedy of your lives and fortunes,
Nor do I gape ungratefully to ſwallow ye,
Honour the ſpur of all illuſtrious natures,
That made you famous Souldiers, and next Kings,
And not ambitious envy ſtrikes me forward,
Will ye unarme, and yeild your ſelves his priſoners ?
Sel. We never knew what that ſound meant : no gives
Shall ever bind this body,but embraces ;
Nor weight of ſorrow here,till earth fall on me.
Leo. Expect our charge then.
Lyſ. 'Tis the nobler curteſie :
And ſo we leave the hand of heaven to bleſſe us.
Dem. Stay,have you any hope ?
Cel. We have none left us,
But that one comfort of our deaths together ;
Give us but room to fight.
Leo. Win it,and weare it.
Ptol. Call from the hils thoſe companies hang ore us
Like burſting clouds ; and then breake in,and take us.
Dem. Find ſuch a Souldier will forſake advantage,
And wee'l draw off,to ſhew I dare be noble,
And hang a light out to ye in this darkeneſſe,
The light of peace ; give up thoſe Cities, forts,
And all thoſe frontire Countries to our uſes.
Sel. Is this the peace ? traitours to thoſe that feed us,
Our Gods and people ? give our Countries from us ?
Liſ. Begin the knell, it ſounds a great deale ſweeter.
Ptol. Let looſe your ſervant death.
Sel. Fall fate upon us,
Our memories ſhall never ſtinke behind us.
Dem. Seleucus, great *Seleucus*,
Sol. The Prince cals ſir.
Dem. Thou ſtocke of nobleneſſe,and curteſie,
Thou father of the war ———
Leo. What meanes the Prince now ?
Dem. Give me my Standard here.
*Lyſ.*His angers melted.
Dem. You Gentlemen that were his priſoners,
And felt the bounty of that noble nature,
Lay all your hands, and beare theſe Colours to him,
The Standard of the Kingdome ; take it ſouldier.
Ptol. What will this meane ?
Dem. Thou haſt won it, beare it off,
And draw thy men home whilſt we waite upon thee.
Sel. You ſhall have all our countries.
Lyſ.Ptol. All by heaven ſir.
Dem. I will not have a ſtone,a buſh,a bramble,
No, in the way of curteſie, I'le ſtart ye ;
Draw off,and make a lane through all the Armie,
That theſe that have ſubdu'd us,may martch through us.
Sel. Sir, do not make me ſurfet with ſuch goodneſſe,
I'le beare your Srandard for ye ; follow ye.
Dem. I ſweare it ſhall be ſo,martch through me fairely,
And thine be this daies honour,great *Seleucus*.
Ptol. Mirrour of noble minds.
Dem. Nay then ye hate me.
Leo. I cannot ſpeake now : *Ex. with Drums,& Shouts.*
Well,go thy wayes,at a ſure peece of bravery
Thou art the beſt, theſe men are won by th' neckes now:
I'le

I'le ſend a poſt away.

Actus Quartus. Scæna prima.

Enter Antigonus, and Menippus.

Ant. NO aptneſſe in her ?
Men. Not an immodeſt motion,
And yet when ſhe is as free,and when ſhe is courted,
Makes as wild witty anſwers.
Ant. This more fires me,
I muſt not have her thus.
Men. We cannot alter her.
Ant. Have ye put the youths upon her ?
Men. All that know any thing,
And have been ſtudied how to catch a beauty,
But like ſo many whelps about an Elephant----
The Prince is coming home ſir.
Ant. I heare that too,
But that's no matter ; am I alter'd well ;
Men. Not to be knowne I thinke ſir.
Ant. I muſt ſee her. *Fnt. 2 Gent. or Lords.*
1 *Gent.* I offered all I had,all I could thinke of,
I tri'd her through all the points o'th' compaſſe,I thinke.
2 *Gent.* She ſtudies to undo the Court,to plant here
The enemy to our age,chaſtitie;
She is the firſt,that ere bauked a cloſe Arbour,
And the ſweet contents within:She hates curl'd heads too,
And ſetting up of beards ſhe ſweares,is Idolatrie.
1 *Gent.* I never knew ſo faire a face ſo froze;
Yet ſhe would make one thinke———
2 *Gent.* True by her carriage,
For ſhe's as wanton as a kid toth' out ſide,
As full of mocks and taunts : I kiſſ'd her hand too,
Walkt with her halfe an houre.
1 *Gent.* She heard me ſing,
And ſung her ſelfe too; ſhe ſings admirably ;
But ſtill,when any hope was,as 'tis her trick
To miniſter enough of thoſe,then preſently
With ſome new flam or other, nothing to th' matter,
And ſuch a frowne, as would ſinke all before her ,
She takes her chamber;come we ſhal not be the laſt fools.
2 *Gent.* Not by a hundred I hope ; 'tis a ſtrange wench.
Ant. This ſcrewes me up ſtill higher. *Enter Celia,*
Men. Here ſhe comes ſir. *and Ladies behind her*
Ant. Then be you gone:and take the women with ye,
And lay thoſe Jewels in her way.
Cel. If I ſtay longer
I ſhall number as many lovers as *Lais* did ;
How they flocke after me ? upon my conſcience,
I have had a dozen horſes given me this morning,
I'le ev'n ſet up a troop,and turne ſhe-ſouldier,
A good diſcreet wench now, that were not hidebound
Might raiſe a fine eſtate here,and ſuddenly :
For theſe warme things will give their ſoules--- I can go
Without a world of offerings to my excellence:(no where
I am a Queene, a Goddeſſe,I know not what---
And no conſtellation in all heaven,but I outſhine it ;
And they have found out now I have no eyes
Of mortall lights,but certaine influences,
Strange vertuous lightnings,humane nature ſtarts at,
And I can kill my twenty in a morning,
With as much eaſe now----
Ha ? what are theſe ? new projects?
Where are my honourable Ladies ? are you out too ?
Nay then I muſt buy the ſtocke,ſend me good carding :
I hope the Princes hand, be not in this ſport ;
I have not ſeen him yet,cannot heare from him,
And that,that,troubles me : all theſe were recreations
Had *I* but his ſweet companie to laugh with me :
What fellowes that ? another apparition ?
This is the lovingſt age : I ſhould know that face,
Sure *I* have ſeen't before,not long ſince neither.
Ant. She ſees me now : O heaven,a moſt rare creature!
Cel. Yes,'tis the ſame : I will take no notice of ye,
But if I do not fit ye,let me frie for't ;
Is all this Cackling for your eg ? they are faire ones,
Excellent rich no doubt to ; and may ſtumble
A good ſtaid mind, but I can go thus by 'em ;
My honeſt friend ; do you ſet off theſe Jewels ¿
Ant. Set 'em off,Lady ?
Cel. I meane, ſell 'em here ſir ?
Ant. She's very quicke; for ſale they are not meant ſure.
Cel. For ſanctitie I thinke much leſſe : good even Sir.
Ant. Nay,noble Lady ſtay : 'tis you muſt weare'em:
Never looke ſtrange,they are worthy your beſt beauty.
Cel. Did ye ſpeake to me?
Ant. To you or to none living :
To you they are ſent ; to you they are ſacrificed.
Cel. I'le never looke a horſe i'th' mouth that's given :
I thanke ye ſir : I'le ſend one to reward ye.
Ant. Do you never aske who ſent 'em ?
Cel. Never I :
Nor never care, if it be an honeſt end,
That end's the full reward,and thankes but ſlubbers it ;
If it be ill,I will not urge the acquaintance.
Ant. This has a ſoule indeed : pray let me tell ye.
Cel. I care not if ye do, ſo you do it hanſomly,
And not ſtand picking of your words,
Ant. The King ſent 'em.
Cel. Away,away , thou art ſome fooliſh fellow,
And now I think thou haſt ſtole'em too;the king ſent'em!
Alas good man,wouldſt thou make me beleeve
He has nothing to do with things of theſe worths,
But wantonly to fling 'em ? he's an old man,
A good old man,they ſay too : I dare ſweare
Full many a yeare ago, he left theſe gambols :
Here, take your trinkets.
Ant. Sure I do not lye Lady.
Cel. I know thou lyeſt extreamely,damnably,
Thou haſt a lying face.
Ant. I was never thus ratled.
Cel, But ſay *I* ſhould beleeve : why are theſe ſent me?
And why art thou the Meſſenger ? who art thou?
Ant. Lady, looke on 'em wiſely,and then conſider
Who can ſend ſuch as theſe,but a King only ?
And, to what beautie can they be oblations,
But only yours ? For me that am the carrier,
'Tis only fit you know *I* am his ſervant,
And have fulfil'd his will.
Cel. You are ſhort and pitthy ;
What muſt my beauty do for theſe ?
Ant. Sweet Lady,
You cannot be ſo hard of underſtanding,
When a Kings favour ſhines upon ye gloriouſly,
And ſpeakes his love in theſe,----
Cel. O then love's the matter ;
Sir-reverence love : now I begin to feele ye :
And *I* ſhould be the Kings whore, a brave title.
And go as glorious as the Sun, ô brave ſtill:

The chiefe Commandreſſe of his Concubines,
Hurried from place to place to meet his pleaſures.
Ant. A devilliſh ſubtill wench, but a rare ſpirit.
Cel. And when the good old ſpunge had ſuckt my youth (dry,
And left ſome of his royall aches in my bones :
When time ſhall tell me I have plough'd my life up,
And caſt long furrowes in my face to ſinke me.
Ant. You muſt not thinke ſo Lady.
Cel. Then can theſe ſir,
Theſe precious things, the price of youth and beauty ;
This ſhop here of ſin-offerings ſet me off againe ?
Can it reſtore me chaſte, young innocent ?
Purge me to what I was ? adde to my memorie
An honeſt and a noble fame ? The Kings device ;
The ſin's as univerſall as the Sun is,
And lights an everlaſting torch to ſhame me.
Ant. Doe you hold ſo ſleight account of a great Kings (favour,
That all knees bow to purchaſe ?
Cel. Prethee peace :
If thou knewſt how ill-favouredly thy tale becomes thee,
And what ill root it takes----
Ant. You will be wiſer.
Cel. Could the King find no ſhape to ſhift his pander (into,
But reverend age ? and one ſo like himſelf too ?
Ant. She has found me out.
Cel. Cozen the world with gravitie ?
Prethee reſolve me one thing, do's the King love thee ?
Ant. I thinke he doe's.
Cel. It ſeemes ſo by thy office :
He loves thy uſe, and when thats ended, hates thee :
Thou ſeemeſt to me a ſouldier.
Ant. Yes I am one
Cel. And haſt fought for thy Country ?
Ant. Many a time.
Cel. May be, commanded too ?
Ant. I have done; Lady.
Cel. O wretched man, below the ſtate of pitie !
Canſt thou forget, thou wert begot in honour ?
A free companion for a King ? a ſouldier ?
Whoſe nobleneſſe dare feele no want, but enemies ?
Canſt thou forget this, and decline ſo wretchedly,
To eat the bread of bawdrie, of baſe bawdrie ?
Feed on the ſcum of ſin ? fling thy ſword from thee ?
Diſhonour to the noble name that nurſed thee ?
Goe, beg diſeaſes : let them be thy Armors,
Thy fights, the flames of luſt, and their foule iſſues.
Ant. Why then I am a King, and mine owne ſpeaker.
Cel. And I as free as you, mine owne diſpoſer ;
There take your jewels ; let them give them luſtres
That have darke lives and ſoules ; weare 'em your ſelfe ſir,
You'l ſeeme a Devill elſe.
Ant. I command ye ſtay.
Cel. Be juſt, I am commanded.
Ant. I will not wrong ye.
Cel. Then thus low fals my duty.
Ant. Can ye love me ?
Say I, and all I have.
Cel. I cannot love ye ;
Without the breach of faith I cannot heare ye ;
Ye hang upon my love, like froſts on Lillies :
I can dye, but I cannot love : you are anſwer'd. *Exit.*
Ant. I muſt find apter meanes, I love her truly. *Exit.*

Scæn.2. *Ent. Demetr. Leon. Lieut. Gent. Sold. & Hoſt.*

Dem. Hether doe you ſay ſhe is come ?
Hoſt. Yes ſir, I am ſure on't :
For whilſt I waited on ye, putting my wife in truſt,
I know not by what meanes, but the King found her,
And hether ſhe was brought ; how, or to what end.
Dem. My father found her ?
Hoſt. So my wife informes me.
Dem. *Leontius*, pray draw off the ſouldiers,
I would a while be private.
Leon. Fall off Gentlemen,
The Prince would be alone. *Ex. Leo. & Sol.*
Dem. Is he ſo cunning ?
There is ſome tricke in this, and you muſt know it,
And be an agent too : which if it prove ſo----
Hoſt. Pull me to pieces ſir ?
Dem. My father found her ?
My father brought her hither ? went ſhe willingly ?
Hoſt. My wife ſayes full of doubts.
Dem. I cannot blame her
No more : there's no truſt, no faith in mankinde.

Enter Antigonus, Menippus, Leontius, & Soldiers.

Ant. Keep her up cloſe, he muſt not come to ſee her :
You are welcome nobly now, welcome home gentlemen;
You have done a courteous ſervice on the Enemie ;
Has tyed his faith for ever ; you ſhall find it ;
Ye are not now in's debt Son : ſtill your ſad looks :
Leontius, what's the matter ?
Leo. Truth ſir, I know not,
We have been merry ſince we went.
Lieu. I feele it.
Ant. Come, what's the matter now ? do you want money ?
Sure he has heard o'th' wench.
Dem. Is that a want ſir ?
I would faine ſpeake to your Grace.
Ant. You may doe freely.
Dem. And not deſerve your anger ?
Ant. That ye may too.
Dem. There was a gentlewoman, and ſomtimes my priſoner,
Which I thought well of ſir : your Grace conceives me.
Ant. I doe indeed, and with much grief conceive ye ;
With full as much griefe as your mother bare me :
There was ſuch a woman : would I might as well ſay,
There was no ſuch *Demetrius*.
Dem. She was vertuous,
And therefore not unfit my youth to love her :
She was as faire----
Ant. Her beauty I'le proclaime too,
To be as rich as ever raigned in woman ;
But how ſhe made that good, the Devill knowes.
Dem. She was---- O heaven !
Ant. The hell to all thy glories,
Swallowed thy youth, made ſhipwrack of thine honor :
She was a devill.
Dem. Ye are my father ſir.
Ant. And ſince ye take a pride to ſhew your follies,
I'le muſter 'em, and all the world ſhall view 'em.
Leo. What heate is this ? the Kings eyes ſpeak his anger ?
Ant. Thou haſt abus'd thy youth, drawn to thy fellowſhip
In ſtead of arts and armes, a womans kiſſes,
The ſubtilties, and ſoft heates of a harlot.
Dem. Good ſir, miſtake her not.
Ant. A Witch, a Sorcerer :
I tell thee but the truth ; and heare *Demetrius*,
Which has ſo dealt upon thy bloud with charmes,
Devilliſh and darke ; ſo lockt up all thy vertues ;

So pluckt thee backe from what thou ſprungſt from, glorious
In heaven,that any tongue but his durſt ſay this ;
That any heart durſt harbor it : Dread Father,
If for the innocent the gods allow us
To bend our knees ——

Ant. Away,thou art bewitched ſtill ;
Though ſhe be dead,her power ſtill lives upon thee.

Dem. Dead ? O ſacred ſir : dead did you ſay ?

Ant. She is dead foole.

Dem. It is not poſſible : be not ſo angry,
Say ſhe is falne under your ſad diſpleaſure,
Or any thing but dead , ſay ſhe is baniſhed,
Invent a crime,and doe beleeve it ſir.

Ant. Dead by the Law : we found her hell,and her,
I meane her charmes and ſpels, for which ſhe periſh'd ;
And ſhe confeſt ſhe drew thee to thy ruine,
And purpos'd it,purpos'd my Empires overthrow.

Dem. But is ſhe dead ? was there no pity ſir ?
If her youth err'd,was there no mercy ſhewne her ?
Did ye looke on her face,when ye condemn'd her ?

Ant. I look'd into her heart,and there ſhe was hideous.

Dem. Can ſhe be dead ? can vertue fall untimely ?

Ant. She is dead; deſervingly ſhe died.

Dem. I have done then.
O matchleſſe ſweetnes,whether art thou vaniſhed ?
O thou faire ſoule of all thy ſex,what Paradiſe
Haſt thou inrich'd and bleſt ? I am your ſonne ſir,
And to all you ſhall command ſtand moſt obedient,
Only a little time I muſt intreat you
To ſtudy to forget her ; 'twill not be long ſir,
Nor I long after it : art thou dead *Celia*,
Dead my poor wench?my joy,pluckt green with violence:
O faire ſweet floure,farwell : Come,thou deſtroyer,
Sorrow,thou melter of the ſoule,dwell with me;
Dwell with me ſolitarie thoughts,teares,cryings,
Nothing that loves the day, love me, or ſeeke me,
Nothing that loves his owne life haunt about me :
And Love,I charge thee,never charme mine eies more,
Nor ne're betray a beauty to my curſes:
For I ſhall curſe all now,hate all,forſweare all,
And all the brood of fruitfull nature vex at,
For ſhe is gon that was all,and I nothing —— *Ex.& Gen.*

Ant. This opinion muſt be maintained.

Men. It ſhall be ſir.

Ant. Let him goe : I can at mine owne pleaſure
Draw him to'th' right againe : wait you inſtructions,
And ſee the ſouldier paid, *Leontius* :
Once more ye are welcome home all.

All. Health to your Majeſtie.—*Exit Antig.&c.*

Leo. Thou wentſt along the journy,how canſt thou tell?

Hoſt. I did, but I am ſure 'tis ſo : had I ſtaid behind,
I thinke this had not proved.

Leo. A wench the reaſon ?

Lev. Who's that talks of a wench there ?

Leo. All this diſcontent
About a wench.

Lieu. Where is this wench, good Colonell ?

Leo. Prethee hold thy peace: who cals thee to counſell?

Lieu. Why, if there be a wench ——

Leo. 'Tis fit thou know her : *Enter 2 Gen.*
That I'le ſay for thee, and as fit thou art for her,
Let her be mewed or ſtopt : how is it Gentlemen ?

1.G. Hee's wondrous diſcontent,hee'l ſpeak to no man.

2.G. Has taken his chamber cloſe,admits no entrance;
Teares in his eyes,and cryings out.

Hoſt. 'Tis ſo ſir,
And now I wiſh my ſelfe half hang'd ere I went this journey,

Leo. What is this woman ?

Lieu. I.

Hoſt. I cannot tell ye,
But hanſome as heaven.

Lieu. She is not ſo high I hope ſir.

Leo. Where is ſhe ?

Lieu. I, that would be knowne.

Leo. Why ſirrah.

Hoſt. I cannot ſhow ye neither ;
The King has now diſpos'd of her.

Leo. There lyes the matter :
Will he admit none to come to comfort him ?

1.Gen. Not any neare,nor let 'em knock their hearts out,
Will never ſpeake.

Lieu. 'Tis the beſt way if he have her ;
For look you,a man would be loath to be diſturb'd in's paſtime;
'Tis every good mans caſe.

Leo. 'Tis all thy living,
We muſt not ſuffer this, we dare not ſuffer it :
For when theſe tender ſoules meet deep afflictions,
They are not ſtrong enough to ſtruggle with 'em,
But drop away as ſnow does, from a mountaine,
And in the torrent of their owne ſighs ſinke themſelves:
I will, and muſt ſpeake to him.

Lieu. So muſt I too:
He promiſed me a charge.

Leo. Of what ? of children
Upon my conſcience,thou haſt a double companie,
And all of thine owne begetting alreadie.

Lieu. Thats all one,
I'le raiſe 'em to a Regiment,and there command 'em,
When they turne diſobedient, unbeget 'em :
Knock 'em o'th' head,and put in new.

Leo. A rare way ;
But for all this,thou art not valiant enough
To dare to ſee the Prince now ?

Lieu. Do ye thinke he's angry ?

1 Gent. Extreamely vext.

2 Gen. to the endangering of any man comes neare him,

1 Gent. Yet,if thou couldſt but win him out,
VVhat ere thy ſuite were.
Beleeve it granted preſently.

Leo. Yet thou muſt thinke though,
That in the doing he may breake upon ye,
And ——

Lieu. If he do not kill me.

Leo. There's the queſtion.

Lieu. For halfe a dozen hurts ?

Leo. Art thou ſo valiant ?

Lieu. Not abſolutely ſo neither : no it cannot be,
I want my impoſtumes,and my things about me,
Yet I'le make danger, Collonel.

Leo. 'Twill be rare ſport,
How ere it take ; give me thy hand ; if thou doſt this,
I'le raiſe thee up a horſe troope,take my word for't.

Lieu. What may be done by humane man ?

Leo. Lets goe then.

1.Gen. Away before the coole:he wil revenge els.E

Scæne 3. *Enter Antigonus,Menippus,and Leucipp*

Ant. Will ſhe not yeeld ?

Leu. For all we can urge to her ;
I ſwore I would marry her,ſhe laugh'd extremely,
And then ſhe rail'd like thunder.

Ant. Call in the *Magitian. Enter Mag. with a bowle.*
I muſt, and will obtaine her, I am aſhes elſe.
Mag. Are all the Philters in? charmes, powders, roots?
They are all in: and now I onely ſtay
The invocation of ſome helping ſpirits.
Ant. To your worke then, and diſpatch.
Mag. Sit ſtill, and ſeare not.
Leu. I ſhall ne're indure theſe fights.
Ant. Away with the woman: goe wait without.
Leu. When the Devils gone pray call me. *Exit.*
Ant. Be ſure you make it powerfull enough.
Mag. Pray doubt not.——*He Conjures.*

A Song.

Riſe from the ſhades below,
All you that prove
The helpes of looſe Love;
Riſe and beſtow
Upon this Cup, what ever may compell
By powerfull Charme, and un-reſiſted Spell.
A heart un-warm'd to melt in Loves deſires,
Diſtill into this Liquor all your fires;
Heats, longings, teares,
But keepe back frozen feares,
That ſhe may know, that has all power defied,
Art is a power that will not be denied.

The Anſwer.

I Obey, I obey,
And am come to view e're day
Brought along, all may compell,
All the earth has, and one hell:
Here's a little little Flower,
This will make her ſweat an houre,
Then unto ſuch flames ariſe,
A thouſand joyes will not ſuffice.
Here's the powder of the Moone
With which ſhe caught Endymion,
The powerfull teares that Venus *cryed,*
When the Boy Adonis *dyed.*
Here's Medeas *Charme, with which*
Jaſons *heart ſhe did bewitch,*
Omphale *this Spell put in*
When ſhe made the Libian *ſpin.*
This dull root pluckt from Lethe *flood,*
Purges all pure thoughts, and good.
Theſe I ſtir thus, round, round, round,
Whilſt our light feet beat the ground.

Mag. Now ſir 'tis full; and whoſoever drinkes this
Shall violently doat upon your perſon,
And never ſleepe nor eate unſatisfied:
So many houres 't-will worke, and worke with violence,
And thoſe expired 'tis done. You have my art ſir.
Enter Leucippe.
Ant. See him rewarded liberally- -*Leucippe.*
Here, take this bowle, and when ſhe calls for wine next --
Leu. Be ſure you give her this, and ſee her drinke it;
Delay no time when ſhe calls next.
Leu. I ſhall ſir.
Ant. Let none elſe touch it on your life.
Leu. I am charged ſir.
Ant. Now if ſhe have an antidote art let her ſcape me.
Exeunt.
Enter Leontius, Lieutenant, Gent.

1 Gent. There's the door Lieutenant, if you dare do any (thing.
Leo. Here's no man waites.
1 Gent. H'as given a charge that none ſhall,
Nor none ſhall come within the hearing of him:
Dare ye goe forward?
Lieut. Let me put on my skull firſt.
My head's almoſt beaten into th'pap of an Apple.
Leo. Are there no Guns i'th' doore?
The rogue will doe it,
And yet I know he has no ſtomack to't.
Lieut. What loope-holes are there when I knock for (ſtones,
For thoſe may pepper me? I can perceeive none.
Leo. How he viewes the Fortification.
Lieut. Farewell Gentlemen,
If I be kill'd ——
Leo. Wee'le ſee thee buried bravely.
Lieut. Away: how ſhould I know that then? Ile knock (ſoftly.
Pray heaven he ſpeak in a low voice now to comfort me:
I feele I have no heart to't: --Is't well, Gentlemen.
Colonel, my Troope————
Leo. A little louder.
Lieut. Stay, ſtay;
Here is a window, I will ſee, ſtand wide.
Leo. By ——— he's charging of a Gun:
There's no ſuch matter.
Lieut. There's no body in this roome.
O 'twas a fire-ſhovell:
Now ile knock lowder: if he ſay who's there,
As ſure he has ſo much manners, then will I anſwer him
So finely & demurely: my Troop Colonel--(*knock louder,*
1 Gent. Knock louder foole, he heares not.
Lieut. You foole, doe you.
Doe and ye dare now.
1 Gent. I doe not undertake it.
Lieut. Then hold your peace, & medle with your own (matters.
Leo. Now he will knock. *Knocks louder.*
Lieut. Sir, ſir: wil't pleaſe you heare ſir?
Your Grace: Ile looke againe: what's that?
Leo. He's there now.
Lord! How he ſtares! I ne're yet ſaw him thus alter'd:
Stand now, and take the Troope.
Lieut. Would I were in't,
And a good horſe under me: I muſt knock againe.
The devil's at my fingers ends: he comes now.
Now Colonel, if I live——
Leo. The Troop's thine own Boy. *Enter Dem. a piſtol.*
Dem. What deſperate foole, ambitious of his ruine?
Lieut. Your father would deſire ye, ſir, to come to din- (ner.
Dem. Thou art no more,
Lieut. Now, now, now, now.
Dem. Poore coxcomb,
Why doe I aime at thee? *Exit.*
Leo. His feare has kill'd him. *En. Leuc. with a bowl.*
2 Gent. I proteſt hee's almoſt ſtiffe: bend him, and rub (him:
Hold his noſe cloſe, you, if you be a woman,
Helpe us a little: here's a man neere periſh't.
Leu. Alas, alas, I have nothing here about me.
Looke to my bowle: Ile run in preſently
And fetch ſome waters: bend him, and ſet him upwards.
Leo. A goodly man.——*Exit.*
Here's a brave heart: he's warme againe: you ſhall not
2 Gent. Leave us i'th' lurch ſo, ſirrah.
Now he breathes too.
Leo. If we had but any drinke to rayſe his ſpirits.
What's that i'th' bowle? upon my life good Liquor,
She would not owne it elſe.

1.*Gen.* He ſees.
Leo. Looke up boy,
And take this cup,and drinke it off, I'le pledge thee,
Guide it to his mouth:he ſwallowes heartily.
2.*Gen.* Oh! feare and ſorrowes dry; 'tis off———
Leo. Stand up man.
Lieu. Am I not ſhot?
Leo. Away with him,and cheere him:
Thou haſt won thy Troop.
Lieu. I thinke I won it bravely.
Leo. Goe, I muſt ſee the Prince, he muſt not live thus;
And let me heare an houre hence from ye.
Well ſir——— *Ex.Gen and Lieu.*

Enter Leucippe with water.

Leu. Here,here: where's the ſicke Gentleman?
Leo. Hee's up and gone, Lady.
Leu. Alas: that I came ſo late.
Leo. He muſt ſtill thanke ye,
Ye left that in a cup here did him comfort.
Leu. That in the bowle?
Leo. Yes truly,very much comfort,
He dranke it off, and after it ſpoke luſtily.
Leu. Did he drinke it all?
Leo. All off.
Leu. The devill choke him,
I am undone: 'has twenty devils in him,
Undone for ever: left he none?
Leo. I thinke not.
Leu. No not a drop: what ſhall become of me now?
Had he no where elſe to ſwound? a veng'ance ſwound
Undone,undone,undone: ſtay, I can lye yet, (him:
And ſweare too at a pinch, thats all my comfort, *Ent.De.*
Look to him;I ſay look to him,&but markwhat folows. *Ex*
Leo. What a devill ayles the woman? here comes the
With ſuch a ſadnes on his face,as ſorrow, (Prince again,
Sorrow her ſelf, but poorely imitates.
Sorrow of ſorrowes on that heart that caus'd it.
De. Why might ſhe not be falſe & treacherous to me?
And found ſo by my father? ſhe was a woman,
And many a one of that ſexe, young and faire,
As full of faith as ſhe have fallen,and fouly.
Leo. It is a wench: O that I knew the circumſtance.
Dem. Why might not, to preſerve me from this ruine,
She having loſt her honor,and abuſed me,
My father change the formes o'th' coines,and execute
His anger on a fault ſhe ne're committed,
Only to keep me ſafe? why ſhould I thinke ſo?
She never was to me but all obedience,
Sweetnes,and love.
Leo. How heartily he weeps now?
I have not wept theſe thirty yeares and upward;
But now,if I ſhould be hang'd I cannot hold from't;
It grieves me to the heart.
Dem. Who's that that mocks me?
Leo. A plague of him that mocks ye: I grieve truly,
Truly and heartily to ſee you thus ſir:
And if it lay in my power,Gods are my witneſſe,
Who ere he be, that tooke your ſweet peace from ye;
I am not ſo old yet,nor want I ſpirit----
Dem. No more of that no more *Leontius*,
Revenges are the gods: our part is ſufferance:
Farewell, I ſhall not ſee thee long. (in't;
Leo. Good ſir,tell me the cauſe,I know there is a woman
Doe you hold me faithfull?dare ye truſt your ſouldier?
Sweet Prince, the cauſe?
Dem. I muſt not,dare not tell it,
And as thou art an honeſt man, enquire not.
Leo. Will ye be merry then?
Dem. I am wondrous merry.
Leo.'Tis wondrous well:you think now this becomes ye.
Shame on't,it does not ſir, it ſhewes not hanſomely;
If I were thus, you would ſweare I were an aſſe ſtraight;
A wooden aſſe; whine for a wench?
Dem. Prethee leave me.
Leo. I will not leave ye for a fit.
Dem. Leontius?
Leo. For that you may have any where for ſixepence,
And a deare pennyworth too.
Dem. Nay, then you are troubleſome.
Leo. Not halfe ſo troubleſome as you are to your ſelf ſir;
Was that brave heart made to pant for a placket:
And now i'th' dog-daies too, when nothing dare love?
That noble mind to melt away,and moulder
For a hay-nonny-nonny? would I had a glaſſe here,
To ſhew ye what a pretty toy ye are turn'd to.
Dem. My wretched fortune.
Leo. Will ye but let me know her?
I'le once turne bawd: go too, they are good mens offices,
And not ſo contemptible as we take 'em for:
And if ſhe be above ground, and a woman,
I aske no more; I'le bring her o' my backe ſir,
By this hand I will: and I had as lieve bring the devill,
I care not who ſhe be, nor where I have her,
And in your armes, or the next bed deliver her, (galliard.
Which you thinke fitteſt:and when you have danc'd your
Dem. Away,and foole to them are ſo affected:
O thou art gone, and all my comfort with thee;
Wilt thou do one thing for me?
Leo. All things i'th' world ſir,
Of all dangers.
Dem. Sweare.
Leo. I will.
Dem. Come neere me no more then.
Leo. How?
Dem. Come no more neere me:
Thou art a plague-ſore to me. *Exit.*
Leo. Give you good ev'n ſir;
If you be ſuffer'd thus, we ſhall have fine ſport.
I will be ſorry yet. *Ent.2 Gent.*
1 *Gent.* How now,how does he?
Leo. Nay,if *I* tell ye hang me,or any man elſe
That hath his nineteen wits; he has the bots I thinke,
He groanes,and roares, and kicks.
2 *Gent.* Will he ſpeake yet?
Leo. Not willingly:
Shortly he will not ſee a man; if ever
I look'd upon a Prince ſo metamorphis'd,
So juggled into I know not what,ſhame take me;
This 'tis to be in love.
1 *Gent.* Is that the cauſe on't?
Leo. What is it not the cauſe of but bearebaitings?
And yet it ſtinkes much like it: out upon't,
What Giants,and what dwarffs,what owles and apes,(it,
What dogs,and cats it makes us?men that are poſſeſt with
Live as if they had a legion of devils in 'em,
And every devill of a ſeverall nature,
Nothing but Hey paſſe,re-paſſe: where's the *Lieutenant*!
Has he gathered up the end on's wits againe?
1 *Gent.* He is alive: but you that talke of wonders,
Shew me but ſuch a wonder as he is now.
Leo. Why? he was ever at the worſt a wonder.
2 *Gent.* He is now moſt wonderfull; a blazer now ſir:

Leo. What ailes the fooles?and what ſtar raignes now
We have ſuch prodigies? (gentlemen
2 Gen. 'Twill poaze your heaven-hunters;
He talks now of the King,no other language,
And with the King,as he imagines hourely,
Courts the King, drinks to the King,dies for the King,
Buyes all the pictures of the King,wears the Kings colors,
Leo. Does he not lye i'th' Kings ſtreet too?
1.Gen. Hee's going thither,
Makes praiers for the King in ſundry languages,
Turnes all his Proclamations into meeter,
Is really in love with the King,moſt doatingly,
And ſweares *Adonis* was a devill to him:
A ſweet King,a moſt comely King,and ſuch a King----
2.Gen. Then down on's mary-bones:O excellent King:
Thus he begins,Thou light and life of creatures,
Angell-ey'd King, vouchſafe at length thy favour;
And ſo proceeds to inciſion: what think ye of this ſorrow?
1.Gen. Will as familiarly kiſſe the Kings horſes
As they paſſe by him: ready to raviſh his footmen.
Leo. Why this is above Ela?
But how comes this?
1.Gen. Nay thats to underſtand yet,
But thus it is,and this part but the pooreſt, (theſe.
'Twould make a man leap over the Moone to ſee him act
2.Gen. With ſighes as though his heart would breake:
Cry like a breech'd boy, not eat a bit.
Leo. I muſt goe ſee him preſently,
For this is ſuch a gig: for certaine Gentlemen
The Fiend rides on a Fiddleſticke.
2.Gen. I thinke ſo.
Leo. Can ye guide me to him?for half an houre I am his,
To ſee the miracle.
1.Gen. We ſure ſhall ſtart him. *Exeunt.*

Scæne 5. *Enter Antigonus and Leucippe.*

Ant. Are you ſure ſhe dranke it?
Leu. Now muſt I lye moſt confidently.
Yes ſir, ſhe has drunke it off.
Ant. How works it with her?
Leu. I ſee no alteration yet.
Ant. There will be,
For he is the greateſt Artiſt living made it;
Where is ſhe now?
Leu. She is ready to walke out ſir.
Ant. Starke mad,I know ſhe will be.
Leu. So I hope ſir.
Ant. She knowes not of the Prince?
Leu. Of no man living---
Ant. How do I looke?how do my clothes become me?
I am not very gray.
Leu. A very youth ſir,
Upon my maiden-head as ſmug as April:
Heaven bleſſe that ſweet face, 'twill undoe a thouſand,
Many a ſoft heart muſt ſob yet,ere that wither,
Your Grace can give content enough. *Enter Celia with a book*
Ant. I thinke ſo.
Leu. Here ſhe comes ſir.
Ant. How ſhall I keep her off me?
Go & perfume the room:make all things ready. *Ex.Leu.*
Cel. No hope yet of the Prince? no comfort of him?
They keep me mew'd up here,as they mew mad folkes,
No companie but my afflictions.
This royall devill againe?ſtrange,how he haunts me?
How like a poiſon'd potion his eyes fright me?
Has made himſelfe hanſome too.
Ant. Doe you looke now,Lady?
You will leap anon.
Cel. Curl'd and perfum'd? I ſmell him:
He looks on's leggs too: ſure he will cut a caper,
God-a-mercie deare December.
Ant. O doe you ſmile now:
I knew it would worke with you:come hither pretty one.
Cel. Sir.
Ant. I like thoſe curteſies well.come hither&kiſſe me.
Cel. I am reading ſir of a ſhort Treatiſe here,
Thats call'd the vanitie of luſt:has your Grace ſeene it?
He ſayes here, that an old mans looſe deſire
Is like the glow-wormes light,the Apes ſo wonder'd at:
Which when they gather'd ſticks,and laid upon't,
And blew,and blew,turn'd taile,and went out preſently:
And in another place,he cals their loves,
Faint ſmels of dying flowers, carry no comforts;
They'r doating ſtinking foggs, ſo thick and muddy,
Reaſon with all his beames cannot beat through 'em.
Ant. How's this? is this the potion?you but foole ſtill,
I know you love me.
Cel. As ye are juſt and honeſt,
I know I love and honour ye: admire ye.
Ant. This makes againſt me,fearfully againſt me.
Cel. But as you bring your power to perſecute me,
Your traps to catch mine innocence,to rob me,
As you lay out your luſts to overwhelme me,
Hell never hated good,as I hate you ſir;
And I dare tell it to your face: What glory
Now after all your Conqueſts got,your Titles,
The ever-living memories rais'd to you.
Can my defeat be? my poore wracke,what triumph?
And when you crowne your ſwelling cups to fortune,
What honourable tongue can ſing my ſtory?
Be as your Embleme is, a glorious Lamp
Set on the top of all, to light all perfectly:
Be as your office is,a god like Juſtice,
Into all ſhedding equally your vertues. (nes;
Ant. She has drencht me now:now I admire hir good-
So young,ſo nobly ſtrong, I never taſted:
Can nothing in the power of Kings perſwade ye?
Cel. No, nor that power command me.
Ant. Say I ſhould force ye?
I have it in my will.
Cel Your will's a poore one;
And though it be a Kings will, a deſpiſed one,
Weaker then Infants leggs,your will's in ſwadling clouts:
A thouſand waies my will has found to checke ye;
A thouſand doores to ſcape ye. I dare die ſir
As ſuddenly I dare die,as you can offer:
Nay,ſay you had your will, ſay you had raviſh'd me,
Perform'd your luſt, what had you purchas'd by it?
What honor won,doe you know who dwels above ſir,
And what they have prepared for men turn'd devils?
Did you never heare their thunder? ſtart and tremble,
Death ſitting on your bloud,when their fires viſit us?
Will nothing wring you then do you thinke?ſit hard here?
And like a ſnaile curle round about your conſcience
Biting and ſtinging: will you not roare too late then?
Then when you ſhake in horror of this villanie,
Then will I riſe a ſtar in heaven,and ſcorne ye. (neſſe?
Ant. Luſt,how I hate thee now? and love this ſweet-
Will ye be my Queene? can that price purchaſe ye?
Cel. Not all the world, I am a Queene alreadie,
Crown'd by his love, I muſt not loſe for fortune;

I can give none away, ſell none away ſir,
Can lend no love,am not mine owne Exchequer;
For in anothers heart my hope and peace lyes. (nough
Ant. Your faire hands, Lady: for yet I am not pure e-
To touch theſe lips, in that ſweet peace ye ſpoke of:
Live now for ever, and I to ſerve your vertues ----
Cel. Why now ye ſhow a god? now I kneele to ye;
This ſacrifice of Virgins joy ſend to ye:
Thus I hold up my hands to heaven that touch'd ye,
And pray eternall bleſſings dwell about ye.
Ant. Vertue commands the ſtars: riſe more then ver-
Your preſent comfort ſhall be now my buſines. (tue;
Cel. All my obedient ſervice wait upon ye. *Ex.ſeve-*
(rally.

Scæne 6. *Enter Leontius, Gentlemen, Lieutenant.*

Leo. Haſt thou cleane forgot the wars?
Lieu. Prethee hold thy peace.
1.Gen. His mind's much elevated now.
Leo. It ſerves ſo
Sirrah.
Lieu. I am ſo troubled with this fellow.
Leo. He will call me rogue anon.
1.Gen. Tis ten to one elſe.
Lie. O King that thou knew'ſt I loved thee,how I lov'd
And where O King I barrell up thy beauty. (thee:
Leo. He cannot leave his Sutlers trade,he wooes in't.
Lieu. O never King.
Leo. By this hand,when I conſider ——
Lieu. My honeſt friend,you are a little ſawcy.
1.Gen. I told you you would have it.
Lieu. When mine owne worth ——
Leo. Is flung into the ballance,and found nothing.
Lieu. And yet a ſouldier.
Leo. And yet a ſawcy one.
Lieu. One that has followed thee.
Leo. Faire and far off.
Lieu. Fought for thy grace.
Leo. 'Twas for ſome griefe,you lye Sir.
Lieu. Hee's the ſon of a whore denies this:will that ſa-
Leo. Yes,very well. (tisfie ye?
Lieu. Shall then that thing that honors thee?
How miſerable a thing ſoever, yet a thing ſtill;
And though a thing of nothing,thy thing ever.
Leo. Heere's a new thing.
2 Gen. Hee's in a deep dump now.
Le. I'le fetch him out on't. When's the Kings birth-day
Lieu. When ere it be, that day I'le dye with ringing,
And there's the reſolution of a Lover. *Exit.*
Leo, A goodly reſolution ſure I take it,
He is bewitch'd,or moop'd,or his braines melted,
Could he find no body to fall in love with, but the King,
The good old King,to doat upon him too?
Stay, how I remember what the fat woman warn'd me,
Bad me remember,and look to him too:
Ile hang if ſhe have not a hand in this: hee's conjured,
Goe after him, I pitty the poore raſcall,
In the meane time Ile wait occaſion
To worke upon the Prince.
2.Gen. Pray doe that ſeriouſly. *Ex.ſeverally.*

Scæne 7. *Enter Antigonus, Menippus, Lords.*

Lor. Hee's very ill.
Ant. I am very ſorry for't,
And much aſhamed I have wronged his innocence,
Menippus, guide her to the Princes lodgings,
There leave her to his love againe.
Men. I am glad ſir.
Lord. He will ſpeake to none.
Ant. O I ſhall breake that ſilence;
Be quicke,take faire attendance.
Men. Yes ſir preſently. *Ex.*
Ant. He will find his tongue, I warrant ye; his health
I ſend a phiſick will not faile. (too;
Lord. Faire worke it.
Ant. We heare the Princes meane to viſit us
In way of truce.
Lord. Tis thought ſo.
Ant. Come: lets in then,
And think upon the nobleſt wayes to meet 'em. *Ex.*

Scæne 8. *Enter Leontius.*

Leo. There's no way now to get in: all the lights ſtopt
Nor can I heare a ſound of him: pray heaven (too;
He uſe no violence: I thinke he has more ſoule
Stronger,and I hope nobler: would I could but ſee once
This beauty he groanes under,or come to know
But any circumſtance. What noiſe is that there?
I thinke I heard him groane: here are ſome comming;
A woman too, Ile ſtand aloof,and view 'em.
Enter Menippus, Celia, Lords.
Cel. Well,ſome of ye have been too blame in this point,
But I forgive ye: The King might have pickt out too
Some fitter woman to have tride his valour.
Men. Twas all to the beſt meant,Lady.
Cel. I muſt thinke ſo,
For how to mend it now: hee's here you tell me?
Men. Hee's Madam,and the joy to ſee you only
Will draw him out.
Leo. I know that womans tongue,
I thinke I have ſeene her face too: Ile goe nearer:
If this be ſhe, he has ſome cauſe of ſorrow:
'Tis the ſame face; the ſame,moſt excellent woman.
Cel. This ſhould be Lord *Leontius*: I remember him.
Leo. Lady, I thinke ye know me.
Cel. Speake ſoft,good ſouldier:
I do, and know ye worthy, know ye noble;
Know not me yet openly,as you love me;
But let me ſee ye againe, Ile ſatisfie ye:
I am wondrous glad to ſee thoſe eyes.
Leo. You have charged me.
Cel. You ſhall know where I am.
Leo. I will not off yet:
She goes to knocke at's doore: This muſt be ſhe
The fellow told me of: right glad I am on't,
He will bolt now for certaine.
Cel. Are ye within ſir?
Ile trouble you no more: I thanke your curteſie,
Pray leave me now.
All. Me. We reſt your humble ſervants. *Ex.Men.&c.*
Cel. So now my gyves are off: pray heaven he be here!
Maſter, my royall ſir: doe you heare who cals ye?
Love my *Demetrius*.
Leo. Theſe are pretty quaile-pipes,
The Corke will come anon.
Cel. Can ye be drowſie,
When I call at your window?
Leo. I heare him ſtirring: *Enter Demetrius.*
Now he comes wondring out.
Dem. Tis *Celias* ſound ſure:

The ſweetneſſe of that tongue drawes all hearts to it;
There ſtands the ſhape too.
Len. How he ſtares upon her?
Dem. Ha? do mine eyes abuſe me?
'Tis ſhe, the living *Celia*: your hand Lady?
Cel. What ſhould this meane?
Dem. Tne very ſelfeſame *Celia.*
Cel. How do ye ſir?
Dem. Only turn'd brave.
I heard you were dead my deare on: compleat,
She is wondrous brave, a wondrous gallant Courtier.
Cel. How he ſurveies me round? here has been foule play.
Dem. How came ſhe thus?
Cel. It was a kind of death ſir,
I ſuffered in your abſence, meu'd up here,
And kept conceal'd I know not how.
Dem. 'Tis likely:
How came you hether *Celia*? wondrous gallant:
Did my father ſend for ye?
Cel. So they told me Sir,
And one command too.
Dem. I hope you were obedient?
Cel. I was ſo ever.
Dem. And ye were bravely us'd?
Cel. I wanted nothing:
My maiden-head to a mote i'th' Sun, he's jealous:
I muſt now play the knave with him, to dye for't,
'Tis in me nature.
Dem. Her very eyes are alter'd:
Jewels, and rich ones too, I never ſaw yet----
And what were thoſe came for ye?
Cel. Monſtrous jealous:
Have I liv'd at the rate of theſe ſcorn'd queſtions?
They ſeemed of good ſort Gentlemen.
Dem. Kind men?
Cel. They were wondrous kind:
I was much beholding to 'em;
There was one *Menippus* ſir.
Dem. Ha?
Cel. One *Menippus*,
A notable merry Lord, and a good companion.
Dem. And one *Charinthus* too?
Cel. Yes, there was ſuch a one.
Dem. And *Timon*?
Cel. 'Tis moſt true.
Dem. And thou moſt treacherous:
My fathers bawdes by-----they never miſſe courſe;
And were theſe daily with ye?
Cel. Every houre ſir.
Dem. And was there not a Lady, a fat Lady?
Cel. O Yes; a notable good wench.
Dem. The devill fetch her.
Cel. 'Tis ev'n the merrieſt wench----
Dem. Did ſhe keepe with ye too?
Cel. She was all in all; my bedfellow, eate with me,
Brought me acquainted.
Dem. You are well knowne here then?
Cel. There is no living here a ſtranger I thinke.
Dem. How came ye by this brave gowne?
Cel. This is a poore one:
Alas, I have twenty richer: do you ſee theſe jewels?
Why, they are the pooreſt things, to thoſe are ſent me,
And ſent me hourely too.
Dem. Is there no modeſtie?
No faith in this faire Sexe?
Leo. What will this prove too?

For yet with all my wits, I underſtand not.
Dem. Come hether; thou art dead indeed, loſt, tainted;
All that I left thee faire, and innocent,
Sweet as thy youth, and carrying comfort in't;
All that I hoped for vertuous, is fled from thee,
Turn'd backe, and banckrupt.
Leo. By'r Lady, this cuts ſhrewdly.
Dem. Thou art dead, for ever dead; ſins ſurfet ſlew thee;
The ambition of thoſe wanton eyes betraid thee;
Go from me grave of honor; go thou foule one,
Thou glory of thy ſin; go thou diſpis'd one,
*A*nd where there is no vertue, nor no virgin;
Where Chaſtitie was never knowne, nor heard of;
Where nothing reigns but imperious luſt, and loſers faces
Goe thether, child of bloud, and ſing my doating.
Cel. You do not ſpeake this ſeriouſly I hope ſir;
I did but jeſt with you.
Dem. Looke not upon me,
There is more hell in thoſe eyes, then hell harbours;
*A*nd when they flame, more torments.
Cel. Dare ye truſt me?
You durſt once even with all you had: your love ſir?
By this faire light I am honeſt.
Dem. Thou ſubtle *Circes*,
Caſt not upon the maiden light eclipſes:
Curſe not the day.
Cel. Come, come, you ſhall not do this:
How faine you would ſeeme angry now, to fright me;
You are not in the field among your enemies;
Come, I muſt coole this courage.
Dem. Out thou impudence,
Thou ulcer of thy Sexe; when I firſt ſaw thee,
I drew into mine eyes mine owne deſtruction,
I puld into my heart that ſudden poyſon,
That now conſumes my deare content to ſinders:
I am not now *Demetrius*, thou haſt chang'd me;
Thou woman with thy thouſand wiles haſt chang'd me;
Thou Serpent with thy angell-eyes haſt ſlaine me;
*A*nd where, before I touch'd on this faire ruine,
I was a man, and reaſon made, and mov'd me,
Now one great lump of griefe, I grow and wander.
Cel. *A*nd as you are noble, do you thinke I did this?
Dem. Put all the devills wings on, and flie from me.
Cel. I will go from ye, never more to ſee ye:
I will flie from ye, as a plague hangs o're me;
*A*nd through the progreſſe of my life hereafter;
Where ever *I* ſhall find a foole, a falſe man,
One that ne're knew the worth of polliſh'd vertue;
A baſe ſuſpecter of a virgins honour,
A child that flings away the wealth he cride for,
Him will *I* call *Demetrius*: that foole *Demetrius*,
That mad man a *Demetrius*; and that falſe man,
The Prince of broken faiths, even Prince *Demetrius*.
You thinke now, *I* ſhould cry, and kneele down to ye,
Petition for my peace; let thoſe that feele here
The weight of evill, waite for ſuch a favour,
I am above your hate, as far above it,
*I*n all the actions of an innocent life,
*A*s the pure Stars are from the muddy meators:
Crye when you know your folly: howle and curſe then,
Beate that unmanly breaſt, that holds a falſe heart
When ye ſhall come to know, whom ye have flung from ye.
Dem. Pray ye ſtay a little.
Cel. Not your hopes can alter me,
Then let a thouſand backe thoughts muſter in ye,
*A*nd with thoſe enter in a thouſand doatings;

Thoſe eyes be never ſhut, but drop to nothing:
My innocence for ever haunt and fright ye:
Thoſe armes together grow in folds; that tongue,
That bold bad tongue that barkes out theſe diſgraces.
When you ſhall come to know how nobly vertuous
I have preſerv'd my life, rot, rot within ye.
Dem. What ſhall I doe?
Cel. Live a loſt man for ever.
Goe aske your fathers conſcience what I ſuffered,
And through what ſeas of hazards I ſayl'd through:
Mine honour ſtill advanced in ſpight of tempeſts,
Then take your leave of love; and confeſſe freely,
You were never worthy of this heart that ſerv'd ye,
And ſo farewell ungratefull——*Exit.*
Dem. Is ſhe gone?
Leo. Ile follow her, and will find out this matter.-*Exit.*

Enter Antigonus, and Lords.

Antig. Are ye pleas'd now? have you got your heart a-
Have I reſtor'd ye that? (gain?
Dem. Sir: even for heavens ſake,
And ſacred truth ſake, tell me how ye found her.
Antig. I will, and in few words: Before I tride her,
'Tis true, I thought her moſt unfit your fellowſhip,
And fear'd her too: which feare begot that ſtory
I told ye firſt: but ſince, like gold *I* toucht her.
Dem. And how deare ſir?
Antig. Heavens holy light's not purer:
The conſtancy and goodneſſe of all women
That ever liv'd, to win the names of worthy,
This noble Maid has doubled in her: honour,
All promiſes of wealth, all art to win her,
And by all tongues imploy'd, wrought as much on her
As one may doe upon the Sun at noone day
By lighting Candles up: her ſhape is heavenly,
And to that heavenly ſhape her thoughts are angells.
Dem. Why did you tell me ſir?
Antig. 'Tis true, *I* err'd in't:
But ſince *I* made a full proofe of her vertue,
I find a King too poore a ſervant for her.
Love her, and honour her; in all obſerve her.
She muſt be ſomething more then time yet tels her:
And certaine I beleeve him bleſt, enjoyes her:
I would not loſe the hope of ſuch a daughter,
To adde another Empire to my honour. —*Exit.*
Dem. O wretched ſtate! to what end ſhall I turn me?
And where begins my penance? now, what ſervice
Will win her love againe? my death muſt doe it:
And if that ſacrifice can purge my follies,
Be pleas'd, O mightie Love, I dye thy ſervant---*Exit.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna prima.

Enter Leontius, and Celia.

Leo. I Know he do's not deſerve ye; h'as us'd ye poorely:
And to redeeme himſelfe——
Cel. Redeeme?
Leo. I know it----
There's no way left:
Cel. For heavens ſake doe not name him.
Doe not thinke on him ſir, he's ſo far from me
In all my thoughts now, methinkes I never knew him.
Leo. But yet I would ſee him againe.
Cel. No, never, never.
Leo. I doe not meane to lend him any comfort;
But to afflict him, ſo to torture him;
That even his very ſoule may ſhake within him:
To make him know, though he be great and powerfull,
'Tis not within his aime to deale diſhonourably,
And carry it off, and with a maid of your ſort.
Cel. I moſt confeſſe, I could moſt ſpightfully afflict him;
Now, now, I could whet my anger at him;
Now, arm'd with bitterneſſe, I could ſhoot through him;
I long to vex him:
Leo. And doe it home, and bravely:
Cel. Were I a man?
Leo. Ile helpe that weakeneſſe in ye:
I honour ye, and ſerve ye.
Cel. Not onely to diſclaime me,
When he had ſeal'd his vowes in heaven, ſworne to me,
And poore beleeving I became his ſervant:
But moſt maliciouſly to brand my credit,
Staine my pure name.
Leo. I would not ſuffer it:
See him I would againe, and to his teeth too:
Od's precious, I would ring him ſuch a leſſon---
Cel. I have done that already.
Leo. Nothing, nothing:
It was too poore a purge; beſides, by this time
He has found his fault, and feeles the hells that follow it.
That, and your urg'd on anger to the higheſt.
Why, 'twill be ſuch a ſtroake——
Cel. Say he repent then,
And ſeeke with teares to ſoften, I am a woman;
A woman that have lov'd him, ſir, have honour'd him:
I am no more.
Leo. Why, you may deale thereafter.
Cel. If I forgive him, I am loſt.
Leo. Hold there then,
The ſport will be to what a poore ſubmiſſion—
But keepe you ſtrong.
Cel. I would not ſee him.
Leo. Yes,
You ſhall ring his knell:
Cel. How if I kill him?
Leo. Kill him: why, let him dye.
Cel. I know 'tis fit ſo.
But why ſhould I that lov'd him once, deſtroy him?
O had he ſcap't this ſin, what a brave Gentleman---
Leo. I muſt confeſſe, had this not falne, a nobler,
A handſomer, the whole world had not ſhow'd ye:
And to his making ſuch a mind.
Cel. 'Tis certaine:
But all this I muſt now forget.
Leo. You ſhall not
If I have any art: goe up ſweet Lady,
And truſt my truth.
Cel. But good ſir bring him not.
Leo. *I* would not for the honour ye are born too,
But you ſhall ſee him, and neglect him too, and ſcorn him.
Cel. You will be neere me then.
Leo. *I* will be with ye;
Yet ther's ſome hope to ſtop this gap, ile work hard. *Exe.*

Scæne 2. *Enter Antigonus, Menippus, two Gent.*
Lieutenant, and Lords.

Antig. But is it poſſible this fellow tooke it?

2 Gent. It ſeemes ſo by the violence it wrought with,
Yet now the fits ev'n off.
Men. I beſeech your Grace.
Ant. Nay, I forgive thy wife with all my heart,
And am right glad ſhe dranke it not her ſelfe,
And more glad that the vertuous maid eſcapt it,
I would not for the world 'thad hit: but that this Souldier,
Lord how he lookes, that he ſhould take this vomit;
Can he make rimes too?
2 Gent. 'Has made a thouſand ſir,
And plaies the burthen to 'em on a Jewes-trump.
Ant. He lookes as though he were bepiſt: do you love
Lie. Yes ſurely even with all my heart. (me ſir?
Ant. I thanke ye;
I am glad I have ſo good a ſubject: but pray ye tell me,
How much did ye love me, before ye dranke this matter?
Lie. Even as much as a ſober man might; & a Souldier
That your Grace owes juſt halfe a yeares pay to.
Ant. Well remembred;
And did I ſeeme ſo young and amiable to ye?
Lieu. Methought you were the ſweeteſt youth ——
Ant. That's excellent.
Lieu. I truly ſir; and ever as I thought on ye,
I wiſh'd, and wiſh'd ——
Ant. What didſt thou wiſh I prethee?
Lieu. Ev'n, that I had been a wench of fifteene for ye,
A hanſome wench ſir.
Ant. Why? God a mercy Souldier:
I ſeeme not ſo now to thee.
Lieu. Not all out:
And yet I have a grudging to your Grace ſtill.
Ant. Thou waſt never in love before?
Lieu. Not with a King,
And hope I ſhall never be again: Truly ſir,
I have had ſuch plundges, and ſuch bickrings,
And as it were ſuch runnings atilt within me,
For whatſoever it was provok't me toward ye.
Ant. God-a-mercy ſtill.
Lieu. I had it with a vengeance,
It plaid his prize.
Ant. I would not have been a wench then,
Though of this age.
Lieu. No ſure, I ſhould have ſpoiled ye.
Ant. Well, goe thy waies, of all the luſty lovers
That ere I ſaw ---- wilt have an other potion?
Lieu. If you will be another thing, have at ye.
Ant. Ha, ha, ha: give me thy hand; from henceforth thou
Do bravely, Ile love thee as much. (art my ſouldier,
Lieu. I thanke ye;
But if you were mine enemie, I would not wiſh it ye:
I beſeech your Grace, pay me my charge.
2 Gen. Thats certaine ſir;
Has bought up all that ere he found was like ye,
Or any thing you have lov'd, that he could purchaſe;
Old horſes, that your Grace has ridden blind, & founder'd;
Dogs, rotten hawkes, and which is more then all this,
Has worne your Graces Gauntlet in his Bonnet.
An. Bring in your Bils: mine own love ſhall be ſatisfi'd;
And ſirrah, for this potion you have taken,
Ile point ye out a portion ye ſhall live on.
Men. Twas the beſt draught that ere ye drunk.
Lieu. I hope ſo.
Ant. Are the Princes come to'th' Court?
Men. They are all, and lodg'd ſir.
Ant. Come then, make ready for their entertainment,
Which preſently wee'l give: wait you on me ſir.
Lie. I ſhal love drinke the better whilſt I live boyes. *Ex.*

Scæne 3. *Enter Demetrius and Leontius.*

Dem. Let me but ſee her deare *Leontius*;
Let me but dye before her.
Leo. Would that would doe it:
If I knew where ſhe lay now, with what honeſtie,
You having flung ſo maine a miſchiefe on her,
And on ſo innocent and ſweet a Beautie,
Dare I preſent your viſit?
Dem. Ile repent all:
And with the greateſt ſacrifice of ſorrow,
That ever Lover made.
Leo. Twill be too late ſir:
I know not what will become of you.
Dem. You can help me.
Le. It may be to her ſight: what are you nearer;
She has ſworne ſhe will not ſpeake to ye, looke upon ye,
And to love ye againe, O ſhe cries out, and thunders,
She had rather love —— there is no hope ——
Dem. Yes *Leontius*,
There is a hope, which though it draw no love to it,
At leaſt will draw her to lament my fortune,
And that hope ſhall relieve me.
Leo. Harke ye ſir, harke ye:
Say I ſhould bring ye ——
Dem. Do not trifle with me?
Leo. I will not trifle; both together bring ye,
You know the wrongs ye' done.
Dem. I do confeſſe 'em.
Leo. And if you ſhould then jump into your fury,
And have another querke in your head.
Dem. I'le dye firſt.
Leo. You muſt ſay nothing to her; for 'tis certaine,
The nature of your crime will admit no excuſe.
Dem. I will not ſpeake, mine eyes ſhall tell my penance.
Leo. You muſt looke wondrous ſad too.
Dem. I need not looke ſo,
I am truly ſadneſſe ſelfe.
Leo. That looke will do it:
Stay here, I'le bring her to you inſtantly:
But take heed how you beare your ſelfe: ſit down there,
The more humble you are, the more ſhe'l take compaſſion
Women are per'lous things to deale upon. *Exit.*
Dem. What ſhall become of me? to curſe my fortune,
Were but to curſe my father; that's too impious;
But under whatſoever fate I ſuffer,
Bleſſe I beſeech thee heaven her harmleſſe goodneſſe.

Enter Leontius and Celia.

Leo. Now arme your ſelfe.
Cel. You have not brought him?
Leo. Yes faith,
And there he is: you ſee in what poore plight too,
Now you may doe your will, kill him, or ſave him.
Cel. I will goe back.
Leo. I will be hang'd then Lady,
Are yee a coward now?
Cel. I cannot ſpeak to him.
Dem. O me.
Leo. There was a ſigh to blow a Church downe;
So, now their eyes are fixt, the ſmall ſhot playes,
They will come toth' batterie anon.
Cel. He weeps extreamly.
Leo. Raile at him now.
Cel. I dare not.

Leo. I am glad on't.
Cel. Nor dare beleeve his teares.
Dem. You may bleſt beauty,
For thoſe thicke ſtreames that troubled my repentance,
Are crept out long agoe.
Leo. You ſee how he looks.
Cel. What have I to doe how he looks? how lookt he then,
When with a poiſoned truth he bit mine honour,
It was your counſell too, to ſcorne and ſlight him.
Leo. I, if ye ſaw fit cauſe; and you confeſt too,
Except this ſin, he was the braveſt gentleman,
The ſweeteſt, nobleſt: I take nothing from ye,
Nor from your anger; uſe him as you pleaſe:
For to ſay truth, he has deſerved your juſtice;
But ſtill conſider what he has been to you.
Cel. Pray doe not blinde me thus.
Dem. O gentle Miſtris,
If there were any way to expiate
A ſinne ſo great as mine, by interceſſion,
By praiers, by daily teares, by dying for ye:
O what a joy would cloſe theſe eyes that love ye.
Leo. They ſay women have tender hearts, I know not,
I am ſure mine melts.
Cel. Sir, I forgive ye heartily,
And all your wrong to me I caſt behind me,
And wiſh ye a fit beauty to your vertues:
Mine is too poore, in peace I part thus from you;
I muſt look back: gods keep your Grace: he's here ſtill. *Ex.*
Dem. She has forgiven me.
Leo. She has directed ye:
Up, up, and follow like a man: away ſir,
She lookt behind her twice: her heart dwels here ſir,
Ye drew teares from her too: ſhe cannot freeze thus;
The doore's ſet open too, are ye a man?
Are ye alive? doe ye underſtand her meaning?
Have ye bloud and ſpirit in ye?
Dem. I dare not trouble her.
Leo. Nay, and you will be nipt i'th' head with nothing,
Walke whining up and downe; I dare not, I cannot:
Strike now or never: faint heart, you know what ſir ---
Be govern'd by your feare, and quench your fire out.
A devill on't, ſtands this doore ope for nothing:
So get ye together, and be naught: now to ſecure all,
Will I go fetch out a more ſoveraigne plaiſter. *Ex.*

Scæne 4. *Enter Antigonus, Seleucus, Lyſimachus, Ptolomey, Lieuten. Gent. Lords.*

Ant. This peace is fairely made.
Seleu. Would your Grace wiſh us
To put in more: take what you pleaſe, we yeeld it;
The honour done us by your ſonne conſtraines it,
Your noble ſonne.
Ant. It is ſufficient, Princes;
And now we are one againe, one mind, one body,
And one ſword ſhall ſtrike for us.
Lyſ. Let Prince *Demetrius*
But lead us on: for we are his vowed ſervants;
Againſt the ſtrength of all the world wee'l buckle.
Ptol. And even from all that ſtrength wee'l catch at victory.
Sel. O had I now recover'd but the fortune
I loſt in Antioch, when mine Unckle periſh'd;
But that were but to ſurfeit me with bleſſings.
Lyſ. You loſt a ſweet childe there.
Sel. Name it no more ſir;
This is no time to entertaine ſuch ſorrowes;
Wil your Majeſtie do us the honor, we may ſee the Prince,
And wait upon him? *Enter Leon.*
Ant. I wonder he ſtayes from us:
How now *Leontius*, where's my ſonne?
Sel. Brave Captaine.
Lyſ. Old valiant ſir.
Leo. Your Graces are welcome:
Your ſonne and't pleaſe you ſir, is new caſheered yonder,
Caſt from his Miſtris favour: and ſuch a coile there is;
Such fending, and ſuch proving; ſhe ſtands off,
And will by no meanes yeeld to compoſition:
He offers any price; his body to her.
Sel. She is a hard Lady, denies that caution.
Leo. And now they whine, & now they rave: faith Princes;
'Twere a good point of charitie to piece 'em;
For leſſe then ſuch a power will doe juſt nothing:
And if you meane to ſee him, there it muſt be,
For there will he grow, till he be tranſplanted.
Sel. Beſeech your Grace, lets wait upon you thither,
That I may ſee that beauty dares deny him,
That ſcornfull beautie.
Ptol. I ſhould thinke it worſe now;
Ill brought up beautie.
Ant. She has too much reaſon for't;
Which with too great a grief, I ſhame to thinke of,
But wee'l goe ſee this game.
Lyſ. Rather this wonder.
Ant. Be you our guide *Leontius*, here's a new peace. *Ex.*

Scæne 5. *Enter Demetrius and Celia.*

Cel. Thus far you ſhall perſwade me ſtill to honour ye,
Still to live with ye ſir, or neere about ye;
For not to lye, you have my firſt and laſt love,
But ſince you have conceiv'd an evill againſt me,
An evill that ſo much concernes your honour,
That honour aim'd by all at for a patterne:
And though there be a falſe thought, and confeſt too,
And much repentance falne in ſhoures to purge it;
Yet, whilſt that great reſpect I ever bore ye,
Dwels in my bloud, and in my heart that duty;
Had it but been a dreame, I muſt not touch ye.
Dem. O you will make ſome other happy?
Cel. Never,
Upon this Hand I'le ſeale that faith.
Dem. We may kiſſe,
Put not thoſe out o'th' peace too.
Cel. Thoſe I'le give ye,
So there you will be pleas'd to pitch your ultra,
I will be merry with ye; ſing, diſcourſe with ye,
Be your poore Miſtris ſtill: in truth I love ye.
Enter Leontius, Antigonus, Seleucus, Lyſimachus, Ptolomy, Lieutenant, Gentleman.
Dem. Stay, who are theſe?
Lyſ. A very hanſome Lady?
Leo. As ere you ſaw.
Sel. Pitty her heart's ſo cruell.
Lyſ. How does your Grace? he ſtands ſtill, will not heare us.
Ptol. We come to ſerve ye ſir, in all our fortunes.
Lyſ. He bowes a little now; he's ſtrangely alter'd.
Sel. Ha? pray ye a word *Leontius*, pray ye a word with ye
Lyſimachus? you both knew mine *Enanthe*,
I loſt in *Antioch*, when the Towne was taken,
Mine unckle ſlaine, *Antigonus* had the ſack on't?
Lyſ. Yes, *I* remember well the girle.
Sel. Methinkes now

That face is wondrous like her : I have her Picture,
The ſame, but more yeares on her ; the very ſame.
Lyſ. A cherry to a cherry is not liker.
Sel. Looke on her eyes.
Leo. Moſt certaine ſhe is like her :
Many a time have I dandled her in theſe armes ſir,
And I hope who will more.
Ant. What's that ye looke at, Princes ?
Sel. This picture,and that Lady ſir.
Ant. Ha : they are neare :
They only erre in time.
Lyſ. Did you marke that bluſh there ?
That came the neareſt.
Sel. I muſt ſpeake to her.
Leo. You'l quickly be reſolved.
Sel. Your name ſweet Lady ?
Cel. *Enanthe*, ſir : and this to beg your bleſſing.
Sel. Doe you know me ?
Cel. If you be the King *Seleucus*,
I know you are my father.
Sel. Peace a little,
Where did I loſe ye ?
Cel, At the ſack of Antioch,
Where my good Unckle di'de,and I was taken,
By a meane ſouldier taken : by this Prince,
This noble Prince, redeemed from him againe,
Where ever ſince I have remained his ſervant.
Sel. My joyes are now too full : welcome *Enanthe*,
Mine owne,my deareſt, and my beſt *Enanthe*.
Dem. And mine too deſperate.
Cel. You ſhall not thinke ſo,
This is a peace indeed.
Ant. I hope it ſhall be,
And aske it firſt.
Cel. Moſt royall ſir, ye have it.
Dem. I once more beg it thus.
Sel. You muſt not be deni'd ſir.
Cel. By me, I am ſure he muſt not : ſure he ſhall not ;
Kneeling I give it too ; kneeling I take it ;
And from this houre, no envious ſpight ere part us.
All. The gods give happy joyes ; all comforts to ye.
Dem. My new *Enanthe*.
Ant. Come, beat all the Drums up,
And all the noble inſtruments of war :
Let 'em fill all the Kingdome with their ſounds ;
And thoſe the brazen arch of heaven breake through,
While to the Temple we conduct theſe two.
Leo. May they be ever loving,ever young,
And ever worthy of thoſe lines they ſprong ;
May their faire iſſues walke with time along.
Lieu. And hang a coward now;and there's my ſong.
Exeunt.

Prologue.

WOuld ſome man would inſtruct me what to ſay :
For this ſame Prologue,uſuall to a play,
Is tied to ſuch an old forme of Petition;
Men muſt ſay nothing now beyond commiſſion :
The cloakes we weare,the leggs we make,the place
We ſtand in,muſt be one ; and one the face.
Nor alter'd,nor exceeded;if it be,
A generall hiſſe,hangs on our levitie :
We have a Play,a new Play to play now,
And thus low in our Plaies behalfe we bow;
We bow to beg your ſuffrage,and kind eare;
If it were naught,or that it might appeare
A thing boy'd up by prayer,Gentlemen,
Beleeve my faith,you ſhould not ſee me then.
Let them ſpeake then have power to ſtop a ſtorme,
I never lov'd to feele a houſe ſo warme:
But for the Play,if you dare credit me,
I thinke it well : All new things you ſhall ſee,
And thoſe diſpos'd to all the mirth that may ;
And ſhort enough we hope : and ſuch a Play
You were wont to like : ſit nobly then,and ſee :
If it miſcarrie,pray looke not for me.

Epilogue.

I Am not cur'd yet throughlie ; for beleeve
I feele another paſſion that may grieve
All over me I feele it too: and now
It takes me cold,cold,cold,I know not how :
As you are good men helpe me,a Carowſe
May make me love you all, all here i'th' houſe,
And all that comes to ſee me doatingly :
Now lend your hands; and for your curteſie,
The next imployment I am ſent upon,
I'le ſweare you are Phiſitians, the wars none.

FINIS.

THE NICE VALOVR, OR, The Paſsionate Mad-man.

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Duke, Shamount, and 4 Gentlemen.

Duke.
S*Hamount*, welcome; we have miſt thee long,
Though abſent but two daies: I hope your
Anſwer your time and wiſhes. (ſports
Sham. Very nobly ſir:
We found game worthy your delight my Lord,
It was ſo royall.
Du. I've enough to heare on't,
Prethee beſtow't upon me in diſcourſe.
1 *Gen.* What is this Gentleman Coz? you are a Courtier,
Therefore know all their inſides.
2 *Gent.* No farther then the Taffitie goes good Coz,
For the moſt part, which is indeed the beſt part
Of the moſt generall inſide: marry thus far
I can with boldneſſe ſpeake this ones mans Character,
And upon honour paſſe it for a true one;
He has that ſtrength of manly merit in him,
That it exceeds his Soveraignes power of gracing;
He's faithfully true to valour, that he hates
The man from *Caſars* time, or farther off,
That ever tooke diſgrace unreveng'd:
And if he chance to read his abject ſtory,
He teares his memory out, and holds it vertuous,
Not to let ſhame have ſo much life amongſt us;
There is not ſuch a curious piece of courage
Amongſt mans fellowſhip, or one ſo jealous
Of honours loſſe, or reputations glory:
There's ſo much perfect, of his growing ſtory.
1 *Gen.* 'Twould make one dote on vertue as you tell it.
2 *Gen.* I ha' told it to much loſſe, beleeve it Coz.
3 *Gent.* How the Duke graces him? what is he brother?
4 *Gen.* Do you not yet know him? a vain-glorious cox-
As proud as he that fell for't: (combe,
Set but aſide his valour, no vertue,
Which is indeed, not fit for any Courtier;
And we his fellowes are as good as he,
Perhaps as capable of favour too,
For one thing or another, if 'twere look'd into:
Give me a man, were I a Soveraigne now,
Has a good ſtroake at Tennis, and a ſtiffe one,
Can play at *Equinoctium* with the Line,
As even as the thirteenth of *September*,
When day and night lye in a ſcale together:
Or may I thrive as I deſerve at Billiards;
No otherwiſe at Cheſſe, or at Primero:
Theſe are the parts requir'd, why not advanc'd?
Du. Truſt me, it was no leſſe then excellent pleaſure,
And I'm right glad 'twas thine. How fares our kinſman?
Who can reſolve us beſt?
1 *Gent.* I can my Lord.
Du. There if I had a pitty without bounds,
It might be all beſtowed —— A man ſo loſt
In the wild waies of paſſion, that he's ſenſible
Of nought but what torments him?
1 *Gent.* True my Lord,
He runs through all the Paſſions of mankind,
And ſhifts 'em ſtrangely too: one while in love,
And that ſo violent, that for want of buſineſſe,
Hee'l court the very Prentice of a Laundreſſe,
Though ſhe have kib'd heeles: and in's melancholly agen,
He will not brooke an Empreſſe, though thrice fairer
Then ever *Maud* was; or higher ſpirited
Then *Cleopatra*, or your Engliſh Counteſſe:
Then on a ſudden he's ſo merry againe,
Out-laughs a waiting woman, before her firſt Child:
And turning of a hand, ſo angry---
'Has almoſt beate the Northen fellow blind;
That is for that uſe only; if that mood hold my Lord,
'Had need of a freſh man; I'le undertake,
He ſhall bruiſe three a month.
Du. I pitty him dearely:
And let it be your charge, with his kind brother,
To ſee his moods obſerv'd; let every paſſion
Be fed ev'n to a ſurfet, which in time
May breed a loathing: let him have enough
Of every object, that his ſence is rapt with;
And being once glutted, then the taſte of folly
Will come into his relliſh. *Exit.*
1 *Gent.* I ſhall ſee
Your charge my Lord moſt faithfully effected:
And how does noble *Shamount*?
Sha. Never ill man
Untill I heare of baſeneſſe, then *I* ſicken,
I am the healthful'ſt man i'th' Kingdome elſe.
1 *Gent.* Be arm'd then for a fit, *Enter Lapet.*
Here comes a fellow
Will make you ſicke at heart, if baſeneſſe do't.
Sha. Let me be gone: what is he?
1 *Gent.* Let me tell you firſt,
It can be but a qualme, pray ſtay it out ſir,
Come, y'ave borne more then this.
Sha. Borne? never any thing

That was injurious.
Gen. Ha, I am far from that.
Sha. He lookes as like a man as I have ſeene one:
What would you ſpeake of him? ſpeake well I prethee,
Even for humanities cauſe.
1 *Gent.* You'd have it truth though?
Sha. What elſe ſir? I have no reaſon to wrong heav'n
To favour nature; let her beare her owne ſhame
If ſhe be faultie.
1 *Gent.* Monſtrous faultie there ſir.
Sha. I'm ill at eaſe already.
1 *Gent.* Pray beare up ſir.
Sha. I Prethee let me take him downwith ſpeed then.
Like a wild object that I would not looke upon.
1 *Gent.* Then thus: he's one that will endure as much
As can be lay'd upon him.
Sha. That may be noble:
I'm kept too long from his acquaintance.
1 *Gent.* O ſir,
Take heed of raſh repentance, y'are too forward
To find out vertue where it never ſetled:
Take the particulars firſt of what he endures;
Videlicet, Baſtinadoes by the great.
Sha. How!
1 *Gent.* Thumps by the dozen, and your kicks by whole
Sha. No more of him. (ſale.
1 *Gent.* The twinges by the noſtril he ſnuffes up,
And holds it the beſt remedy for ſneazing.
Sha. Away.
1 *Gent.* Has been thrice ſwitz't from ſeven a clock till
Yet with a Cart-Horſe ſtomack fell to break-faſt, (nine,
Forgetfull of his ſmart.
Sha. Nay, the diſgrace on't;
There is no ſmart but that: baſe things are felt
More by their ſhames then hurts Sir, I know you not,
But that you live an injury to nature:
I'm heartily angry with you.
Lap. Pray give your blow or kicke, and begon then:
For I ne're ſaw you before, and indeed,
Have nothing to ſay to you, for I know you not.
Sha. Why wouldſt thou take a blow?
Lap. I would not ſir,
Unleſſe 'twere offer'd me; and if from an enemy--
I'de be loth to deny it from a ſtranger.
Sha. What, a blow?
Endure a blow? and ſhall he live that gives it?
Lap. Many a faire yeare--why not ſir?
Sha. Let me wonder!
As full a man to ſee too, and as perfect---
I prethee live not long———
Lap. How?
Sha. Let me intreat it:
Thou doſt not know what wrong thou doſt mankind,
To walke ſo long here; not to dye betimes.
Let me adviſe thee, while thou haſt to live here,
Ev'n for mans honour ſake, take not a blow more.
Lap. You ſhould adviſe them not to ſtrike me then ſir,
For Ile take none I aſſure you, leſſe then are given.
Sha. How faine would I preſerve mans forme from
And cannot get it done? however ſir, (ſhame,
I charge thee live not long.
Lap. This is worſe then beating.
Sha. Of what profeſſion art thou, tell me ſir,
Beſides a Taylor? for Ile know the truth.
Lap. A Taylor? I'm as a good a Gentleman---
Can ſhew my armes and all.
Sha. How black and blew they are?
Is that your manifeſtation? upon paine
Of pounding thee to duſt, aſſume not wrong fully,
The name of Gentleman, becauſe I am one,
That muſt not let thee live.
Lap. I have done, I heve done ſir,
If there be any harme, beſhrew the Herald,
I'em ſure I ha not been ſo long a gentleman,
To make this anger: I have nothing no where,
But what I dearely pay for. *Exit.*
Sh. Groom begone;
I never was ſo heart-ſick yet of man.

Enter Lady, the Dukes ſiſter, Lapets wife.

1. *Gen.* Here comes a cordiall Sir from tother ſex,
Able to make a dying face look chearfull.
Sh. The bleſſedneſſe of Ladies ———
Lady. Y'are well met ſir.
Sh. The ſight of you has put an evill from me,
Whoſe breath was able to make vertue ſicken.
Lady. I'me glad *I* came ſo fortunately. What was't ſir?
Sh. A thing that takes a blow, lives and eates after it,
In very good health; you ha' not ſeen the like Madam,
A monſter worth your ſixpence, lovely worth,
Speak low Sir; by all likely-hoods 'tis her husband,
That now beſtow'd a viſitation on me. Farewell ſir. *Ex.*
Sh. Husband? is't poſſible that he has a wife?
Would any creature have him? 'twas ſome forc'd match,
If he were not kick'd toth' Church oth' wedding day,
Ile never come at Court. Can be no otherwiſe:
Perhaps he was rich, ſpeak Miſtris *Lapet*, was it not ſo?
VVife. Nay, that's without all queſtion.
Sh. O ho, he would not want kickers enow then;
If you are wiſe, I much ſuſpect your honeſty;
For wiſedome never faſtens conſtantly,
But upon merit: If you incline to foole,
You are alike unfit for his ſocietie;
Nay if it were not boldneſſe in the man
That honours you, to adviſe you, troth his company
Should not be frequent with you.
VVife. 'Tis good counſell ſir.
Sh. Oh I am ſo carefull where I reverence,
So juſt to goodneſſe, and her precious purity,
I am as equallie jealous, and as fearefull,
That any undeſerved ſtaine might fall
Upon her ſanctified whiteneſſe, as of the ſin
That comes by wilfulneſſe.
VVife. Sir, I love your thoughts,
And honour you for your counſell and your care.
Sh. We are your ſervants. (have kiſt me:
VVife. Hee's but a gentleman oth' chamber, he might
Faith, where ſhall one finde leſſe courteſie, then at Court?
Say *I* have an undeſerver to my husband:
That's ne're the worſe for him: well ſtrange lipt men,
'Tis but a kiſſe loſt, there'll more come agen. *Exit.*

Enter the Paſſionate Lord, the Dukes Kinſman, makes a congie or two to nothing.

1. *Gen.* Look who comes here ſir, his love fit's upon him;
I know it, by that ſet ſmile, and thoſe congies.
How courteous hee's to nothing? which indeed,
Is the next kin to woman; onely ſhadow
The elder Siſter of the twaine, becauſe 'tis ſeen too.
See how it kiſſes the fore-finger ſtill;

Which is the laſt edition,and being come
So neare the thumbe every Cobler has got it.;
Sham. What a ridiculous peice, humanity
Here makes it ſelfe?
1 Gent. Nay,good give leave a little ſir,
Y'are ſo preciſe a manhood——
Sha. It afflicts me
When *I* behold unſeemelineſſe in an Image
So neare the Godhead,'tis an injurie
To glorious Eternity.
1 Gent. Pray uſe patience ſir.
Paſ. I do confeſſe it freely precious Lady,
And loves ſuit is ſo,the longer it hangs
The worſe it is; better cut off ſweet Madam;
O that ſame drawing in your nether lip there,
Foreſhewes no goodneſſe Lady: make you queſtion on't?
Shame on me but I love you.
1 Gent. Who is't ſir,
You are at all this paines for? may I know her?
Paſ. For thee thou faireſt, yet the falſeſt woman,
That ever broke mans heart-ſtrings.
1 Gent. How? how's this ſir?
Paſ. What,the old tricke of Ladies? mans apparrell,
Wil't nere be left amongſt you? ſteale from Court in't?
1 Gent. I ſee the fit growes ſtronger.
Paſ. Pray let's talke a little.
Sha. I can endure no more.
1 Gen. Good,let us alone a little:
You are ſo exact a worke: love light things ſomewhat ſir.
Sha. Th'are all but ſhames.
1 Gen. What is't you'd ſay to me ſir?
Paſ. Can you be ſo forgetfull to enquire it Lady?
1 Gent. Yes truly ſir.
Paſ. The more I admire your flintineſſe:
What cauſe have I given you,illuſtrious Madam,
To play this ſtrange part with me?
1 Gent. Cauſe enough,
Do but looke backe ſir into your memorie,
Your love to other women ô lewd man,
'Tas almoſt kil'd my heart,you ſee I'm chang'd with it,
Iha' loſt the faſhion of my Sexe with griefe on't,
When I have ſeen you courting of a Dowdie;
Compar'd with me,and kiſſing your fore-finger
To one o'th' black-guards Miſtreſſes: would not this
Cracke a poore Ladies heart, that beleev'd love,
And waited for the comfort? but 'twas ſaid ſir,
A Lady of my haire cannot want pittying:
The Countries coming up, farewell to you ſir.
Paſ. Whither intend you ſir?
1 Gent. A long journey ſir:
The truth is,I'm with child,and goe to travell.
Paſ. With child? I never got it.
1 Gent. I heard you were buſie
At the ſame time ſir,and was loath to trouble you.
Paſ. Why,are not you a whore then, excellent Madam?
1 Gent. O by no meanes,'twas done ſir in the ſtate
Of my beliefe in you,and that quits me,
It lies upon your falſhod.
Paſ. Does it ſo?
You ſhall not carry her though ſir,ſhe's my contract.
2 Gent. I prethee thou four Elements ill brued,
Torment none but thy ſelfe; away I ſay
Thou beaſt of paſſion,as the drunkard is
The beaſt of wine; diſhonour to thy making,
Thou man in fragments.
Paſ. Heare me pretious Madam.
Sham. Kneele for thy wits to heaven.
Paſ. Lady, I'le father it,
Who ere begot it: 'tis the courſe of greatneſſe.
Sha. How vertue groanes at this?
Paſ. I'le raiſe the Court,but I'le ſtay your flight.
Sha. How wretched is that peice? *Ex.Paſ.Lord.*
1 Gen. He's the Dukes kinſman ſir.
Sha. That cannot take a paſſion away ſir,
Nor cut a fit, but one poore houre ſhorter,
He muſt endure as much as the pooreſt begger,
That cannot change his money; there's the equality
In our impartiall eſſence:
What's the newes now? *Ent.a Servant.*
Ser. Your worthy brother ſir, 'has left his charge,
And come to ſee you.
Sha. O the nobleſt welcome
Ent.Shamounts brother a Souldier.
That ever came from man, meet thy deſervings:
Methinkes I've all joyes treaſure in mine armes now,
Soul. You are ſo fortunate in prevention brother,
You alwaies leave the anſwerer barren ſir,
You comprehend in few words ſo much worth—
Sha. 'Tis all too little for thee: come th'art welcome,
So I include all: take eſpeciall knowledge pray,
Of this deare Gentleman,my abſolute friend,
That loves a Souldier far above a Miſtris,
Thou excellently faithfull to 'em both.
But love to manhood, ownes the purer troath. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus. Scæna prima.

Enter Shamonts brother a Souldier,and a Lady the Dukes ſiſter.

Lady There ſhould be in this gallery--- oh th'are here,
Pray ſit downe; beleeve me ſir I'm weary.
Soul. It well becomes a Lady to complaine a little
Of what ſhe never feeles: your walke was ſhort Madam,
You can be but affraid of wearineſſe;
Which well employes the ſoftneſſe of your Sexe,
As for the thing it ſelfe,you never came to't.
La. Y'are wonderouſly well read in Ladies ſir.
Soul. Shall I thinke ſuch a creature as you Madam,
Was ever borne to feele paine, but in travell?
There's your full portion,
Beſides a little toothache in the breeding,
Which a kind husband too,takes from you Madam.
La. But where do Ladies ſir,find ſuch kind husbands?
Perhaps you have heard
The Rhumaticke ſtory of ſome loving Chandler now,
Or ſome ſuch melting fellow,that you talke
So prodigall of mens kindneſſe: I confeſſe ſir,
Many of thoſe wives are happy, their ambition
Does reach no higher, then to love and ignorance,
Which makes an excellent husband, and a fond one:
Now ſir,your great ones aime at height, and cunning,
And ſo are oft deceiv'd,yet they muſt venture it;
For 'tis a Ladies contumely ſir,
To have a Lord an Ignorant; then the worlds voice
Will deeme her for a wanton ere ſhe taſte on't:
But to deceive a wiſe man,to whoſe circumſpection,
The world reſignes it ſelfe with all his envy;
'Tis leſſe diſhonour to us then to fall,
Becauſe his beleev'd wiſdome keepes out all.
Sould. Would I were the man Lady,that ſhould venture

His wiſedome to your goodneſſe.
Lad. You might faile
In the returne, as many men have done ſir :
I dare not juſtifie what is to come of me,
Becauſe I know it not, though I hope vertuouſly ;
Marry what's paſt or preſent, I durſt put
Into a good mans hand, Which if he take
Upon my word for good, it ſhall not couzen him.
Sol. No, nor hereafter?
Lad. It may hap ſo too ſir :
A womans goodneſſe, when ſhe is a wife,
Lies much upon a mans deſert, believe it ſir,
If there be fault in her, Ile pawn my life on't,
'Tis firſt in him, if ſhe were ever good,
That makes one; knowing not a husband yet,
Or what he may be, I promiſe no more vertues,
Then I may well performe, for that were couſenage.
Sol. Happy were he that had you with all feares,
That's my opinion, Lady.
Enter Shamont & a ſervant liſtning.
Ser. What ſay you now ſir ?
Dare you give confidence to your owne eyes ?
Sha. Not yet I dare not.
Ser. No ?
Sha. Scarce yet, or yet :
Although I ſee 'tis he. Why can a thing,
That's but my ſelfe divided be ſo falſe ?
Ser. Nay doe but marke how the chaire plaies his part
How amorouſly 'tis bent. (too :
Sha. Hell take thy bad thoughts,
For they are ſtrange ones. Never take delight
To make a torment worſe. Look on 'em heaven,
For that's a brother : ſend me a faire enemy,
And take him; for a fouler fiend there breathes not :
I will not ſin, to think there's ill in her,
But what's of his producing.
Yet goodneſſe, whoſe incloſure is but fleſh,
Holds out oft times but ſorrily. But as black ſir,
As ever kindred was : I hate mine owne bloud,
Becauſe it is ſo neare thine. Live without honeſty,
And maiſt thou dye with an unmoiſtned eye,
And no teare follow thee. *Ex. Shamont, Servant.*
Lad. Y'are wondrous merry ſir ; I would your Brother
Sold. O my ſiſter (heard you.
I would not out oth' way, let fall my words Lady,
Por the precizeſt humour.
Enter Paſſionate Lord.
Paſ. Yea, ſo cloſe.
Sol. Th'are merry, that's the worſt you can report on
Th'are neither dangerous, nor immodeſt. ('em;
Paſ. So ſir,
Shall I believe you, think you ?
Sold. Who's this Lady ?
Lad. O the Dukes Couſen; he came late from travel ſir.
Sold. Reſpect belongs to him.
Paſ. For as I ſaid Lady,
Th'are merry that's the worſt you can report of 'em :
Th'are neither dangerous, nor immodeſt.
Sold. How's this ?
Paſ. And there I think I left.
Sold. Abuſes me.
Paſ. Now to proceed, Lady; perhaps I ſwore I lov'd you,
If you believe me not, y'are much the wiſer.
Sol. He ſpeaks ſtill in my perſon, and derides me.
Paſ. For I can cog with you.
Lad. You can all doe ſo.
We make no queſtion of mens promptneſs that way.
Paſ. And ſmile, & wave a chair with comely grace too,
Play with our Taſtle gently, and doe fine things,
That catch a Lady ſooner then a vertue.
Sol. I never us'd to let man live ſo long
That wrong'd me.
Pa. Talke of Battalions, wooe you in a skirmiſh ;
Divine my mind to you Lady ; and being ſharp ſet,
Can court you at halfe pike : or name your weapon,
We cannot faile you Lady. *Enter 1 Gen.*
Sol. Now he dies :
Were all ſucceeding hopes ſtor'd up within him.
1 *Ge.* O fie, i'th' Court ſir ?
Sol. I moſt dearely thanke you ſir.
1 *Ge.* Tis rage ill ſpent upon a paſſionate mad-man.
Sol. That ſhall not priviledge him for ever ſir :
A mad-man call you him? I have found too much reaſon
Sound in his injurie to me, to beleeve him ſo.
1 *Ge.* If ever truth from mans lips may be held
In reputation with you, give this confidence ;
And this his love-fit, which we obſerve ſtill,
By's flattering and his finenes : at ſome other time,
Hee'l goe as ſlovenly as heart can wiſh:
The love and pity that his Highneſſe ſhewes to him,
Makes every man the more reſpectfull of him :
Has never a paſſion, but is well provided for,
As this of Love, he is full fed in all ;
His ſwinge as I may tearme it : have but patience,
And ye ſhall witneſſe ſomewhat.
Sol. Still he mocks me :
Looke you, in action, in behaviour ſir ;
Hold ſtill the chaire, with a grand miſchiefe to you,
Or Ile ſet ſo much ſtrength upon your heart ſir ——
Pa. I feele ſome power has reſtrain'd me Lady :
If it be ſent from love, ſay, I obey it,
And ever keep a voice to welcome it.

Song.

THou Deitie, ſwift winged love,
Sometimes below, ſometimes above,
Little in ſhape, but great in power,
Thou that makeſt a heart thy Tower,
And thy loop-holes, Ladies eyes,
From whence thou ſtrik'ſt the fond and wiſe.
Did all the ſhafts in thy faire quiver
Stick faſt in my ambitious liver ;
Yet thy power would I adore,
And call upon thee to ſhoot more.
ſhoot more, ſhoot more.

Enter one like a Cupid offring to ſhoot at him.
Paſ. I prethee hold though, ſweet Cæleſtiall boy ;
I'm not requited yet with love enough,
For the firſt arrow that I have within me :
And if thou be an equall archer *Cupid*,
Shoot this Lady, and twenty more for me.
Lad. Me ſir ?
1 *Gen.* Tis nothing but device, feare it not Lady ;
You may be as good a maid after that ſhaft Madam,
As ere your mother was at twelve and a halfe :
Tis like the boy that drawes it, 'tas no ſting yet.
Cup. Tis like the miſerable maid that drawes it --- *aſide*
That ſees no comfort yet, ſeeing him ſo paſſionate.
Paſ. Strike me the Ducheſſe of Valois in love with me
With all the ſpeed thou canſt, and two of her women.

Cup. Yo

Cu. You ſhall have more. *Exit.*
Paſ. Tell 'em I tarry for 'em.
1 *Gen.* Who would be angry with that walking trouble
That hurts none but it ſelfe? (now
Soul. I am better quieted.
Paſ. Ile have all women-kind ſtrucke in time for me
After thirteene once:
I ſee this *Cupid* will not let me want,
And let him ſpend his forty ſhafts an houre,
They ſhall be all found from the Dukes Exchequer;
He's come already.

Enter againe the ſame Cupid, two brothers, 6 women Maſkers, Cupids bow bent all the way towards them, the firſt woman ſinging and playing, A Prieſt.

The Song.

O turne thy bow,
Thy power we feele and know,
Faire Cupid turne away thy bow:
They be thoſe golden Arrowes,
Bring Ladies all their ſorrowes,
And till there be more truth in men,
Never ſhoot at maid agen.

Paſ. What a felicity of whores are here?
And all my concubines, ſtrucke bleeding new:
A man can in his life time make but one woman,
But he may make his fifty Queanes a month.
Cu. Have you remembred a Prieſt honeſt brothers?
1 *Bro.* Yes ſiſter, and this is the young gentleman,
Make you no queſtion of our faithfulneſſe.
2 *Bro.* His growing ſhame ſiſter provokes our care.
Prieſt. He muſt be taken in this fit of love Gentlemen.
1 *Bro.* What elſe ſir? he ſhall do't.
2 *Bro.* Enough.
1 *Bro.* Be cheerefull wench. *A dance, Cupid leading.*
Paſ. Now by the ſtroake of pleaſure, a deep oath,
Nimbly hopt Ladies all; what height they beare too?
A ſtory higher then your common ſtatures;
A little man muſt go up ſtaires to kiſſe 'em:
What a great ſpace there is
Betwixt loves dyning Chamber, and his Garret?
Ile trie the utmoſt height--the Garret ſtoopes methinkes;
The roomes are made all bending, I ſee that,
And not ſo high as a man takes 'em for.
Cu. Now if you'l follow me ſir, I've that power,
To make them follow you.
Paſ. Are they all ſhot?
Cu. All, all ſir, every mothers daughter of 'em. (ſhot,
Paſ. Then there's no feare of following; if they be once
They'l follow a man to th' devill--As for you ſir--*Ex. with*
Soul. Me ſir? *(the Lady, & the Maskers.*
1 *Gent.* Nay ſweet ſir.
Soul. A noiſe, a threatning; did you not heare it ſir?
1 *Gent.* Without regard ſir; ſo would I heare you.
Soul. This muſt come to ſomething: never talke of that
You never ſaw it otherwiſe. (Sir,
1 *Gen.* Nay deare merit ——
Soul. Me above all men?
1 *Gen.* Troth you wrong your anger.
Soul. I will be arm'd my honourable Letcher.
1 *Gent.* O fie ſweet ſir.
Soul. That devoures womens honeſties by lumps,
And never chawſt thy pleaſure.

1 *Gent.* What do you meane ſir?
Soul. What does he meane t' ingroſſe all to himſelfe?
There's others love a whore, as well as he ſir.
1 *Gen.* Oh an' that be part o'th furie, we have a Citty
Is very well provided for that caſe;
Let him alone with her, ſir we have women
Are very charitable to proper men,
And to a Souldier that has all his limbes;
Marry the ſicke and lame gets not a penny:
Right womens charity, and the husbands follow't too:
Here comes his highneſſe ſir.
Enter Duke, and Lords.
Soul. Ile walke to coole my ſelfe. *Exit.*
Du. Who's that?
1 *Gen.* The brother of *Shamont.*
Du. He's Brother then
To all the Courts love, they that love diſcreetly,
And place their friendlineſſe upon deſert:
As for the reſt, that with a double face
Looke upon merit, much like fortunes viſage,
That lookes two waies, both to lifes calmes and ſtormes,
Ile ſo provide for him, chiefly for him,
He ſhall not wiſh their loves, nor dread their envies.
And here comes my *Shamont.* *Enter Shamont.*
Sha. That Ladies vertues are my only joyes,
And he to offer to lay ſiedge to them?
Du. Shamont.
Sha. Her goodneſſe is my pride; in all diſcourſes,
As often as I here raſh tongued gallants,
Speake rudely of a woman, preſently
I give in but her name, and th'are all ſilent:
O who would loſe this benefit?
Du. Come hether ſir.
Sha. 'Tis like the gift of healing, but diviner;
For that but cures diſeaſes in the body,
This workes a cure on fame, on reputation:
The nobleſt piece of Surgery upon earth.
Du. Shamont; he minds me not.
Sha. A Brother do't?
Du. Shamont I ſay. *Gives him a touch with his ſwitch.*
Sha. Ha?
If he be mortall, by this hand he periſhes; *Drawes.*
Unleſſe it be a ſtroake from heaven, he dies for't.
Du. Why, how now ſir? 'twas I.
Sha. The more's my miſerie.
Du. Why, what's the matter prethee?
Sha. Can you aske it ſir?
No man elſe ſhould; ſtood forty lives before him,
By this I would have op'd my way to him;
It could not be you ſir, excuſe him not,
What ere he be, as y'are deere to honour,
That I may find my peace agen.
Du. Forbeare I ſay,
Upon my love to truth, 'twas none but I.
Sha. Still miſerable?
Du. Come, come, what ailes you ſir?
Sha. Never ſate ſhame cooling ſo long upon me,
Without a ſatisfaction in revenge,
And heaven has made it here a ſin to wiſh it.
Du. Harke you ſir?
Sha. O y'ave undone me.
Du. How?
Sha. Cruelly undone me;
I have loſt my peace, and reputation by you:
Sir pardon me, I can never love you more. *Exit.*
Du. What language call you this ſirs?

1 *Gen.* Truth my Lord, I've ſeldome heard a ſtranger.--
2 *Gent*, He is a man of a moſt curious valour,
Wondrous preciſe, and punctuall in that vertue.
Du. But why to me ſo punctuall? my laſt thought
Was moſt intirely fixt on his advancement:
Why, I came now to put him in poſſeſſion
Of his faire fortunes: what a miſ-conceiver 'tis?
And from a Gentleman of our Chamber meerely,
Made him Vice-Admirall; I was ſetled in't,
I love him next to health: call him Gentlemen;
Why would not you, or you ha' taken as much,
And never murmur'd? *Exit.* 1 *Gent.*
2 *Gent.* Troath, I thinke we ſhould my Lord,
And there's a fellow walkes about the Court,
Would take a hundred of 'em.
Du. I hate you all for't,
And rather praiſe his high pitch'd fortitude,
Though in extreames for niceneſſe: now I thinke on't,
I would I had never done't.---Now ſir, where is he?
Enter 1 *Gentleman.*
1 *Gent.* His ſute is only ſir to be excuſ'd.
Du. He ſhall not be excus'd, I love him dearelier:
Say we intreat him; goe, he muſt not leave us. *Ex.* 2 *Gen.*
So vertue bleſſe me, I nere knew him parraleld;
Why, he's more pretious to me now, then ever.
Enter 2 *Gent. and Shamont.*
2 *Gent.* With much faire language, w'ave brought him?
Du, Thankes——Where is he?
2 *Gent.* Yonder ſir.
Du. Come forward man.
Sha. Pray pardon me, I'm aſham'd to be ſeene ſir.
Du. Was ever ſuch a touchie man heard of?
Prethee come nearer.
Sha. More into the light?
Put not ſuch crueltie into your requeſts my Lord,
Firſt to diſgrace me publikely, and then draw me
Into mens eyeſight, with the ſhame yet hot
Upon my reputation.
Du. What diſgrace ſir?
Sha. What?
Such as there can be no forgiveneſſe for,
That I can find in honour.
Du. That's moſt ſtrange ſir.
Sha. Yet I have ſeartch'd my boſome to find one,
And wreſled with my inclination,
But 'twill not be: would you had kild me ſir,
With what an eaſe had I forgiven you then?
But to endure a ſtroke from any hand
Under a punniſhing Angels, which is juſtice,
Honour diſclame that man, for my part chiefly:
Had it been yet the malice of your ſword,
Though it had cleft me, 'thad been noble to me;
You ſhould have found my thankes paid in a ſmile
If I had fell unworded; but to ſhame me,
With the correction that your horſe ſhould have,
Were you ten thouſand times my royall Lord,
I cannot love you never, nor deſire to ſerve you more.
If your drum call me I am vowed to valour,
But peace ſhall never know me yours agen,
Becauſe I've loſt mine owne, I ſpeake to dye ſir;
Would you were gratious that way to take off ſhame,
With the ſame ſwiftneſſe as you powre it on:
And ſince it is not in the power of Monarches
To make a Gentleman, which is a ſubſtance
Only begot of merit, they ſhould be carefull
Not to deſtroy the worth of one ſo rare,
Which neither they can make; nor loſt, repaire. *Exit.*
Du. Y'ave ſet a faire light ſir before my judgement,
Which burnes with wondrous clearnes; I acknowledge it,
And your worth with it: but then ſir, my love,
My love ---- what gone agen?
1 *Gen.* And full of ſcorne my Lord.
Du. That language will undoe the man that keeps it,
Who knows no difference twixt contempt and manhood.
Upon your love to goodnes, gentlemen,
Let me not loſe him long: how now?
Enter a Huntſman
Huntſ. The game's at height my Lord.
Du. Confound both, thee and it: hence breake it off;
He hates me brings me newes of any pleaſure:
I felt not ſuch a conflict ſince I cou'd;
Diſtinguiſh betwixt worthineſſe and bloud *Ex.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna prima.

Enter the two brothers, 1 *Gentleman, with thoſe that were the Maskers, and the Cupid.*

1 *Gen.* I I heartily commend your project Gentlemen,
'Twas wiſe and vertuous.
1 *Bro.* 'Twas for the ſafety
Of pretious honour ſir, which neere bloud binds us to:
He promis'd the poore eaſie foole there marriage,
There was a good maiden-head loſt i'th' beliefe on't,
Beſhrew her haſty confidence.
1 *Gen.* O no more ſir,
You make her weep agen; alas poore Cupid:
Shall ſhe not ſhift her ſelfe?
1 *Bro.* O by no meanes ſir:
We dare not have her ſeen yet, all the while
She keepes this ſhape, 'tis but thought device,
And ſhe may follow him ſo without ſuſpition,
To ſee if ſhe can draw all his wilde paſſions,
To one point only, and that's love, the maine point:
So far his highneſſe grants, and gave at firſt,
Large approbation to the quicke conceit,
Which then was quicke indeed.
1 *Gent.* You make her bluſh inſooth.
1 *Bro.* I feare 'tis more the flagg of ſhame, then grace (ſir.
1 *Gen.* They both give but one kind of colour ſir:
If it be baſhfulneſſe in that kind taken,
It is the ſame with grace; and there ſhe weepes agen.
In truth y'are too hard, much, much too bitter ſir,
Unleſſe you meane to have her weepe her eyes out,
To play a Cupid truly.
1 *Bro.* Come, ha' done then:
We ſhould all feare to ſin firſt; for 'tis certaine,
When 'tis once lodg'd, though entertain'd in mirth,
It muſt be wept out, if it ere come forth.
1 *Gent.* Now 'tis ſo well, I'le leave you.
1 *Bro.* Faithfully welcome ſir,
Go Cupid to your charge; hee's your owne now;
If he want love, none will be blam'd but you.
Cu. The ſtrangeſt marriage, and unfortunat'ſt Bride
That ever humane memory contain'd;
I cannot be my ſelfe for't. *Exit.*
Enter the Clowne.
Clo. Oh Gentlemen?
1 *Bro.* How now ſir, what's the matter?
Clo. His melancholly paſſion is halfe ſpent already,
Then comes his angry fit at the very taile on't,
Then comes in my pain gentlemen; 'has beate me e'ne to
Cullis

Cullis. I am nothing, right worſhipfull, but very pap,
And jelly: I have no bones, my body's all one buſines,
They talk of ribs, & chines moſt freely abroad i'th' world,
Why, I have no ſuch thing; who ever lives to ſee me dead
Gentlemen, ſhall find me all mummie good to fill galipots
And long dildo glaſſes: I ſhall not have a bone to throw
At a dog.
Omnes. Alas poore vaſſall, how he goes?
Clo. O Gentlemen,
I am unjoynted, do but thinke o' that:
My breaſt is beat into my mawe, that what I eate,
I am faine to take't in all at mouth with ſpoones;
A lamentable hearing; and 'tis well knowne, my belly
Is driven into my backe.
I earn'd foure Crowns a month, moſt dearely Gentlemen,
And one he muſt have when the fit's upon him,
The privy purſe allowes it, and 'tis thriftineſſe,
He would breake elſe ſome fourty pounds in caſements,
And in five hundred yeares undo the Kingdome:
I have caſt it up to a quarrell.
1 Bro. There's a fellow kickt about court, I would
He had his place brother, but for one fit of his indignation.
2 Bro. And ſuddenly I have thought upon a means for't.
1 Bro. I Prethee how?
2 Bro. 'Tis but preferring Brother
This ſtockfiſh to his ſervice, with a letter
Of commendations, the ſame way he wiſhes it,
And then you win his heart: for o' my knowledge
He has laied waite this halfe yeare for a fellow
That will be beaten; and with a ſafe conſcience
We may commend the carriage of this man in't;
Now ſervants he has kept, luſty tall feeders,
But they have beate him, and turn'd themſelves away:
Now one that would endure, is like to ſtay,
And get good wages of him; and the ſervice too
Is ten times milder Brother, I would not wiſh it elſe.
I ſee the fellow has a ſore cruſh'd body,
And the more need he has to be kickt at eaſe. (a Maſter.
Clo. *I* ſweet Gentlemen, a kick of eaſe, ſend me to ſuch
2 Bro. No more *I* ſay, we have one for thee, a ſoft footed
One that weares wooll in's toes. (Maſter,
Clo. O Gentlemen, ſoft garments may you weare,
Soft skins may you wed,
But as plump as pillowes, both for white and red.
And now will *I* reveale a ſecret to you,
Since you provide for my poore fleſh ſo tenderly,
'Has hir'd meete Rogues, out of his Chamber window,
To beate the Souldier, Mounſier *Shamonts* Brother.
1 Bro. That nothing concernes us ſir.
Clo. For no cauſe Gentlemen,
Unleſſe it be for wearing ſhoulder points,
With longer taggs then his.
2 Bro. *Is* not that ſomewhat?
Birlakin ſir, the difference of long taggs,
Has coſt many a mans life, and advanc'd other ſome,
Come follow me.
Clo. See what a gull am *I*:
Oh every man in his profeſſion;
I know a thumpe now, as juditiouſly,
As the proudeſt he that walkes, I'le except none;
Come to a tagge, how ſhort I fall? *I*'m gone. *Exeunt*

Enter Lapet.

Lap. *I* have been ruminating with my ſelfe,
What honour a man loſes by a kicke:
Why, what's a kicke? the fury of a foote,
Whoſe indignation commonly is ſtampt
Upon the hinder quarter of a man;
Which is a place very unfit for honour,
The world will confeſſe ſo much:
Then what diſgrace I pray, does that part ſuffer
Where honour never comes, I'd faine know that?
This being well forc'd, and urg'd, may have the power
To move moſt Gallants to take kickes in time,
And ſpurne out the duelloes out o'th' kingdome,
For they that ſtand upon their honour moſt,
When they conceive there is no honour loſt,
As by a table that I have invented
For that purpoſe alone, ſhall appeare plainly,
Which ſhewes the vanity of all blowes at large,
And with what eaſe they may be tooke of all ſides,
Numbring but twice ore the Letters Patience
From *C. P.* to *E.* I doubt not but in ſmall time
To ſee a diſſolution of all bloudſhed,
If the Reform'd Kick do but once get up:
For what a lamentable folly 'tis,
If we obſerv't, for every little juſtle,
Which is but the ninth part of a ſound thump,
In our meeke computation, we muſt fight forſooth, yes,
If kill, I'm hang'; if I be kil'd my ſelfe,
I dye for't alſo: is not this trim wiſdome?
Now for the Con, a man may be well beaten,
Yet paſſe away his foureſcore yeares ſmooth after:
I had a father did it, and to my power
I will not be behind him. *Enter Shamont.*
Sha. O well met.
Lap. Now a fine punch or two, I looke for't duly.
Sha. I've been to ſeeke you.
Lap. Let me know your lodging ſir,
I'le come to you once a day, and uſe your pleaſure ſir.
Sha. *I*'m made the fitteſt man for thy Society:
I'le live and dye with thee: come ſhew me a Chamber;
There is no houſe but thine, but only thine,
That's fit to cover me: *I*'ve tooke a blow ſirrah.
Lap. *I* would you had indeed: why, you may ſee ſir;
You'l all come to't in time, when my booke's out.
Sha. Since *I* did ſee thee laſt, *I*'ve tooke a blow.
Lap. Pha ſir that's nothing; *I* ha' tooke fourty ſince.
Sha. What? and *I* charg'd thee thou ſhouldſt not?
Lap. *I* ſir, you might charge your pleaſure,
But they would giv't me, whether *I* would or no.
Sha. Oh *I* walke without my peace, *I*'ve no companion
Prethee reſolve me, for *I* cannot aske (now;
A man more beaten to experience,
Then thou art in this kind, what manner of blow
Is held the moſt diſgracefull, or diſtaſtefull?
For thou doſt only cenſure 'em by the hurt,
Not by the ſhame they do thee: yet having felt
Abuſes of all kindes, thou mayſt deliver,
Though't be by chance, the moſt injurious one.
Lap. You put me to't ſir; but to tell you truth,
Th'are all as one with me, little exception.
Sha. That little may do much, let's have it from you.
Lap. With all the ſpeed *I* may: firſt then, and formoſt,
I hold ſo reverently of the Baſtinado ſir,
That if it were the deareſt friend i'th' world,
I'd put it into his hand.
Sha. Go too, *I*'le paſſe that then.
Lap. Y'are the more happy ſir,
Would *I* were paſt it too:
But being accuſtom'd to't, *It* is the better carried.
Sha. Will you forward? (dowſt,
Lap. Then there's your ſowce, your wherrit, and your

Tuggs on the haire, your bob o'th' lips, a whelpe on't,
I nere could find much difference: Now your thumpe,
A thing deriv'd firſt from your Hemp-beaters,
Takes a mans wind away, moſt ſpitefully:
There's nothing that deſtroyes a Collicke like it,
For't leaves no wind i'th' body.

Sha. On ſir, on.

Lap. Pray give me leave, I'm out of breath with thinking

Sha. This is far off yet. (ont.

Lap. For the twinge byth' noſe,
'Tis certainly unſightly, ſo my tables ſaies,
But helpes againſt the head-ache, woundrous ſtrangely.

Sha. Is't poſſible?

Lap. O your cruſh'd noſtrils ſlakes your opilation
And makes your pent powers fluſh to wholſome ſneezes.

Sha. I never thought there had been halfe that vertue
In a wrung noſe before.

Lap. O plenitude ſir:
Now come we lower, to our moderne kick,
Which has been mightily in uſe of late,
Since our young men dranke Coltsfoot: and I grant you,
'Tis a moſt ſcornefull wrong, cauſe the foot plaies it;
But marke agen, how we that take't, requite it
With the like ſcorne, for we receive it backeward;
And can there be a worſe diſgrace retorted?

Sha. And is this all?

Lap. All but a lugg byth' eare,
Or ſuch a trifle.

Sha. Happy ſufferer,
All this is nothing to the wrong I beare:
I ſee the worſt diſgrace, thou never felt'ſt yet;
It is ſo far from thee, thou canſt not thinke on't;
Nor dare I let thee know, it is ſo abject.

Lap. I would you would though, that I might prepare
For I ſhall ha't at one time or another: (for't,
If't be a thwacke, I make account of that;
There's no new faſhion'd ſwappe that ere came up yet,
But I've the firſt on 'em, I thanke 'em for't.

Enter the Lady, and Servants.

Lad. Haſt thou enquir'd?

1 *Ser.* But Can heare nothing Madam.

Sha. If there be but ſo much ſubſtance in thee
To make a ſhelter for a man diſgrac'd,
Hide my departure from that glorious woman
That comes with all perfection about her:
So noble, that I dare not be ſeene of her,
Since ſhame tooke hold of me: upon thy life
No mention of me.

Lap. I'le cut out my tongue firſt,
Before I'le looſe my life, there's more belongs to't.

Lad. See there's a Gentleman, enquire of him.

2 *Ser.* For Mounſier *Shamont* Madam?

Lad. For whom elſe ſir?

1 *Ser.* Why, this fellow dares not ſee him.

Lad. How?

1 *Ser.* *Shamont* Madam?
His very name's worſe then a feavour to him,
And when he cries, there's nothing ſtils him ſooner;
Madam, your Page of thirteene is to hard for him,
'Twas tri'd i'th' wood-yard.

Lad. Alas poore grieved Merit!
What is become of him? if he once faile,
Vertue ſhall find ſmall friendſhip: farewell then
To Ladies worths, for any hope in men,
He lov'd for goodneſſe, not for Wealth, or luſt,
After the worlds foule dotage, he nere courted
The body but the beauty of the mind,
A thing which common courtſhip never thinkes on:
All his affections were ſo ſweet and faire,
There is no hope for fame if he diſpaire. *Ex. Lad. and Ser.*

Enter the Clowne. *He kicks Lapet.*

Lap. Good morrow to you agen moſt heartily ſir,
Crie you mercy I heard you not, I was ſomewhat buſie.

Clo. He takes it as familiarly, as an Ave,
Or pretious ſalutation: I was ſicke till I had one,
Becauſe I am ſo us'd to't.

Lap. How ever you deſerve, your friends & mine, here
Give you large commendations i' this Letter,
They ſay you will endure well.

Clo. I'd be loath
To prove 'em liers: I've endur'd as much
As mortall pen and Inke can ſet me downe for.

Lap. Say you me ſo?

Clo. I know and feele it ſo ſir,
I have it under black and white already;
I need no pen to paint me out.

Lap. He fits me,
And hits my wiſhes pat, pat: I was nere
In poſſibility to be better man'd,
For he's halfe lam'd already, I ſee't plaine,
But take no notice on't, for feare I make
The Raſcall proud, and deare, to advance his wages;
Firſt let me grow into particulars with you;
What have you indur'd of worth? let me heare.

Clo. Marry ſir, I'm almoſt beaten blind.

Lap. That's pretty well for a begining,
But many a milhorſe has endur'd as much.

Clo. Shame o' the millers heart for his unkindneſſe then.

Lap. Well ſir, what then?

Clo. I've been twice throwne down ſtaires, juſt before

Lap. Puh, ſo have I, that's nothing. (ſupper.

Clo. *I* but ſir,
Was yours pray before ſupper?

Lap. There thou poſeſt me.

Clo. I marry, that's it, 't'ad been leſſe griefe to me,
Had *I* but fil'd my bellie, and then tumbled,
But to be flung downe faſting, there's the dolour.

Lap. It would have griev'd me, that indeed: proceed ſir.

Clo. *I* have been pluck'd & tugg'd bith' haire o'th' head
About a gallerie, halfe an Acre long.

Lap. Yes, that's a good one, *I* muſt needs confeſſe,
A principall good one that, an abſolute good one,
I have bin trod upon, and ſpurn'd about,
But never tugg'd byth' haire, *I* thanke my fates.

Clo. O 'tis a ſpitefull paine.

Lap. Peace, never ſpeake on't,
For putting men in mind on't.

Clo. To conclude,
I'm burſten ſir: my belly will hold no meat.

Lap. No? that makes amends for all.

Clo. Unleſſe't be puddings,
Or ſuch faſt food, any looſe thing beguiles me, I'm nere the

Lap. Sheepheads will ſtay with thee? (better for't.

Clo. Yes ſir, or Chaldrons.

Lap. Very well ſir:
Any your burſten fellowes muſt take heed of ſurfets:
Strange things it ſeemes, you have endur'd;

Clo. Too true ſir.

Lap. But now the queſtion is, what you will endure
Hereafter in my ſervice?

Clo. Any thing
That ſhall be reaſon ſir, for I'm but froath;

Much like a thing new calv’d, or come more nearer ſir,
Y’ave ſeen a Cluſter of Frog-ſpawns in *April*,
E’ne ſuch a ſtarche am I, as weak and tender
As a green woman yet.

Lap. Now I know this,
I will be very gently angry with thee,
And kick thee carefully.

Clow. O I ſweet ſir.

*Lap.*Peace, when thou art offer’d well,leſt I begin now.
Your friends and mine have writ here for your truth,
They’ll paſſe their words themſelves,and I muſt meet ’em.

Clow. Then have you all : *Exit.*
As for my honeſty there is no feare of that,
For I have ne’re a whole bone about me. *Exit.*

Muſick. Enter the paſſionate Couſen, rudely, and careleſly Apparell’d, unbrac’d, and untruſt: The Cupid following.

Cup. Think upon love, which makes all creatures handſome,
Seemly for ey-ſight ; goe not ſo diſtufedly,
There are great Ladies purpoſe ſir to viſit you.

*Paſ.*Grand plagues,ſhut in my caſements,that the breaths
Of their Coach-mares reek not into my Noſtrills ;
Thoſe beaſts are but a kinde of Bawdy fore-runners.

Cup. It is not well with you,
When you ſpeak ill of faire Ladies.

Paſ. Faire miſchiefs,give me a neſt of Owles,and take ’em ;
Happy is he ſay I, whoſe window opens
To a browne Bakers chimney,he ſhall be ſure there
To heare the Bird ſometimes after twi-light :
What a fine thing ’tis me thinks to have our garments
Sit looſe upon us thus, thus careleſſely,
It is more manly, and more mortifying ;
For w’are ſo much the readier for our ſhrouds :
For how ridiculous wer’t, to have death come,
And take a fellow pinn’d up like a Miſtris ?
About his neck a Ruffe, like a pincht Lanthorne,
Which Schoole-boyes make in winter ; and his dublet
So cloſe and pent, as if he fear’d one priſon
Would not be ſtrong enough, to keep his ſoule in ;
But’s Tailor makes another :
And truſt me, for I know’t when I lov’d *Cupid*,
He does endure much paine, for the poore praiſe
Of a neat ſitting ſuit.

Cup. One may be handſome ſir,
And yet not pain’d, nor proud.

Paſ. There you lie *Cupid*,
As bad as *Mercurie* : there is no handſomeneſſe,
But has a waſh of Pride and Luxury,
And you goe there too *Cupid*. Away diſſembler,
Thou tak’ſt the deeds part which befooles us all ;
Thy Arrow heads ſhoot out ſinners : hence away,
And after thee Ile ſend a powerfull charme,
Shall baniſh thee for ever.

Cup. Never, never,
I am too ſure thine owne. *Exit.*

Paſ. Sings.

Hence all you vaine Delights,
As ſhort as are the nights,
Wherein you ſpend your folly,
Ther’s nought in this life ſweet,
If man were wiſe to ſee’t,
But onely Melancholy,
O ſweeteſt melancholy.
Welcome folded Armes, and fixed eyes,
A ſigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that’s faſtned to the ground,
A tongue chain’d up without a ſound.

Fountaine heads, and pathleſſe Groves,
Places which pale paſſion loves :
Moon-light walkes, when all the fowles
Are warmly hous’d, ſave Bats and Owles ;
A mid-night Bell, a parting groane,
Theſe are the ſounds we feed upon ;
Then ſtretch our bones in a ſtill gloomy valley,
Nothing’s ſo daintie ſweet as lovely melancholy.
Exit.

Enter at another doore Lapet, The Cupids Brothers watching his comming.

1 *Br.* So, ſo, the Wood-cock’s gin’d ;
Keep this doore faſt brother.

2 *Bro.* Ile warrant this.

1 *Bro.* Ile goe incenſe him inſtantly ;
I know the way to’t.

2 *Bro.* Wil’t not be too ſoon think you,
And make two fits break into one ?

1 *Bro.* Pah, no, no ; The taile of his melancho
Is alwayes the head of his anger,and followes as cloſe,
As the Report followes the powder.

Lap. This is the appoynted place, and the houre ſtruck,
If I can get ſecurity for’s truth,
Ile never minde his honeſty : poore worme,
I durſt lay him by my wife, which is a benefit
Which many maſters ha’not : I ſhall ha’ no maid
Now got with childe, but what I get my ſelfe,
And that’s no ſmall felicity : In moſt places
Th’are got by th’ men, and put upon the Maſters :
Nor ſhall I be reſiſted when I ſtrike,
For he can hardly ſtand ; theſe are great bleſſings.

Paſ. I want my food, deliver me a varlet. *within.*

Lap. How now : from whence comes that ?

Paſ. I am allow’d a Carcaſſe to inſult on ;
Where’s the villaine ?

Lap. He meanes not me I hope.

*Paſ.*My maintenance raſcals;my Bulk,my exhibition.

Lap. Bleſſe us all,
What name’s are theſe ? would I were gone agen.

The paſſionate man enters in furie, with a Truncheon,

He Sings :

A Curſe upon thee for a ſlave,
Art thou here, and heard’ſt me rave ?
Fly not ſparkles from mine eye,
To ſhew my indignation nye ?
Am I not all foame, and fire ?
With voice as hoarſe, as a Towne-crier ?
How my back opes and ſhuts together,
VVith furie, as old mens with weather ?
Could’ſt thou not heare my teeth knaſh hither ?

Lap. No truely ſir, *I* thought t’had been a Squirrell,
Shaving a Hazle-nut.

Paſ. Death,hell,fiends, and darkneſſe,
I will thraſh thy mangy carcaſſe.

Lap. O ſweet ſir.

Paſ. There cannot be too many Tortures,
Spent upon thoſe louzie Quarters.
Lap. Hold, oh. *Falls down for dead.*
Paſ. Thy bones ſhall rue, thy bones ſhall rue,
Thou naſty, ſcurvie, mongrill Toad, Sings again.
Miſchief on thee;
Light upon thee,
All the plagues
That can confound thee
Or did ever raigne abroad:
Better a thouſand lives it coſt,
Then have brave Anger ſpilt or loſt. *Exit.*

Lap. May I open mine eyes yet, and ſafely peep?
Ile trie a groane firſt--oh--Nay then hee's gone.
There was no other policy but to dye,
He would ha' made me elſe. Ribs are you ſore?
I was ne're beaten to a tune before.

Enter the two Brothers.

1 *Bro. Lapet.*
Lap. Agen? *Falls againe.*
1 *Bro.* Look, look, hee's flat agen,
And ſtretched out like a Coarſe a handfull longer
Then he walks truſt me brother. Why *Lapet.*
I hold my life we ſhall not get him ſpeak now.
Monſieur *Lapet*; it muſt be a privie token,
If any thing fetch him, hee's ſo far gone.
We come to paſſe our words for your mans truth.
Lap. O gentlemen y'are welcom: I have been thraſht
2 *Bro.* How? thraſht ſir? (i'faith.
Lap Never was Shrove-tueſday Bird
So cudgel'd gentlemen.
1 *Bro.* Pray how? by whom ſir?
Lap. Nay that I know not.
1 *Bro.* Not who did this wrong?
Lap. Only a thing came like a walking ſong.
1 *Bro.* What beaten with a Song?
Lap. Never more tightly, gentlemen:
Such crotchets happen now and then, methinks,
He that endures well, of all waters drinks. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna prima.

Enter Shamonts Brother, the Souldier, and 1. *Gent.*

Sold. YEs, yes, this was a Madman, ſir, with you,!
A paſſionate Madman.
1. *Gent.* Who would ha' lookt for this ſir?
Sold. And muſt be priviledg'd? a pox priviledge him:
I was never ſo dry beaten ſince I was borne,
And by a litter of rogues, meer rogues, the whole twenty
Had not above nine elbowes amongſt 'em all too:
And the moſt part of thoſe left-handed raſcalls,
The very vomit, Sir, of hoſpitalls,
Bridewells, and Spittle-houſes; ſuch naſty ſmellers,
That if they'd been unfurniſh'd of Club-Trunchions,
They might have cudgel'd me with their very ſtinks,
It was ſo ſtrong, and ſturdy: and ſhall this,
This filthy injurie, be ſet off with madneſſe?
1 *Gen.* Nay take your owne blouds councel ſir, hereafter,
Ile deale no further in't: if you remember,
It was not come to blowes, when I adviſ'd you.
Sold. No, but I ever ſaid, 'twould come to ſomething,
And 'tis upon me, thank him: were he kin
To all the mighty Emperours upon earth,
He has not now in life three houres to reckon;
I watch but a free time.

Enter Shamont.

1 *Gen.* Your noble brother, ſir, Ile leave you now. *Ex.*
Sha. Souldier I would I could perſwade my thoughts
From thinking thee a brother, as I can
My tongue from naming on't: thou haſt no friend here,
But fortune and thy owne ſtrength, truſt to them.
Sold. How? what's the incitement, ſir?
Sha. Treacherie to vertue;
Thy treacherie, thy faithleſſe circumvention:
Has Honour ſo few daughters, never fewer,
And muſt thou aime thy treacherie at the beſt?
The very front of vertue? that bleſt Lady? the Dukes ſiſter?
Created more for admirations cauſe,
Then for loves ends; whoſe excellency ſparkles
More in divinity, then mortall beauty;
And as much difference 'twixt her minde and bodie,
As 'twixt this earths poore center and the Sun:
And couldſt thou be ſo injurious to faire goodneſſe,
Once to attempt to court her down to frailty?
Or put her but in minde that there is weakneſſe,
Sin, and deſire, which ſhe ſhould never heare of?
Wretch, thou'ſt committed worſe then Sacrilege,
In the attempting on't, and oughtſt to dye for't.
Sold. I rather ought to doe my beſt, to live, ſir;
Provoke me not; for I've a wrong ſits on me,
That makes me apt for miſchiefe; I ſhall loſe
All reſpects ſuddainly of friendſhip, Brother-hood,
Or any ſound that way.
Sham. But 'ware me moſt;
For I come with a two-edg'd injurie;
Both my diſgrace, and thy apparent falſhood,
Which muſt be dangerous.
Sold. I courted her, ſir:
Love ſtarve me with delayes when I confeſſe it not.
Sham. There's nothing then but death
Can be a pennance fit for that confeſſion.
Sold. But farre from any vitious taint.
Sham. O ſir,
Vice is a mighty ſtranger growne to courtſhip.
Sold. Nay then the fury of my wrong light on thee.

Enter 1. *Gentleman, and others.*

1 *Gen.* Forbeare, the Duke's at hand,
Here, hard at hand, upon my reputation.
Sold. I muſt doe ſomething now. *Ex. Sold.*
Sham. Ile follow you cloſe ſir.
1 *Gen.* We muſt entreat you muſt not; for the Duke
Deſires ſome conference with you.
Sh. Let me goe,
As y'are gentlemen.
2 *Gent.* Faith we dare not ſir.
Sham. Dare ye be falſe to honour, and yet dare not
Doe a man juſtice? give me leave———
1 *Gent.* Good ſweet ſir.
H'as ſent twice for you.
Sham. Is this brave, or manly?
1 *Gent.* I prethee be conform'd.
Sham. 'Death---- *Enter Duke.*
2 *Gent.* Peace, hee's come introth.
Sham. Oh have you betraid me to my ſhame afreſh?
How am I bound to loath you?
Duk. Shamont, welcome,
I ſent twice.
2 *Gent.* But my Lord, he never heard on't.

Sham. Pray pardon him,for his falſeneſſe,I did Sir,
Both times; I'de rather be found rude then faithleſſe.
Du I love that bluntneſſe dearely : ha's no vice,
But is more manly then ſome others vertue,
That lets it out onely for ſhew or profit.
Sham. Wil't pleaſe you quit me ſir, I've urgent buſines?
Du. Come,you'r ſo haſty now : I ſent for you
To a better end.
Sham. And if it be an end,
Better or worſe, I thank your goodneſſe for't.
Du. I've ever kept that bounty in condition,
And thankfulneſſe in bloud, which well becomes
Both Prince and Subject, that where any wrong
Beares my impreſſion, or the haſty figure
Of my repented anger,I'me a Law
Ev'n to my ſelfe, and doome my ſelfe moſt ſtrictly
To Juſtice, and a noble ſatisfaction :
So that, what you in tenderneſſe of honour,
Conceive to be loſſe to you, which is nothing
But curious opinion, Ile reſtore agen,
Although *I* give you the beſt part of *Genoa*,
And take to boot but thanks for your amends.
Sham. O miſerable ſatisfaction,
Ten times more wretched then the wrong it ſelfe;
Never was ill better made good with worſe :
Shall it be ſaid that my poſterity
Shall live the ſole heires of their fathers ſhame?
And raiſe their wealth and glorie from my ſtripes?
You have provided nobly bounteous ſir,
For my diſgrace, to make it live for ever,
Out-laſting Braſſe or Marble :
This is my feares conſtruction, and a deep one,
Which neither argument nor time can alter :
Yet *I* durſt ſweare, I wrong your goodneſſe in't ſir,
And the moſt faire intent on't,which I reverence
With admiration, that in you a Prince,
Should be ſo ſweet and temperate a condition,
To offer to reſtore where you may ruine,
And do't with juſtice, and in me a ſervant,
So harſh a diſpoſition, that I cannot
Forgive where I ſhould honor, and am bound to't.
But *I* have ever had that curioſity
In bloud,and tenderneſs of reputation,
Such an antipathy againſt a blow,
I cannot ſpeak the reſt : Good ſir diſcharge me,
It is not fit that *I* ſhould ſerve you more,
Nor come ſo neare you; I'me made now for privacy,
And a retir'd condition, that's my ſuit,
To part from Court for ever, my laſt ſuit.
And as you profeſſe bounty,grant me that,Sir.
Du. I would deny thee nothing.
Sham. Health reward you, ſir. *Exit.*
Du. He's gone agen already, and takes hold
Of any opportunity, not riches
Can purchaſe him, nor honours, peaceably,
And force were brutiſh : what a great worth's gone with (him,
And but a gentleman? well, for his ſake,
Ile nere offend more thoſe *I* cannot make :
They were his words, and ſhall be deare to memorie.
Say *I* deſire to ſee him once agen;
Yet ſtay, hee's ſo well forward of his peace,
'Twere pitty to diſturbe him : he would groane
Like a ſoule fetch'd agen; and that were injurie,
And *I've* wrong'd his degree too much already.
Call forth the gentlemen of our chamber inſtantly.
1 *Serv.* *I* ſhall my Lord. *Within.*
Du, I may forget agen,
And therefore will prevent : The ſtrain of this
Troubles me ſo,one would not hazard more.

Enter 1. *Gent. and divers other.*

Gent. Your will my Lord?
Du. Yes; I diſcharge you all.
2 *Gent.* My Lord———
Du. Your places ſhall be otherwiſe diſpos'd of.
4 *Gent.* Why ſir?
Du. Reply not, I diſmiſſe you all :
Y'are gentlemen,your worths will find you fortunes;
Nor ſhall your farewell taxe me of ingratitude,
Ile give you all noble remembrances,
As teſtimonies 'gainſt reproach and malice,
That you departed lov'd.
3 *Gen.* This is moſt ſtrange, ſir.
1 *Gen.* But how is your grace furniſh'd,theſe diſmis'd?
Du. Seek me out Grooms.
Men more inſenſible of reputation,
Leſſe curious and preciſe in termes of honour,
That if my anger chance let fall a ſtroak,
As we are all ſubject to impetuous paſſions,
Yet it may paſſe unmurmur'd, undiſputed,
And not with braver fury proſecuted. *Exit.*
1 *Gen.* It ſhal be done, my Lord.
3 *Gen.* Know you the cauſe ſir?
1 *Gen.* Not I kinde gentlemen,but by conjectures,
And ſo much ſhall be yours, when you pleaſe.
4 Thanks ſir.
3 *Gen.* VVe ſhal ith' mean time think our ſelves guilty
Of ſome foule fault, through ignorance committed.
1 *Gen.* No, 'tis not that, nor that way.
4 *Gen.* For my part,
I ſhall be diſ-inherited, I know ſo much.
1 *Gen.* Why ſir, for what?
4 *Gen.* My ſire's of a ſtrange humour,
Hee'll forme faults for me, and then ſweare 'em mine,
And commonly the firſt begins with leacherie.
He knowes his owne youthes treſpaſſe.
1 *Gen.* Before you goe,
Ile come and take my leave, and tell you all ſirs.
3 *Gen.* Thou wer't ever juſt and kinde. *Exit.*
1 *Gen.* That's my poore vertue ſir,
And parcell valiant; but it's hard to be perfect :
The chuſing of theſe fellowes now will puzzle me,
Horribly puzzle me; and there's no judgement
Goes true upon mans out-ſide, there's the miſchiefe :
He muſt be touch'd, and try'd, for gold or droſſe;
There is no other way for't, and that's dangerous too;
But ſince I'me put in truſt, I will attempt it :
The Duke ſhal keep one daring man about him.
Soft,who comes here? a pretty bravery this :

Enter a Gallant

Every one goes ſo like a gentleman,
'Tis hard to finde a difference, but by th' touch.
Ile trie your mettall ſure.
Gal. Why what doe you meane ſir?
1 *Gen.* Nay, and you underſtand it not, I doe not.
Gal. Yes, would you ſhould well know,
I underſtand it for a box o'th' eare Sir.
1 *Gent.* And o' my troth, that's all I gave it for.
Gal. 'Twere beſt it be ſo.
1 *Gen.* This is a brave Coward,
A jolly threatning Coward; he ſhall be Captaine :
Sir, let me meet you an houre hence i'th' Lobby.
Gal. Meet you? the world might laugh at me then i'faith.
1 *Ge.* Lay by your ſcorn & pride,they're ſcurvy qualities,

And meet me, or Ile box you while I have you,
And carrie you gambril'd thither like a Mutton.
Gal. Nay, and you be in earneſt, here's my hand
I will not faile you.
1 *Gen.* 'Tis for your owne good.
Gal. Away.
1 *Gent.* Too much for your own good, ſir, a pox on you.
Gal. I prethee curſe me all day long ſo.
1 *Gen.* Hang you.
Gal: Ile make him mad; hee's loth to curſe too much to (me;
Indeed I never yet took box oth' eare,
But it redounded, I muſt needs ſay ſo----
1 *Gent.* Will you be gone?
Gal. Curſe, curſe, and then I goe.
Look how he grins, I've anger'd him toth' kidnyes. *Ex.*
1 *Gen.* Was ever ſuch a prigging coxcombe ſeen?
One might have beat him dumbe now in this humour,
And hee'd ha' grind it out ſtill: *Enter a plain fellow.*
O here's one made to my hand,
Methinks looks like a Craven;
Leſſe paines will ſerve his triall: ſome ſlight juſtle.
Pl. f. How? take you that ſir:
And if that content you not———
1 *Gen.* Yes very well, ſir, I deſire no more.
Pl. f. I think you need not;
For you have not loſt by't. *Exit.*
1 *Gen.* Who would ha' thought this would have prov'd (a gentleman?
Ile never truſt long chins and little legs agen,
Ile know 'em ſure for gentlemen hereafter:
A griſtle but in ſhew, but gave his cuffe
With ſuch a fetch, and reach of gentrie,
As if h'had had his armes before the floud;
I have took a villanous hard taske upon me;
Now I begin to have a feeling on't.
Enter Lapet, and Clowne his ſervant, and ſo habited.
O here comes a tri'd piece, now, the reformed kick.
The millions of punches, ſpurnes, and nips
That he has endur'd? his Buttock's all black Lead,
He's halfe a Negro back-ward; he was paſt a Spaniard
In eighty eight, and more Egyptian-like;
His Table and his Book come both out ſhortly,
And all the Cowards in the Towne expect it;
So, if I faile of my full number now,
I ſhall be ſure to finde 'em at Church corners,
Where *Dives*, and the ſuff'ring Ballads hang.
Lap. Well, ſince thou art of ſo milde a temper,
Of ſo meek a ſpirit, thou maiſt live with me,
Till better times doe ſmile on thy deſerts.
I am glad I am got home againe.
Clow. I am happy in your ſervice, ſir,
You'il keep me from the Hoſpitall.
Lap. So, bring me the laſt proofe, this is corrected.
Clow. I, y'are too full of your correction, ſir.
Lap Look I have perfect Books within this half houre.
Clow. Yes ſir.
Lap. Bid him put all the Thumps in Pica Roman,
And with great Tees, (you vermin) as Thumps ſhould be.
Clow. Then in what Letter will you have your Kicks?
Lap. All in Italica, your Backward blowes
All in Italica, you Hermophrodite:
When ſhall I teach you wit?
Clow. O let it alone,
Till you have ſome your ſelfe ſir.
Lap. You mumble?
Clow. The Victualls are lockt up;
I'me kept from mumbling. *Exit.*

Lap. He prints my Blows upon pot-paper too, the rogue,
Which had been proper for ſome drunken Pamphlet.
1 *Gen.* Monſieur *Lapet*? how the world rings of you ſir?
Your name ſounds far and neare.
Lap. A good report it beares, for an enduring name....
1 *Gen.* What luck have you ſir?
Lap. Why, what's the matter?
1 *Gent.* I'me but thinking on't.
I've heard you wiſh this five yeare for a place.
Now there's one fall'n, and freely without money too;
And empty yet, and yet you cannot hav't.
Lap. No? what's the reaſon? Ile give money for't,
Rather then goe without ſir.
1 *Gen.* That's not it, ſir;
The troth is, there's no gentleman muſt have it
Either for love or money: 'tis decreed ſo;
I was heartily ſorrie when I thought upon you,
Had you not been a gentleman I had fitted you.
Lap. Who I a gentleman? a pox I'me none, ſir.
1 *Gen.* How?
Lap. How? why did you ever think *I* was?
1 *Gen.* What? not a gentleman?
Lap. I would thou'dſt put it upon me i'faith.
Did not my Grand-father cry Coney-skins?
My father Aquavitæ? a hot gentleman:
All this *I* ſpeak on i' your time and memorie too;
Onely a rich Unckle dy'd and left me chattells,
You know all this ſo well too---
1 *Gen.* Pray excuſe me, ſir, ha' not you Armes?
Lap. Yes, a poore couple here.
That ſerve to thruſt in wild-fowle.
1 *Gen.* Heralds Armes,
Symbols of gentrie, ſir: you know my meaning;
They've been ſhewn and ſeen.
Lap. They have.
1 *Gen.* *I* fex have they.
Lap. Why I confeſſe, at my wives inſtigation once,
(As women love theſe Heralds kickſhawes naturally)
I bought 'em: but what are they think you? puffs.
1 *Gen.* Why, that's proper to your name being *Lapet.*
Which is *La fart*, after the engliſh letter.
Lap. The Herald, ſir, had much a doe to finde it.
1 *Gen.* And can you blame him?
Why 'tis the onely thing that puzzles the devill.
Lap. At laſt he lookt upon my name agen,
And having well compar'd it, this he gave me,
The two Cholliques playing upon a winde inſtrument.
1 *Gen.* An excellent proper one: but I pray tell me,
How does he expreſſe the Cholliques?
They are hard things.
Lap. The Cholliques? with hot trenchers at their bellies,
There's nothing better, Sir, to blaze a Chollique.
1 *Gen.* And are not you a gentleman by this ſir?
Lap. No, *I* diſclaime't: no belly-ake upon earth
Shall make me one: he ſhall not think
To put his gripes upon me,
And wring out gentrie ſo, and ten pound firſt.
If the winde inſtrument will make my wife one,
Let her enjoy't, for ſhe was a Harpers Grand-childe:
But ſir, for my particular, *I* renounce it.
1 *Gen.* Or to be call'd ſo?
Lap. I ſir, or imagin'd.
1 *Gen.* None fitter for the place: give me thy hand.
Lap. A hundred thouſand thanks, beſide a Bribe ſir.
1 *Gen.* You muſt take heed
Of thinking toward a gentleman, now.

Lap. Piſh, I am not mad, I warrant you: nay more ſir,
If one ſhould twit me i'th' teeth that *I*'me a gentleman,
Twit me their worſt, *I* am but one ſince Lammas,
That *I* can prove, if they would ſee my heart out.

1 *Gen.* Marry in any caſe keep me that evidence.

Enter Clowne.

Lap. Here comes my ſervant, Sir, *Galoſhio*,
Has not his name for nought, he will be trod upon:
What ſayes my Printer now?

Clow. Heres your laſt proof Sir.
You ſhal have perfect Books now in a twinkling.

Lap. Theſe marks are ugly.

Clow. He ſayes, ſir, they're proper:
Blows ſhould have marks, or elſe they are nothing worth.

La. But why a Peel-crow here?

Clow. I told 'em ſo ſir:
A Scar-crow had been better.

Lap. How Slave? looke you Sir,
Did not I ſay, this Whirrit, and this Bob,
Should be both Pica Roman.

Clow. So ſaid I Sir, both Picked Romans,
And he has made 'em Welch Bills,
Indeed I know not what to make on 'em.

Lap. Hay-day; a Souſe, Italica?

Clow. Yes, that may hold Sir,
Souſe is a *bona roba*, ſo is Flops too.

Lap. But why ſtands Baſtinado ſo farre off here?

Clo. Alas you muſt allow him room to lay about him, ſir.

La. Why lyes this Spurne lower then that Spurn, ſir?

Clow. Marry this ſignifies one kickt downe ſtaires, ſir,
The other in a Gallerie: I ask'd him all theſe queſtions.

1 *Gen.* Your Books name?
Prethee *Lapet* minde me, you never told me yet.

La. Marrie but ſhall ſir: 'tis call'd The up-riſing of the
And the downfall of the Duello. (kick,

1 *Gen.* Bring that to paſſe you'll prove a happy member,
And doe your Countrey ſervice: your young blouds
Will thank you then, when they ſee foure-ſcore.

Lap. *I* hope
To ſave my hundred Gentlemen a month by't,
Which will be very good for the private houſe.

Clow. Look you, your Table's finiſh'd ſir already.

Lap. Why then behold my Maſter-piece: ſee, ſee, ſir,
Here's all your Blowes, and Blow-men whatſoever,
Set in their lively colours, givers, and takers.

1 *Gen.* Troth wondrous fine, ſir.

Lap. Nay, but mark the poſtures,
The ſtanding of the takers I admire more then the givers,
They ſtand ſcornfully, moſt contumeliouſly, I like not thē,
Oh here's one caſt into a comely figure. (headlong.

Clow. My Maſter meanes him there that's caſt downe

Lap. How ſweetly does this fellow take his Dowſt?
Stoops like a Cammell, that Heroick beaſt,
At a great load of Nut-megs; and how meekly
This other fellow here receives his Whirrit?

Clow. Oh Maſter here's a fellow ſtands moſt gallantly,
Taking his kick in private behinde the hangings,
And raiſing up his hips to't. But oh, ſir,
How daintily this man lies trampled on?
Would I were in thy place, what e're thou art:
How lovely he endures it? (think you?

1 *Gen.* But will not theſe things, ſir, be hard to practiſe,

Lap. Oh, eaſie, ſir: Ile teach 'em in a Dance.

1 *Gent.* How? in a dance?

Lap. Ile loſe my new place elſe,
What ere it be; I know not what 'tis yet.

1 *Gen.* And now you put me in minde, I could employ
For your grace, ſpecially: For the Dukes cozen (it well,
Is by this time in's violent fit of mirth,
And a deviſe muſt be ſought out for ſuddainly,
To over-cloy the paſſion.

Lap. Say no more, ſir,
Ile fit you with my Schollers, new practitioners,
Endurers of the time.

Clow. Whereof I am one ſir.

1 *Gen.* You carry it away ſmooth; give me thy hand, ſir.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scæna prima.

Enter the 2. Brothers.

Paſ. Ha, ha, ha. *Within.*

2 *Bro.* Hark, hark, how lowd his fit's growne.

Paſ. Ha, ha, ha.

1. *Bro.* Now let our ſiſter loſe no time, but ply it
With all the power ſhe has.

2 *Bro.* Her ſhame growes big, brother;
The *Cupids* ſhape will hardly hold it longer,
'Twould take up half an Ell of *China* Damask more,
And all too little: it ſtruts per'louſly:
There is no tamp'ring with theſe *Cupids* longer,
The meere conceit with woman-kinde works ſtrong.

Paſ. Ha, ha, ha.

2 *Bro.* The laugh comes nearer now,
'Twere good we were not ſeen yet. *Ex. Broth.*

Enter Paſſion. and Baſe his Jeſter.

Paſ. Ha, ha, ha.
And was he baſtinado'd to the life? ha, ha, ha.
I prethee ſay, Lord Generall, how did the Raſcals
Entrench themſelves?

Baſe Moſt deeply, politickly, all in ditches.

Paſ. Ha, ha, ha.

Baſ. 'Tis thought he'll ne're beare armes ith' field agen,
Has much adoe, to lift 'em to his head, ſir.

Paſ. I would he had.

Baſe On either ſide round Truncheons plaid ſo thick,
That Shoulders, Chines, nay Flanks were paid toth' quick.

Paſ. Well ſaid Lord Generall: ha, ha, ha. (you?

Baſ. But pray how grew the difference firſt betwixt

Paſ. There was never any ſir; there lies the jeſt man;
Onely becauſe he was taller then his brother;
There's all my quarrell to him; and me thought
He ſhould be beaten for't, my minde ſo gave me, ſir,
I could not ſleep for't; Ha, ha, ha, ha.
Another good jeſt-quickly, while 'tis hot now;
Let me not laugh in vaine: ply me, O ply me,
As you will anſwer't to my Cozen Duke.

Baſ. Alas, who has a good jeſt?

Paſ. I fall, I dwindle in't.

Baſ. Ten Crowns for a good jeſt: ha' you a good jeſt, ſir?

Enter Servant.

Serv. A pretty morall one.

Baſ. Let's ha't, what ere it be.

Ser. There comes a *Cupid*
Drawne by ſix fooles.

Baſ. That's nothing.

Paſ. Help it, help it then.

Baſ. I ha' known ſix hundred fooles drawn by a *Cupid.*

Paſ. I that, that, that's the ſmarter Morall: ha, ha, ha.

Now I begin to be Song-ripe methinks.
Baſ. Ile ſing you a pleaſant aire, ſir, before you ebb.

Song.

Paſ. *Oh how my Lungs doe tickle? ha, ha, ha.*
Baſ. *Oh how my Lungs doe tickle? oh, oh, ho, ho.*

Paſ. Sings.

Set a ſharp Jeſt
Againſt my breaſt,
Then how my Lungs doe tickle?
As Nightingales,
And things in Cambrick railes,
Sing beſt againſt a prickle.
Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Baſ. *Ho, ho, ho, ho, ha.*
Paſ. *Laugh.* Baſ. *Laugh.* Paſ. *Laugh.* Baſ. *Laugh.*
Paſ. *Wide.* Baſ. *Loud.* Paſ. *And vary.*
Baſ. *A ſmile is for a ſimpering Novice.*
Paſ. *One that ne're taſted Caveare,*
Baſ. *Nor knowes the ſmack of deare Anchovis.*
Paſ. *Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.*
Baſ. *Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho.*
Paſ. *A gigling waiting wench for me,*
That ſhewes her teeth how white they be.
Baſ. *A thing not fit for gravitie,*
For theirs are foule and hardly three.
Paſ. *Ha, ha, ha.*
Baſ. *Ho, ho, ho.*
Paſ. Democritus, *thou ancient Fleerer,*
Now I miſſe thy laugh, and ha' ſince.
Baſ. *There you nam'd the famous Geerer,*
That ever geer'd in Rome, *or* Athens.
Paſ. *Ha, ha, ha.*
Baſ. *Ho, ha, ho.*
Paſ. *How brave lives he that keeps a foole,*
Although the rate be deeper?
Paſ. *But he that is his owne foole ſir,*
Does live a great deale cheaper.
Paſ. *Sure I ſhal burſt, burſt, quite break thou art ſo witty.*
Baſ. *'Tis rare to break at Court for that belongs toth' City.*
Paſ. *Ha, ha, my ſpleen is almoſt worne to the laſt laughter.*
Baſ. *O keep a corner for a friend, a jeſt may come hereafter.*

Enter Lapet and Clowne, and foure other like fooles, dancing, the Cupid leading, and bearing his Table, and holding it up to Lapet at every ſtrain, and acting the poſtures.

Lap. Twinge all now, twinge, I ſay.

2 Straine.

Sowſe upon Souſe.

3 Straine.

Douſes ſingle.

4 Straine.

Juſtle ſides.

5 Straine.

Knee Belly.

6 Straine.

Kickſee Buttock.

7 Straine.

La. Downe derry.

Enter Soldier, Shamonts Brother, his ſword drawne.

Sol. Not angry Law, nor doores of Braſſe ſhal keep me
From my wrongs expiation, to thy Bowels,
I returne my diſgrace; and after turne
My face to any death that can be ſentenc'd.
Baſe Murder, O murder, ſtop the murderer there——
Lap. I am glad hee's gone; h'as almoſt trod my guts out;
Follow him who liſt for me, Ile ha' no hand in't.
Clo. Oh 'twas your luck and mine to be ſquelch'd Mr.
Has ſtamp'd my very Puddings into Pancakes.
Cup. O Brothers, oh, I fear 'tis mortall: help, O helpe,
I'me made the wretched'ſt woman, by this accident,
That ever love beguil'd. *Enter 2. Brothers.*
2 *Bro.* We are undone Brother,
Our ſhames are too apparent: Away receptacle
Of Luxury, and diſhonour, moſt unfortunate,
To make thy ſelfe but luckie to thy ſpoile,
After thy Sexes manner: lift him up Brother;
He breathes not to our comfort, hee's too waſted
Ever to cheere us more: A Chirurgeon ſpeedily;
Hence; the unhappieſt that ere ſtept aſide,
Shee'll be a Mother before ſhee's known a Bride.
Cup. Thou hadſt a moſt unfortunate conception,
What ere thou prov'ſt to be; in midd'ſt of mirth
Comes ruine, for a welcome, to thy birth. *Exeunt.*

Scæne 2. *Enter Shamont.*

Sham. This is a beautifull life now; privacie
The ſweetneſſe and the benefit of eſſence:
I ſee there is no man, but may make his paradice;
And it is nothing, but his love, and dotage
Upon the worlds fowle joyes, that keeps him out on't:
For he that lives retir'd in minde, and ſpirit,
Is ſtill in paradice, and has his innocence,
Partly allow'd for his companion too,
As much as ſtands with juſtice: here no eyes
Shoot their ſharp pointed ſcornes upon my ſhame;
They know no termes of reputation here,
No punctuall limits, or preciſe dimenſions;
Plaine downe-right honeſtie is all the beauty
And elegancy of life found amongſt ſhepheards;
For knowing nothing nicely, or deſiring it,
Quits many a vexation from the minde,
With which our quainter knowledge does abuſe us;
The name of envy is a ſtranger here,
That dries mens blouds abroad, robs health and reſt,
Why here's no ſuch fury thought on: no, nor falſehood,
That brotherly diſeaſe, fellow-like devill,
That plaies within our boſome, and betrayes us.

Enter 1 Gent.

1 *Gen.* Oh are you here?
Sham. *La Nove*, 'tis ſtrange to ſee thee.
1 *Gen.* I ha' rid one horſe to death,
To finde you out, ſir.
Sham. I am not to be found of any man
That ſaw my ſhame, nor ſeen long.
1 *Gen.* Good, your attention:
You ought to be ſeen now, and found out ſir,
If ever you deſire before your ending
To performe one good office, nay a deare one,
Mans time can hardly match it.
Sham. Bee't as pretious
As reputation; if it come from Court
I will not heare on't.
1 *Gen.* You muſt heare of this, Sir.
Sham. Muſt?
1 *Gen*, You ſhall heare it.
Sham. I love thee, that thoul't dye.
1 *Gen.* 'Twere nobler in me,
Then in you living: you will live a murderer,
If you deny this office.
Sha. Ev'n to death ſir.

1 Gen. Why then you'l kill your brother.
Sham, How?
1. Gent. Your Brother ſir:
Beare witneſſe heaven, this man deſtroyes his brother
When he may ſave him, his leaſt breath may ſave him:
Can there be wilfuller deſtruction?
He was forc'd to take a moſt unmanly wrong,
Above the ſuffring vertue of a Soldier,
Has kill'd his Injurer, a work of honour;
For which, unleſſe you ſave him, he dyes ſpeedily
My conſcience is diſcharg'd, I'me but a friend,
A Brother ſhould goe forward where I end. *Exit.*
Sham. Dyes?
Say he be naught, that's nothing to my goodneſſe,
Which ought to ſhine through uſe, or elſe it loſes
The glorious name 'tis knowne by: hee's my brother;
Yet peace is above bloud: Let him goe; I,
But where's the nobleneſſe of affection then?
That muſt be car'd for too, or I'me imperfect,
The ſame bloud that ſtood up in wrath againſt him,
Now in his miſerie runs all to pity;
I'de rather dye than ſpeak one ſillable
To ſave my ſelfe: but living as I am,
There's no avoiding on't, the worlds humanity
Expects it hourely from me: curſe of fortune,
I took my leave ſo well too: Let him dye,
'Tis but a brother loſt; ſo pleaſingly,
And ſwiftly I came off, 'twere more then irkſomneſſe,
To tread that path agen; and I ſhall never
Depart ſo handſomly: But then where's poſterity?
The conſummation of our houſe and name?
I'me torne in pieces betwixt love and ſhame. *Exit.*

Scæne 3. *Enter Lapet, Clown, Poultrot, Moulbazon, and others, the new Court Officers.*

Lap. Good morrow fellow *Poltrot*, and *Moulbazon*,
Good morrow fellowes all.
Pol. Mounſieur *Lapet*? (you.
Lap. Look, I've remembred you, here's books a piece for
Moul. O ſir, we dearely thank you.
Lap. So you may;
There's two impreſſions gone already ſir.
Pol. What no? in ſo ſhort a time?
Lap. 'Tis as I tell you ſir,
My Kick ſells gallantly, I thank my ſtars.
Clo. So does your Table; you may thank the Moon too.
Lap. 'Tis the Book ſells the Table.
Clow. But 'tis the Book-ſeller
That has the money for 'em, I'me ſure o'that.
Lap. 'Twill much enrich the Company of Stationers,
'Tis thought 'twill prove a laſting benefit,
Like the Wiſe Maſters, and the Almanacks,
The hundred Novells, and the Book of Cookerie,
For they begin already to engroſſe it,
And make it a ſtock-book, thinking indeed
'Twill prove too great a benefit, and help,
For one that's new ſet up: they know their way,
And make him Warden, ere his beard be gray.
Moul. Is't poſſible ſuch vertue ſhould lye hid,
And in ſo little paper?
Lap. How? Why there was the Carpenter,
An unknowne thing, an odoriferous Pamphlet,
Yet no more Paper, by all computation,
Then *Ajax Telamon* would uſe it once,
Your Herring prov'd the like, able to buy
Another *Fiſhers* Folly, and your *Paſquill*
Went not below the mad-caps of that time,
And ſhall my elaborate Kick come behinde think you?
Clow. Yes, it muſt come behinde, 'tis in *Italica* too,
According to your humour.
Lap. Not in ſale, varlet.
Clow. In ſale, ſir? it ſhall ſaile beyond 'em all I troe.
Lap. What have you there now? oh, Page, 21.
Clow. That Page is come to his yeares, he ſhould be a
La. Mark how I ſnap up the Duello there: (ſerving-man.
One would not uſe a dog ſo,
I muſt needs ſay; but's for the common good.
Clow. Nay ſir, your Commons ſeldome fight at ſharp,
But buffet in a ware-houſe.
Lap. This will ſave
Many a gentleman of good bloud from bleeding ſirs,
I have a curſe from many a Barber Surgeon;
They'd give but too much money to call't in;
Turne to Page 45. ſee what you finde there.
Clow. O out upon him,
Page 45. that's an old theefe indeed.

Enter Duke, the Lady his ſiſter, 1 Gent.

Lap. The Duke, clap down your Books; away *Galoſhio.*
Clow. Indeed I am too foule to be ith' preſence,
They uſe to ſhake me off at the chamber door ſtill. *Ex.*
Lady. Good my Lord, grant my ſuit; let me not riſe
Without the comfort on't: I have not often
Been tedious in this kinde.
Du. Siſter, you wrong your ſelfe,
And thoſe great vertues that your fame is made of,
To waſte ſo much breath for a Murderers life.
Lad. You cannot hate th'offence more then I doe, ſir,
Nor the offender, the reſpect I owe
Unto his abſent brother, makes me a ſuitor,
A moſt importunate ſiſter; make me worthy
But of this one requeſt.
Duk. I am deafe
To any importunacy, and ſorry
For your forgetfulneſſe; you never injur'd
Your worth ſo much, you ought to be rebnk'd for't:
Purſue good wayes, end as you did begin,
'Tis halfe the guilt to ſpeak for ſuch a ſin.
Lad. This is loves beggerie right, that now is ours,
When Ladies love, and cannot ſhew their powers. *Ex.*
Du. *La Nove?*
1 Gen. My Lord.
Du. Are theſe our new attendants?
Lap. We are my Lord, and will endure as much
As better men, my Lord, and more I truſt.
Du. What's hee?
1 Gen. My Lord, a decay'd Gentleman,
That will doe any ſervice.
Du. A decay'd one?
1 Gent. A renounc'd one indeed; for this place only.
Du. We renounce him then; go, diſcharge him inſtantly.
He that diſclaimes his gentry for meere gaines,
That man's too baſe to make a vaſſaile on.
Lap. What ſaies the Duke?
1 Gen. Faith little to your comfort ſir,
You muſt be a gentleman agen.
Lap. How?
1 Gent. There's no remedy.
Lap. Marry, the fates forfend: ne're while I breath ſir.
1 Gen. The Duke will have it ſo, there's no reſiſting.
He ſpide it i' your fore-head.
Lap. My wife's doing.

She thought ſhe ſhould be put below her betters now,
And ſu'd to ha' me a gentleman agen.
1 *Gent.* And very likely ſir:
Marry Ile give you this comfort when all's done,
You'll never paſſe but for a ſcurvey one,
That's all the helpe you have: come ſhew your pace.
Lap. The heavieſt gentleman that e're loſt place;
Beare witneſſe I am forc't to't. *Exit.*
Duke. Though you have a courſer title yet upon you,
Then thoſe that left your places, without blame,
Tis in your power to make your ſelves the ſame:
I cannot make you gentlemen, that's a work
Rais'd from your owne deſervings; merit, manners,
And in-borne vertue doe's it. Let your own goodneſſe
Make you ſo great, my power ſhall make you greater;
And more t'encourage you, this I adde agen,
There's many Grooms now exact Gentlemen.

Enter Shamont.

Sham. Me thinks 'tis ſtrange to me to enter here:
Is there in nature ſuch an awfull power,
To force me to this place? and make me doe this?
Is mans affections ſtronger then his will?
His reſolution? was I not reſolv'd
Never to ſee this place more? Doe I beare
Within my breaſt one bloud that confounds th'other?
The bloud of love, and will, and the laſt weakeſt?
Had I ten Millions, I would give it all now,
I were but paſt it, or 'twould never come;
For I ſhall never do't, or not do't well,
But ſpoyle it utterly betwixt two paſſions.
Yonder's the Duke himſelfe, I will not do't now,
Had twenty lives their ſeverall ſufferings in him. *Exit.*
Duke Who's that went out now?
Pol. I ſaw none, my Lord.
Du. Nor you?
Moul. I ſaw the glimpſe of one my Lord.
Du. What ere it was, methought it pleas'd me ſtrangly,
And ſuddenly my joy was ready for't.
Did you not marke it better?
Pol. & Moul. Troth my Lord,
We gave no great heed to't.

Enter Shamont.

Sham. 'Twill not be anſwer'd,
It brings me hither ſtill; by maine force hither:
Either I muſt give over to profeſſe humanity,
Or I muſt ſpeak for him.
Duke 'Tis here agen:
No marvaile 'twas ſo pleaſing, 'tis delight
And worth it ſelfe, now it appeares unclouded.
Sham. My Lord---
He turnes away from mee: by this hand
I am ill-us'd of all ſides: 'tis a fault
That fortune ever had, t' abuſe a goodneſſe.
Duke Methought you were ſaying ſomewhat.
Sham. Marke the Language,
As coy as fate; I ſee 'twill nere be granted.
Du. We little look'd in troth to ſee you here yet.
Sham. Not till the day after my brothers death, I think.
Du. Sure ſome great buſineſſe drew you.
Sha. No inſooth, ſir,
Onely to come to ſee a brother dye ſir,
That I may learne to goe too; and if he deceive me not,
I think he will doe well in't of a ſouldier,
Manly, and honeſtly: and if he weep then,
I ſhall not think the worſe on's man-hood for't,
Becauſe hee's leaving of that part that has it.
Duk. Has ſlaine a noble gentleman, thinke on't, ſir.
Sham. I would I could not ſir.
Duk. Our Kinſman too.
Sham. All this is but worſe ſir.
Du. When 'tis at worſt,
Yet ſeeing thee, he lives.
Sham. My Lord———
Du. He lives,
Believe it as thy bliſſe, he dyes not for't:
Will this make ſatisfaction for things paſt?
Sham. Oh my Lord---
Du. Will it? ſpeak.
Sh. With greater ſhame to my unworthineſſe.
Du. Riſe then, wee're ev'n: I never found it harder
To keep juſt with a man: my great work's ended.
I knew your brothers pardon was your ſuit, ſir,
How ever your nice modeſtie held it back.
Sham. I take a joy now, to confeſſe it, ſir.

Enter 1. Gent.

1 *Gent.* My Lord---
Du. Heare me firſt, ſir, what e're your newes be:
Set free the Souldier inſtantly.
1 *Gen.* Tis done, my Lord.
Du. How?
1 *Gen.* In effect: 'twas part of my newes too,
There's faire hope of your noble kinſmans life ſir.
Du. What ſaiſt thou?
1 *Gen.* And the moſt admired change
That living fleſh e're had; he's not the man my Lord;
Death cannot be more free from paſſions, ſir,
Then he is at this inſtant: hee's ſo meek now,
He makes thoſe ſeem paſſionate, was never thought of:
And for he feares his moods have oft diſturb'd you ſir,
Hee's onely haſty now for his forgiveneſſe,
And here behold him ſir.

Enter Paſſion. the Cupid, and two brothers.

Du. Let me give thanks firſt: our worthy Couſen---
Paſ. Your unworthy trouble ſir;
For which, with all acknowledg'd reverence,
I aske your pardon; and for injurie
More knowne and wilfull, I have choſe a wiſe,
Without your counſell, or conſent, my Lord.
Duke A wife? where is ſhe ſir?
Paſ. This noble Gentlewoman.
Duk. How?
Paſ. Whoſe honour my forgetful times much wrong'd.
Du. Hee's madder then he was.
1 *Gen.* I would ha' ſworne for him.
Du. The *Cupid*, couſen?
Paſ. Yes, this worthy Lady, ſir.
Du. Still worſe and worſe.
1 *Bro.* Our ſiſter under pardon, my Lord.
Du. What?
2 *Bro.* Which ſhape Love taught her to aſſume.
Du. Is't truth then?
1 *Ge.* It appears plainly now below the waſte my Lord.
Du. *Shamont*, didſt ever read of a ſhe-*Cupid*?
Sham. Never in fiction yet: but it might hold ſir;
For Deſire is of both Genders.

Enter the Dukes ſiſter.

Du. Make that good here:
I take thee at thy word, ſir.
He joyns Shamonts hand and his Siſters.
Sham. O my Lord,
Love would appeare too bold, and rude from me,

Honour and admiration are her rights,
Her goodneſſe is my Saint, my Lord.
Duke I ſee,
Y'are both too modeſt to beſtow your ſelves:
Ile ſave that vertue ſtill; 'tis but my paines: come,
It ſhall be ſo.
Sham. This gift does but ſet forth my poverty.
Lady Sir,that which you complaine of is my riches:
Enter Shamonts brother the Souldier.
Du. Soldier,now every noiſe ſounds peace,th'art welcome.
Sol. Sir my repentance ſues for your bleſt favour,
Which once obtain'd, no injury ſhall loſe it;
Ile ſuffer mightier wrongs.
Duk. Riſe, lov'd and pardon'd;
For where hope fail'd, nay Art it ſelfe reſign'd,
Thou'ſt wrought that cure,which skil could never find;
Nor did there ceaſe, but to our peace extend;
Never could wrongs boaſt of a nobler end.
Exeunt.

The Prologue at the reviving of this Play.

IT's growne in faſh'on of late in theſe dayes,
To come and beg a ſufferance to our Playes;
Faith Gentlemen our Poet ever writ
Language ſo good, mixt with ſuch ſprightly wit,
He made the Theatre ſo ſoveraigne
With his rare Scænes, he ſcorn'd this crowching veine:
We ſtabb'd him with keene daggers when we pray'd
Him write a Preface to a Play well made.
He could not write theſe toyes; 'twas eaſier farre,
To bring a Felon to appeare at th' Barre,
So much he hated baſeneſſe; which this day,
His Scænes will beſt convince you of in's Play,

The Epilogue.

OUr Poet bid us ſay for his owne part,
He cannot lay too much forth of his Art:
But feares our over-acting paſſions may,
As not adorne, deface his labour'd Play:
Yet ſtill he is reſolute for what is writ
Of Nicer valour, and aſſumes the wit:
But for the Love-Scænes which he ever meant,
Cupid *in's Petticoat ſhould repreſent,*
Hee'll ſtand no ſhock of cenſure; the Plaie's good,
He ſayes he knowes it, (if well underſtood.)
But we (blinde god) begge, if thou art divine,
Thou'lt ſhoot thy Arrowes round, this Play was thine.

Maſter

* * *

M. *Francis Beaumonts* Letter to *Ben Johnſon*, written before he and Maſter *Fletcher* came to *London*, with two of the precedent Comedies then not finiſht, which deferred their merry meetings at the Mermaid.

THE Sun which doth the greateſt comfort bring
To abſent friends, becauſe the ſelf-ſame thing
They know they ſee, however abſent is,
(Here our beſt Hay-maker forgive me this,
It is our Countries ſtile) In this warme ſhine,
I lye and dreame of your full Mermaid wine.
O we have water mixt with Claret Lees,
Drinke apt to bring in dryer hereſies,
Then beere, good only for the Sonnets ſtraine,
With fuſtian metaphors to ſtuffe the braine,
So mixt, that given to the thirſtieſt one,
'Twill not prove almes, unleſſe he have the ſtone:
I thinke with one draught mans invention fades,
Two Cups had quite ſpoil'd Homers Illiades*;*
'Tis liquor that will find out Sutcliffs *wit,*
Lye where he will, and make him write worſe yet;
Fil'd with ſuch moiſture in moſt grievous qualmes,
Did Robert Wiſdome *write his ſinging Pſalmes;*
And ſo muſt I doe this, and yet I thinke
It is a potion ſent us downe to drinke,
By ſpeciall Providence, keeps us from fights,
Makes us not laugh, when we make leggs to Knights.
'Tis this that keeps our minds fit for our States,
A Medicine to obey our Magiſtrates:
For we doe live more free then you, no hate,
No envy at one anothers happy ſtate
Moves us, we are all equall every whit:
Of Land that God gives men here is their wit:
If we conſider fully, for our beſt,
And graveſt men will with his maine houſe jeſt,
Scarſe pleaſe you; we want ſubtilty to doe
The Citie tricks, lye, hate, and flatter too:
Here are none that can beare a painted ſhow,
Strike when you winch, and then lament the blow:
Who like Mils ſet the right way for to grinde,
Can make their gaines alike with every winae:

Only ſome fellows with the ſubtil'ſt pate
Amongſt us, may perchance æquivocate
At ſelling of a horſe, and thats the moſt.
Methinks the little wit I had is loſt
Since I ſaw you, for wit is like a reſt
Held up at Tennis, which men doe the beſt,
With the beſt gameſters: What things have we ſeen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble, and ſo full of ſubtill flame,
As if that every one from whence they came,
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jeſt,
And had reſolv'd to live a foole the reſt
Of his dull life; then when there hath been throwne
Wit able enough to juſtifie the Towne
For three dayes paſt, wit that might warrant be
For the whole City to talke fooliſhly
Till that were cancel'd, and when that was gone,
We left an aire behind us, which alone,
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty; though but downright fools, more wiſe.
When I remember this, and ſee that now
The Country gentlemen begin to allow
My wit for dry bobbs, then I needs muſt cry,
I ſee my days of ballating grow nigh;
I can already riddle, and can ſing
Catches, ſell bargains, and I feare ſhall bring
My ſelf to ſpeak the hardeſt words I find,
Over as oft as any, with one wind,
That takes no medicines: But one thought of thee
Makes me remember all theſe things to be
The wit of our young men, fellows that ſhow
No part of good, yet utter all they know:
Who like trees of the Guard, have growing ſoules.
Only ſtrong deſtiny, which all controules,
I hope hath left a better fate in ſtore,
For me thy friend, then to live ever poore,
Baniſht unto this home; fate once againe
Bring me to thee, who canſt make ſmooth & plain
The way of Knowledge for me, and then I,
Who have no good but in thy company,
Proteſt it will my greateſt comfort be
To acknovvledge all I have to flovv from thee.
Ben, *vvhen theſe* Scænes *are perfect vvee'l taſte vvine;*
Ile drink thy Muſes health, thou ſhalt quaff mine.

FINIS.

THE
MAID IN THE MILL.

Actus primus. *Scæna prima.*

Enter Liſauro, Terzo, Iſmena, and Aminta.

Liſ. LEt the Coach go round, wee'l walk along theſe Meadows:
And meet at Port again: Come my fair Siſter,
Theſe cool ſhades will delight ye.
Am. Pray be merry,
The Birds ſing as they meant to entertain ye,
Every thing ſmiles abroad: me thinks the River
(As he ſteals by) curles up his head, to view ye:
Every thing is in Love.
Iſm. You would have it ſo.
You that are fair, are eaſie of belief, Coſen,
The Theame ſlides from your Tongue.
Am. I fair, I thank ye:
Mine's but ſhadow when your Sun ſhines by me.
Iſm. No more of this, you know your worth (*Aminta*)
Where are we now?
Am. Hard by the Town (*Iſmena*)
Ter. Cloſe by the Gates:
Iſm. 'Tis a fine Ayre.
Liſ. A delicate;
The way ſo ſweet and even, that the Coach
Would be a tumbling trouble to our pleaſures,
Methinks I am very merry:
Iſm. I am ſad:
Am. You are ever ſo when we entreat ye (Coſen)
Iſm. I have no reaſon: ſuch a trembling here
Over my heart methinks:
Am. Sure you are faſting,
Or not ſlept well to night; ſome dream (*Iſmena*)
Iſm. My dreams are like my thoughts, honeſt, and innocent,
Yours are unhappy; who are theſe that coaſt us?
You told me the walk was private.

Enter Antonio & Martin.

Ter. 'Tis moſt commonly:
Iſm. Two proper men: it ſeems they have ſome buſines,
With me none ſure; I do not like their faces;
They are not of our Company:
Ter. No Coſen:
Liſauro, we are dog'd.
Liſ. I find it (Coſen)
Ant. What handſome Lady?
Mar. Yes, ſhee's very handſom.
They are handſome both,
Ant. *Martin*, ſtay we are coſened.
Mar. I will go up; a woman is no wild-fire.
Ant. Now by my life ſhe is ſweet: Stay good *Martin*,
They are of our enemies; the Houſe of *Belides*,
Our mortal enemies:
Mar. Let 'em be devills,
They appear ſo handſomly, I will go forward;
If theſe be enemies, I'le ne'er ſeek friends more.
Ant. Prethee forbear; the Gentlewomen.
Mar. That's it (man)
That mopes me like a Gin.
'Pray ye ſtand off Ladies:
Liſ. They are both our enemies: both hate us equally;
By this fair day our mortal foes.
Ter. I know 'em,
And come here to affront: how they gape at us?
They ſhall have gaping-work.
Iſm. Why your ſwords, Gentlemen?
Ter. Pray ye ſtand you off, Coſen,
And good now leave your whiſtling: we are abus'd all,
Back, back I ſay:
Liſ. Go back.
Ant. We are no doggs Sir,
To run back on command.
Ter. Wee'l make ye run, Sir,
Ant. Having a civil charge of handſom Ladies,
We are your ſervants: pray ye no quarrel Gentlemen.
There's way enough for both.
Liſ. Wee'l make it wider.
Ant. If you will fight arm'd, from this Saint; have at ye.
Iſm. O me unhappy, are ye Gentlemen?
Diſcreet, and Civil, and in open view thus?
Am. What will men think of us? nay you may kill us;
Mercy o'me: through my petticoat; what bloody gentlemẽ!
Iſm. Make way through me, ye had beſt, and kill an innocent;
Brother, why Coſen: by this light Ile die too:
This Gentleman is temperate: be you merciful:
Alas, the Swords.
Am. You had beſt run me through the belly,
'Twill be a valiant thruſt.
Iſm. I faint amongſt ye.
Ant. Pray ye be not fearful: I have done (ſweet Lady)
My ſword's already aw'd, and ſhall obey ye:
I come not here to violate ſweet beauty,
I bow to that.
Iſm. Brother, you ſee this Gentleman,
This Noble Gentleman,
Liſ. Let him avoid then,
And leave our Walk.
Ant. The Lady may command Sir,
She bears an eye more dreadful then your weapon.
Iſm. What a ſweet nature this man has? dear brother,
Put up your ſword.
Ter. Let them put up and walk then:
Ant. No more loud words: there's time enough before us:
For ſhame put up, do honour to theſe beauties:
Mar. Our way is this,
We will not be denyde it.
Ter. And ours is this, we will not be croſs'd in it.

Ant. What ere your way is (Lady) 'tis a fair one;
And may it never meet with rude hands more,
Nor rough uncivil Tongues. *Exeunt.*
Iſm. I thank ye Sir,
Indeed I thank ye nobly: A brave Enemie,
Here's a ſweet temper now: This is a man (Brother)
This Gentleman's anger is ſo nobly ſeated,
That it becomes him: Yours proclaim ye Monſters.
What if he be our Houſe-Foe? we may brag on't:
We have ne'er a friend in all our Houſe ſo honourable:
I had rather from an Enemie, my Brother,
Learn worthy diſtances and modeſt difference,
Then from a race of empty friends, loud nothings:
I am hurt between ye.
Am. So am I, I fear too: (ſen
I am ſure their ſwords were between my leggs; deer Co-
Why look ye pale? where are ye hurt?
Iſm. I know not,
But here me-thinks.
Liſ. Unlace her gentle Coſen.
Iſm. My heart, my heart, and yet I bleſſe the Hurter.
Am. Is it ſo dangerous?
Iſm. Nay, nay, I faint not.
Am. Here is no blood that I find, ſure 'tis inward:
Iſm. Yes, yes, 'tis inward: 'twas a ſubtle weapon,
The hurt not to be cur'd I fear.
Liſ. The Coach there.
Am. May be affright. a fright
Iſm. *Aminta*, 'twas a ſweet one,
And yet a cruel.
Am. Now I find the wound plain:
A wondrous handſome Gentleman.
Iſm. Oh no deeper:
Prethee be ſilent (wench) it may be thy cauſe.
Am. You muſt be ſearched: the wound will rancle; Coſen
And of ſo ſweet a nature.
Iſm. Deer *Aminta*:
Make it not ſorer.
Am. And on my life admires ye.
Iſm. Call the Coach, Coſen.
Am. The Coach, the Coach.
Ter, 'Tis ready, bring the Coach there.
Liſ. Well my brave enemies, we ſhall yet meet ye,
And our old hate ſhall teſtifie.
Ter. It ſhall (Coſen.) *Exeunt.*

Scæna ſecunda.

Enter Antonio and Martine.

Ant. Their ſwords, alas, I weigh'em not (deer Friend)
The indiſcretion of the Owners blunts'em;
The fury of the Houſe affrights not me,
It ſpends it ſelf in words: (Oh me Martine)
There was a two edg'd eye, a Lady carried
A weapon that no valour can avoyd,
Nor Art (the hand of Spirit) put aſide.
O Friend, it broke out on me like a bullet
Wrapt in a cloud of fire: that point (*Martine*)
Dazled my ſence, and was too ſubtle for me,
Shot like a Comet in my face, and wounded
(To my eternal ruine) my hearts valour.
Mar. Methinks ſhe was no ſuch peece.
Ant. Blaſpheme not Sir,
She is ſo far beyond weak commendation,
That impudence will bluſh to think ill of her.
Mar. I ſee it not, and yet I have both eies open:
And I could judge, I know there is no beauty
Till our eies give it'em, and make'em hanſom;
What's red and white, unles we do allow'em?
A green face elſe; and me-thinks ſuch an other.
Ant. Peace thou leud Heretick; Thou judge of beauties!
Thou haſt an excellent ſenſe for a ſigne-poſt (Friend)
Doſt thou not ſee? Ile ſwear thou art ſoon blind elſe, moon
As blind as ignorance; when ſhe appear'd firſt
Aurora breaking in the eaſt, and through her face,
As if the Hours and Graces had ſtrew'd Roſes,
A bluſh of wonder flying; when ſhe was frighted
At our uncivil ſwords, didſt thou not mark
How far beyond the purity of ſnow
The ſoft wind drives whitenes of innocence,
Or any thing that bears Celeſtial palenes,
She appear'd o'th'ſodain? Didſt thou ſee her tears
When ſhe intreated? O thou Reprobate!.
Didſt thou not ſee thoſe orient tears flow'd from her,
The little Worlds of Love? A ſett (*Martine*)
Of ſuch ſanctified Beads, and a holy heart to love
I could live ever a Religious Hermite.
Mar. I do beleeve a little, and yet me-thinks
She was of the loweſt ſtature.
Ant. A rich Diamond
Set neat and deep; Natures chief Art (*Martine*)
Is to reſerve her Modells curious,
Not cumberſome and great; and ſuch a one
For fear ſhe ſhould exceed, upon her matter
Has ſhe fram'd this; Oh'tis a ſpark of beauty,
And where they appear ſo excellent in little,
They will but flame in great; Extention ſpoils'em:
Martine learn this, the narrower that our eies
Keep way unto our object, ſtill the ſweeter
That comes unto us: Great bodies are like Countries,
Diſcovering ſtill, toyle and no pleaſure finds'em.
Mar. A rare Coſmographer for a ſmall Iſland.
Now I believe ſhe is handſom.
Ant. Belive heartily,
Let thy belief, though long a coming, ſave thee.
Mar. She was (certain) fair.
Ant. But heark ye (Friend M*artine*)
Do not believe your ſelf too far before me,
For then you may wrong me, Sir.
Mar. Who bid ye teach me?
Do you ſhow me meat, and ſtitch my lips (*Antonio?*)
Is that fair play?
Ant. Now if thou ſhouldſt abuſe me,
And yet I know thee for an arrant Wencher,
A moſt immoderate thing; thou canſt not love long.
Mar. A little ſerves my turn, I fly at all games,
But I believe.
Ant. How if we never ſee her more?
Shee is our enemie.
Mar. Why are you jealous then?
As far as I conceive ſhe hates our whole Houſe.
Ant. Yet (good *Martine*)
Mar. Come, come, I have mercy on ye:
You ſhall enjoy her in your dream (*Antonio*)
And I'll not hinder: though now I perſwade my ſelf.
Enter Aminta with a Letter.
Ant. Sit with perſwaſion down, and you deal honeſtly
I will look better on her.
Mar. Stay, who's this, Friend?
Ant. Is't not the other Gentlewoman?
Mar. Yes, a Letter.

Sh

She brings no challenge ſure : if ſhe do (*Antonio*)
I hope ſhee'l be a Second too ; I am for her.
Am. A good houre Gentlemen.
Ant. You are welcom Lady ;
'Tis like our late rude paſſage has powr'd on us
Some reprehenſion.
Am. No, I bring no anger,
Though ſome deſerv'd it.
Ant. Sure we were all too blame, Lady ;
But for my part (in all humility
And with no little ſhame) I ask your pardons,
Indeed I wear no ſword to fright ſweet beauties.
Am. You have it, and this Letter; pray ye Sir view it,
And my Commiſſion's done.
Mar. Have ye none for me Lady ?
Am. Not at this time.
Mar. I am ſorry for't ; I can read too.
Am. I am glad : but Sir, to keep you in your exerciſe,
You may chance meet with one ill written.
Mar. Thank ye,
So it be a womans, I can pick the meaning,
For likely they have but one end.
Am. You ſay true Sir. *Exit.*
Ant. *Martine*, my wiſhes are come home and loaden,
Loaden with brave return : moſt happy, happy :
I am a bleſſed man : where's the Gentlewoman ?
Mar. Gone, the ſpirit's gone : what news ?
Ant. 'Tis from the Lady ;
From her we ſaw : from that ſame miracle,
I know her Name now : read but theſe three lines ;
Read with devotion, friend, the lines are holy.

Martine reads.

I dare not chide ye in my Letter (Sir)
'Twill be too gentle : If you pleaſe to look me
In the Weſt-ſtreet, and find a fair Stone window,
Carved with white Cupids ; there Ile entertain ye :
Night and diſcretion guide ye.

Call me Iſmena.

Ant. Give it me again : Come, come, fly, fly, I am all (fire.
Mar. There may be danger.
Ant. So there is to drink
When men are thirſty, to eat haſtily
When we are hungry : ſo there is in ſleep, Friend,
Obſtructions then may riſe, and ſmother us,
We may die laughing, choked, even at devotions :
An Apoplexie, or a ſodain Palſey
May ſtrike us down.
Mar. May be a train to catch ye.
Ant. Then I am caught : and let Love anſwer for it.
'Tis not my folly, but his infamy :
And if he be adored, and dare do vild things.
Mar. Well, I will go.
Ant. She is a Lady, Sir,
A Maid, I think, and where that holy ſpell
Is flung about me, I ne're fear a villany,
'Tis almoſt night : away friend.
Mar. I am ready,
I think I know the houſe too.
Ant. Then we are happy. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Iſmena and Aminta.

Iſm. Did you meet him ?
Am. *Yes.*
Iſm. And did you give my Letter ?
Am. To what end went I ?
Iſm. Are ye ſure it was he ?
Was it that Gentleman ?
Am. Do you think I was blind ?
I went to ſeek no Carrier, nor no Midwife.
Iſm. What kind of man was he ? thou maiſt be deceived Friend.
Am. A man with a noſe on's face: I think he had eies too,
And hands : for ſure he took it.
Iſm. What an anſwer ?
Am. What queſtions are theſe to one that's hot and troubled ?
Do you think me a Babe ? am I not able (Coſen)
At my years and diſcretion, to deliver
A Letter handſomly ! is that ſuch a hard thing ?
Why every wafer-woman will undertake it :
A Sempſters girle, or a Taylors wife will not miſſe it :
A Puritane Hoſteſſe (Coſen) would ſcorn theſe queſtions.
My legges are weary.
Iſm. I'll make'em well again.
Am. Are they at Supper ?
Iſm. Yes, and I am not well,
Nor deſire no company : look out, 'tis darkiſh.
Am. I ſee nothing yet : aſſure your ſelf, *Iſmena*,
If he be a man he will not miſſe.
Iſm. It may be he is modeſt,
And that may pull him back from ſeeing me;
Or has made ſome wild conſtruction of my eaſineſſe :
I bluſh to think what I writ.
Am. What ſhould ye bluſh at ?
Bluſh when you act your thoughts, not when you write ('em;
Bluſh ſoft between a pair of ſheets, ſweet Coſen,
Though he be a curious carried Gentleman, I cannot think
He's ſo unnatural to leave a woman,
A young, a noble, and a beauteous woman,
Leave her in her deſires : Men of this age
Are rather prone to come before they are ſent for.
Hark, I hear ſomthing : up to th'Chamber, Coſen,
You may ſpoil all elſe.

Enter Antonio and Martine.

Iſm. Let me ſee, they are Gentlemen ;
It may be they.
Am. They are they : get ye up,
And like a Land-ſtar draw him.
Iſm. I am ſhamefac'd. *Exit.*
Ant. This is the ſtreet.
Mar. I am looking for the houſe :
Cloſe, cloſe, pray ye cloſe here.
Ant. No, this is a Merchants ;
I know the man well :
Mar. And this a Pothecaries : I have lain here many (times.
For a looſenes in my Hilts.
Ant. Have ye not paſt it ?
Mar. No ſure :
There is no houſe of mark that we have ſcaped yet.
Ant. What place is this ?
Mar. Speak ſofter : 'may be ſpies ;
If any, this, a goodly window too,
Garv'd far above, that I perceive : 'tis dark,
But ſhe has ſuch a luſtre.

Enter Iſmena and Aminta above with a Taper.

Ant. Yes *Martine*,
So radiant ſhe appears.
Mar. Elſe we may miſſe, Sir :

The night growes vengeance black , 'pray heaven ſhe
ſhine clear:
Hark, hark, a window, and a candle too.
Ant. Step cloſe, 'tis ſhe : I ſee the cloud diſperſe,
And now the beautious Planet.
Mar. Hah, 'tis indeed,
Now by the ſoul of love a divine Creature.
Iſm. Sir, Sir,
Ant. Moſt bleſſed Lady.
Iſm. 'Pray ye ſtand out.
Am. You need not fear, there's no body now ſtirring.
Mar. Beyond his commendation I am taken,
Infinite ſtrangely taken.
Am. I love that Gentleman,
Methinks he has a dainty nimble body :
I love him heartily.
Iſm. 'Tis the right Gentleman :
But what to ſay to him, Sir.
Am. Speak.
Ant. I wait ſtill,
And will do till I grow an other Pillar,
To propt this houſe, ſo it pleaſe you.
Iſm. Speak ſoftly,
And 'pray ye ſpeak truly too.
Ant, I never lyde, Lady,
*Iſm.*And don't think me impudent to ask ye,
I know ye are an Enemie, ſpeak low,
But I would make ye a friend.
Ant. I am friend to beauty ;
Ther's no handſomneſſe I dare be foe too.
Iſm. Are ye married ?
Ant. No.
Iſm. Are ye betrothed ?
Ant. No, neither.
Iſm. Indeed (fair Sir.)
Ant. Indeed (fair ſweet) I am not.
Moſt beauteous Virgin, I am free as you are.
Iſm. That may be Sir, then ye are miſerable,
For I am bound.
Ant. Happy the bonds that hold ye ;
Or do you put them on your ſelf for pleaſure?
Sure they be ſweeter far then libertie :
There is no bleſſedneſſe but in ſuch bondage :
Give me that freedom (Madam) I beſeech ye,
(Since you have queſtion'd me ſo cunningly)
To ask you whom you are bound to, he muſt be certain
More then humane, that bounds in ſuch a beauty :
Happy that happy chain, ſuch links are heavenly.
Iſm. Pray ye do not mock me, Sir.
Ant. Pray ye (Lady) tell me.
Iſm. Will ye beleeve, and will ye keep it to ye ?
And not ſcorn what I ſpeak ?
Ant. I dare not (Madam)
As Oracle what you ſay, I dare ſwear to.
Iſm. I'll ſet the candle by : for I ſhall bluſh now ;
Fy, how it doubles in my mouth ? it muſt out,
'Tis you I am bound to.
Ant. Speak that word again,
I underſtand ye not.
Iſm. 'Tis you I am bound to.
*Ant.*Here is another gentleman.
Iſm. 'Tis you Sir.
Am. He may belov'd too.
*Mar.*Not by thee, firſt curſe me.
Iſm. And if I knew your name.
Ant. *Antonio* (Madam)
Iſm. *Antonio*, take this kiſſe, 'tis you I am bound to.
Ant. And when I ſet ye free, may heaven forſake me,
Iſmena.
Iſm. Yes, now I perceive ye love me,
You have learnd my name.
Ant. Hear but ſome vows I make to ye :
Hear but the proteſtations of a true love.
Iſm. No, no, not now: vowes ſhould be cheerful things,
Done in the cleereſt light, and nobleſt teſtimony :
No vow (deer Sir) tye not my fair belief
To ſuch ſtrict termes : thoſe men have broken credits,
Looſe and diſmembred faiths (my deer *Antonio*)
That ſplinter'em with vows: am I not too bold ?
Correct me when you pleaſe.
Ant. I had rather hear ye,
For ſo ſweet Muſick never ſtruck mine eares yet :
Will you believe now ?
Iſm. Yes.
Ant. I am yours.
Iſm. Speak lowder,
If ye anſwer the Prieſt ſo low, you will loſe your wedding
Mar. Would I might ſpeak, I would holloa.
Ant. Take my heart,
And if it be not firm and honeſt to you,
Heaven.
Iſm. Peace, no more : I'll keep your heart, and credit it.
Keep you your word : when will you come again
(Friend ?)
For this time we have wooed indifferently,
I would fain ſee ye, when I dare be bolder.
Ant. Why any night : onely (deer noble Miſtris)
Pardon three daies : my Uncle *Julio*
Has bound me to attend him upon promiſe,
Upon expectation too : we have rare ſports there,
Rare Countrey ſports, I would you could but ſee'em.
Dare ye ſo honour me ?
Iſm. I dare not be there,
You know I dare not, no, I muſt not (friend)
Where I may come with honourable freedom :
Alas, I am ill too ; wee in love.
Ant, You flowt me.
Iſm. Truſt me I do not : I ſpeak truth, I am ſickly,
And am in Love : but you muſt be Phyſician.
Ant. I'll make a plaiſter of my beſt affection.
Iſm. Be gone, we have ſupp'd, I hear the people ſtir,
Take my beſt wiſhes : give me no cauſe (*Antonio*)
To curſe this hapyy night.
Ant. I'll loſe my life firſt,
A thouſand kiſſes.
Iſm. Take ten thouſand back again.
Mar. I am dumb with admiration : ſhall we goe
Sir ? *Exeunt.*
Iſm. Doſt thou know his Uncle ?
Am. No, but I can ask, Coſen.
Iſm. I'll tell thee more of that, come let's to bed both,
And give me handſom dreams, Love, I beſeech thee.
Am. 'Has given ye a handſom ſubject.
Iſm. Pluck to the windows. *Exeunt.*

Six Chaires placed at the Arras.

Actus ſecundus.
Scæna Prima.

Enter Buſtofa.

Buſt. The thuudring Seas, whoſe watry fire waſhes
The whiting mops:
The gentle Whale whoſe feet ſo fell
Flies ore the Mountains tops. *Within Franio.*
Fra. Boy.
Buſt. The thundring.
Fra. Why boy *Buſtofa.*
Buſt. Here I am, the gentle whale. *Ent. Franio.*
Fra. Oh, are you here Sir? where's your ſiſter?
Buſt. The gentle whale flies ore the mountain tops.
Fra. Where's your ſiſter (man)
Buſt. Waſhes the whiting-Mops.
Fr. Thou ly'ſt, ſhe has none to waſh mops?
The boy is half way out of his wits, ſure:
Sirrha, who am I?
Buſt. The thundring Seas.
Fra. Mad, ſtark mad.
Buſt. Will you not give a man leave to con?
Fra. Yes, and feſſe too, ere I have done with you Sirrha,
Am I your father?
Buſt. The queſtion is too hard for a child, ask me any
That I have learn'd, and I'll anſwer you. (thing
Fra. Is that a hard queſtion? Sirrha, am not I your
Father?
Buſt. If I had my mother-wit I could tell you.
Fra. Are you a thief?
Buſt. So far forth as the ſon of a Miller.
Fra. Will you be hang'd?
Buſt. Let it go by elderſhip. The gentle Whale.
Fra. Sirrha, lay by your fooliſh ſtudy there,
And beat your brains about your owne affairs: or——
Buſt. I thank you; you'ld have me goe under the ſails
And beat my brains about your mill? a naturall
Father you are.——
Fran. I charge you go not to the ſports to day:
Laſt night I gave you leave, now I recant.
Buſt. Is the wind turn'd ſince laſt night?
Fra. Marry is it Sir, go no farther then my Mill;
There's my command upon you.
Buſt. I may go round about then as your Mill does?
I will ſee your Mill gelded, and his Stones fryde in ſteaks,
Ere I deceive the Countrey ſo: have I not my part to ſtu-
How ſhall the ſports go forward, if I be not there? (dy?
Fra. They'll want their fool indeed, if thou bee'ſt not
Buſt. Conſider that, and go your ſelf. (there.
Fra. I have fears (Sir) that I cannot utter,
You go not, nor your Siſter: there's my charge.
Buſt. The price of your golden thumb cannot hold me.
Fra. I, this was ſport that I have tightly lov'd,
I could have kept company with the Hounds.
Buſt. You are fit for no other company yet. ('yfaith:
Fra. Run with the Hare; and bin in the whore's tayl
Buſt. That was before I was born, *Ent. Otrante and*
I did ever miſtruſt I was a Baſtard, *Geraſto.*
Becauſe *Lapis* is in the ſingular number with me.
Otr. Leave thou that gun (*Geraſto*) and chaſe here,
Do thou but follow it with my deſires,
Thou'lt not return home emptie.
Ger. I am prepard
(My Lord) wjth advantages: and ſee
Yonder's the ſubject I muſt work upon:
Otr. Her Brother? 'tis, methinks it ſhould be eaſie:
That groſſe compound cannot but diffuſe
The ſoul in ſuch a latitude of eaſe,
As to make dull her faculties, and lazie:
What wit above the leaſt can be in him,
That Reaſon ties together?
Ger. I have prov'd it, Sir,
And know the depth of it: I have the way
To make him follow me a hackney-pace,
With all that fleſh about him; yes, and dragge
His Siſter after him: This baytes the old one,
Rid you him, and leave me to the other. *Exit*
Otr. 'Tis well: O *Franio*, the good day to you;
You were not wont to hear this muſick ſtanding:
The Beagle and the Bugle ye have lov'd,
In the firſt rank of Huntſmen.
Buſt. The doggs cry out of him now.
Fra. Sirrha, leave your barking, I'll bite you elſe:
Buſt. Curre, Curre.
Fra. Slave, do'ſt call me dog?
Otr. Oh fie Sir, he ſpeaks Latine to you,
He would know why you'll bite him.
Buſt. Reſponde cur; You ſee his underſtanding (my Lord)
Fra. I ſhall have a time to curry you for this:
But (my Lord) to anſwer you, the daies have been
I muſt have footed it before this Horn-pipe,
Though I had hazarded my Mill a fire,
And let the ſtones grinde empty: but thoſe dancings
Are done with me: I have good will to it ſtill.
And that's the beſt I can do.
Otr. Come, come, you ſhall be hors'd:
Your company deſerves him, though you kil him,
Run him blind, I care not.
Buſt. Hee'll do't o'purpoſe (my Lord) to bring him
up to the Mill.
Fra. Do not tempt me too far (my Lord)
Otr. There's a foot i'th' ſtirrop: I'll not leave you now:
You ſhall ſee the Game fall once again:
Fra. Well (my Lord) I'll make ready my leggs for you,
And try'em once a horsback: ſirra: my charge, keep it. *Exit.*
Buſt. Yes, when you pare down your diſh for conſcience
When your thumb's coyn'd into *bone & legalis*, (ſake.
When you are a true man-Miller.
Otr. What's the matter *Buſtofa*? (the ſtaggers,
Buſt. My Lord; if you have ere a drunken Jade that has
That will fall twice the height of our Mill with him: ſet
him (out o' the
O'th' back on him: a galled Jennet that will winch him
Saddle, and breake one on's necks, or a ſhank of him
(there was
A fool going that way, but the Aſſe had better lucke;)
Or one of your brave Barbaries, that would paſſe the
Straites, and run (would
Into his owne Countrey with him; the firſt Moor he met,
Cut his throat for Complexions ſake: there's as deadly
feud between
A Moor and a Miller, as between black and white.
Otr. Fie, fie, this is unnaturall *Buſtofa*,
Unleſſe on ſome ſtrong cauſe.
Buſt. Be Judge (my Lord)
I am ſtudied in my part: the Julian-Feaſt is to day:
the Countrey (ſen for
Expects me; I ſpeak all the dumb ſhews: my ſiſter cho-
A Nimp. The gentle Whale whoſe feet ſo fell: Cry mercy,

That was ſome of my part: But his charge is to keep the
And diſappoint the Revels. (Mill,
Otr. Indeed, there it ſpeaks ſhrewdly for thee; the Coun-
Buſt. I, and for mine own grace too. (try expecting.
Ot. Yes, and being ſtudied too: and the main Speaker too.
Buſt. The main? why all my Speech lies in the main,
And the dry ground together: The thundring ſeas,
whoſe, &c. (elſe.
Otr. Nay, then thou muſt go, thou'lt be much condemn'd
But then o'th' other ſide, obedience.
Buſt. Obedience?
But ſpeak your conſcience now (my Lord)
Am not I paſt asking bleſſing at theſe yeers?
Speak as you'r a Lord, if you had a Miller to your father.
Otr. I muſt yeeld to you (*Buſtofa*), your reaſons
Are ſo ſtrong, I cannot contradict: This I think,
If you go, your ſiſter ought to go along with you.
Buſt. There I ſtumble now: ſhee is not at age.
Otr. Why? ſhee's fifteen, and upwards.
Buſt. Thereabouts.
Otr. That's womans ripe age; as full as thou art
At one and twenty: ſhee's manable, is ſhe not?
Buſt. I think not: poor heart, ſhe was never tryde in
my conſcience.
'Tis a coy thing; ſhe will not kiſſe you a clown, not if he
Would kiſſe her.
Otr. What man?
Buſt. Not if he would kiſſe her, I ſay.
Otr. Oh, 'twas cleanlier then I expected: well Sir.
I'll leave you to your own, but my opinion is,
You may take her along: this is half way:
The reſt (*Geraſto*) and I hunt my prey.— *Exit.*
Buſt. Away with the old Miller (my Lord) and the mill
Strikes ſail preſently.

Enter Pedro, *with* Geraſto *blind, ſinging.*

Song.

Ger. *Come follow me (you Country-Laſſes)*
And you ſhall ſee ſuch ſport as paſſes:
You ſhall dance, and I will ſing;
Pedro *hee ſhall rub the ſtring:*
Each ſhall have a looſ-bodied gown
Of green; and laugh till you lie down.
Come follow me, come follow, &c.

Enter Florimell.

Buſt. O ſweet *Diego*, the ſweeteſt *Diego*, ſtay: Si-
ſter *Florimell.*
Flo. What's that, Brother?
Buſt. Didſt not hear *Diego*? Hear him, and thou'lt be
raviſh'd.
Flo. I have heard him ſing, yet unraviſh'd, Brother.
Buſt. You had the better luck (Siſter.) I was raviſh'd
By mine own conſent: Come away: for the Sports.
Flo. I have the fear of a Father on me (Brother.)
Buſt. Out: the theef is as ſafe as in his mill; hee's hun-
ting with our
Great Land-lord, the Don *Otrante*. Strike up *Diego*.
Flo. But ſay he return before us, Where's our excuſe?
Buſt. Strike up *Diego*. Haſt no ſtrings to thy apron?
Flo. Well, the fault lie upon your head (Brother).
Bu. My faults never mount ſo high (girl) they riſe but to
My middle at moſt. Strike up *Diego*.
Ger. Follow me by the ear, I'll lead thee on (*Buſtofa*) and
Pretty *Florimell* thy Siſter: oh that I could ſee her.
Buſt. Oh *Diego*, there's two pities upon thee; great pi-
tie thou art blinde;
And as great a pitie thou canſt not ſee.

Song.

Ger. *You ſhall have Crowns of Roſes, Dayſies,*
Buds, where the honey-maker gazes:
You ſhall taſte the golden thighs,
Such as in Wax-Chamber lies.
What fruit pleaſe you, taſte, freely pull,
Till you have all your bellies full.
Come follow me, &c.

Buſt. O *Diego*, the Don was not ſo ſweet when hee
perfum'd the Steeple. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Antonio and Martine.

Mar. Why, how now (Friend) thou art not loſt agen?
Ant. Not loſt? why, all the world's a wilderneſſe:
Some places peopled more by braver beaſts
Then others are: But faces, faces (man)
May a man be caught with faces?
Mar. Without wonder.
'Tis odds againſt him: May not a good face
Lead a man about by the noſe? 'las,
The noſe is but a part againſt the whole.
Ant. But is it poſſible that two faces
Should be ſo twin'd in form, complexion,
Figure, aſpect? that neither wen, nor mole,
The table of the brow, the eyes luſtre,
The lips cherry; neither the bluſh nor ſmile
Should give the one diſtinction from the other?
Do's Nature work in molds?
Mar. Altogether.
We are all one mold, one duſt.
Ant. Thy reaſon's moldie.
I ſpeak from the Form, thou the Matter.
Why? was't not ever one of Natures Glories,
Nay, her great peece of wonder, that amongſt
So many millions millons of her works
Shee left the eye diſtinction, to cull out
The one from other; yet all one name, the face?
Mar. You muſt compare 'em by ſome other part
Of the body, if the face cannot do't.
Ant. Didſt ask her name?
Mar. Yes, and who gave it her,
And what they promiſ'd more, beſides a ſpoon,
And what Apoſtles pictnre; ſhe is chriſtend too,
In token wherefore ſhe is call'd *Iſabella*,
The daughter of a Country plow-ſwain by:
If this be not true, ſhee lyes.
Ant. She cannot;
It would be ſeen a bliſter on her lip,
Should falſhod touch it, it is ſo tender:
Had her name held, 't had been *Iſmenia*,
And not another of her name.
Mar. Shall I ſpeak?
Ant. Yes, if thou'lt ſpeak truth: Is ſhe not wondrous like?
Mar. As two garments of the ſame faſhion,
Cut from the ſame piece: yet if any excell,
This has the firſt; and in my judgement 'tis ſo.
Ant. 'Tis my opinion.
Mar. Were it the face
Where mine eye ſhould dwell, I would pleaſe both
With this, as ſoon as one with the other.
Ant. And yet the other is the caſe of this.
Had I not look'd upon *Iſmenia*,
I nere had ſtaid beyond good-morrows time

In view of this.
Mar. Would I could leave him here,
'Twere a free paſſage to *Iſmenia* :
I muſt now blow, as to put out the fire
Yet kindle't more. You not conſider Sir,
The great diſparitie is in their bloods,
Eſtate and fortunes : there's the rich beauty
Which this poor homelineſſe is not endow'd with ;
There's difference enough.
Ant. The leaſt of all.
Equalitie is no rule in Loves Grammar :
That ſole unhappineſſe is left to Princes
To marry blood : we are free dſpoſers,
And have the power to equalize their bloods
Up to our own ; wee cannot keep it back,
'Tis a due debt from us.
Mar. I Sir, had you
No Father nor Unkle, nor ſuch hinderers,
You might do with your ſelf at your pleaſure;
But as it is.
Ant. As it is ; 'tis nothing :
Their powers will come too late, to give me back
The yeſterday I loſt.
Mar. Indeed, to ſay ſooth,
Your oppoſition from the other part
Is of more force ; there you run the hazzard
Of every hour a life, had you ſupply;
You meet your deereſt enemy in love
With all his hate about him : 'T will be more hard
For your *Iſmenia* to come home to you,
Then you to go to Country *Iſabell*. *Enter Julio.*
Ant. Tuſh ; 'tis not fear removes me.
Mar. No more : your Unkle.
Jul. Oh, the good hour upon you Gentlemen :
Welcome Nephew ; Speak it to your friend Sir,
It may be happier receiv'd from you,
In his acceptance.
Ant. I made bold, Uncle,
To do it before ; and I think he beleeves it.
Mar. 'Twas never doubted, Sir.
Jul. Here are ſports (Dons)
That you muſt look on with a loving eye,
And without Cenſure, 'leſſe it be giving
My country neighbours loves their yeerly offrings
That muſt not be refus'd ; though 't be more pain
To the Spectator, then the paintull Actor,
'Twill abide no more teſt then the tinſell
Wee clad our Masks in for an hours wearing,
Or the Livory lace ſometimes on the cloaks
Of a great Dons Followers : I ſpeak no further
Then our own Country, Sir.
Mar. For my part, Sir,
The more abſurd, 't ſhalbe the better welcom.
Jul. You'll find the gueſt you look for : I heard Couſen,
You were at *Toledo* th'other day.
Ant. Not late, Sir.
Jul. O fie ! muſt I be plainer ? You chang'd the point
With *Tirſo* and *Liſauro,* two of the Stock
Of our Antagoniſts, the *Belides*.
Ant. A meer proffer, Sir ; the prevention
Was quick with us : we had done ſomewhat elſe :
This Gentleman was ingag'd in 't.
Jul. I am
The enemie to his foe for it : that wild-fire
Will crave more then fair water, to quench it
I ſuſpect. Whence it will come I know not.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.
Ant. I was about a gentle reconcilement,
But I do fear I ſhall goe back agen.
Jul. Come, come ; The Sports are coming on us :
Nay, I have more gueſts to grace it : Welcome
Don *Goſtanco, Giraldo, Philippo* : Seat, ſeat all. *Muſick.*
Cup. Love is little, and therefore I preſent him, *Enter*
Love is a fire, therefore you may lament him. *a Cupid.*
Mar. Alas poor Love, who are they that can quench him?
Jul. He 's not without thoſe members, fear him not.
Cup. Love ſhoots, therefore I bear his bow about.
And Love is blind, therefore my eyes are out.
Ma. I never heard Love give reaſon for what he did be-
(fore.
Enter Buſtofa (for Paris.)
Cup. Let ſuch as can ſee, ſee ſuch as cannot : behold,
Our goddeſſes all three ſtrive for the ball of gold :
And here fair *Paris* comes, the hopefull youth of Troy,
Queen *Hecub*'s darling-ſon, King *Priams* onely joy.
Mart. Is this *Paris* ? I ſhould have taken him for *He-*
ctor rather.
Buſt. *Paris* at this time : Pray you hold your prating.
Ant. *Paris* can be angry.
Jul. Oh, at this time
You muſt pardon him ; he comes as a Judge.
Mar. —Mercy on all that looks npon him, ſay I.
Buſt. The thundring ſeas whoſe watry fire waſhes the
whiting-Mops,
(tops.
The gentle Whale, whoſe feet ſo fell, flies ore the mountain
No roares ſo fierce, no throats ſo deep, no howls can
bring ſuch fears
As *Paris* can, if Garden from he call his Dogs and Bears.
Mar. I, thoſe they were that I feard all this while.
Buſt. Yes *Jack-an-Apes.*
Mar. I thank you, good *Paris.*
Buſt. You may hold your peace, and ſtand further out
o'th' way then :
The lines will fall where they light,
(mirth,
Yes *Jack-an-Apes*, he hath to ſports, and faces make like
Whilſt bellowing buls, the horned beaſts, do toſſe from
ground to earth :
Bloud Bear there is, as *Cupid* blind.
Ant. That Bear would be whip'd for loſing of his eyes.
Buſt. Be whipped man may ſee,
But we preſent no ſuch content, but Nimps ſuch as they be.
Ant. Theſe are long lines.
Mar. Can you blame him, leading Buls & Bears in 'em ?
Enter Shepherd ſinging, with Iſmena, Aminta, Florimell,
(as Juno, Pallas, Venus,) and 3 Nymphs attending.
Buſt. Go *Cupid* blind, conduct the dumb, for Ladies
muſt not ſpeak here :
Let ſhepherds ſing with dancing feet, and cords of muſick
break here. *Song.*
(fall,
Now Ladies fight, with heels ſo light, by lot your luck muſt
Where *Paris* pleaſe, to do you eaſe, and give the golden
Ball. *Dance.*
Mar. If you plaid *Paris* now *Antonio*, where would you
(beſtow it ?
Ant. I prethee, Friend,
Take the full freedome of thought, but no words.
Mar. 'Proteſt there's a third, which by her habit
Should perſonate *Venus*, and by conſequence
Of the Story, receive the honours prize :
And were I a *Paris*, there it ſhould be.
Doe you note her ?
Ant. No ; mine eye is ſo fixed,
I cannot move it.
Cup. The dance is ended ; Now to judgment *Paris.*

Buſt. Here *Juno*, here: but ſtay, I do eſpy
A pretty gleeke comming from *Pallas* eye:
Here *Pallas*, here: yet ſtay agen: methinks
I ſee the eye of lovely *Venus* winks:
Oh cloſe them both: ſhut in thoſe golden eyne,
And I will kiſſe thoſe ſweet blind cheeks of thine.
Juno is angry: yes, and *Pallas* frowns,
Would *Paris* now were gone from *Ida's*-downs.
They both are fair, but *Venus* has the Mole,
The faireſt hair, and ſweeteſt dimple hole:
To her, or her, or her, or her, or neither;
Can one man pleaſe three Ladies altogether?
No, take it *Venus*, toſſe it at thy pleaſure,
Thou art the *lovers* friend beyond his meaſure.
Jul. *Paris* has done what man can do, pleas'd one,
Who can do more? *Enter Geraſto*, (*as*
Mar. Stay, here's another perſon. *Mars*)
Ger. Come lovely *Venus*, leave this lower Orbe,
And mount with *Mars*, up to his glorious Spheare.
Buſt. How now, what's he:
Flor. I'm ignorant what to do, Sir.
Ger. Thy ſilver-yoke of Doves are in the Team,
And thou ſhalt fly through *Apollo's* Beam:
I'le ſee thee ſeated in thy golden Throne,
And hold with *Mars* a ſweet conjunction. *Exit.*
Buſt. Ha? what follows this? has carried away my ſiſter
He never rehears'd his part with me before. (*Venus*:
Jul. What follows now Prince *Paris*?
Flor. within.——*Help, help, help.*
Buſt. Hue and cry, I think Sir this is *Venus* voice,
Mine owne ſiſter *Florinells*.
Mar. What is there ſome Tragick-Act behind?
Buſt. No, no, altogether Comical; *Mars* and *Venus*
Are in the old conjunction it ſeems.
Mar. 'Tis very improper then, for *Venus*
Never cryes out when ſhe conjoynes with *Mars*.
Buſt. That's true indeed: they are out of their parts ſure,
It may be 'tis the Book-holders fault: Ile go ſee.— *Exit.*
Jul. How like you our Countrey Revells, Gentlemen?
All Gent. Oh, they commend themſelves, Sir.
Ant. Me-thinks now
Juno and *Minerva* ſhould take revenge on *Paris*,
It cannot end without it.
Mar. I did expect
Inſteed of *Mars*, the Storm-Gaoler *Eolus*,
And *Juno* proffring her *Deiopeia*
As ſatisfaction to the bluſtring god,
To ſend his Toſſers forth.
Jul. It may ſo follow,
Lets not prejudicate the Hiſtory. *Enter Buſtofa.*
Buſt. Oh, oh, oh, oh.
Jul. So, here's a Paſſion towards.
Buſt. Help, help, if you be Gentlemen; my Siſter,
My *Venus*; ſhee's ſtolne away.
Jul. The ſtory changes from our expectation, (*Mars*
Buſt. Help, my father the Miller will hang me els: god
Is a bawdy Villain: he ſaid ſhe ſhould ride upon Doves:
Shee's horſs'd, ſhee's horſs'd whether ſhe will or no.
Mar. Sure I think hee's ſerious. (horſe in the breech
Buſt. She's horſs'd upon a double Gelding, and a Stone-
Of her: the poor wench cries help, and I cry help, & none
Of you will help.
Jul. Speak, is it the ſhow, or doſt thou bawle?
Buſt. A pox on the Ball: my Siſter bawls, and I bawl:
Either bridle horſe and follow, or give me a halter
To hang my ſelf: I cannot run ſo faſt as a hogge.

Jul. Wie follow me, I'le fill the Countrey with purſuit
But I will find the Thief: my Houſe thus abus'd?
Buſt. 'Tis my houſe that's abus'd, the Siſter of my fleſh
and blood: oh, oh. *Exeunt.*
1. *Wench.* Tis time we all ſhift for our ſelves if this
2. However I'le be gone. (be ſerious.
3. And I. *Exeunt.*
Ant. You need not fright your beauties pretty ſouls,
With the leaſt pale complexion of a fear. (ſcreet.
Mar. *Juno* has better courage: and *Minerva* more di-
Iſm. Alas my courage was ſo counterfeit
It might have been ſtruck from me with a feather,
Juno ne'er had ſo weak a preſenter.
Am. Sure I was ne'er the wiſer for *Minerva*,
That I find yet about me.
Iſm. My dwelling, Sir?
'Tis a poor Yeomans roof, ſcarce a league off,
That never ſham'd me yet.
Ant. Your gentle pardon:
I vow my erring eyes had almoſt caſt you
For one of the moſt mortal Enemies
That our Family has.
Iſm. I'me ſorry Sir,
I am ſo like your foe: 'twere fit I haſted
From your offended ſight.
Ant. Oh, miſtake not,
It was my error, and I do confeſſe it:
You'l not beleeve your welcome; nor can I ſpeak it;
But there's my friend can tell you, pray hear him.
Mar. Shall I tell her Sir? I'me glad of the employment.
Ant. A kinſwoman to that beauty:
Am. A kin to her, Sir,
But nothing to her Beauty.
Ant. Do not wrong it, 'tis not far behind her.
Am. Her hinder parts are not far off, indeed, Sir.
Mar. Let me but kiſſe you with his ardour now,
You ſhall feel how he loves you.
Iſm. Oh forbear:
'Tis not the faſhion with us, but would you
Perſwade me that he loves me?
Mar, I'le warrant you
He dies in't: and that were witnes enough on't.
Iſm. Love me Sir? can you tell me for what reaſon?
Mar. Fy, will ye ask me that which you have about you?
Iſm. I know nothing Sir.
Mar. Let him find it then;
He conſtantly beleeves you have the thing
That he muſt love you for: much is apparent,
A ſweet and lovely beauty.
Iſm. So Sir; Pray you
Show me one thing: Did he nere love before?
(I know you are his boſome-Counſellor)
Nay then I ſee your anſwer is not ready:
I'le not beleeve you if you ſtudy farther.
Mar. Shall I ſpeak truth to you?
Iſm. Or ſpeak no more.
Mar. There was a ſmile thrown at him, from a Lady
Whoſe deſerts might buy him treble, and lately
He receiv'd it, and I know where he loſt it,
In this face of yours: I know his heart's within you.
Iſm. May I know her name?
Mar. In your ear you may
With vow of ſilence.
Am. Hee'l not give over Sir:
If he ſpeak for you, hee'l ſure ſpeed for you.
Ant. But that's not the anſwer to my queſtion.

Am. You are the firſt in my virgin-conſcence
That ere ſpoke Love to her: oh, my heart!
Ant. How doe you?
Am. Nothing Sir: but would I had a better face.
How well yoor pulſe beats.
Ant. Healthfully, does it not?
Am. It thumps prettily, me thinks.
Iſm. Alack, I hear it
With much pitie: how great is your fault too,
In wrong to the good Lady?
Mar. You forget
The difficult paſſage hee has to her,
A hell of feud's between the Families.
Iſm. and that has often Love wrought by advantage
To peacefull reconcilement.
Mar. There impoſſible.
Iſm. This way 'tis worſer; 't may ſeed again in her
Unto another generation:
For where (poor Lady) is her ſatisfaction?
Mar. It comes in me; to be truth, I love her
(I'll go no farther for compariſon)
As deer as hee loves you.
Iſm. How if ſhee love not?
Mar. Tuſh: be that my pains: You know not what art
I have thoſe wayes.
Iſm. Beſhrow you, you have practiſ'd upon me,
Well, ſpeed me here, and you with your *Iſmenia.*
Mar. Go, the condition's drawn, ready dated,
There wants but your hand to 't.
Am. Truly you have taken great pains, Sir.
Mar. A friendly part, no more (ſweet Beuty.)
Am. They are happy, Sir, have ſuch friends as you are.
But do you know you have done well in this?
How will his Allyes receive it? ſhee (though I ſay't)
Is of no better Blood then I am.
Mar. There I leave it, I 'm at fartheſt that way.
Iſm. You ſhall extend your vows no larger now.
My heart calls you mine own: and that's enough.
Reaſon, I know, would have all yet conceal'd.
I ſhall not leave you unſaluted long
Either by pen or perſon.
Ant. You may diſcourſe
With me, when you think y'are alone, I ſhall
Be preſent with you.
Iſm. Come Coſen, will you walk?
Am. Alas, I was ready long ſince: in conſcience
You would with better will yet ſtay behind.
Iſm. Oh Love, I never thought thou'dſt bin ſo blind.
Mar. You'll anſwer this Sir. *Exeunt.*
Ant. If ere 't be ſpoke on: *Enter Julio.*
I purpoſe not to propound the queſtion.
Jul. 'Tis true the poor knave ſaid: ſome Raviſher,
Some of Luſts Blood-hounds have ſeiz'd upon her:
The Girle is hurried, as the divell were with 'em
And help'd their ſpeed.
Mar. It may be not ſo ill, Sir.
A well prepared Lover may do as much
In hot blood as this, and perform't honeſtly.
Jul. What? ſteale away a virgin 'gainſt her will?
Mar. It may be any mans caſe; deſpiſe nothing:
And that's a thiefe of a good quality,
Moſt commonly hee brings his theft home again,
Though with a little ſhame.
Jul. There's a charge by 't
Faln upon mee: *Paris* (the Millers ſon)
Her brother, dares not venture home again
Till better tidings follow of his ſiſter.
Ant. Y'are the more beholding to the miſchance, Sir:
Had I gone a Boot-haling, I ſhould as ſoon
Have ſtolne him, as his ſiſter: Marry then,
To render him back in the ſame plight he is
May be coſtly: his fleſh is not maintain'd with little.
Jul. I think the poor knave will pine away,
Hee cries all to be pitied yonder.
Mar. Pray you Sir, let's go ſee him: I ſhould laugh
To ſee him cry ſure.
Jul. Well, you are merry, Sir.
Antonio, keep this charge; I have fears
Move me to lay it on you: Pray forbear
The wayes of your enemies, the *Bellides.*
I have reaſon for my Injunction, Sir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aminta (*as a Page with a Letter.*)

Ant. To me, Sir? from whom?
Am. A friend, I dare vow, Sir.
Though on the enemies part: the Ladie *Iſmenia.*
Mar. Take heed: bluſh not too deep; let me adviſe you
In your Anſwer, 't muſt be done heedfully.
Ant. I ſhould not ſee a maſculine in peace
Out of that houſe.
Am. Alas: I am a child, Sir,
Your hates cannot laſt till I wear a ſword.
Ant. Await me for your anſwer.
Mar. Hee muſt ſee her,
To manifeſt his ſhame: 'tis my advantage;
While our blood 's under us, wee keep above:
But then we fall when we do fall in love. *Exeunt.*

Actus tertius.

Scæna Prima.

Enter Julio *and* Franio.

Fra. My Lord, my Lord, your houſe hath injur'd me,
Rob'd me of all the joyes I had on earth.
Jul. Where wert thou brought up (fellow)?
Fra. In a Mill.
You may perceive it by my loud exclaims,
Which muſt riſe higher yet.
Jul. Obſtreperous Carle.
If thy throats tempeſt could ore-turn my houſe,
What ſatisfaction were it for thy child?
Turn thee the right way to thy journies end.
Wilt have her where ſhe is not?
Fra. Here was ſhe loſt,
And here muſt I begin my footing after;
From whence, untill I meet a pow'r to puniſh,
I will not reſt: You are not quick to grief,
Your hearing 's a dead ſenſe. Were yours the loſſe,
Had you a daughter ſtoln, perhaps be-whor'd,
(For to what other end ſhould come the thiefe)?
You'ld play the Miller then, be loud and high.
But being not a ſorrow of your own,
You have no help nor pitie for another,
Jul. Oh, thou haſt op'd a ſluce was long ſhut up,
And let a flood of grief in; a buried grief
Thy voice hath wak'd again: a grief as old
As likely t'is, thy child is; friend, I tell thee,
I did once loſe a daughter.
Fra. Did you Sir?
Beſeech you then, how did you bear her loſſe?

Jul. With thy grief trebled,
Fra. But was ſhe ſtolne from you?
Jul. Yes,by devouring theeves,from whom cannot
Ever returne a ſatisfaction:
The wild beaſts had her in her ſwathing clothes.
Fra. Oh much good do'em with her.
Jul. Away tough churle.
Fra. Why,ſhe was better eaten then my child,
Better by beaſts then beaſtly men devoured,
They took away a life, no honour from her:
Thoſe beaſts might make a Saint of her, but theſe
Will make my child a devil: but was ſhe, Sir,
Your onely daughter?
Enter Gillian.
Jul. I ne'r had other (Friend)
Gil. Where are you (man?) your buſines lies not here,
Your daughter's in the Pownd, I have found where.
'Twill coſt you deer her freedom.
Fra. I'll break it down,
And free her without pay:
Horſe-locks nor chains ſhall hold her from me.
Jul. I'll take this relief,
I now have time to ſpeak alone with grief. *Exit.*
Fra. How? my Land-lord? hee's Lord of my Lands
But not my Cattel: I'll have her again (*Gill*)
Gil. You are not mad upon the ſudden now.
Fr. No *Gill*,I have been mad theſe five hours:
I'll ſell my Mill,and buy a Roring,
I'll batter down his houſe,and make a Stewes on't,
Gill. Will you gather up your wits a little
And hear me? the King's neer by in progreſſe,
Here I have got our ſupplication drawn,
And there's the way to help us.
Fra. Give it me (*Gill*,)
I will not fear to give it to the King:
To his own hands (God bleſſe him) will I give it,
And he ſhall ſet the Law upon their ſhoulders,
And hang'em all that had a hand in it.
Gill. Where's your Son?
Fra. He ſhall be hang'd in flotches:
The dogs ſhall eat him in Lent, there's Cats-meat
And Dogs-meat enough about him.
Gill. Sure the poor girle is the Counts whore by this (time.
Fra. If ſhe be the Counts whore, the whores Count
Shall pay for it: He ſhall pay for a new Maiden-head.
Gil. You are ſo violous: this I'm reſolv'd,
If ſhe be a whore once,I'll renounce her,
You know,if every man had his right,
She's none of our child,but a meer foundling,
(And I can gueſſe the owner for a need too)
We have but foſterd her.
Fra. *Gill*,no more of that,
I'll cut your tongue out if you tell thoſe tales.
Hark,hark,theſe Toaters tell us the King's coming:
Get you gone; I'll ſee if I can find him. *Exeunt.*
Enter Liſauro, Terſa, Pedro and Moncado.
Liſ. Do's the King remove to day?
Ter. So ſaies the Harbengers,
And keeps his way on to Valentia,
There ends the progreſſe.
Ped. He hunts this morning Gentlemen,
And dines i'th' fields: the Court is all in readineſſe.
Liſ. *Pedro*,did you ſend for this Tailor? or you *Moncado*?
This light french-demi-launce that follows us,
Ped. No, I aſſure ye on my word, I am guiltleſſe,
I owe him too much to be inward with him.
Mon. I am not quit I am ſure: there is a reckoning
Of ſome four ſcarlet cloaks, and two lac'd ſuits
Hangs on the file ſtill, like a fearful Comet
Makes me keep off.
Liſ. I am in too Gentlemen,
I thank his faith,for a matter of three hundred.
Ter. And I for two,what a devil makes he this way?
I do not love to ſee my ſins before me.
Ped. 'Tis the vacation,and theſe things break out
To ſee the Court,and glory in their debtors.
Ter. What do you call him for? I never love
To remember their names that I owe money to,
'Tis not gentill, I ſhun'em like the plague ever.
Liſ. His name's *Vertigo*: hold your heads,and wonder,
A French-man,and a founder of new faſhions:
The Revolutions of all ſhapes and habits
Run madding through his brains. *Ent.Vertigo.*
Monc. He is very brave.
Liſ. The ſhreds of what he ſteals from us beleeve it,
Makes him a mighty man: he comes,have at ye.
Ver. Save ye together,my ſweet Gentlemen,
I have been looking——
Ter. Not for money Sir?
You know the hard time.
Ver. Pardon me ſweet (Signior)
Good faith the leaſt thought in my heart, your love Gentlemen,
Your love's enough for me: Money? hang money:
Let me preſerve your love.
Liſ. Yes marry ſhall ye,
And we our credit, you would ſee the Court?
Mon. He ſhall ſee every place.
Ver. Shall I i'faith Gentlemen?
Ped. The Gellar,and the Buttry,and the Kitchin,
The Paſtry,and the Pantry.
Ter. I, and taſte too
Of every Office: and be free of all too:
That he may ſay when he comes home in glory,
Ver. And I will ſay,i'faith,and ſay it openly,
And ſay it home too: Shall I ſee the King alſo?
Liſ. Shalt ſee him every day: ſhalt ſee the Ladies
In their French clothes: ſhalt ride a hunting with him,
Shalt have a Miſtris too: we muſt fool hanſomly
To keep him in belief, we honour him,
He may call on us elſe.
Ped. A pox upon him.
Let him call at home in's owne houſe for ſalt butter,
Ver. And when the King puts on a new ſuit.
Ter. Thou ſhalt ſee it firſt,
And deſect his dublets, that thou maiſt be perfect.
Ver. The Wardrobe I would fain view, Gentlemen,
Fain come to ſee the Wardrobe.
Liſ. Thou ſhalt ſee it,
And ſee the ſecret of it, dive into it:
Sleep in the Wardrobe, and have Revelations
Of faſhions five yeer hence.
Ver. Ye honour me,
Ye infinitely honour me.
Ter. Any thing i'th' Court Sir,
Or within the compaſſe of a Courtier,
Ver. My wife ſhall give ye thanks.
Ter. You ſhall ſee any thing,
The privatſt place, the ſtool,and where 'tis emptied.
Ver. Ye make me bluſh,ye pour your bounties, Gentlemen,
In ſuch abundance.
Liſ. I will ſhow thee preſently
The order that the King keeps when he comes

To open view; that thou maiſt tell thy Neighbours
Over a ſhoulder of mutton, thou haſt ſeen ſomthing,
Nay, thou ſhalt preſent the King for this time.
Ver. Nay, I pray Sir.
Liſ. That thou maiſt know what State there do's belong to it;
Stand there I ſay, and put on a ſad countenance,
Mingled with height: be cover'd, and reſerved;
Move like the Sun, by ſoft degrees, and glorious,
Into your order (Gentlemen) uncover'd,
The King appears; Wee'l ſport with you a while Sir,
I am ſure you are merry with us all the year long (Tailor)
Move ſofter ſtill, keep in that fencing leg; Monſieur,
Turne to no ſide.

Enter Franio out of breath.

Ter. What's this that appears to him?
Liſ. 'Has a petition, and he looks moſt lamentably,
Miſtake him, and we are made.
Fra. This is the King ſure,
The glorious King, I know him by his gay clothes.
Liſ. Now bear your ſelf that you may ſay hereafter.
Fra. I have recover'd breath, I'll ſpeak unto him preſently,
May it pleaſe your gracious majeſty to conſider
A poor mans caſe?
King. What's your will Sir?
Liſ. You muſt accept, and read it.
Ter. The Tailor will run mad upon my life for't.
Ped. How he mumps and bridles: he will ne'er cut clothes again.
Ver. And what's your grief?
Mon. He ſpeaks i'th' noſe like his gooſe.
Fra. I pray you read there; I am abus'd, and frumpt Sir,
By a great man that may do ill by authority;
Poor honeſt men are hang'd for doing leſſe Sir,
My child is ſtolne, the Count *Otrante* ſtole her;
A pretty child ſhe is, although I ſay it,
A hanſom mother, he means to make a whore of her,
A ſilken whore, his knaves have filch'd her from me;
He keeps lewd knaves, that do him beaſtly offices:
I kneel for Juſtice. Shall I have it Sir?

Enter King Philippo and Lords.

Phil. What Pageant's this?
Liſ. The King:
Tailor, ſtand off, here ends your apparition:
Miller, turn round, and there addreſſe your paper,
There, there's the King indeed.
Fra. May it pleaſe your Majeſty.
Phil. Why didſt thou kneel to that fellow?
Fra. In good faith Sir,
I thought he had been a King he was ſo gallant:
There's none here wears ſuch gold.
Phil. So fooliſhly,
You have golden buſines ſure; becauſe I am homely
Clad, in no glittring ſuit, I am not look'd on:
Ye fools that wear gay clothes love to be gap'd at,
What are you better when your end calls on you?
Will gold preſerve ye from the grave? or jewells?
Get golden minds, and fling away your Trappings
Unto your bodies, miniſter warm rayments,
Wholſom and good; glitter within and ſpare not:
Let my Court have rich ſouls, their ſuits I weigh not:
And what are you that took ſuch State upon ye?
Are ye a Prince?
Liſ. The Prince of Tailors, Sir,
We owe ſome money to him, and 't like your Majeſty.
Phil. If it like him, would ye owde more, be modeſter,
And you leſſe ſawcy Sir: and leave this place:
Your preſſing iron will make no perfect Courtier:
Go ſtitch at home, and cozen your poor neighbours,
Show ſuch another pride, I'll have ye whipt for't,
And get worſe clothes, theſe but proclaim your fellony.
And what's your paper?
Fra. I beſeech you read it.
Phil. What's here? the Count *Otrante* task'd for a baſe villany,
For ſtealing of a maid?
Lord. The Count *Otrante*?
Is not the fellow mad Sir?
Fra. No, no, my Lord,
I am in my wits, I am a labouring man,
And we have ſeldom leiſure to run mad,
We have other buſineſſe to employ our heads in,
We have little wit to loſe too: if we complain,
And if a heavie lord lie on our ſhoulders,
Worſe then a ſack of meal, and oppreſſe our poverties,
We are mad ſtraight, and whop'd, and tyde in fetters,
Able to make a horſe mad as you uſe us,
You are mad for nothing and no man dare proclaim it,
In you a wildneſſe is a noble trick,
And cheriſhd in ye and all men muſt love it:
Oppreſſions of all ſorts, ſit like new clothes,
Neatly and hanſomly upon your Lordſhips:
And if we kick when your honours ſpur us,
We are knaves and Jades, and ready for the Juſtice.
I am a true Miller.
Phil. Then thou art a wonder.
2 *L.* I know the man reputed for a good man
An honeſt and ſubſtantial fellow.
Phil. He ſpeaks ſence,
And to the point: Greatneſſe begets much rudeneſſe.
How dare you (Sirrha) 'gainſt ſo main a perſon,
A man of ſo much Noble note and honour,
Put up this baſe complaint? Muſt every Peſant
Upon a ſawcy will affront great Lords!
All fellows (Miller?)
Fra. I have my reward, Sir,
I was told one greatneſſe would protect another,
As beams ſupport their fellowes; now I find it:
If't pleaſe your Grace to have me hang'd, I am ready,
Tis but a Miller, and a Thief diſpatch'd:
Though I ſteal bread, I ſteal no fleſh to tempt me.
I have a wife, and 't pleaſe him to have her too,
With all my heart; 't will make my charge the leſſe Sir,
She'll hold him plav a while: I have a Boy too,
He is able to inſtruct his Honours hoggs,
Or rub his Horſe-heels: when it pleaſe his Lordſhip
He may make him his ſlave too or his bawd:
The boy is well bred, can exhort his Siſter:
For me, the priſon, or the Pillory,
To loſe my goods, and have mine ears cropt off:
Whipt like a Topp, and have a paper ſtuck before me,
For abominable honeſtie to his owne daughter,
I can endure, Sir: the Miller has a ſtout heart,
Tough as his Toal-pin.
Phil. I ſuſpect this ſhrewdly,
Is it his daughter that the people call
The Millers fair maid?
2 *Lo.* It ſhould ſeem ſo Sir.
Phil. Be ſure you be i'th' right, Sirrha.
Fra. If I be i'th' wrong Sir,
Be ſure you hang me, I will ask no curteſie:
Your Grace may have a daughter, think of that Sir,
She may be fair, and ſhe may be abuſed too:
A King is not exempted from theſe caſes:
Stolne from your loving care.

Phil. I do much pity him.
Fra. But heaven forbid ſhe ſhould be in that venture
That mine is in at this hour : I'll aſſure your Grace
The Lord wants a water-mill,& means to grind with her
Would I had his ſtones to ſet, I would fit him for it.
Phil. Follow me(Miller)and let me talk with ye farther,
And keep this private all upon your loyalties :
To morrow morning, though I am now beyond him,
And the leſſe lookt for, I'll break my faſt with good Count.
No more, away, all to our ſports, be ſilent. *Exeunt.*
Ver. What Grace ſhall I have now ?
Liſ. Chooſe thine owne grace,
And go to dinner when thou wilt, *Vertigo*,
We muſt needs follow the King.
Ter. You heard the ſentence.
Mon. If you ſtay here
I'll ſend thee a ſhoulder of Veniſon :
Go home, go home, or if thou wilt diſguiſe,
I'll help thee to a place to feed the dogs.
Ped. Or thou ſhalt be ſpecial Tailor to the Kings Mon-(key,
'Tis a fine place, we cannot ſtay.
Ver. No money,
Nor no grace (Gentlemen ?)
Ter. 'Tis too early Taylor.
The King has not broke his faſt yet.
Ver. I ſhall look for ye
The next Terme, Gentlemen.
Ped. Thou ſhalt not miſſe us :
Prethee provide ſome clothes, and doſt thou hear *Vertigo*,
Commend me to thy wife : I want ſome ſhirts too.
Ver. I have Chambers for ye all.
Liſ. They are too muſty,
When they are cleer wee'l come.
Ver. I muſt be patient
And provident, I ſhall never get home els. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Otrante and Florimell.

Otr. Prethee be wiſer wench, thou canſt not ſcape me,
Let me with love and gentleneſſe enjoy that
That may be ſtill preſerv'd with love, and long'd for,
If violence lay rough hold, I ſhall hate thee,
And after I have enjoyd thy Maiden-head,
Thou wilt appear ſo ſtale and ugly to me
I ſhall deſpiſe thee, caſt thee off.
Flor. I pray ye, Sir,
Begin it now, and open your dores to me,
I do confeſſe I am ugly ; Let me go, Sir :
A Gipſey-girl : Why would your Lordſhip touch me ?
Fye, 'tis not noble : I am homely bred,
Courſe, and unfit for you : why do you flatter me ?
There be young Ladies, many that will love ye,
That will dote on ye : you are a hanſome Gentleman,
What will they ſay when once they know your quality ?
A Lord, a Miller ? take your Toal-diſh with ye :
You that can deal with Gudgins, and courſe floure,
'Tis pitie you ſhould taſte what manchet means :
Is this fit Sir, for your repute and honour ?
Otr. I'll love thee ſtill.
Flo. You cannot, there's no ſympathy
Between our births, our breeding, arts, conditions,
And where theſe are at difference, there's no liking:
This houre it may be I ſeem hanſom to you,
And you are taken with variety
More then with beauty : to morrow when you have en-joy'd me,
Your heate and luſt aſſwag'd, and come to examine
Out of cold and penitent condition
What you have done, whom you have ſhar'd your love (with,
Made partner of your bed, how it will vex ye,
How you will curſe the devil that betrayd ye :
And what ſhall become of me then ?
Otr. Wilt thou hear me ?
Flo. As haſtie as you were then to enjoy me,
As precious as this beauty ſhew'd unto ye,
You'll kick me out of dores, you will whore and ban me :
And if I prove with child with your fair iſſue,
Give me a penſion of five pound a yeer
To breed your heir withall, and ſo good ſpeed me.
Otr. I'll keep thee like a woman.
Flo. I'll keep my ſelf Sir,
Keep my ſelf honeſt Sir ; there's the brave keeping :
If you will marry me.
Otr. Alas poor *Florimell*.
Flo. I do confeſſe I am too courſe and baſe Sir
To be your wife, and it is fit you ſcorn me,
Yet ſuch as I have crown'd the lives of great ones :
To be your whore, I am ſure I am too worthy,
(For by my troth Sir, I am truly honeſt)
And that's an honour equal to your greatnes.
Otr. I'll give thee what thou wilt.
Flo. Tempt me no more then :
Give me that peace, and then you give abundance,
I know ye do but try me, ye are noble,
All theſe are but to try my modeſtie,
If you ſhould find me eaſie, and once coming,
I ſee your eies already how they would fright me :
I ſee your honeſt heart how it would ſwell
And burſt it ſelf into a grief againſt me :
Your tongue in noble anger, now, even now Sir,
Ready to rip my looſe thoughts to the bottom,
And lay my ſhame unto my ſelf, wide open :
You are a noble Lord : you pity poor maids,
The people are miſtaken in your courſes :
You, like a father, try'em to the uttermoſt,
As they do gold : you purge the droſſe from them,
And make them ſhine.
Otr. This cunning cannot help ye :
I love ye to enjoy ye : I have ſtolne ye
To enjoy ye now, not to be fool'd with circumſtance,
Yeeld willingly, or elſe.
Flo, What ?
Otr. I will force ye.
I will not be delay'd, a poor baſe wench
That I in curteſie make offer to,
Argue with me ?
Flo. Do not, you will loſe your labour,
Do not (my Lord) it will become ye poorly
Your curteſie may do much on my nature,
For I am kind as you are, and as tender :
If you compell, I have my ſtrengths to fly to,
My honeſt thoughts, and thoſe are guards about me :
I can cry too, and noiſe enough I dare make,
And I have curſes, that will call down thunder,
For all I am a poor wench, heaven will hear me :
My body you may force, but my will never ;
And be ſure I do not live if you do force me,
Or have no tongue to tell your beaſtly Story,
For if I have, and if there be a Juſtice.
Otr. Pray ye go in here: I'll calme my ſelf for this time.

And be your friend again.
Flo. I am commanded. *Exit.*
Otr. You cannot ſcape me,yet I muſt enjoy ye,
I'll lie with thy wit,though I miſſe thy honeſty :
Is this a wench for a Boors hungry boſom ?
A morſel for a Peaſants baſe embraces ?
And muſt I ſtarve,and the meat in my mouth ?
I'll none of that. *Enter Geraſto.*
Ger. How now my Lord,how ſped ye ?
Have ye done the deed ?
Otr. No,pox upon't, ſhe is honeſt.
Ger. Honeſt ? what's that ? you take her bare deniall,
Was there ever wench brought up in a mill,and honeſt ?
That were a wonder worth a Chronicle,
Is your belief ſo large ? what did ſhe ſay to ye ?
Otr. She ſaid her honeſty was all her dowry,
And preach'd unto me, how unfit, and homely,
Nay how diſhonourable it would ſeem in me
To act my will ; popt me i'th mouth with modeſtie.
Ger. What an impudent Quean was that ? that's their trick ever.
Otr. And then diſcours'd to me very learnedly
What fame and loud opinion would tell of me :
A wife ſhe touch'd at.
Ger. Out upon her Varlet.
Was ſhe ſo bold ? theſe home-ſpun things are devils,
They'll tell ye a thouſand lies, if you'll beleeve'em ;
And ſtand upon their honours like great Ladies,
They'll ſpeak unhappily too : good words to cozen ye,
And outwardly ſeem Saints : they'll cry down-right alſo,
But 'tis for anger that you do not cruſh 'em.
Did ſhe not talk of being with child ?
Otr. She toucht at it,
Ger. The trick of an arrant whore to milk your Lordſhip
And then a penſion nam'd ?
Otr. No, no, ſhe ſcorn'd it :
I offer'd any thing, but ſhe refus'd all,
Refus'd it with a confident hate.
Ger. You thought ſo,
You ſhould have taken her then, turn'd her,and tew'd her
I'th' ſtrength of all her reſolution,flattered her,
And ſhak't her ſtubborn will : ſhe would have thank'd ye,
She would have lov'd ye infinitely,they muſt ſeem modeſt,
It is their parts : if you had plaid your part Sir.
And handled her as men do unmand Hawks,
Caſt her, and malde her up in good clean linnen :
And there have coyed her,you had caught her heart-ſtrings
Theſe tough Virginities they blow like white thornes
In Stormes and Tempeſts.
Otr. She is beyond all this,
As cold, and harden'd, as the Virgin Cryſtal.
Ger. Oh force her,force her,Sir,ſhe longs to be raviſhd
Some have no pleaſure but in violence ;
To be torne in pieces is their paradiſe :
'Tis ordinary in our Country,Sir,to raviſh all
They will not give a penny for their ſport
Unleſſe they be put to it,and terribly,
And then they ſwear they'll hang the man comes neer'em,
And ſwear it on his lips too.
Otr. No, no forcing,
I have an other courſe,and I will follow it,
I command you,and do you command your fellows,
That when you ſee her next,diſgrace,and ſcorn her,
Ill ſeem to put her out o'th' dores o'th' ſodain
And leave her to conjecture,then ſeize on her
Away, be ready ſtraight.
Ger. We ſhall not fail, Sir. *Exit.*
Otr. Florimell.

Enter Florimell.

Flo. My Lord.
Otr. I am ſure you have now conſider'd
And like a wiſe wench weigh'd a friends diſpleaſure,
Repented your prowd thoughts,and caſt your ſcorn off.
Flo. My Lord, I am not proud,I was never beautifull.
Nor ſcorn I any thing that's juſt and honeſt.
Otr. Come, to be ſhort, can ye love yet ? you told me
Kindnes would far compell ye : I am kind to ye,
And mean to exceed that way.
Flo. I told ye too, Sir,
As far as it agreed with modeſtie,
With honour,and with honeſty I would yeeld to yee :
Good my Lord, take ſome other Theam : for Love,
Alas, I never knew yet what it meant,
And on the ſudden Sir, to run through volumes
Of his moſt myſtick art, 'tis moſt impoſſible ;
Nay,to begin with luſt,which is an Heriſie,
A foul one too ; to learn that in my childhood :
O good my Lord.
Otr. You will not out of this ſong,
Your modeſtie,and honeſtie,is that all ?
I will not force ye.
Flo. Ye are too noble,Sir.
Otr. Nor play the childiſh fool,and marry ye,
I am yet not mad.
Flo. If ye did, men would imagine.
Otr. Nor will I woo ye at that infinite price
It may be you expect.
Flo. I expect your pardon,
And a diſcharge (my Lord) that's all I look for.
Otr. No,nor fall ſick for love.
Flo. 'Tis a healthful year Sir.
Otr. Look ye,I'l turn ye out o'dores,and ſcorn ye.
Flo. Thank ye my Lord.
Otr. A proud ſlight Peat I found ye,
A fool (it may be too.)
Flo. An honeſt woman,
Good my Lord think me.
Otr. And a baſe I leave ye,
So fare-ye-well. *Exit.*
Flo. Bleſſing attend your Lordſhip ;
This is hot love, that vaniſheth like vapors;
His Ague's off, his burning fits are well quench'd,
I thank heaven for't : his men, they will not force me.

Enter Geraſto, and Servants.

Ger. What doſt thou ſtay for ? doſt thou not know the way,
Thou baſe unprovident whore ?
Flo. Good words, pray ye Gentlemen.
1 *Ser.* Has my Lord ſmoak'd ye over,goodwife Miller ?
Is your Mill broken that you ſtand ſo uſeleſſe ?
2 *Ser.* An impudent Quean , upon my life ſhe is unwholſome ;
Some baſe diſcarded thing my Lord has found her,
He would not have turnd her off o'th'ſudden elſe.
Ger. Now againſt every ſack (my honeſt ſweet-heart)
With every *Sim* and *Smug.*
Flo. I muſt be patient.
Ger. And every greaſie gueſt,and ſweaty Raſcall
For his Royal hire between his fingers, Gentlewoman.
1 *Ser.* I feare thou haſt given my Lord the—— thou damn'd thing.
2 *Ser.* I have ſeen her in the Stewes.
Ger. The knave her father

Was Bawd to her there,and kept a Tipling houſe,
You muſt even to it again : a modeſt function.
Flo. If ye had honeſty, ye would not uſe me
Thus baſely wretchedly, though your Lord bid ye,
But he that knows.
Ger. Away thou carted impudence,
You meat for every man : a little meal
Flung in your face, makes ye appear ſo proud.
Flo. This is inhumane. Let theſe tears perſwade you
If ye be men, to uſe a poor girle better :
I wrong not you, I am ſure I call you Gentlemen.

Enter Otrante.

Otr. What buſines is here? away, are not you gone yet?
Flo. My Lord, this is not well : although you hate me,
For what I know not : to let your people wrong me,
Wrong me maliciouſly, and call me
Otr. Peace,
And mark me what we ſay adviſedly ;
Mark, as you love that that you call your credit ;
Yeeld now,or you are undone: your good name's periſh'd
Not all the world can buy your reputation ;
Tis ſunk for ever els,theſe peoples tongues will poiſon ye
Though you be white as innocence,they'll taint ye,
They will ſpeak terrible and hideous things,
And people in this age are prone to credit,
They'll let fall nothing that may brand a woman,
Conſider this,and then be wiſe and tremble :
Yeeld yet, and yet I'll ſave ye.
Flo. How ?
Otr. I'll ſhow ye,
Their mouthes I'll ſeal up,they ſhall ſpeak no more
But what is honourable and honeſt of ye,
And Saintlike they ſhall worſhip ye : they are mine,
And what I charge'em *Florimell.*
Flo. I am ruind,
Heaven will regard me yet, they are barbarous wretches :
Let me not fall (my Lord.)
Otr. You ſhall not *Florimell* :
Mark how I'll work your peace, and how I honour ye.
Who waits there ? come all in.

Enter Geraſto and Servants.

Ger. Your pleaſure Sir.
Otr. Who dare ſay this ſweet beauty is not heavenly ?
This virgin, the moſt pure, the moſt untainted,
The holieſt thing ?
Ger. We know it (my dear Lord)
We are her ſlaves : and that proud impudence
That dares diſparage her, this ſword (my Lord.)
1 *Ser.* They are raſcals,baſe,the ſons of common women
That wrong this vertue, or dare owne a thought
But fair and honourable of her : when we ſlight her,
Hang us, or cut's in pieces : let's tug i'th' Gallies.
2 *Ser.* Brand us for villains.
Flo. Why ſure I dream : theſe are all Saints.
Otr. Go, and live all her ſlaves.
Ger. We are proud to do it. *Exeunt.*
Otr. What think ye now ? am not I able *Florimell*
Yet to preſerve ye ?
Flo. I am bound to your Lordſhip,
Ye are all honour, and good my Lord but grant me
Untill to morrow leave to weigh my Fortunes,
I'll give you a free anſwer, perhaps a pleaſing,
Indeed I'll do the beſt I can to ſatisfie ye.
Otr. Take your good time, this kiſſe, till then farewell,
Sweet. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus.

Scæna Prima.

Enter Antonio, Martine, Buſtofa.

Mar. By all means diſcharge your follower.
Ant. If we can get him off : Sirrha *Buſtofa.*
Thou muſt needs run back.
Buſt. But I muſt not unleſſe you ſend
A Bier, or a Lictor at my back, I do not uſe to run
From my friends.
Ant. Well, go will ſerve turne : I have forgot.
Buſt. What Sir,
Ant. See if I can think on't now.
Buſt. I know what 'tis now ?
Ant. A Piſtolet of that.
Buſt. Done, you have forgot a device to ſend me away,
You are going a ſmocking perhaps.
Mar His owne, due, due i'faith *Antonio,*
The Piſtolet's his owne.
Ant. I confeſſe it,
There'tis : now if you could afford out of it
A reaſonable excuſe to mine Uncle.
Bust. Yes, I can :
But an excuſe will not ſerve your turn : it muſt be a lie,
A full lie, 'twill do no good elſe : if you'll go to
The price of that ?
Ant. Is a lie dearer then an excuſe ?
Buſt. Oh, treble ; this is the price of an excuſe : but a
lye is two more :
Look how many foyles go to a fair fall,ſo many excuſes to
A full lye, and leſſe cannot ſerve your turn,let any Tailor
I'th' Towne make it.
Mar. Wie, 'tis reaſonable, give him his price :
Let it be large enough now.
Buſt. I'll warrant you, cover him all over.
Ant. I would have proof of one now.
Buſt. What ? ſcale my invention before hand ? you ſhall
pardon
Me for that : well, I'll commend you to your Uncle,and
Tell him you'll be at home at ſupper with him.
Ant. By no means, I cannot come to night (man)
Buſt. I know that too, you do not know a lye when
you ſee it.
Mar. Remember it muſt ſtretch for all night.
Buſt. I ſhall want ſtuffe, I doubt 'twill come to the
other Piſtolet.
Ant. Well, lay out, you ſhall be no loſer Sir.
Buſt. It muſt be faced, you know,there will be a yard
of diſſimulation
At leaſt (City-meaſure) and cut upon an untroth or two :
Lyned
With Fables, that muſt needs be, cold weather's coming,
if it had
A galloon of hypocriſie,'t would do well: and hooked
Together with a couple of conceits,
That's neceſſity ; well, I'll bring in my
Bill:I'll warrant you as fair a lye by that time I have done
With it, as any gentleman i'th' Town can ſwear too : if he
Would betray his Lord and Maſter. *Exit.*
Ant. So, ſo, this neceſſary trouble's over.
Mar. I would you had bought an excuſe of him
Before he went : you'll want one for *Iſmenia.*

In

Ant. Tuſh, there needs none, there's no ſuſpition yet,
And I'll be arm'd before the next encounter,
In a faſt tye with my fair *Iſabel.*

Enter Buſtoſa.

Mar. Yes, you'll find your errand is before you now.
Buſt. Oh Gentlemen, look to your ſelves, ye are
Men of another world elſe: your enemies are upon you;
The old houſe of the *Bellides* will fall upon your heads:
Signior *Liſauro.*
Ant. Liſauro?
Buſt. And Don what call you him? he's a Gentleman:
Yet he has but a Yeomans name,
Don *Tarſo, Tarſo*, and a dozen at their heels.
Ant. Liſauro, Tarſo, nor a dozen more
Shall fright me from my ground, nor ſhun my path,
Let'em come on in their ableſt fury.
Mar. 'Tis worthily reſolved: I'll ſtand by you Sir,
This way, I am thy true friend.
Buſt. I'll be gone Sir, that one may live to tell what's become of you.
Put up, put up, will you never learn to know a lye
From an *Eſop*'s fables? there's a taſte for you now. *Exit.*

Enter Iſmenia and Aminta,

Mar. Look Sir, what time of day is it? (now,
Ant. I know not, my eies go falſe, I dare not truſt'em
I prethee tell me (*Martin*) if thou canſt,
Is that *Iſmenia*, or *Iſabella.*
Mar. This is the Lady, forget not *Iſabella.*
Ant. If this face may be borrowed and lent out,
If it can ſhift ſhoulders, and take other tyres,
So, 'tis mine where ere I find it
Iſm. Be ſudden: *Exit Aminta.*
I cannot hold out long.
Mar. Beleeve't ſhe frowns.
Ant. Let it come, ſhe cannot frown me off on't:
How prettily it wooes me to come neerer?
How do you (Lady) ſince yeſterdaies pains?
Were you not weary? of my faith.
Iſm. I think you were.
Ant. What Lady?
Iſm. Weary of your faith, 'tis a burthen
That men faint under, though they bear little of it.
Mar. So, this is to the purpoſe.
Ant. You came home
In a fair hour I hope? *Enter Aminta.*
Iſm. From whence Sir?
Am. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman without deſires to ſpeak with you.
Ant. They were pretty homely toyes: but your preſence
Made them illuſtrious.
Iſm. My Coſen ſpeaks to you.
Am. A Gentlewoman Sir, *Iſabella*
She names her ſelf.
Mar. So, ſo, it hits finely now.
Ant. Name your ſelf how you pleaſe: ſpeak what you
I'll hear you cheerfully. (pleaſe,
Iſm. You are not well,
Requeſt her in: ſhe may have more acquaintance
With his paſſions, and better cure for'em.
Am. She's nice in that (Madam) poor ſoul it ſeems
She's fearfull of your diſpleaſure.
Iſm. I'll quit her
From that preſently, and bring her in my ſelf. *Exit.*
Mar. How careleſly do you behave your ſelf?
When you ſhould call all your beſt faculties
To councell in you: how will you anſwer
The breach you made with fair *Iſmenia?*
Have you forgot the retrograde vow you took
With her, that now is come in evidence?
You'll die upon your ſhame, you need no more
Enemies of the houſe, but the Lady now:
You ſhall have your diſpatch.

Enter Iſmenia like Juno.

Ant. Give me that face,
And I am ſatisfied upon whoſe ſhoulders
So ere it growes: *Juno* deliver us
Out of this amazement: Beſeech you Goddeſſe
Tell us of our friends, how dos *Iſmenia?*
And how does *Iſabella?* both in good health
I hope, as you your ſelf are.
Iſm. I am at fartheſt
In my counterfeit: my *Antonio*
I have matter againſt you may need pardon,
As I muſt crave of you.
Ant. Obſerve you Sir,
What evidence is come againſt me? what think you
The Hydra-headed Jury will ſay to't?
Mar. 'Tis I am foold,
My hopes are pour'd into the bottomles tubs,
Tis labour for the houſe of *Bellides*:
I muſt not ſeem ſo yet: but in ſooth (Lady)
Did you imagine your changeable face
Hid you from me? by this hand I knew you.
Ant. I went by the face: and by theſe eies I
Might have been deceived.
Iſm. You might indeed (*Antonio*)
For this Gentleman did vow to *Iſabella*,
That he it was that lov'd *Iſmenia*,
And not *Antonio*?
Mar. Good, and was not that
A manifeſt confeſſion that I knew you?
I elſe had been unjuſt unto my friend:
Twas well remembred, there I found you out
And ſpeak your conſcience now.
Ant. But did he ſo proteſt?
Iſm. Yes, I vow to you, had *Antonio*
Wedded *Iſabella, Iſmenia*
Had not been loſt, there had been her lover.
Ant. Why much good do you friend. take her to you:
I crave but one, here have I my wiſh full,
I am glad we ſhall be ſo neer Neighbours.
Mar. Take both Sir, *Juno* to boote: three parts in one,
S. *Hilarie* bleſſe you, now oportunitie
Beware to meet with falſhood, if thou canſt
Shun it, my friends faith's turning from him.
Iſm. Might I not juſtly accuſe *Antonio*
For a love-wanderer? you know no other
But me, for another, and confeſſe troth now?
Ant. Here was my guide, where ere I find this face,
I am a Lover, marry, I muſt not miſſe
This freckle then, I have the number of 'em,
Nor this dimple: not a ſilk from this brow,
I carry the full Idea ever with me;
If Nature can ſo punctually paralel,
I may be cozened.
Iſm. Well, all this is even:
But now, to perfect all, our love muſt now
Come to our Enemies hands, where neither part
Will ever give conſent to't.
Ant. Moſt certain:
For which reaſon it muſt not be put to'em:
Have we not prevention in our owne hands.

Shall I walk by the tree? deſire the fruit,
Yet be ſo nice to pull till I ask leave
Of the churliſh Gardner, that will deny me?

Iſm. O *Antonio.*

Ant. 'Tis manners to fall to
When grace is ſaid.

Iſm. That holy act 's to come.

Mar. You may ope an oyſter or two before grace.

Ant. Are there not double vows, as valuable
And as well ſpoke as any Frier utters?
Heaven has heard all.

Iſm. Yes: but ſtayes the bleſſing,
Till all dues be done: heaven is not ſerv'd by halfs.
Wee ſhall have ne'r a fathers bleſſing here,
Let us not loſe the better, from above.

Ant. You take up weapons of unequal force,
It ſhows you cowardly: heark in your ear.

Am. Have I loſt all imployment? Would this proffer
Had been made to me, though I had paid it
With a reaſonable pennance.

Mar. Have I paſt
All thy fore-lock (Time)? I'll ſtretch a long arm
But I'll catch hold again: Doe but look back
Over thy ſhoulder, and have a pull at thee.

Iſm. I hear you (Sir) nor can I hear too much
While you ſpeak well: You know th' accuſtom'd place
Of our night-parley: if you can aſcend,
The window ſhall receive you. You may finde there
A corrupted Church-man to bid you welcome.

Ant. I would meet no other man.

Iſm. *Aminta*, you hear this.

Am. With joy (Madam) 'cauſe it pleaſes you.
It may be mine own caſe another time:
Now you go the right way: ask the Banes out,
Put it paſt father, or friends, to forbid it,
And then you're ſure. Sir, your *Hymen* Taper
I'll light up for you: the window ſhall ſhow you
The way to *Seſtos*.

Ant. I'll venture drowning.

Mar. The Simile holds not; 'tis hanging rather.
You muſt aſcend your Caſtle by a ladder;
To the foot I'll bring you.

Ant. Leave mee to climb it.

Mar. If I do turn you off?

Ant. Till night fare-well:
Then better.

Iſm. Beſt it ſhould be;
But peeviſh hatred keeps back that degree. *Exeunt.*

Mar. I never look'd ſo ſmooth as now I purpoſe:
And then beware: Knave is at worſt of knave
When he ſmiles beſt, and the moſt ſeems to ſave. *Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Julio.

Jul. My mind 's unquiet; while *Antonio*
My Nephew's abroad, my heart is not at home,
Only my fears ſtay with me; bad company;
But I cannot ſhift 'em off. This hatred
Betwixt the Houſe of *Bellides* and us,
Is not fair war: 'tis civill, but uncivill.
We are neer neighbours, were of love as neer,
Till a croſſe miſconſtruction ('twas no more
In conſcience) put us ſo far aſunder:
I would 'twere reconcil'd; it has laſted
Too many Sun-ſets, if grace might moderate:
Man ſhould not loſe ſo many dayes of peace
To ſatisfie the anger of one minute.
I could repent it heartily. I ſent
The knave to attend my *Antonio* too, *Enter Buſtofa.*
Yet he rerurns no comfort to me neither.

Buſt. No: I muſt not.

Jul. Hah; hee's come.

Buſt. I muſt not: 'twill breake his heart to hear it.

Jul. How? there's bad tidings: I muſt obſcure & hear it;
He will not tell mee for breaking of my heart,
'Tis half ſplit already.

Buſt. I have ſpi'd him: Now to knock down a Don with a lie, a ſilly harmleſſe lie; 'twill be valiantly done, and nobly perhaps.

Jul. I cannot hear him now.

Buſt. Oh the bloody dayes that wee live in; the envious, malitious, deadly dayes that we draw breath in!

Jul. Now I hear too loud.

Buſt. The children that never ſhall be born may rue it; for men that are ſlain now might have liv'd to have got children, that might have curſ'd their fathers.

Jul. Oh, my poſterity is ruin'd.

Buſt. Oh ſweet *Antonio.*

Jul. Oh deer *Antonio.*

Buſt. Yet it was nobly done of both parts: When hee and *Liſauro* met,

Jul. Oh, death has parted 'em.

Buſt. Welcome my mortall foe (ſayes one), Welcome my deadly enemy (ſayes th'other:) off go their doublets, they in their ſhirts, and their ſwords ſtark naked; here lies *Antonio*, here lies *Liſauro*: hee comes upon him with an *Embroccado*, that hee puts by with a *puncta reverſa*; *Liſauro* recoils mee two paces and ſome ſix inches back, takes his career, and then, oh.

Jul. Oh.

Buſt. Runs *Antonio* quite thorow,

Jul. Oh villain.

Buſt. Quite thorow between the arme and the body: ſo yet he had no hurt at that bout.

Jul. Goodneſſe be praiſed.

Buſt. But then, at next encounter, he fetches me up *Liſauro*; *Liſauro* makes out a Long at him, which he thinking to be a *Paſſado*, *Antonio*'s foot ſlipping: down: oh down.

Jul. O now thou art loſt.

Buſt. Oh, but the quality of the thing: both Gentlemen, both Spaniſh Chriſtians, yet one man to ſhed

Jul. Say his enemies blood.

Buſt. His hair may come by divers caſualties, though he never go into the field with his foe: but a man to loſe nine ounces and two drams of blood at one wound, thirteen and a ſcruple at another, and to live till he die in cold blood: yet the Surgeon (that cur'd him) ſaid, if *Pia-mater* had not been periſh'd, he had bin a lives man til this day.

Jul. There hee concludes he is gone.

Buſt. But all this is nothing: now I come to the point.

Jul. I the point, that's deadly: the ancient blow
Over the buckler ne'r went half ſo deep.

Buſt. Yet pitie bids mee keep in my charitie: for mee to pull an old mans ears from his head with telling of a Tale: oh fowle Tale! No, be ſilent Tale. Furthermore, there is the charge of Buriall; every one will cry Blacks, Blacks, that had but the leaſt finger dipt in his blood, though ten degrees remov'd when 'twas done. Moreover, the Surgeon (that made an end of him) will be paid : Sugar-plums and ſweet breads ; yet I ſay, the man may recover again, and die in his bed.

Jul. What motley ſtuffe is this? Sirrha, ſpeak truth
What hath befallen my deer *Antonio ?*
Reſtrain your pity in concealing it ;
Tell mee the danger full ; take off your care
Of my receiving it : kill me that way,
I'll forgive my death : what thou keepſt back from truth
Thou ſhalt ſpeak in pain ; doe not look to find
A limb in his right place, a bone unbroke,
Nor ſo much fleſh unbroil'd of all that mountain
As a worm might ſup on ; diſpatch, or be diſpatch'd.

Buſt. Alas Sir, I know nothing, but that *Anton.* is a man of Gods making to this hour, 'tis not two ſince I left him ſo.

Jul. Where didſt thou leave him ? (you.

Buſt. In the ſame clothes he had on when he went from

Jul. Does he live ?

Buſt. I ſaw him drink.

Jul. Is he not wounded ?

Buſt. He may have a cut i'th' leg by this time ; for Don *Martin* and he were at whole ſlaſhes.

Jul. Met he not with *Liſauro ?*

Buſt. I doe not know her.

Jul. Her ? *Liſauro* is a man, as he is.

Buſt. I ſaw ne'r a man like him.

Jul. Didſt thou not diſcourſe a fight betwixt *Ant.* & *Liſ.?*

Buſt. I to my ſelf; I hope a man may give himſelf the lie if it pleaſe him.

Jul. Didſt thou lie then ?

Buſt. As ſure as you live now.

Jul. I live the happier by it : when will he return ?

Buſt. That he ſent me to tel you, within theſe ten daies at

Jul. Ten daies? he's not wont to be abſent two. (fartheſt.

Buſt. Nor I think he wil not: he ſaid he would be at home to morrow ; but I love to ſpeak within my compaſſe.

Jul. You ſhall ſpeak within mine Sir, now. Within there:

Enter Servants.

Take this fellow into cuſtodie, keep him ſafe
I charge you.

Buſt. Saf ? do you hear? take notice what plight you find me in, if there want but a collop or a ſteak o'me, look to't.

Jul. If my nephew return not in his health to morrow,
Thou goeſt to th' Rack.

Buſt. Let me go to th' manger firſt ; I had rather eat oats then hay. *Exeunt.* *Enter* Bellides *with a Letter.*

Bel. By your leave, Sir.

Jul. For ought I know yet, you are welcom Sir. (eaſie,

Bel. Read that, and tell me ſo : or if thy ſpectacles be not
Keep thy noſe unſadled, and ope thine ears ;
I can ſpeak thee the contents, I made 'em ;
'Tis a challenge, a fair one, I'll maintain 't :
I ſcorn to hire my Second to deliver 't,
I bring 't my ſelf : Doſt know me, *Julio ?*

Jul. *Bellides ?*

Bel. Yes : Is not thine hair on end now ?

Jul. Som what amaz'd at thy raſh hardines ;
How durſt thou come ſo neer thine enemie?

Bel. Durſt ?
I dare come neerer : thou'rt a fool, *Julio.*

Jul. Take it home to thee with a knave to boot.

Bel. Knave to thy teeth again : and all that's quit :
Give me not a fool more then I give thee,
Or if thou doſt, look to hear on't again.

Jul. What an encounter's this ?

Bel. A noble one :
My hand is to my words, thou haſt it there,
There I do challenge thee, if thou dar'ſt be
Good friends with me ; or I'll proclaim thee coward.

Jul. Be friends with thee ?

Bel. I'll ſhew thee reaſons for't :
A pair of old coxcombs (now wee go together)
Such as ſhould ſtand examples of diſcretion,
The rules of Grammar to unwilling youth
To take out leſſons by ; we that ſhould check
And quench the raging fire in others bloods,
We ſtrike the battell to deſtruction ?
Read 'em the black art? and make 'em beleeve
It is divinitie? Heathens, are we not ?
Speak thy conſcience, how haſt thou ſlept this month,
Since this Fiend haunted us ?

Jul. Sure, ſome good Angell
Was with us both laſt night : ſpeak thou truth now,
Was it not laſt nights motion ?

Bel. Doſt not think
I would not lay hold of it at firſt proffer ?
Should I ne'r ſleep again ?

Jul. Take not all from me ;
I'll tell the doctrine of my viſion.
Say that *Antonio* (beſt of thy blood)
Or any one, the leaſt allyed to thee,
Should be the prey unto *Liſauro*'s ſword,
Or any of the houſe of *Bellides ?*

Bel. Mine was the juſt inverſion : on, on.

Jul. How would thine eys have emptied thee in ſorrow,
And left the condiment of Nature drie?
Thy hands have turn'd rebellious to the balls,
And broke the glaſſes, with thine own curſes
Have torn thy ſoul, left thee a Statue
To propagate thy next poſterity.

Bel. Yes, and thou cauſer ? ſo it ſaid to me,
They fight but your miſchiefs: the yong men were friends,
As is the life and blood coagulate
And curded in one body ; but this is yours,
An inheritance that you have gatherd for 'em,
A Legacie of blood, to kill each other
Throughout your Generations. Was't not ſo ?

Jul. Word for word.

Bel. Nay, I can go farther yet.

Jul. 'Tis far enough ; Let us attone it here.
And in a reconciled circle fold
Our friendſhip new again.

Bel. The ſigne's in *Gemini*,
An auſpicious houſe, 't has joyn'd both ours again.

Jul. You cannot proclaim me coward now, Don *Bellides*

Bel. No : thou 'rt a valiant fellow : ſo am I :
I'll fight with thee at this hug, to the laſt leg
I have to ſtand on, or breath or life left.

Jul. This is the ſalt unto humanity,
And keeps it ſweet.

Bel. Love ! oh life ſtinks without it.
I can tell you news.

Jul. Good has long been wanting.

Bel. I do ſuſpect, and I have ſome proof on't,
(So far as a Love-Epiſtle comes to)
That *Antonio* (your nephew) and my daughter
Iſmenia are very good friends before us.

Jul. That were a double wall about our houſes,
Which I could wiſh were builded.

Bel. I had it
From *Antonio*'s Intimate, Don *Martin* :
And yet (me thought) it was no friendly part

To ſhow it me.
Jul. Perhaps 't was his conſent:
Lovers have policies as well as Stateſmen:
They look not alwaies at the mark they aime at.
Bel. Wee'll take up cudgels, and have one bowt with'em,
They ſhall know nothing of this union:
And till they find themſelves moſt deſperate,
Succour ſhall never ſee'em.
Jul. I'll take your part Sir.
Bel. It grows late; there's a happy day paſt us.
Jul. The example I hope to all behind it. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Aminta *(above) with a Taper.*
Am. Stand fair, light of Love, which epithite and place
Adds to thee honour, to me it would be ſhame,
We muſt be weight in love, no grain too light;
Thou art the Land-mark, but if love be blind,
(As many that can ſee have ſo reported)
What benefit canſt thou be to his darkneſſe?
Love is a Jewel (ſome ſay) ineſtimable,
But hung at the eare, deprives our owne ſight,
And ſo it ſhines to others, not our ſelves.
I ſpeak my skill, I have onely heard on't,
But I could wiſh a neerer document,
Alas, the ignorant deſire to know:
Some ſay Love's but a toy, and with a but.
Now me thinks I ſhould love it ne'r the worſe,
A toy is harmeleſſe ſure, and may be plaid with,
It ſeldom goes without his adjunct, pretty,
A pretty toy we ſay, 'tis meeter to joy too.
Well, here may be a mad night yet for all this,
Here's a Prieſt ready, and a Lady ready:
A chamber ready, and a bed ready,
'Tis then but making unready, and that's ſoone done:
My Lady is my Coſen; I, my ſelf,
Which is neereſt then? My deſires are mine,
Say they be hers too, is't a hanging matter?
It may be ventur'd in a worſer cauſe,
I muſt go queſtion with my conſcience:
I have the word; Centinel, do thou ſtand,
Thou ſhalt not need to call, I'll he at hand. *Exit.*
Enter Antonio *and* Martin.
Ant. Are we not dog'd behind us, thinkſt thou friend?
Mar. I heard not one bark, Sir.
Ant. There are that bite
And bark not (man) me-thought I ſpy'd two fellows
That through two ſtreets together walk'd aloof,
And wore their eies ſuſpiciouſly upon us.
Mar. Your Jealouſie, nothing elſe; or ſuch perhaps
As are afraid as much of us, who knows
But about the like buſines? but for your fears ſake
I'll adviſe and entreat one curteſie.
Ant. What's that friend?
Mar. I will not be denyed, Sir,
Change your upper garments with me.
Ant. It needs not.
Mar. I think ſo too, but I will have it ſo,
If you dare truſt me with the better Sir.
Ant. Nay then.
Mar. If there ſhould be danger towards,
There will be the main mark I'm ſure.
Ant. Here thou tak'ſt from me.
Mar. Tuſh, the General
Muſt be ſafe, how ere the Battel goes:
See you the Beacon yonder?
Ant. Yes, we are neer ſhore.
Enter 2. Gentlemen with weapons drawn, they ſet upon Mar-
tin: Antonio *purſues them out in reſcue of* Martin.
Mar. Come, Land, land, you muſt clamber by the cliffs,
Here are no ſtaires to riſe by.
Ant. I, are you there? *fight and Exeunt.*
Enter Aminta *above, and* Martin *return'd again, aſcends.*
Am. *Antonio?*
Mar. Yes *Iſmenia.*
Am. Thine owne.
Mar. Quench the light, thine eies are guides illuſtrious.
Am. 'Tis neceſſary. *Exeunt.*
Enter Antonio.
Mar. Your legs have ſav'd your lives, who ere you are,
Friend. *Martin?* where art thou? not hurt I hope:
Sure I was fartheſt in the purſuit of 'em:
My pleaſures are forgotten through my fears:
The lights extinct, it was diſcreetly done:
They could not but have notice of the broiſe,
And fearing that might call up company,
Have carefully prevented, and cloſed up:
I do commend the heed; oh, but my friend,
I fear his hurt: friend? friend? it cannot be
So mortal, that I ſhould loſe thee quite, friend?
A groan, any thing that may diſcover thee:
Thou art not ſunk ſo far, but I might hear thee:
I'll lay mine ear as low as thou canſt fall:
Friend, Don *Martin,* I muſt anſwer for thee,
'Twas in my cauſe thou fell'ſt, if thou beeſt downe,
Such dangers ſtand betwixt us and our joyes,
That ſhould we forethink ere we undertake,
Wee'ld ſit at home, and ſave. What a night's here?
Purpos'd for ſo much joy, and now diſpos'd
To ſo much wretchednes? I ſhall not reſt in't:
If I had all my pleaſures there within,
I ſhould not entertain'em with a ſmile.
Good night to you: Mine will be black and ſad,
A friend cannot, a woman may be bad. *Exit.*

Actus Quintus.

Scæna Prima.

Enter Iſmenia *and* Aminta.
Iſm. O thou falſe,
Am. Do your daringſt, he's mine owne,
Soul and body mine, church and chamber mine,
Totally mine.
Iſm. Darſt thou face thy falſhood?
Am. Shall I not give a welcom to my wiſhes
Come home ſo ſweetly: farewell your company
Till you be calmer woman. *Exit.*
Iſm. Oh what a heap
Of miſery has one night brought with it. *Ent. Ant.*
Ant. Where is he? do you turn your ſhame from me?
You'r a blind Adultreſſe, you know you are.
Iſm. How's that *Antonio?*
Ant. Till I have vengeance,
Your ſin's not pardonable: I'll have him,
If hell hide him not: y'have had your laſt of him. *Exit.*
Iſm. What did he ſpeak? I underſtood him not,
He calld me a foul name, it was not mine,
He took me for another ſure.

Enter Bellides.

Bel. Hah? are you there?
Where's your ſweet heart? I have found you Traytor
To my houſe: wilt league with mine enemie?
You'll ſhed his blood, you'll ſay: hah? will you ſo?
And fight with your heels upwards? No Minion,
I have a husband for you, ſince y'are ſo ranck,
And ſuch a husband as thou ſhalt like him,
Whether thou wilt or no: *Antonio?*
Iſm. It thunders with the ſtorm now.
Bel. And to night
I'll have it diſpatch'd: I'll make it ſure, I,
By to morrow this time thy Maiden-head
Shall not be worth a Chicken, if it were
Knockt at an out-cry: go, I'll ha'ye before me:
Shough, ſhough, up to your coop, peay Hen.
Iſm. Then I'll try my wings. *Exit.*
Bel. I, are you good at that? ſtop, ſtop thief, ſtop there. *Exit.*

Scæna ſecunda.

Enter Otrante and Florimell ſinging.

1. Song.

Flo. *Now having leiſure, and a happy wind,*
Thou maiſt at pleaſure cauſe the ſtones to grind,
Sayles ſpread, and griſt here ready to be ground,
Fie, ſtand not idely, but let the Mill go round.
Otr. Why doſt thou ſing and dance thus? why ſo merry?
Why doſt thou look ſo wantonly upon me?
And kiſſe my hands?
Flo. If I were high enough,
I would kiſſe your lips too.
Otr. Do, this is ſome kindnes,
This taſtes of willingneſſe, nay, you may kiſſe
Still, but why o'th' ſudden now does the fitt take ye,
Unoffered, or uncompell'd? why theſe ſweet curteſies?
Even now you would have bluſh'd to death to kiſſe thus:
Prethee let me be prepar'd to meet thy kindnes,
I ſhall be unfurniſh'd elſe to hold thee play, wench:
Stay now a little, and delay your bleſſings:
If this be love, me-thinks it is too violent:
If you repent you of your ſtrictneſſe to me,
It is ſo ſudden, it wants circumſtance.
Flo. Fy, how dull? 2. Song.
How long ſhall I pine for love?
how long ſhall I ſue in vaine?
How long like the Turtle-Dove
ſhall I heavily thus complain?
Shall the ſayles of my love ſtand ſtill?
Shall the griſts of my hopes be unground?
Oh fie, oh fie, oh fie,
let the Mill, let the Mill go round.
Otr. Prethee be calme a little,
Thou mak'ſt me wonder, thou that wert ſo ſtrange,
And read ſuch pious rules to my behaviour
But yeſternight: thou that wert made of modeſtie,
Shouldſt in a few ſhort minutes turn thus deſperate.
Flo. You are too cold.
Otr. I do confeſſe I freeze now,
I am another thing all over me:
It is my part to wooe, not to be courted:
Unfold this Riddle, 'tis to me a wonder,
That now o'th' inſtant ere I can expect,
Ere I can turn my thoughts, and think upon
A ſeparation of your honeſt carriage
From the deſires of youth, thus wantonly,
Thus beyond expectation.
Flo. I will tell ye,
And tell ye ſeriouſly, why I appear thus,
To hold ye no more ignorant and blinded,
I have no modeſtie, I am truly wanton:
I am that you look for Sir; now come up roundly:
If my ſtrict face and counterfeited ſtaiedneſſe
Could have won on ye, I had caught ye that way.
And you ſhould ne'r have come to have known who hurt (ye.
Prethee (ſweet Count) be more familiar with me.
How ever we are open in our natures,
And apt to more deſires then you dare meet with,
Yet we affect to lay the gloſſe of good on't:
I ſaw you toucht not at the baite of chaſtity,
And that it grew diſtaſtefull to pour palate your
To appear ſo holy, therefore I take my true ſhape:
Is your bed ready Sir? you ſhall quickly find me.
3. Song. *On the bed Ile throw thee, throw thee downe;*
Down being laid, ſhall we be afraid
to try the rights that belong to love?
No, no, there Ile wooe thee with a Crown,
crown our deſires, kindle the fires,
when love requires we ſhould wanton prove:
We'll kiſſe, we'll ſport, we'll laugh, we'll play,
If thou com'ſt ſhort, for thee Ile ſtay,
If thou unskilfull art the ground,
Ile kindly teach, we'll have the Mill go round.
Otr. Are ye no maid?
Flo. Alas (my Lord) no certain:
I am ſorry you are ſo innocent to think ſo,
Is this an age for ſilly maids to thrive in?
It is ſo long too ſince I loſt it Sir,
That I have no belief I ever was one:
What ſhould you do with maiden-heads? you hate'em,
They are peeviſh pettiſh things, that hold no game up,
No pleaſure neither, they are ſport for Surgeons:
I'll warrant you I'll fit you beyond Maiden-head:
A fair and eaſie way men travel right in,
And with delight, diſcourſe, and twenty pleaſures,
They enjoy their journey; mad men creep through hedges.
Otr. I am metamorphoſed: why do you appeare,
I conjure ye, beyond belief thus wanton?
Flo. Becauſe I would give ye
Pleaſure beyond belief. 4. Song.
Think me ſtill in my Fathers Mill,
where I have oft been found-a
Thrown on my back, on a well-fill'd ſack,
while the Mill has ſtill gone round-a:
Prethee ſirrha try thy skill,
and again let the mill go round-a.
Otr. Then you have traded?
Flo. Traded? how ſhould I know elſe how to live Sir,
And how to ſatisfie ſuch Lords as you are,
Our beſt gueſts, and our richeſt?
Otr. How I ſhake now?
You take no baſe men?
Flo, Any that will offer,
All manner of men, and all Religions Sir,
We touch at in our time: all States and Ages,
We exempt none. 5. Song.
The young one, the old one, the fearful, the bold one,
the lame one, though nere ſo unſound,
The Jew or the Turk, have leave for to work,
the whileſt that the Mill goes round.

Otr. You are a common thing then.
Flo. No matter ſince you have your private pleaſure,
And have it by an Artiſt excellent,
Whether I am thus,or thus,your men can tell ye.
Otr. My men ? Defend me, how I freeze together,
And am on ice ? do I bite at ſuch an Orange
After my men ? I am preferr'd.
Flo. Why ſtay ye ?
Why do we talk my Lord, and loſe our time ?
Pleaſure was made for lips,and ſweet embraces,
Let Lawyers uſe their tongues : pardon me Modeſtie,
This deſperate way muſt help, or I am miſerable.
Otr. She turns,and wipes her face,ſhe weeps for certain,
Some new way now,ſhe cannot be thus beaſtly,
She is too excellent fair to be thus impudent :
She knows the elements of common looſeneſſe,
The art of lewdneſſe : that, that, that, how now,Sir.
Enter a ſervant.
Ser. The King (and't pleaſe your Lordſhip) is alighted
Cloſe at the gate.
Otr. The King ?
Ser. And calls for ye Sir.
Means to break-faſt here too.
Flo. Then I am happy.
Otr. Stolne ſo ſuddenly? go lock her up,
Lock her up where the Courtiers may not ſee her,
Lock her up cloſely,ſirrha, in my cloſet.
Ser. I will(my Lord) what does ſhe yeeld yet? *Exit.*
Otr. Peace :
She is either a damnd divel,or an Angel,
No noiſe (upon your life Dame) but all ſilence.
Enter King, Lords, Vertigo, Liſauro, Terſo.
Otr. Your Majeſty heaps too much honour on me,
With ſuch delight to view each ſeveral corner
Of a rude pile : there's no proportion in't,Sir.
Phil. Me-thinks 'tis hanſom,and the rooms along
Are neat,and well contriv'd : the Gallery
Stands pleaſantly and ſweet : what rooms are theſe ?
Otr. They are ſluttiſh ones.
Phil. Nay, I muſt ſee.
Otr. Pray ye do Sir,
They are lodging-chambers over a homely garden.
Phil. Fit ſtill,and hanſom ; very well : and thoſe ?
Otr. Thoſe lead to the other ſide o'th' houſe,and't like ye.
Phil. Let me ſee thoſe.
Otr. Ye may,the dores are open.
What ſhould this view mean ? I am half ſuſpicious.
Phil. This little Room ?
Otr. Tis mean:a place for traſh Sir,
For rubbiſh of the houſe.
Phil. I would ſee this too :
I will ſee all.
Otr. I beſeech your Majeſty,
The ſavour of it, and the courſe appearance. (with it,
Phil. 'Tis not ſo bad, you would not offend your houſe
Come, let me ſee.
Otr. Faith Sir,
Phil. I'faith I will ſee.
Otr. My Groom has the key Sir,and 'tis ten to one
Phil. But I will ſee it: force the lock (my Lords)
There be ſmithes enough to mend it : I perceive
You keep ſome rare things here, you would not ſhow Sir.
Florimell diſcovered.
Ter. Here's a fair maid indeed.
Phil. By my faith is ſhe
A hanſom girle : come forward ,do not fear wench.
I marry, here's a treaſure worth concealing :
Call in the Miller.
Otr. Then I am diſcovered.
I confeſſe all before the Miller comes Sir,
'Twas but intention, from all act I am cleer yet.
Enter Franio.
Phil. Is this your daughter ?
Fra. Yes,and 't pleaſe your Highneſſe.
This is the ſhape of her, for her ſubſtance Sir,
Whether ſhe be now honourable or diſhonourable :
Whether ſhe be a white-roſe, or a canker, is the queſtion :
I thank my Lord, he made bold with my Philly,
If ſhe be for your pace, you had beſt preſerve her Sir,
She is tender mouthed, let her be broken hanſomly.
Phi Maid,were you ſtolne ?
Flo. I went not willingly,
And 't pleaſe your Grace, I was never bred ſo boldly.
Phil. How has he us'd ye ?
Flo. Yet Sir, very nobly.
Phil. Be ſure ye tell truth, and be ſure (my Lord)
You have not wrongd her : if ye have, I tell ye
You have loſt me,and your ſelf too : ſpeak again (wench)
Flo. He has not wrong'd me, Sir ; I am yet a maid :
By all that's white and innocent, I am Sir,
Onely I ſufferd under ſtrong temptations
The heat of youth ; but heaven deliverd me.
My Lord, I am no whore, for all I faign'd it,
And faign'd it cunningly,and made ye loath me :
'Twas time to out-do you : I had been robd elſe,
I had been miſerable, but I forgive ye.
Phil. What recompence for this ?
Otr. A great one Sir,
Firſt a repentance, and a hearty one.
Forgive me Sweet.
Flo. I do my Lord.
Otr. I thank ye;
The next take this, and theſe : all I have *Florimell.*
Flo. No good my Lord, theſe often corrupt maidens:
I dare not touch at theſe ; they are lime for Virgins ;
But if you'll give me.
Otr. Any thing in my power.
Or in my purchaſe.
Flo. Take heed (noble Sir)
You'll make me a bold asker.
Otr. Aske me freely.
Flo. Ask you?I do ask you, and I deſerve ye,
I have kept ye from a crying ſin would damne ye
To Men and Time : I have preſerv'd your credit,
That would have died to all poſterity :
Curſes of maids ſhall never now afflict ye,
Nor Parents bitter tears make your name barren :
If he deſerves well that redeems his Countrey,
And as a Patriot be remembred nobly,
Nay, ſet the higheſt : may not I be worthy
To be your friend,that have preſervd your honor ?
Otr. You are, and thus I take ye : thus I ſeal ye
Mine owne, and onely mine.
Phil. Count, ſhe deſerves ye,
And let it be my happines to give ye,
I have given a vertuous maid,now I dare ſay it,
'Tis more then blood ; I'll pay her portion Sir,
And't ſhall be worthy you.
Fra. I'll ſell my Mill,
I'll pay ſome too : I'll pay the Fidlers,
And we'll have all i' th' Country at this wedding,
Pray let me give her too, here my Lord take her,

Take her with all my heart, and kiſſe her freely,
Would I could give you all this hand has ſtolne too,
In portion with her, 'twould make her a little whiter.
The wind blows fair now, get me a young Miller.

Ver. Shee muſt have new clothes.

Tir. Yes.

Ver. Yes marry muſt ſhe.
Iſ't pleaſe ye (Madam) let me ſee the ſtate of you body.
I'll fit you inſtantly.

Phil. Art not thou gone yet ?

Ver. And 't pleaſe your Grace, a gown, a handſome gown (now,
An orient gown.

Phil. Nay, take thy pleaſure of her.

Ver. Of cloth of Tiſſew I can fit ye (Madam)
My Lords, ſtand out o'th' light, a curious body,
The neateſt body in Spain this day: wth embroidred flowrs,
A clinquant Petticoat of ſome rich ſtuffe,
To catch the eye: I have a thouſand faſhions.
O ſleeve, O ſleeve: I'll ſtudy all night (Madam)
To magnifie your ſleeve.

Otr. Do, ſuperſtitious Tailor,
When yee have more time.

Flo. Make me no more then woman,
And I am thine.

Otr. Sir, haply my Wardrobe with your help
May fit her inſtantly: will you try her ?

Ver. If I fit her not, your Wardrobe cannot.
But if the faſhion be not there, you marre her.

Enter Antonio, *Conſtable*, *Officers*.

Ant. Is my offence ſo great, ere I be convict,
To be torn with Raſcals ? If it be Law,
Let 'm be wild horſes, rather then theſe.

Phil. What's that ?

Con. This is a man ſuſpected of murder, if it pleaſe your (Grace.

Phil. It pleaſes me not (friend). But who ſuſpects him ?

Conſt. We that are your Highnes extraordinary officers,
We that have taken our oaths to maintain you in peace.

Phil. 'Twill be a great charge to you.

Conſt. 'Tis a great charge indeed; but then we call our neighbours to help us. This Gentleman and another were fallen out (yet that's more then I am able to ſay, for I heard no words between 'em, but what their weapons ſpoke, Claſh, and Clatter) which we ſeeing, came with our Bils of government, and firſt knock'd down their weapons, and then the men.

Phil. And this you did to keep the peace ?

Conſt. Yes, and 't like your Grace, we knock'd 'em down to keep the peace: this we laid hold on, the other we ſet in the ſtocks. That I could do by mine own power, without your Majeſtie. *Enter* Aminta.

Phil. How ſo, Sir ?

Conſt. I am a Shoo-maker by my Trade.

Am. Oh my husband !
Why ſtands my husband as a man endanger'd?
Reſtore him me, as you are mercifull,
I'll anſwer for him.

Ant. What woman's this? what husband? hold thy bawl(ing,
I know thee for no wife.

Am. You married me laſt night.

Ant. Thou lyeſt: I neither was in Church nor houſe
Laſt night, nor ſaw I thee: a thing that was my friend,
I ſcorne to name now, was with *Iſmenia*,
Like a thief, and there he violated
A ſacred truſt. This thou maiſt know (*Aminta*).

Am. Are not you hee ?

Ant. No; nor a friend of his:
Would I had kill'd him: I hope I have.

Am. That was my husband (Royall Sir) that man,
That excellent man. *Enter* Bellides.

Ant. That villain, that theefe.

Bel. Have I caught you Sir ? well overtaken.
This is mine enemie: pardon (my Soveraigne).

Phil. Good charitie, to crave pardon for your enemie.

Bel. Mine own pardon (Sir) for my joyes rudeneſſe:
In what place better could I meet my foe,
And both of us ſo well provided too ?
Hee with ſome black blood-thirſtie crime upon him,
That (ere the horſe-leech burſt) will ſuck him dry:
I with a ſecond accuſation,
Enough to break his neck, if need ſhould be,
And then to have even Juſtice ſelf to right us:
How ſhould I make my joyes a little civill,
They might not keep this noyſe ?

Ant. Here is ſome hope.
Should the ax be dull, the halter's preparing.

Phil. What's your accuſation, Sir ? We have heard the
former. *Enter* Julio.

Bel. Mine (My Lord) ? a ſtrong one.

Jul. A falſe one, Sir.
At leaſt malicious: an evidence
Of hatred and deſpight: He would accuſe
My poor kinſman of that he never dream'd of,
Nor waking ſaw; the ſtealing of his daughter,
She whom, I know, he would not look upon.
Speak *Antonio*, Didſt thou ever ſee her ?

Ant. Yes Sir, I have ſeen her.

Bel. Ah ha, friend *Julio*.

Jul. He might, but how ? with an unheedfull eye,
An accidentall view, as men ſee multitudes
That the next day dare not preciſely ſay
They ſaw that face, or that amongſt 'm all,
Didſt thou ſo look on her ?

Bel. Guilty, guilty:
His looks hang themſelves.

Phil. Your patience (Gentleman).
I pray you tell me if I be in errour,
I may ſpeak often when I ſhould but hear:
This is ſome Show you would preſent us with,
And I do interrupt it: Pray you ſpeak,
(It ſeems no more) Is 't any thing but a Show ?

Bel. My Lord, this Gentlewoman can ſhow you all,
So could my daughter too, if ſhee were here;
By this time they are both immodeſt enough:
Shee's fled me, and I accuſe this thief for't.
Don *Martin*, his own friend 's my teſtimony:
A practiſ'd night-work.

Phil. That *Martin*'s the other
In your cuſtodie; he was forgotten:
Fetch him hither.

Conſt. Wee'll bring the Stocks and all elſe, and't pleaſe
your Grace. *Enter* Buſtofa *and* Iſmenia.

Am. That man's my husband certain, in ſtead of this:
Both would have deceiv'd, and both beguil'd.

Buſt. Soh hoh, Miller, Miller, look out Miller: is there nere a Miller amongſt you here, Gentlemen ?

Tir. Yes Sir, here is a Miller amongſt Gentlemen,
A Gentleman Miller.

Buſt. I ſhould not be far off then; there went but a pair of ſheers and a bodkin between us. Will you to work Miller ? Here's a maid has a ſack full of newes for you: ſhall your ſtones walk ? will you grind Miller ?

Phil. This your ſon, *Franio* ?

Fra. My ungratious, my diſobedient;
My unnaturall, my rebell ſon (my Lord).
Buſt. Fie, your hopper runs over, Miller.
Fra. This villain (of my own fleſh & blood) was acceſſary
To the ſtealing of my daughter.
Buſt. Oh mountain,
Shalt thou call a molehill a ſcab upon the face
Of the earth? Though a man be a thief, ſhall a Miller call
Him ſo? Oh egregious!
Jul. Remember Sirha, who you ſpeak before.
Buſt. I ſpeak before a Miller,
A thief in grain; for he ſteals corn: He that ſteals
A wench, is a true man to him.
Phil. Can you prove that? you may help another cauſe
that was in pleading.
Buſt. I'll prove it ſtrongly.
He that ſteals corn, ſteals the bread of the Cōmon-wealth;
He that ſteals a wench, ſteals but the fleſh. (the fleſh?
Phil. And how is the bread ſtealing more criminall then
Buſt. Hee that ſteals bread, ſteals that which is lawfull
every day:
He that ſteals fleſh, ſteals nothing from the faſting day:
Ergo, To ſteal the bread is the arranter theft.
Phil. This is to ſome purpoſe. (full:
Buſt. Again, He that ſteals fleſh, ſteals for his own belly
He that ſteals bread, robs the guts of others:
Ergo, The arranter theef the bread-ſtealer.

Again, He that ſteals fleſh, ſteals once, and gives over; yes, and often payes for it: the other ſteals every day, without ſatisfaction. To conclude, Bread-ſtealing is the more capitall crime: for what he ſteals hee puts it in at the head: hee that ſteals fleſh (as the Dutch Author ſayes) puts it in at the foot, (the lower member.) Will you go as you are now, Miller?

Phil. How has this ſatisfied you, Don *Bellides*?
Bel. Nothing (my Lord,) my cauſe is ſerious.
I claim a daughter from that loving theefe there.
Ant. I would I had her for you, Sir.
Bel. Ah ha, *Julio.* (daughter?
Jul. How ſaid you (*Antonio*)? Wiſh you you had his
Ant. With my ſoul I wiſh her; and my body
Shall periſh, but I'll enjoy my ſouls wiſh.
I would have ſlain my friend for his deceit,
But I do find his own deceit hath paid him.
Jul. Will you vex my ſoul forth? no other choice
But where my hate is rooted? Come hither Girl,
Whoſe pretty maid art thou?
Iſm. The child of a poor man, Sir.
Jul. The better for it. With my Soveraigns leave,
I'll wed thee to this man, will hee, nill he.
Phil. Pardon me, Sir, I'll be no Love enforcer:
I uſe no power of mine unto thoſe ends.
Jul. Wilt thou have him?
Iſm. Not unleſſe he love me.
Ant. I do love thee: Farewell all other Beauties:
I ſettle here: You are *Iſmenia.*
Iſm. The ſame I was: better nor worſe (*Antonio*)
Ant. I ſhall have your conſent here, I'm ſure, Sir.
Bel. With all my heart, Sir. Nay, if you accept it,
I'll do this kindneſſe to mine enemie,
And give her as a Father.
Ant. Shee'll thank you as a Daughter.
Will you not, *Iſmenia*?
Bel. How? *Iſmenia*?
Iſm. Your daughter, Sir.
B.j ſſiPoblc? Away you feeble witted things,
You thought you had caught the old ones: You wade, you
wade
In ſhallow fords: Wee can ſwim, we: look here,
We made the match: we are all friends, good friends;
Thin, thin: why the fool knew all this, this fool.

Buſt. Keep that to your ſelf, Sir; What I knew I knew: This Sack is a witneſſe. Miller, this is not for your thumming. Here's gold lace: you may ſee her in her holliday clothes if you will; I was her ward-robe-man.

Enter Martin, Aminta, *Conſtable, Officers.*

Ant. You beguil'd me well, Sir.
Mar. Did you ſpeak to me, Sir?
Ant. It might ſeem to you (*Martin*), your conſcience
Has quick ears.
Mar. My ſight was a little dim i'th' dark, indeed,
So was my feeling cozen'd; yet I'm content:
I am the better underſtander now,
I know my wife wants nothing of a woman;
There y'are my *Junior.*
Ant. You are not hurt? (ſee,
Mar. Not ſhrewdly hurt; I have good fleſh to heal, you
Good round fleſh: theſe cherries wil be worth chopping,
Crack ſtones and all; I ſhould not give much to boot
To ride in your new, and you in my old ones now.
Ant. You miſtake the weapon: are you not hurt?
Mar. A little ſcratch: but I ſhal claw it off wel enough.

Enter Gillian.

Gill. I can no longer own what is not mine
With a free conſcience: My Liege, your pardon.
Phil. For what? Who knows this woman?
Fra. I beſt (my Lord),
I have been acquainted with her theſe fortie Summers,
And as many Winters, were it Spring agen;
She's like the Gout, I can get no cure for her.
Phil. Oh, your wife, *Franio*?
Fra. 'Tis oh my wife indeed (my Lord,)
A painfull ſtitch to my ſide; would it were pick'd out.
Phil. Well Sir, your ſilence.

Buſt. Wil you be older and older every day then other? the longer you live the older ſtill? Muſt his Majeſtie command your ſilence ere you'l hold your tongue?

Phil. Your reprehenſion runs into the ſame fault:
'Pray Sir, will you be ſilent.
Buſt. I have told him of this before now (my Liege) but
Age will have his courſe, and his weakneſſes,
Phil. Good Sir, your forbearance.

Buſt. And his frailties, and his follies (as I may ſay) that cannot hold his tongue ere he be bidden.

Phil. Why Sirha?

Buſt. But I beleeve your Majeſtie will not be long troubled with him: I hope that woman has ſomething to confeſſe will hang 'em both.

Phil. Sirha, you'll pull your deſtinie upon you
If you ceaſe not the ſooner.

Buſt. Nay, I have done, my Liege; yet it grieves me that I ſhould call that man Father, that ſhould be ſo ſhameleſſe, that being commanded to hold his tongue.

Phil. To th' Porters Lodge with him.
Buſt. I thank your Grace, I have a friend there.
Phil. Speak woman, if any interruption meet thee more,
It ſhall be puniſh'd ſharply.
Gill. Good my Liege (I dare not)
Ask you the queſtion why that old man weeps.
Phil. Who? Count *Julio*? I obſerv'd it not.
You hear the queſtion Sir, will you give the cauſe?
Jul. Oh my Lord, it hardly will get paſſage,

It is a ſorrow of that greatneſſe grown,
'Leſſe it diſſolve in tears, and come by parcels.

Gill. I'll help you Sir, in the delivery,
And bring you forth a joy. You loſt a daughter. (ſorrows.

Jul. 'Twas that recounted thought brought forth theſe

Gill. Shee's found again. Know you this mantle Sir?

Jul. Hah?

Gill. Nay leave your wonder, I'll explain it to you.
This did enwrap your childe (whom ever ſince
I have call'd mine) when Nurſe *Amaranta*
In a remove from *Mora* to *Corduba*
Was ſeiz'd on by a fierce and hungry Bear,
She was the Ravins prey, as heaven ſo would,
He with his booty fill'd, forſook the babe:
All this was in my ſight: and ſo long I ſaw,
Untill the cruell creature left my ſight,
At which advantage I adventur'd me
To reſcue the ſweet Lamb: I did it Sir,
And ever ſince I have kept back your joy,
And made it mine: but age hath wearied me,
And bids me back reſtore unto the owner
What I unjuſtly kept theſe fourteen yeers.

Jul. Oh, thou haſt ta'n ſo many yeers from mee,
And made me young, as was her birth-day to me.
Oh (good my Liege) give my joyes a pardon,
I muſt go powre a bleſſing on my child,
Which here would be too rude and troubleſome. *Exit.*

Phil. Franio, you knew this before.

Buſt. Oh, oh; *Item* for you Miller.

Fra. I did (my Liege) I muſt confeſſe I did,
And I confeſſe, I ne'r would have confeſſ'd,
Had not that womans tongue begun to me:
We poor ones love, and would have comforts, Sir,
As well as great: this is no ſtrange fault, Sir,
There's many men keep other mens children
As though they were their own.

Buſt. It may ſtretch farther yet, I beſeech you (my Liege) let this woman be a little farther examin'd; let the words of her conſcience be ſearch'd. I would know how ſhe came by me: I am a loſt childe, if I be theirs: though I have been brought up in a mill, yet I had ever a minde (me thought) to be a greater man.

Phil. Shee will reſolve you ſure.

Gill. I, I Boy: thou art mine own fleſh and blood,
Born of mine own body.

Buſt. 'Tis very unlikely that ſuch a body ſhould bear me; There's no truſt in theſe millers. Woman, tell the truth: my father ſhall forgive thee, whatſoever he was, were hee Knight, Squire, or Captain; leſſe he ſhould not be.

Gill. Thou art mine own child, Boy.

Buſt. And was the Miller my Father?

Gill. Wouldſt thou make thy mother a whore, Knave?

Buſt. I, if ſhe make me a Baſtard. The rack muſt make her confeſſe (my Lord) I ſhall never come to know Who I am elſe. I have a worſhipfull mind in mee ſure: mee thinks I do ſcorn poor folks.

Enter Otrante, Florimell *and* Julio, *&c.*

Phil. Here comes the brighteſt glory of the day;
Love yoak'd with love, the beſt equality,
Without the levell of eſtate or perſon.

Jul. You both ſhall be rewarded bountifully,
Wee'll be a-kin too; Brother and Siſter
ſhall be chang'd with us ever.

Buſt. Thank you (Unkle) my ſiſter is my coſen yet at the laſt caſt: Farewell ſiſter foſter. If I had known the Civill law would have allowed it, thou hadſt had another manner of husband then thou haſt: but much good doe thee; I'll dance at thy wedding, kiſſe the Bride, and ſo.

Jul. Why, how now ſirha?

Buſt. 'Tis lawfull now, ſhe's none of my Siſter.
It was a Miller and a Lord
That had a ſcabberd and a ſword,
He put it up in the Country word
The Miller and his daughter.
Shee has a face, and ſhe can ſing,
Shee has a Grace, and ſhe can ſpring,
Shee has a place with another thing
Tradoodle.

Fra. A knaviſh Brother of yours (my Lord).

Buſt. would I were acquainted with your Tailor (Noble Brother).

Otr. You may, there he is: mine, newly entertain'd.

Ver. If you have any work for me, I can fit you Sir,
I fitted the Lady.

Buſt. My Siſter (Tailor,) what fits her wil hardly fit me.

Ver. Who fits her may fit you Sir, the Tailor can do both.

Buſt. You have a true yard (Tailor.)

Ver. Ne'r a whit too long, I warrant you.

Buſt. Then (Tailor) march with me away,
I ſcorn theſe robes, I muſt be gay,
My Noble Brother, he ſhall pay
Tom Tailor. *Exeunt.*

Phil. Your recovered friendſhips are ſound, Gentlemen?

Bel. At heart, at heart (my Lord) the worm ſhall not
Beyond many ages find a breach to enter at.

Phil. Theſe Lovers unities I will not doubt of:
How happy have you made our Progreſſe then,
To be the witneſſe of ſuch fair Accords?
Come, now we'll eat with you (my Lord *Otrante*,)
'Tis a charge ſav'd: You muſt not grudge your gueſt,
'Tis both my Welcome, and your Wedding-Feaſt.
Exeunt.

FINIS.

THE PROPHETESSE.

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Enter Charinus, Aurelia, Niger.

Char. YOu buz into my head ſtrange likelihoods,
and fill mee full of doubts; But what proofes (*Niger,*)
what certainties, that my moſt noble Brother
came to his end by murther? Tel me that,
aſſure me by ſome circumſtance.

Niger I will Sir.
And as I tell you truth, ſo the gods proſper me.
I have often nam'd this *Aper.*

Char. True, ye have done:
and in myſterious ſenſes I have heard ye
break out o'th' ſudden, and abruptly.

Niger True, Sir.
Fear of your unbeliefe, and the Times giddineſſe
made me I durſt not then go farther. So your Grace pleaſe
out of your wonted goodneſſe to give credit,
I ſhall unfold the wonder.

Aur. Do it boldly:
you ſhall have both our hearty loves, and hearings.

Niger This *Aper* then, this too much honourd villain,
(for he deſerves no mention of a good man)
great Sir, give ear: This moſt ungratefull, ſpightfull,
above the memory of mankind miſchievous,
with his owne bloody hands.

Char. Take heed.

Nig. I am in, Sir;
and if I make not good my Storie.

Aur. Forward:
I ſee a Truth would break out: be not fearfull.

Nig. I ſay, this *Aper*, and his damn'd Ambition,
cut off your Brothers hopes, his life, and fortunes:
the honourd *Numerianus* fell by him,
fell baſely, moſt untimely, and moſt treacherouſly:
For in his Litter, as he bore him company,
moſt privately and cunningly he kill'd him;
yet ſtill hee fils the faithfull Souldiers ears
with ſtories of his weakneſſe; of his life;
that he dare not venture to appear in open,
and ſhew his warlike face among the ſouldiers;
the tenderneſſe and weakneſſe of his eyes,
being not able to endure the Sun yet.
Slave that he is, he gives out this infirmitie
(becauſe hee would diſpatch his honour too)
to ariſe from wantonneſſe, and love of women,
and thus he juggles ſtill.

Aur. O moſt pernitious,
moſt bloody, and moſt baſe! Alas, deer Brother,
art thou accuſ'd, and after death thy memory
loaden with ſhames and lies? Thoſe pious tears
thou daily ſhowerdſt upon my fathers Monument,
(when in the Perſian Expedition
he fell unfortunately by a ſtroak of thunder)
made thy defame and ſins? Thoſe wept out eyes,
the fair examples of a noble Nature,
thoſe holy drops of Love, turn'd by depravers
(malitious poyſon'd tongues) to thy abuſes?
We muſt not ſuffer this.

Char. It ſhows a truth now:
and ſure this *Aper* is not right nor honeſt,
hee will not now come neer me.

Nig. No, he dare not:
He has an inmate here, thats call'd a conſcience,
bids him keep off.

Char. My Brother honourd him,
made him firſt Captain of his Guard, his next friend;
then to my mother (to aſſure him neerer)
he made him husband.

Nig. And withall ambitious:
for when he trod ſo nigh, his falſe feet itch'd Sir,
to ſtep into the State.

Aur. If ye beleeve, Brother,
Aper a bloody knave (as 'tis apparant)
Let's leave diſputing, and do ſomething Noble.

Char. Siſter be rul'd, I am not yet ſo powerfull,
to meet him in the field: He has under him
the flower of all the Empire, and the ſtrength,
the *Brittain* and the *Germain* Cohorts; pray ye be patient.
Niger, how ſtands the Souldier to him?

Nig. In fear, more Sir,
then love or honour: he has loſt their fair affections,
by his moſt covetous and greedy griping.
Are ye deſirous to do ſomething on him,
that all the world may know ye lov'd your Brother?
and do it ſafely too, without an Army?

Char. Moſt willingly.

Nig. Then ſend out a Proſcription,
ſend ſuddenly: And to that man that executes it,
(I mean, that brings his head) add a fair payment,
no common ſumme: then ye ſhall ſee, I fear not,
even from his own camp, from thoſe men that follow (him,
follow, and flatter him, we ſhall find one,

and if he miſſe, one hundred that will venture it.
Aur. For his reward, it ſhall be ſo, deer Brother,
ſo far I'll honour him that kils the villain:
for ſo far runs my love to my dead Brother,
let him be what he will; baſe, old, or crooked,
hee ſhall have Me: Nay, which is more, I'll love him.
I will not be denyde.
Char. You ſhall not, Siſter.
But ye ſhall know, my Love ſhall go along too:
See a *Proſcription* drawn; And for his recompence,
my Siſter, and half partner in the Empire:
and I will keep my word.
Aur. Now ye do bravely.
Nig. And though it coſt my life, I'll ſee it publiſh'd.
Char. Away then, for the buſineſſe.
Nig. I am gone, Sir:
you ſhall have all diſpatch'd to night.
Char. Be proſperous.
Aur. And let the villain fall.
Nig. Fear nothing Madam. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Delphia *and* Druſilla.
Dru. 'Tis true, that *Diocles* is courteous,
and of a pleaſant nature, ſweet and temperate:
his Coſen *Maximinian*, proud and bloody.
Del. Yes: and miſtruſtfull too (my Girl) take heed,
although he ſeem to love thee, and affect
like the more Courtier, curious complement,
yet have a care.
Dru. You know all my affection,
and all my heart-deſires is ſet on *Diocles.*
But (Aunt) how coldly he requites this courteſie,
how dull and heavily he looks upon me,
although I woo him ſometimes beyond modeſtie,
beyond a Virgins care: how ſtill he ſlights me,
and puts me ſtill off with your Prophecie,
and the performance of your late Prediction,
that when he is Emperor, then he will marry me,
alas, what hope of that?
Del. Peace, and be patient,
for though he be now a man moſt miſerable,
of no rank, nor no badge of honour on him,
bred low and poor, no eye of favour ſhining:
And though my ſure Prediction of his Riſing
(which can no more faile, then the day or night do's,
nay, let him be aſleep, will overtake him)
have found ſome rubs and ſtops, yet hear me Neece,
and hear me with a faith, it ſhall come to him.
I'll tell thee the occaſion.
Dru. Do good *Aunt*:
for yet I am ignorant.
Del. Chiding him one day
for being too neer, and ſparing for a Souldier,
too griping, and too greedy: he made anſwer,
When I am *Cæſar*, then I will be liberall.
I preſently inſpir'd with holy fire,
and my Prophetick ſpirit burning in me,
gave anſwer from the gods; and this it was,
Imperator eris Romæ, cum Aprum grandem interfeceris:
Thou ſhalt be Emperor, O *Diocles*,
when thou haſt kill'd a mighty Boar. From that time
(as giving credit to my words) hee has imploy'd
much of his life in hunting. Many Boars
hideous and fierce, with his own hands he has kild too,
but yet not lighted on the fatall one,
ſhould raiſe him to the Empire: Be not ſad Neece,
ere long he ſhall: Come, lets go entertain him;
for by this time, I gheſſe, he comes from hunting:
And by my art, I find this very inſtant
ſome great deſigne 's afoot.
Dru. The gods give good, Aunt. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Diocles, Maximinian, Geta, *with a Boar.*
Dio. Lay down the Boar.
Get. With all my heart; I am weary on't:
I ſhall turn Jew, if I carry many ſuch burthens.
Do you think (Maſter) to be Emperor
with killing Swine? ye may be an honeſt Butcher,
or allied to a ſeemly Family of Sowſe-wives.
Can you be ſuch an aſſe, my reverend Maſter,
to think theſe Springs of Pork will ſhoot up *Cæſars*?
Max. The fool ſayes true.
Dio. Come leave your fooling, Sirha,
and think of what thou ſhalt be when I am Emperor.
Get. Would it would come with thinking: for then o' my
I ſhould be at leaſt a Senator. (conſcience
Max. A Sowter:
for that's a place more fitted to thy nature,
if there could be ſuch an expectation.
Or ſay the Divel could perform this wonder,
Can ſuch a Raſcall as thou art hope for honour?
ſuch a log-carrying Lowt?
Get. Yes, and bear it too,
and bear it ſwimmingly. I am not the firſt Aſſe, Sir,
has born good Office & perform'd it reverendly. (nator?
of *Dio.* Thou being the ſon a Tiler, canſt thou hope to be a Se-
Get. Thou being ſon of a Tanner, canſt thou hope to be
an Emperour?
Dio. Thou ſaiſt true *Geta*, there's a ſtop indeed;
but yet the bold and vertuous —— :
Get. Ye are right, Maſter,
right as a gun: For we the vertuous,
though we be kennel-rakers, ſcabs, and ſcowndrels,
wee the diſcreet and bold: and yet, now I remember it,
We Tilers may deſerve to be Senators;
and there we ſtep before you thick-skin'd Tanners,
for we are born three Stories high; no baſe ones,
none of your groundlings, Maſter.
Dio. I like thee well,
thou haſt a good mind, as I have, to this Honour.
Get. As good a mind Sir, of a ſimple plaiſterer—
and when I come to execute my Office,
then you ſhall ſee.
Max. What?
Get. An Officer in fury;
an Officer as he ought to be: Do you laugh at it?
Is a Senator (in hope) worth no more reverence?
By theſe hands I'll clap you by th' heels the firſt hour of it.
Max. O' my conſcience, the fellow beleeves.
Dio. I do, do *Geta*,
for if I once be Emperor——
Get. Then will I
(for wiſe men muſt be had to prop the Republick)
not bate ye a ſingle ace of a ſound Senator.
Dio. But what ſhall we do the whilſt?
Get. Kill Swine, and ſowſe 'em,

and eat 'em when we have bread.
Max. Why didſt thou run away
when the Boar made toward thee ? art thou not valiant ?
Get. No indeed am I not ; and 'tis for mine honour too:
I took a tree, 'tis true ; gave way to the Monſter ;
hark what diſcretion ſayes, Let furie paſſe ;
from the tooth of a mad beaſt, and the tongue of a ſlanderer
preſerve thine honour.
Dio. Hee talks like a full Senator.
Go, take it up, and carry it in : 'tis a huge one ;
we never kill'd ſo large a ſwine ; ſo fierce too
I never met with yet.
Max. Take heed, it ſtirres again ;
how nimbly the rogue runs up: he climbs like a Squirrel.
Dio. Come down ye dũnce, is it not dead ?
Get. I know not.
Dio. His throat is cut, and his bowels out.
Get. That's all one,
I am ſure his teeth are in : and for any thing I know,
he may have pigs of his own nature in's belly.
Dio. Come take him up I ſay, and ſee him dreſt,
he is fat, and will be luſtie meat ; away with him,
and get ſome of him ready for our dinner.
Get. Shall he be roſted whole,
and ſerv'd up in a Sowce-tub ? a portly ſervice,
I'll run i'th' wheel my ſelf.
Max. Sirrah, leave your prating,
and get ſome piece of him ready preſently,
we are weary both, and hungry.
Get. I'll about it.
What an inundation of brewiſſe ſhall I ſwim in ? *Exit.*
Dio. Thou art ever dull and melancholy, Coſen,
diſtruſtfull of my hopes.
Max. Why, can ye blame me ?
Do men give credit to a Juggler ?
Dio. Thou know'ſt ſhe is a Propheteſſe.
Max. A ſmall one,
and as ſmall profit to be hop'd for by her.
Dio. Thou art the ſtrangeſt man ; how do's thy hurt ?
the Boar came neer you Sir.
Max. A ſcratch, a ſcratch.
Dio. It akes & troubles thee, and that makes thee angry.
Max. Not at the pain, but at the practice, Unkle,
the butcherly baſe cuſtome of our lives now :
Had a brave enemies ſword drawn ſo much from me,
or danger met me in the head o'th' Army,
to have bluſh'd thus in my blood, had been mine honour.
But to live baſe, like Swine-herds, and beleeve too,
to be fool'd out with tales, and old wives dreams,
dreams, when they are drunk.
Dio. Certain, you much miſtake her.
Max. Miſtake her ? hang her : to be made her Purveyors,
to feed her old chaps : to provide her daily,
and bring in Feaſts, whilſt ſhee ſits farting at us,
and blowing out her Prophecies at both ends.
Dio. Preethee be wiſe : Doſt thou think, *Maximinian*,
ſo great a reverence, and ſo ſtaid a knowledge —
Max. Sur-reverence, you would ſay : what truth ? what knowledge ?
what any thing but eating is good in her ?
'Twould make a fool prophecie to be fed continually :
What do you get ? your labour and your danger.
Whilſt ſhe ſits bathing in her larded fury,
inſpir'd with full deep cups, who cannot prophecie ?
A Tinker, out of Ale, will give Predictions :
but who beleeves ?
Dio. Shee is a holy *Druid*,
A woman noted for that faith, that piety,
Belov'd of heaven.
Max. Heaven knows, I do not beleeve it.
Indeed, I muſt confeſſe, they are excellent Jugglers ;
their age upon ſome fools too flings a confidence.
But what grounds have they : what elements to work on ?
ſhow mee but that : the ſieve and ſheers ? a learned one.
I have no patience to diſpute this Queſtion,
'tis ſo ridiculous : I think the divell do's help 'em' :
or rather, (mark me well) abuſe 'em (Unkle):
for they are as fit to deal with him : theſe old women,
they are as jump and ſquar'd out to his nature—
Dio. Thou haſt a perfect malice.
Max. So I would have
againſt theſe purblind Prophets : for look ye Sir,
old women will lie monſtrouſly ; ſo will the divell,
or elſe he has had much wrong : upon my knowledge,
old women are malicious ; ſo is hee :
they are proud, and covetous, revengefull, lecherous ;
all which are excellent attributes of the Divell.
They would at laſt ſeem holy ; ſo would hee :
and to vail over theſe villanies, they would prophecie ;
he gives them leave now and then to uſe their cunnings,
which is to kill a cow, or blaſt a harveſt,
make young pigs pipe themſelves to death, choak poultry,
and chaſe a dairy-wench into a feaver
with pumping for her butter.
But when he makes theſe Agents to raiſe Emperors,
when he diſpoſes Fortune as his Servant,
and tyes her to old wives tailes ———
Dio. Goe thy wayes,
thou art a learned Scholar, againſt credit.
You hear the Prophecie ?
Max. Yes, and I laugh at it :
and ſo will any man can tell but twenty,
that is not blind, as you are blind and ignorant.
Do you think ſhe knows your fortune ?
Dio. I do think it.
Max. I know ſhe has the name of a rare South-ſayer :
but do you in your conſcience beleeve her holy ?
inſpired with ſuch prophetick fire ?
Dio. Yes in my conſcience.
Max. And that you muſt upon neceſſity
from her words be a *Ceſar* ?
Dio. If I live,
Max. There's one ſtop yet.
Dio. and follow her directions.
Max. But do not juggle with me.
Dio. In faith (Coſen,)
ſo full a truth hangs ever on her Prophecies,
that how I ſhould think otherwiſe.
Max. Very well Sir :
You then beleeve (for me thinks, 'tis moſt neceſſary)
ſhe knows her own Fate ?
Dio. I beleeve it certain.
Max. Dare you but be ſo wiſe to let me try it,
for I ſtand doubtfull.
Dio. How ?
Max. Come neerer to me ;
becauſe her cunning divell ſhall not prevent me :
Cloſe, cloſe, and hear ; If ſhe can turn this deſtinie,
I'll be of your faith too.
Dio. Forward, I fear not.

for if ſhee knows not this, ſure ſhe knows nothing.
Enter Delphia.
I am ſo confident ——
Max. 'Faith ſo am I too,
that I ſhall make her Divels ſides hum.
Dio. Shee comes here:
go take your ſtand.
Max. Now holly, or you howl for't. *Exit.*
Dio. 'Tis pity this young man ſhould be ſo ſtubborn.
Valiant he is, and to his valour temperate,
onely diſtruſtfull of delayes in Fortune;
I love him deerly well.
Del. Now my Son *Diocles,*
are yee not weary of your game to day?
and are ye well?
Dio. Yes Mother, well and luſtie:
onely ye make me hunt for empty ſhadows.
Del. You muſt have patience, Rome was not built in one (day:
and he that hopes, muſt give his hopes their currents.
You have kil'd a mighty Boar.
Dio. But I am no Emperor.
Why do you fool me thus, and make me follow
your flattering expectation hour by hour?
Riſe early, and ſleep late? to feed your appetites,
forget my trade, my Arms? forſake mine honour,
labour and ſweat to arrive at a baſe memory?
oppoſe my ſelf to hazzards of all ſorts,
onely to win the barbarous name of Butcher?
Del. Son, you are wiſe.
Dio. But you are cunning, Mother:
and with that Cannon, and the faith I give ye,
ye lead me blindly to no end, no honour.
You find ye are daily fed, you take no labour,
your familie at eaſe, they know no Market,
and therefore to maintain this, you ſpeak darkly,
as darkly ſtill ye nouriſh it, whilſt I
being a credulous and obſequious coxcomb,
hunt daily, and ſweat hourly, to find out
to cleer your Myſtery: kill Boar on Boar,
and make your ſpits and pots bow with my Bounties:
yet I ſtill poorer, further ſtill ——
Del. Be provident,
and tempt not the gods doombs: ſtop not the glory
they are ready to fix on ye. Ye are a fool then;
cheerfull and gratefull takers the gods love,
and ſuch as wait their pleaſures with full hopes:
the doubtfull and diſtruſtfull man Heaven frowns at.
What I have told you by my inſpiration,
I tell ye once again, muſt and ſhall find ye.
Dio. But when? or how?
Del. *Cum Aprum interfeceris.*
Dio. I have kil'd many.
Del. Not the Boar they point ye:
nor muſt I reveal further, till you cleer it.
The lots of glorious men are wrapt in myſteries,
and ſo deliverd: Common and ſlight creatures,
that have their Ends as open as their Actions,
eaſie and open fortunes follow.
Max. I ſhall try
how deep your inſpiration lies hid in ye,
and whether your brave ſpirit have a buckler
to keep this arrow off, I'll make you ſmoak elſe.
Dio. Knowing my fortune ſo preciſely, punctually,
and that it muſt fall without contradiction,
being a ſtranger of no tie unto ye,
me thinks you ſhould be ſtudied in your own,
in your own deſtiny, me thinks, woſt perfect,
and every hour, and every minute, Mother,
ſo great a care ſhould heaven have of her Miniſters;
me thinks your fortunes both waies ſhould appear to ye,
both to avoid, and take. Can the Stars now,
and all thoſe influences you receive into ye,
or ſecret inſpirations ye make ſhew of,
if an hard fortune hung, and were now ready
to powr it ſelf upon your life, deliver ye?
Can they now ſay, Take heed?
Del. Ha? pray ye come hither.
Max. I would know that: I fear your divel wil cozen ye,
and ſtand as cloſe as ye can, I ſhall be with ye.
Del. I find a preſent ill.
Dio. How?
Del. But I ſcorn it.
Max. Do ye ſo? do ye ſo?
Del. Yes, and laugh at it, *Diocles.*
Is it not ſtrange, theſe wild and fooliſh men
ſhould dare to oppoſe the power of Deſtiny?
that power the gods ſhake at? Look yonder, Son,
Max. Have ye ſpide me? then have at ye.
Del. Do, ſhoot boldly.
hit mee and ſpare not, if thou canſt.
Dio. Shoot coſen.
Max. I cannot; mine arm's dead, I have no feeling;
or if I could ſhoot, ſo ſtrong is her arm'd vertue,
ſhe would catch the arrow flying.
Del. Poor doubtfull people,
I pity your weak faiths.
Dio. Your mercy (Mother,)
and from this hour a deity, I crown ye.
Del. No more of that.
Max. O let my prayers prevail too,
here like a tree, I dwell elſe: free me Mother,
and greater then great Fortune, I'll adore thee.
Del. Be free again, and have more pure thoughts in ye.
Dio. Now I beleeve your words moſt conſtantly,
and when I have that power ye have promiſ'd to me.
Del. Remember then your vow: my Neice *Druſilla,*
I mean, to marry her, and then ye proſper,
Dio. I ſhall forget my life elſe.
Del I am a poor weak woman: to me no worſhip.
Enter Niger, Geta, *and Souldiers.*
Get. And ſhall he have as you ſay, that kils this *Aper!*
Del. Now mark and underſtand.
Nig. The Proſcription's up,
i'th' Market-place 'tis up, there ye may read it,
he ſhall have half the Empire.
Get. A pretty Farm i'faith.
Nig. And the Emperors Siſter, bright *Aurelia,*
her to his wife.
Get. Ye ſay well Friend; but hark ye,
Who ſhall do this?
Nig. You, if ye dare.
Get. I think ſo:
Yet I could poyſon him in a pot of Perry,
he loves that veng'ancely: But when I have done this,
may I lie with the Gentlewoman?
Nig. Lie with her? what elſe man?
Get. Yes Man,
I have known a man married, that never lay with his wife,
thoſe dancing dayes are done.
Nig. Theſe are old Souldiers,
and poor, it ſeems. I'll try their appetites.
'Save ye brave Souldiers.

Max. Sir, ye talkt of proſcriptions?
Nig. 'Tis true, there is one ſet up from the Emperour
againſt *Volutius Aper.*
Dio. *Aper* ?
Del. Now;
Now have ye found the Boar?
Dio. I have the meaning;
and bleſſed Mother.———
Nig. He has ſcorn'd his Maſter,
and bloodily cut off by treachery
the noble Brother to him.
Dio. He lives here Sir,
ſickly and weak.
Nig. Did you ſee him?
Max. No.
Nig. He is murthered;
ſo ye ſhall find it mentioned from the Emperour;
and honeſt faithful ſouldiers, but believe it;
for, by the gods, you will find it ſo, he is murthered;
the manner how, read in the large Proſcription.
Del. It is moſt true Son; and he cozens ye,
Aper's a villain falſe.
Dio. I thank ye Mother,
and dare beleeve ye: Heark ye Sir, the recompence?
as ye related.
Nig. Is as firme as faith Sir:
bring him alive or dead.
Max. You took a fit time, (him not,
the Generall being out o'th' Towne: for though we love
yet had he known this firſt, you had paid for't deerly.
Dio. 'Tis *Niger*, now I know him: honeſt *Niger*,
a true ſound man, and I beleeve him conſtantly:
your buſines may be done, make no great hurry
for your owne ſafety.
Nig. No, I am gone: I thank ye. *Exit.*
Dio. Pray, *Maximinian*, pray.
Max. I'll pray and work too.
Dio. I'll to the Market place, and read the offer,
and now I have found the Boar.
Del. Find your owne faith too,
and remember what ye have vow'd.
Dio. O Mother.
Del. Proſper. (perours,
Get. If my Maſter, and I do do this, there's two Em-
and what a ſhow will that make? how we ſhall bounce
it? *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus

Scæna Prima.

Enter Druſilla and Delphia.

Dru. Leave us, and not vouchſafe a parting kiſſe
to her that in his hopes of greatneſſe lives,
and goes along with him in all his dangers?
Del. I grant 't was moſt inhumane.
Dru. O you give it
too mild a name: 't was more then barbarous,
and you a partner in't.
Del. I *Druſilla*?
Dru. Yes:
you have blowne his ſwolne pride to that vaſtnes,
as he beleeves the earth is in his fadom,
this makes him quite forget his humble Being:
And can I hope that he, that onely fed
with the imagin'd food of future Empire,
diſdains even thoſe that gave him Means, and life,
to nouriſh ſuch deſires, when he's poſſeſt
of his ambitious Ends (which muſt fall on him,
or your Predictions are falſe) will ever
deſcend to look on me?
Del. Were his Intents
perſidious as the Seas or Windes, his heart
compos'd of falſhood; yet the benefit,
the greatneſſe of the good he has from you,
(for what I have conferr'd, is thine, *Druſilla*)
muſt make him firm, and thankful: But if all
remembrance of the debts he ſtands engag'd for,
finde a quick grave in his Ingratitude,
my powerful Art, that guides him to this height,
ſhall make him curſe the hour he ere was rais'd,
or ſink him to the center.
Dru. I had rather
your Art could force him to return that ardour
to me, I bear to him; or give me power
to moderate my paſſions: Yet I know not,
I ſhould repent your grant, though you had ſign'd it,
(ſo well I finde he's worthy of all ſervice.)
But to believe that any check to him
in his main hopes, could yeeld content to me,
were treaſon to true love, that knows no pleaſure,
the object that is doats on ill affected.
Del. Pretty ſimplicity; I love thee for't,
and will not ſit an idle looker on,
and ſee it cozen'd: dry thy innocent eyes,
and caſt off jealous fears, (yet promiſes
are but lip-comforts) and but fancie aught
that's poſſible in Nature, or in Art,
that may advance thy comfort, and be bold
to tell thy ſoul 'tis thine: therefore ſpeak freely.
Dru. You new create me. To conceal from you
my virgin fondneſſe, were to hide my ſickneſſe
from my phyſitian. O dear Aunt, I languiſh
for want of *Diocles* ſight: he is the Sun
that keeps my blood in a perpetual ſpring:
but in his abſence, cold benumming Winter
ſeizes on all my faculties. Would you binde me
(that am your ſlave already) in more fetters,
and (in the place of ſervice) to adore you?
O bear me then (but 'tis impoſſible,
I fear, to be effected) where I may
ſee how my *Diocles* breaks thorow his dangers,
and in what heaps his honours flow upon him,
that I may meet him, in the height and pride
of all his glories; and there (as your gift)
chalenge him, as mine own.
Del. Enjoy thy wiſhes:
this is an eaſie Boon, which, at thy yeers,
I could have given to any; but now grown
perfect in all the hidden myſteries
of that inimitable Art, which makes us
equal even to the gods, and Natures wonders,
it ſhall be done, as fits my skill and glory:
To break thorow bolts, and locks, a Scholars prize
for Theeves, and Pick-locks: To paſſe thorow an Army
cover'd with Night, or ſome diſguiſe, the practice
of poor and needy Spies: No, my *Druſilla*,
from *Ceres* I will force her winged Dragons,
and in the air hung over the Tribunal;

(the Muſick of the Spheres attending on us.)
There, as his good Star, thou ſhalt ſhine upon him,
if he prove true, and as his Angel guard him.
But if he dare be falſe, I, in a moment
will put that glorious light out, with ſuch horrour,
as if the eternal Night had ſeiz'd the Sun,
or all things were return'd to the firſt Chaos,
and then appear like Furies.

Dru. I will do
what ere you ſhall command:

Del. Reſt then aſſur'd,
I am the Miſtris of my Art, and fear not. *Exeunt.*

Soft Muſick.

Scæna ſecunda.

Enter Aper, Camurius, Guard, a Litter covered.

Aper. Your care of your ſick Emperour, fellow-ſouldiers,
in colours to the life, doth ſhew your love,]
and zealous duty: O continue in it.
And though I know you long to ſee and hear him,
impute it not to pride, or melancholy,
that keeps you from your wiſhes: ſuch State-vices
(too too familiar with great Princes) are
ſtrangers to all the actions of the life
of good *Numerianus*: Let your patience
be the Phyſitian to his wounded eyes,
(wounded with pious ſorrow for his father)
which Time and your ſtrong Patience will recover,
provided it prove conſtant.

1 *Guard.* If he counterfeit,
I will hereafter truſt a prodigal heir,
when he weeps at his fathers Funeral.

2 *Guard.* Or a young widow, following a bed-rid husband,
(after a three yeers groaning) to the Fire.

3 *Guard.* Note his humility, and with what ſoft murmures
he does enquire his pleaſures.

1 *Guard.* And how ſoon
he is inſtructed.

2 *Guard.* How he bows again too.

Aper. All your Commands (dread *Cæſar*) I'll impart
to your moſt ready Souldier, to obey them;
ſo take your reſt in peace. It is the pleaſure
of mighty *Cæſar* (his thanks ſtill remembred
for your long patience, which a donative,
fitting his State to give, ſhall quickly follow)
that you continue a ſtrict Guard upon
his ſacred perſon, and admit no ſtranger
of any other Legion, to come neer him;
you being moſt truſted by him. I receive
your anſwer in your ſilence. Now *Camurius*,
ſpeak without flattery; Hath thy *Aper* acted
this paſſion to the life?

Cam. I would applaud him,
were he ſaluted *Cæſar*: but I fear
theſe long protracted counſels will undo us;
and 'tis beyond my reaſon, he being dead,
you ſhould conceal your ſelf, or hope it can
continue undiſcover'd.

Aper. That I have killed him,
yet feed theſe ignorant fools with hopes he lives,
has a main end in't. The *Pannonian* Cohorts
(that are my own, and ſure) are not come up,
the Germane Legions waver, and *Charinus*
(brother to this dead dog) hells plagues on *Niger*,
is jealous of the murther; and, I hear,
is marching up againſt me. 'Tis not ſafe,
till I have power, to juſtifie the Act,
to ſhew my ſelf the Authour: be therefore careful
for an hour or two (till I have fully ſounded
how the Tribunes and Centurions ſtand affected)
that none come neer the Litter. If I finde them
firm on my part, I dare profeſſe my ſelf,
and then live *Aper*'s equal.

Cam. Does not the body
begin to putrifie?

Aper. That exacts my haſte:
when, but even now, I feign'd obedience to it,
as I had ſome great buſineſſe to impart,
the ſent had almoſt choak'd me: be therefore curious;
all keep at diſtance. *Exit.*

Cam. I am taught my parts;
haſte you, to perfect yours.

1 *Guard.* I had rather meet
an enemy in the field, then ſtand thus nodding
like to a rug-gown'd Watch-man.

Enter Diocles, Maximinian, Geta.

Geta. The Watch at noon?
this is a new device.

Cam. Stand.

Dio. I am arm'd
againſt all danger.

Max. If I fear to follow,
a Cowards name purſue me.

Dio. Now my Fate
guide and direct me.

Cam. You are rude and ſawcy,
with your forbidden feet to touch this ground,
ſacred to *Cæſar* onely, and to theſe
that do attend his perſon. Speak, what are you?

Dio. What thou, nor any of thy faction are,
nor ever were: Souldiers, and honeſt men.

Cam. So blunt?

Geta. Nay, you ſhall finde he's good at the ſharp too.

Dio. No inſtruments of craft: engines of murder,
that ſerve the Emperour onely with oil'd tongues,
ſooth and applaud his vices, play the Bauds
to all his appetites; and when you have wrought
ſo far upon his weakneſſe, that he's grown
odious to the ſubject and himſelf,
and can no further help your wicked ends,
you rid him out of the way.

Cam. Treaſon?

Dio. 'Tis truth,
and I will make it good.

Cam. Lay hands upon 'em,
or kill them ſuddenly.

Geta. I am out at that;
I do not like the ſport.

Dio. What's he that is
owner of any vertue worth a Roman,
or does retain the memory of the Oath
he made to *Cæſar*, that dares lift his ſword
againſt the man that (careleſſe of his life)
comes to diſcover ſuch a horrid Treaſon,
as when you hear't, and underſtand how long
y'ave been abus'd, will run you mad with fury?
I am no ſtranger, but (like you) a Souldier,
train'd up one from my youth: and there are ſome
with whom I have ſerv'd, and (not to praiſe my ſelf)
muſt needs confeſſe they have ſeen *Diocles*

in the late *Britain* Wars, both dare and do
beyond a common man.
1 *Guard. Diocles ?*
2 *Guard.* I know him,
the braveſt Souldier of the Empire.
Cam. Stand :
if thou advance an inch, thou art dead.
Dio. Die thou,
that durſt oppoſe thy ſelf againſt a Truth
that will break out, though mountains cover it.
Get. I fear this is a ſucking Pigg ; no Boar,
he falls ſo eaſie.
Dio. Hear me, fellow Souldiers ;
and if I make it not apparant to you
this is an act of Juſtice, and no Murther,
cut me in pieces : I'll diſperſe the cloud
that hath ſo long obſcur'd a bloody act
nere equall'd yet:you all knew with what favours
the good *Numerianus* ever grac't
the Provoſt *Aper ?*
Guard. True.
Dio. And that thoſe bounties
ſhould have contain'd him (if he ere had learn'd
the elements of Honeſtie and Truth)
in loyal duty : But ambition never
looks backward on deſert, but with blinde haſte
boldly runs on. But I loſe time. You are here
commanded by this *Aper* to attend
the Emperours perſon ; to admit no ſtranger
to have acceſſe to him,or come neer his Litter,
under pretence (forſooth) his eyes are ſore,
and his minde troubled : no,my friends,you are cozen'd ;
the good *Numerianus* now is paſt
the ſenſe of wrong or injury.
Guard. How ? dead ?
Dio. Let your own eyes inform you.
Get. An Emperours Cabinet ?
Fough, I have known a Charnel-houſe ſmell ſweeter.
If Emperours fleſh have this ſavour , what will mine do,
when I am rotten ?
1 *Guard.* Moſt unheard-of villany:
2 *Guard.* And with all cruelty to be reveng'd.
3 *Guard.* Who is the murtherer ? name him, that we
puniſh it in his family. (may
Dio. Who but *Aper ?*
the barbarous and moſt ingrateful *Aper ?*
His deſperate Poniard printed on his breſt
this deadly wound : hate to vow'd enemies
findes a full ſatisfaction in death ;
and Tyrants ſeek no farther. He (a Subject,
and bound by all the Ties of love and duty)
ended not ſo ; but does deny his Prince
(whoſe ghoſt forbad paſſage to his reſt,
mourns by the *Stygian* ſhore) his Funeral-Rites.
Nay, weep not ; let your loves ſpeak in your anger ;
and, to confirm you gave no ſuffrage to
the damned Plot, lend me your helping hands
to wreak the Parricide : and if you finde
that there is worth in *Diocles* to deſerve it,
make him your leader.
Guard. A *Diocles*, a *Diocles.*
Dio. We'll force him from his Guards. And now, my
if you have any good for me in ſtore, (Stars,
ſhew it, when I have ſlain this fatal Boar.
Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Delphia and Druſilla in a Throne
drawn by Dragons.
Del. Fix here,and reſt a while your Sail-ſtretch'd wings
that have out-ſtript the windes : the eye of heaven
durſt not behold your ſpeed, but hid it ſelf
behinde the groſſeſt clouds ; and the pale Moon
pluckt in her ſilver horns, trembling for fear
that my ſtrong Spells ſhould force her from her Sphere ;
ſuch is the power of Art.
Dru. Good Aunt, where are we ?
Del. Look down, *Druſilla*, on theſe lofty Towers,
theſe ſpacious ſtreets, where every private houſe
appears a Palace to receive a King :
the ſite, the wealth, the beauty of the place,
will ſoon inform thee 't is imperious *Rome,*
Rome, the great Miſtris of the conquer'd world.
Dru. But without *Diocles*, it is to me
like any wilderneſſe we have paſs'd ore :
ſhall I not ſee him ?
Del. Yes, and in full glory,
and glut thy greedy eyes with looking on
his proſperous ſucceſſe : Contain thy ſelf ;
for though all things beneath us are tranſparent,
the ſharpeſt ſighted, were he Eagle-ey'd,
cannot diſcover us : nor will we hang
idle Spectators to behold his triumph :
Enter Diocles, Maximinian, Guard, Aper, Senators,
Geta, Officers, (With Litter.
but when occaſion ſhall preſent it ſelf,
do ſomething to adde to it. See, he comes.
Dru. How god-like he appears ? with ſuch a grace
the Giants that attempted to ſcale heaven,
when they lay dead on the *Phlegrean* plain,
Mars did appear to *Jove.* *Del.* Forbear.
Dio. Look on this,
and when with horrour thou haſt view'd thy deed,
(thy moſt accurſed deed) be thine own judge,
and ſee (thy guilt conſider'd) if thou canſt
perſwade thy ſelf (whom thou ſtand'ſt bound to hate)
to hope or plead for mercy.
Aper. I confeſſe
my life 's a burden to me.
Dio. Thou art like thy name,
a cruel Boar, whoſe ſnout hath rooted up
the fruitful Vineyard of the Common-wealth :
I long have hunted for thee, and ſince now
thou art in the Toyl, it is in vain to hope
thou ever ſhalt break out : thou doſt deſerve
the Hangmans hook, or to be puniſhed
more majorum, whipt with rods to death,
or any way, that were more terrible.
Yet, ſince my future fate depends upon thee,
thus, to fulfil great *Delphia's* Prophecie,
Aper (thou fatal Boar) receive the honour
to fall by *Diocles* hand. Shine clear, my Stars,
that uſher'd me to taſte this common air,
in my entrance to the world, and give applauſe
to this great work. *Muſick.*
Del. Strike Muſick from the Spheres.
Dru. O now you honour me.
Dio. Ha ? in the Air ?
All. Miraculous.

Max. This ſhews the gods approve
the Perſon, and the Act: then if the Senate
(for in their eyes I read the Souldiers love)
think *Diocles* worthy to ſupply the place
of dead *Numerianus*, as he ſtands
his heir, in his revenge, with one conſent
ſalute him Emperour.

Senat. Long live *Diocles:*
*Auguſtus,Pater Patriæ,*and all Titles
that are peculiar onely to the *Cæſars*,
we gladly throw upon him.

Guard. We confirm it,
and will defend his honour with our Swords
againſt the world: raiſe him to the Tribunal.

1 *Sen.* Fetch the Imperial Robes: and as a ſigne
we give him abſolute power of life and death,
binde this ſword to his ſide.

2 *Sen.* Omit no Ceremony
that may be for his honour.

Song.

Max. Still the gods
expreſſe that they are pleas'd with this election.

Geta. My Maſter is an Emperour, and I feel
a Senators Itch upon me: would I could hire
theſe fine inviſible Fidlers to play to me
at my inſtalment.

Dio. I embrace your loves,
and hope the honours that you heap upon me,
ſhall be with ſtrength ſupported. It ſhall be
my ſtudie to appear another *Atlas*,
to ſtand firm underneath this heaven of Empire,
and bear it boldly. I deſire no Titles,
but as I ſhall deſerve 'em. I will keep
the name I had, being a private man,
onely with ſome ſmall difference; I will adde
to *Diocles* but two ſhort ſyllables,
and be called *Diocleſianus*.

Geta. That is fine:
I'll follow the faſhion; and when I am a Senator,
I will be no more plain *Geta*, but be call'd
Lord *Getianus*.

Dru. He ne'er thinks of me,
nor of your favour. *Enter Niger.*

Del. If he dares prove falſe,
theſe glories ſhall be to him as a dream,
or an inchanted banquet.

Niger. From *Charinus*,
from great *Charinus*, who with joy hath heard
of your proceedings,and confirms your honours:
he, with his beauteous ſiſter, fair *Aurelia*,
are come in perſon, like themſelves attended
to gratulate your fortune. *Loud Muſick.*

Enter Charinus, Aurelia, Attendants.

Dio. For thy news,
Be thou in *France* Pro-conſul: let us meet
the Emperour with all honour,and embrace him.

Dru. O Aunt, I fear this Princeſſe doth eclipſe
th' opinion of my beauty, though I were
my ſelf to be the judge.

Del. Rely on me.

Char. 'Tis vertue,and not birth that makes us noble:
Great actions ſpeak great mindes,and ſuch ſhould govern;
and you are grac't with both. Thus, as a Brother,
a Fellow, and Co-partner in the Empire,
I do embrace you; may we live ſo far
from difference, or emulous Competition,
that all the world may ſay, Although two Bodies,
we have one Minde,

Aur. When I look on the Trunk
of dear *Numerianus*, I ſhould waſh
his wounds with tears, and pay a ſiſters ſorrow
to his ſad fate: but ſince he lives again
in your moſt brave Revenge, I bow to you,
as to a power that gave him ſecond life,
and will make good my promiſe. If you finde
that there is worth in me that may deſerve you,
and that in being your wife, I ſhall not bring
diſquiet and diſhonour to your Bed,
Although my youth and fortune ſhould require
both to be ſu'd and ſought to, here I yeeld
my ſelf at your devotion,

Dio. O you gods,
teach me how to be thankful: you have pour'd
all bleſſings on me, that ambitious man
could ever fancie: till this happie minute,
I ne're ſaw beauty, or believ'd there could be
perfection in a woman. I ſhall live
to ſerve and honour you: upon my knees
I thus receive you; and, ſo you vouchſafe it,
this day I am doubly married; to the Empire,
and your beſt-ſelf.

Del. Falſe and perfidious villain.——

*Dru.*Let me fall headlong on him: O my Stars!
this I foreſaw and fear'd.

Cha. Call forth a *Flamen*.
This knot ſhall now be ti'd.

Del. But I will looſe it,
if Art or Hell have any ſtrength.

Enter a Flamen. Thunder and Lightning.

Cha. Prodigious!

Max. How ſoon the day 's orecaſt?

Fla. The Signes are fatal:
Juno ſmiles not upon this Match, and ſhews too
ſhe has her thunder.

Dio. Can there be a ſtop
in my full fortune?

Cha. We are too violent,
and I repent the haſte: we firſt ſhould pay
our lateſt duty to the dead, and then
proceed diſcreetly. Let's take up the body,
and when we have plac'd his aſhes in his Urn,
we'll try the gods again: for wiſe men ſay,
Marriage and Obſequies do not ſuit one day.

Senate exit.

*Del.*So,'t is deferr'd yet, in deſpite of falſhood:
Comfort *Druſilla*, for he ſhall be thine,
or wiſh, in vain, he were not. I will puniſh *Aſcend.*
his perjury to the height. Mount up, my birds;
ſome Rites I am to perform to *Hecate*,
to perfect my deſignes; which once perform'd,
he ſhall be made obedient to thy Call,
or in his ruine I will bury all. *Aſcends throne.*

Actus Tertius.

Scæna Prima.

Enter Maximinian (ſolus.)

Max. What powerful Star ſhin'd at this mans Nati-(vity
and

and bleſs'd his homely Cradle with full glory?
what throngs of people preſſe and buz about him,
and with their humming flatteries ſing him *Cæſar?*
ſing him aloud, and grow hoarſe with ſaluting him?
How the fierce-minded Souldier ſteals in to him,
adores and courts his Honour? at his devotion
their lives, their vertues and their fortunes laying?
Charinus ſues, the Emperour intreats him,
and as a brighter flame, takes his beams from him.
The bleſs'd and bright *Aurelia*, ſhe doats on him,
and as the god of Love, burns incenſe to him.
All eyes live on him. Yet I am ſtill *Maximinian*,
ſtill the ſame poor and wretched thing, his ſervant.
What have I got by this? where lies my glory?
how am I rais'd and honour'd? I have gone as far
to woo this purblinde Honour, and have paſs'd
as many dangerous Expeditions,
as noble, and as high; nay, in his deſtinie
(whilſt 't was unknown) have run as many hazards,
and done as much; ſweat thorow as many perils;
onely the Hang-man of *Volutius Aper*
(which I miſtook) has made him Emperour,
and me his ſlave.

Enter Delphia and Druſilla.

Del. Stand ſtill; he cannot ſee us,
till I pleaſe: mark him well, this diſcontentment
I have forc'd into him, for thy cauſe, *Druſilla.*

Max. Can the gods ſee this;
ſee it with juſtice, and confer their bleſſings
on him, that never flung one grain of incenſe
upon their Altars? never bow'd his knee yet;
and I that have march'd foot by foot, ſtruck equally,
and whilſt he was a gleaning, have been praying,
contemning his baſe covetous——

Del. Now we'll be open.

Max. Bleſſe me, and with all reverence.

Del. Stand up, Son,
and wonder not at thy ungrateful Uncle:
I know thy thoughts, and I appear to eaſe 'em.

Max. O mother, did I ſtand the tenth part to ye
engag'd and fetter'd, as mine Uncle does,
how would I ſerve, how would I fall before ye?
the poorer powers me worſhip.

Del. Peace, and flatter not;
neceſſitie and anger draws this from ye;
of both which I will quit ye: For your Uncle
I ſpoke this Honour, and it fell upon him;
fell, to his full content: he has forgot me,
for all my care; forgot me, and his vow too:
as if a dream had vaniſh'd, ſo h' as loſt me,
and I him: let him now ſtand faſt. Come hither;
my care is now on you.

Max. O bleſſed Mother!

Del. Stand ſtill, and let me work. So now, *Maximinian*,
go, and appear in Court, and eye *Aurelia*:
beleeve, what I have done, concerns ye highly.
Stand in her view, make your addreſſes to her:
ſhe is the Satyre of Honour. I'll ſay no more,
but Fortune is your ſervant: go.

Max. With reverence;——
all this as holy truths. *Exit.*

Del. Believe, and proſper.

Dru. Yet all this cures not me; but as much credit,
as much belief from *Diocleſian.*

Enter Geta, Lictors, and Suitors, (with Petitions.)

Del. Be not dejected; I have warn'd ye often:
the proudeſt thoughts he has, I'll humble. Who's this?
O 't is the fool and knave grown a grave Officer:
here's hot and high preferment.

Get. What's your Bill?
for Gravel for the *Appian* way, and Pills?
is the way rheumatick?

1 *Suitor.* 'T is Piles, and 't pleaſe you.

Get. Remove me thoſe Piles to Port *Eſquiline*,
fitter the place, my friend: you ſhall be paid.

1 *Suit.* I thank your Worſhip.

Get. Thank me when ye have it;
thank me another way, ye are an Aſſe elſe.
I know my Office: you are for the Streets, Sir.
Lord, how ye throng! that knave has eaten Garlick;
whip him, and bring him back.

3 *Suitor.* I beſeech you Worſhip;
here's an old reckoning for the dung and dirt, Sir.

Get. It ſtinks like thee: Away. Yet let him tarry,
his Bill ſhall quit his Breath. Give your Petitions
in ſeemly ſort, and keep your hats off, decently.
For ſcowring the Water-courſes thorow the Cities?
a fine periphraſis of a kennel-raker.
Did ye ſcour all, my friend? ye had ſome buſineſſe:
who ſhall ſcour you? you are to be paid, I take it,
when Surgeons ſwear you have performed your Office.

4 *Suit.* Your Worſhip's merry.

Get. We muſt be ſometimes wittie,
to nick a knave; 't is as uſeful as our gravitie.
I'll take no more Petitions; I am pelter'd;
give me ſome reſt.

4 *Suit.* I have brought the gold (and 't pleaſe ye)
about the Place ye promiſed.

Get. See him enter'd.
How does your daughter?

4 *Suit.* Better your Worſhip thinks of her.

Get. This is with the leaſt. But let me ſee your daughter.
'T is a good forward maid; I'll joyn her with ye.
I do beſeech ye, leave me.

Lictor. Ye ſee the Edile's buſie.

Get. And look to your Places, or I'll make ye ſmoke elſe.
Sirha, I drank a cup of wine at your houſe yeſterday;
a good ſmart wine.

Lict. Send him the piece, he likes it.

Get. And ate the beſt wilde Boar at that ſame Farmors.

2 *Su.* I have halt left yet: your Worſhip ſhall command it

Get. A bit will ſerve: give me ſome reſt: gods help me.
How ſhall I labour when I am a Senator?

Del. 'T is a fit place indeed. 'Save your Maſterſhip;
do you know us, Sir?

Get. Theſe women are ſtill troubleſom.
There be houſes providing for ſuch wretched women,
and ſome ſmall Rents, to ſet ye a ſpinning.

Dru. Sir,
we are no Spinſters; nor, if you look upon us,
ſo wretched as you take us.

Del. Does your Mightineſſe
that is a great deſtroyer of your Memorie,
yet underſtand our faces?

Get. 'Prethee keep off, woman;
it is not fit I ſhould know every creature.
Although I have been familiar with thee heretofore,
I muſt not know thee now: my place neglects thee.
Yet, becauſe I daign a glimpſe of your remembrances,
give me your Suits, and wait me a month hence.

Del. Our Suits are (Sir) to ſee the Emperour,
the Emperour *Diocleſian*, to ſpeak to him,

and not to wait on you. We have told you all, Sir.

Get. I laugh at your ſimplicitie, poor women:
ſee the Emperour? why you are deceiv'd: now
the Emperour appears but once in ſeven yeers,
and then he ſhines not on ſuch weeds as you are.
Forward, and keep your State, and keep beggers from me.

Druſ. Here is a prettie youth.

Exeunt.

Enter Diocles.

Del. He ſhall be prettie,
or I will want my will, ſince ye are ſo high, Sir:
I'll raiſe ye higher, or my art ſhall fail me.
Stand cloſe, he comes.

Dio. How am I croſs'd and tortur'd?
my moſt wiſh'd happineſſe, my lovely Miſtris,
that muſt make good my hopes, and link my greatneſſe,
yet ſever'd from mine arms? Tell me, high heaven,
how have I ſinn'd, that you ſhould ſpeak in thunder,
in horrid thunder, when my heart was ready;
to leap into her breſt? the Prieſt was ready?
the joyful virgins and the young men ready?
when *Hymen* ſtood with all his flames about him
bleſſing the bed? the houſe with full joy ſweating?
and expectation, like the *Romane* Eagle,
took ſtand, and call'd all eyes? It was your Honour;
and ere you give it full, do you deſtroy it?
or was there ſome dire Star? ſome devil that did it?
ſome ſad malignant Angel to mine honour?
With you I dare not rage.

Del. With me thou canſt not,
though it was I. Nay, look not pale and frighted;
I'll fright thee more. With me thou canſt not quarrel;
I rais'd the thunder, to rebuke thy falſhood:
look here, to her thy falſhood. Now be angry,
and be as great in evil as in Empire.

Dio. Bleſſe me, ye Powers.

Del. Thou haſt full need of bleſſing.
'T was I, that at thy great Inauguration,
hung in the air unſeen: 't was I that honoured thee
with various Muſicks, and ſweet ſounding airs:
't was I inſpired the ſouldiers heart with wonder,
and made him throw himſelf, with love and duty,
lowe as thy feet: 't was I that fix'd him to thee.
But why did I all this? To keep thy honeſtie,
thy vow and faith, that once forgot and ſlighted
Aurelia in regard, the Marriage ready,
the Prieſt and all the Ceremonies preſent.
'T was I that thundred loud; 't was I that threatned;
't was I that caſt a dark face over heaven,
and ſmote ye all with terrour.

Druſ. Yet conſider,
as ye are noble, as I have deſerv'd ye;
for yet ye are free: if neither faith nor promiſe,
the deeds of elder times may be remembred,
let theſe new-dropping tears; for I ſtill love ye,
theſe hands held up to heaven.

Dio. I muſt not pitie ye;
't is not wiſe in me.

Del. How? not wiſe?

Dio. Nor honourable.
A Princeſſe is my Love, and doats upon me:
a fair and lovely Princeſſe is my Miſtris.
I am an Emperour: conſider, Propheteſſe,
now my embraces are for Queens and Princeſſes,
for Ladies of high mark, for divine beauties:
to look ſo lowe as this cheap common ſweetneſſe,
would ſpeak me baſe, my names and glories nothing.
I grant I made a vow; what was I then?
as ſhe is now, of no ſort (Hope made me promiſe)
but now I am: to keep this vow, were monſtrous,
a madneſſe, and a lowe inglorious fondneſſe.

Del. Take heed, proud man.

Druſ. Princes may love with Titles,
but I with Truth.

Del. Take heed; here ſtands thy deſtinie;
thy Fate here follows.

Dio. Thou doating Sorcereſſe,
wouldſt have me love this Thing, that is not worthy
to kneel unto my Saint? to kiſſe her ſhadow?
Great Princes are her ſlaves; ſelected beauties
bow at her beck: the mighty *Perſian*'s daughter
(bright as the breaking Eaſt, as the mid-day glorious)
waits her commands, and grows proud in her pleaſures,
I'll ſee her honour'd: ſome Watch I ſhall think of,
that ſhall advance ye both; mean time I'll favour ye. *Exit.*

Del. Mean time I'll haunt thee. Cry not (wench) be confident,
ere long, thou ſhalt more pitie him (obſerve me)
and pitie him in truth, then now thou ſeek'ſt him:
my Art and I are yet companions. Come, Girl. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Geta, Lictors.

Get. I am too merciful, I finde it (friends)
of too ſoft a nature to be an Officer;
I bear too much remorſe.

1 *Lict.* 'T is your own fault, Sir;
for look you, One ſo newly warm in Office
ſhould lay about him blindfold, like true Juſtice,
hit where it will: the more ye whip and hang, Sir,
(though without cauſe; let that declare it ſelf afterward)
the more ye are admired.

Get. I think I ſhall be.——

2 *Lict.* Your Worſhip is a man of a ſpare body,
and prone to anger.

Get. Nay, I will be angry,
and, the beſt is, I need not ſhew my reaſon.

2 *Lict.* You need not, Sir, your place is without reaſon;
and what you want in growth and full proportion,
make up in rule and rigour.

Get. A rare Counſellor;
inſtruct me further. Is it fit, my friends,
the Emperour my Maſter *Diocleſian*
ſhould now remember or the Times or Manners
that call'd him plain down *Diocles*?

1 *Lict.* He muſt not,
it ſtands not with his Royaltie.

Get. I grant ye,
I being then the Edile *Getianus*,
a man of Place, and Judge, it is held requiſite
I ſhould commit to my conſideration
thoſe Raſcals of removed and ragged hours,
that with unreverend mouthes call'd me Slave *Geta*?

2 *Lict.* You muſt forget their names; your Honour bids ye.

Get. I do forget; but I'll hang their natures:
I will aſcend my Place, which is of Juſtice;
and Mercy, I forget thee.

Suitor. A rare Magiſtrate;
another *Solon* ſure.

Get. Bring out the offenders.

1 *Lict.* There are none yet, Sir, but no doubt there will be.

but if you pleaſe touch ſome things of thoſe natures.
Get. And am I ready, and mine anger too?
the melancholy of a Magiſtrate upon me,
and no offenders to execute my fury?
Ha? no offenders, knaves?
1 *Lict.* There are knaves indeed, Sir,
but we hope ſhortly to have 'em for your Worſhip.
Get. No men to hang or whip? are you good Officers,
that provide no fuel for a Judges fury?
in this Place ſomething muſt be done; this Chair, I tell ye,
when I ſit down, muſt ſavour of Severitie:
therefore I warn ye all, bring me lewd people,
or likely to be lewd; twigs muſt be cropt too:
let me have evil perſons in abundance,
or make 'em evil; 't is all one, do but ſay ſo,
that I may have fit matter for a Magiſtrate;
and let me work. If I ſit empty once more,
and loſe my longing, as I am true *Edile*,
and as I hope to rectifie my Countrie,
you are thoſe ſcabs I will ſcratch off from the Common-
you are thoſe Raſcals of the State I treat of, (wealth:
and you ſhall finde and feel.——
2 *Lict.* You ſhall have many,
many notorious people.
Get. Let 'em be people,
and take ye notorious to your ſelves. Mark me, my Lictors,
and you, the reſt of my Officials;
If I be angry, as my place will ask it,
and want fit matter to diſpoſe my Authoritie,
I'll hang a hundred of ye: I'll not ſtay longer,
nor enquire no further into your offences:
it is ſufficient that I finde no Criminals,
and therefore I muſt make ſome: if I cannot,
ſuffer my ſelf; for ſo runs my Commiſſion.
Suiter. An admirable, zealous and true Juſtice.
1 *Lict.* I cannot hold: if there be any people,
of what degree ſoever, or what qualitie,
that would behold the wonderful works of Juſtice
in a new Officer, a man conceal'd yet,
let him repair, and ſee, and hear, and wonder
at the moſt wiſe and gracious *Getianus*.

Enter Delphia and Druſilla.

Get. This qualifies a little. What are theſe?
Del. You ſhall not mourn ſtill: times of recreation,
to allay this ſadneſſe, muſt be ſought. What 's here?
a ſuperſtitious flock of ſenſleſſe people
worſhipping a ſigne in Office?
Get. Lay hold on her,
and hold her faſt,
ſhe'll ſlip thorow your fingers like an Eel elſe;
I know her tricks: hold her, I ſay, and binde her,
or hang her firſt, and then I'll tell her wherefore.
Del. What have I done?
Get. Thou haſt done enough to undo thee;
thou haſt preſſed to the Emperours preſence without my
I being his key and image. (warrant,
Del. You are an image indeed,
and of the courſeſt ſtuff, and the worſt making
that ere I look'd on yet: I'll make as good an image of an
Get. Beſides, thou art a woman of a lewd life. (Aſſe.
Del. I am nowhere, Sir, nor no common fame
has yet proclaim'd me to the people, vitious.
Get. Thou art to me a damnable lewd woman,
which is as much as all the people ſwore it;
I know thou art a keeper of tame devils:
and whereas great and grave men of my Place
can by the Laws be allow'd but one apiece,
for their own ſervices and recreations;
thou, like a traiterous quean, keepſt twenty devils;
twenty in ordinary.
Del. Pray ye, Sir, be pacified,
if that be all: and if ye want a ſervant,
you ſhall have one of mine ſhall ſerve for nothing,
faithful, and diligent, and a wiſe devil too;
think for what end.
Get. Let her alone, 't is uſeful;
we men of buſineſſe muſt uſe ſpeedie ſervants:
let me ſee your family.
Del. Think but one, he is ready.
Get. A devil for intelligence? No, no,
he will lye beyond all travellers. A State-devil?
Neither; he will undo me at mine own weapon.
For execution? he will hang me too.
I would have a handſom, pleaſant and a fine ſhe-devil,
to entertain the Ladies that come to me;
a travell'd devil too, that ſpeaks the tongues,
and a neat carving devil.

Muſick.
Enter a ſhe-devil.

Del. Be not fearful.
Get. A prettie brown devil ifaith; may I not kiſſe her?
Del. Yes, and embrace her too; ſhe is your ſervant.
Fear not; her lips are cool enough.
Get. She is marvellous well mounted; what 's her name?
Del. *Lucifera.*
Get. Come hither, *Lucifera*, and kiſſe me.
Del. Let her ſit on your knee.
Get. The Chair turns: hey-boys:
pleaſant ifaith, and a fine facetious devil.

Dance.

Del. She would whiſper in your ear, and tell ye won-
Get. Come; what 's her name? (ders.
Del. *Lucifera.* (burnt to aſhes.
Get. Come, *Lucie*, come, ſpeak thy minde. I am certain

Exeunt.

I have a kinde of Glaſſe-houſe in my cod-piece.
Are theſe the flames of State? I am roſted over,
over, and over-roſted. Is this Office?
the pleaſures of Authoritie? I'll no more on't,
till I can puniſh devils too; I'll quit it.
Some other Trade now, and ſome courſe leſſe dangerous,
or certainly I'll tyle again for two-pence.

Exit.

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Charinus, Aurelia, Caſſana, Ambaſſadours, Attendants.

Aur. Never diſpute with me; you cannot have her:
nor name the greatneſſe of your King; I ſcorn him:
your knees to me are nothing; ſhould he bow too,
it were his dutie, and my power to ſlight him.
Cha. She is her woman; never ſue to me;
and in her power to render her, or keep her;
and ſhe, my ſiſter, not to be compell'd,
nor have her own ſnatch'd from her.
Amb. We deſire not,
but for what ranſom ſhe ſhall pleaſe to think of;
Jewels, or Towns, or Provinces.
Aur. No ranſom,
No, not your Kings own head, his crown upon it,

and all the lowe ſubjections of his People.
Am. Fair Princes ſhould have tender thoughts.
Aur. Is ſhe too good
to wait upon the mighty Emperours ſiſter?
What Princeſſe of that ſweetneſſe, or that excellence,
ſptung from the proudeſt, and the mightieſt Monarchs,
but may be highly bleſt to be my ſervant?
Caſ. 'Tis moſt true, mighty Lady.
Aur. Has my fair uſage
made you ſo much deſpiſe me and your fortune,
that ye grow weary of my entertainments?
Henceforward, as ye are, I will command ye,
and as you were ordain'd my priſoner,
my ſlave, and one I may diſpoſe of any way,
no more my fair Companion: tell your King ſo:
and if he had more ſiſters, I would have 'em,
and uſe 'em as I pleaſe. You have your Anſwer.
Amb. We muſt take ſome other way: force muſt compel it. *Exit.*
Enter Maximinian.
Max. Now if thou beeſt a *Propheteſſe*, and canſt do
things of that wonder that thy tongue delivers,
canſt raiſe me too: I ſhall be bound to ſpeak thee:
I half believe, confirm the other to me,
and Monuments to all ſucceeding Ages,
of thee, and of thy piety.— Now ſhe eyes me.
Now work great power of Art: ſhe moves unto me:
how ſweet, how fair, and lovely her aſpects are?
her eyes are like bright Ioan flames ſhot thorow me.
Aur. O my fair friend, where have you been?
Max. What am I?
what does ſhe take me for? Work ſtill, work ſtrongly.
Aur. Where have you fled, my loves and my embraces?
Max. I am beyond my wits.
Aur. Can one poor Thunder,
whoſe cauſes are as common as his noiſes,
make ye defer your lawful and free pleaſures?
ſtrike terrour to a Souldiers heart, a Monarchs?
Thorow all the fires of angry heaven, thorow tempeſts
that ſing of nothing but deſtruction,
even underneath the bolt of *Jove*, then ready,
and aiming dreadfully, I would ſeek you,
and flie into your arms.
Max. I ſhall be mighty,
and (which I never knew yet) I am goodly;
for certain, a moſt handſom man.
Cha. Fie, ſiſter,
what a forgetful weakneſſe is this in ye?
what a light preſence? theſe are words and offers
due onely to your husband *Diocleſian*;
this free behaviour onely his.
Aur. 'Tis ſtrange
that onely empty Names compel Affections:
this man, ye ſee, give him what name or title,
let it be nere ſo poor, nere ſo deſpis'd (brother)
this lovely man.—
Max. Though I be hang'd, I'll forward:
for (certain) I am excellent, and knew not.
Aur. This rare and ſweet young man, ſee how he looks, Sir,
Max. I'll juſtle hard, dear Uncle.
Aur. This Thing, I ſay,
let him be what he will, or bear what fortune,
this moſt unequall'd man, this ſpring of beauty
deſerves the bed of *Juno*.
Cha. You are not mad.
Max. I hope ſhe be; I am ſure I am little better.
Aur. O fair, ſweet man!
Cha. For ſhame refrain this impudence.
Max. Would I had her alone, that I might ſeal this bleſſing:
ſure, ſure ſhe ſhould not beg: If this continue,
as I hope (heaven) it will; Uncle, I'll nick ye,
I'll nick ye, by this life. Some would fear killing
in the purſuit now of ſo rare a venture;
I am covetous to die for ſuch a Beauty. *Enter Diocles.*
Mine Uncle comes: now, if ſhe ſtand, I am happie.
Cha. Be right again, for honours ſake.
Dio. Fair Miſtris——
Aur. What man is this? Away. What ſawcy fellow?
dare any ſuch baſe groom preſſe to ſalute me?
Dio. Have ye forgot me (Fair) or do you jeſt with me?
I'll tell ye what I am: come, 'pray ye look lovely.
Nothing but frowns and ſcorns?
Aur. Who is this fellow?
Dio. I'll tell ye who I am: I am your husband.
Aur. Husband to me?
Dio. To you. I am *Diocleſian*.
Max. More of this ſport, and I am made, old mother:
effect but this thou haſt begun.
Dio. I am he (Lady)
reveng'd your brothers death; ſlew cruel *Aper*:
I am he the Souldier courts, the Empire honours,
your Brother loves: am he (my lovely Miſtris)
will make you Empreſſe of the world.
Max. Still excellent:
Now I ſee too, mine Uncle may be cozen'd.
An Emperour may ſuffer like another.
Well ſaid (old mother) hold but up this miracle.
Aur. Thou lyeſt; thou art not he: thou a brave fellow?
Cha. Is there no ſhame, no modeſtie in women?
Aur. Thou one of high and full mark?
Dio. Gods, what ails ſhe?
Aur. Generous and noble? Fie, thou lyeſt moſt baſely.
Thy face, and all aſpect upon thee, tells me
thou art a poor *Dalmatian* ſlave, a lowe thing
not worth the name of *Romane*: ſtand off farther.
Dio. What may this mean?
Aur. Come hither, my *Endymion*;
come, ſhew thy ſelf, and all eyes be bleſſed in thee.
Dio. Hah? what is this?
Aur. Thou fair Star that I live by,
look lovely on me, break into full brightneſſe:
Look, here's a face now, of another making,
another mold; here's a divine proportion,
eyes fit for *Phœbus* ſelf, to gild the world with;
and there's a brow arch'd like the ſtate of heaven;
look how it bends, and with what radience,
as if the Synod of the gods ſate under:
look there, and wonder: now behold that fellow,
that admirable thing, cut with an ax out.
Max. Old woman, though I cannot give thee recompence;
yet (certainly) I'll make thy name as glorious.
Dio. Is this in truth?
Cha. She is mad, and you muſt pardon her.
Dio. She hangs upon him: ſee.
Cha. Her fit is ſtrong now:
be not you paſſionate.
Dio. She kiſſes.
Cha. Let her;
't is but the fondneſſe of her fit.
Dio. I am fool'd,
and if I ſuffer this.
Cha. Pray ye (friend) be pacified,
this will be off anon: ſhe goes in. *Exit Aurelia.*

Dio. Sirha.
Max. What ſay you, Sir ?
Dio. How dare thy lips, thy baſe lips ?
Max. I am your kinſman Sir, and no ſuch baſe one :
I ſought no kiſſes, nor I had no reaſon
to kick the Princeſſe from me : 'twas no manners :
I never yet compell'd her : of her courteſie
what ſhee beſtows Sir, I am thankfull for.
Dio. Be gone villain.
Max. I will, and I will go off with that glory,
and magnifie my fate. *Exit.*
Dio. Good brother leave me,
I am to my ſelf a trouble now.
Char. I am ſorry for't.
You'll find it but a woman-fit to try ye.
Dio. It may be ſo ; I hope ſo.
Cha. I am aſham'd, and what I think I bluſh at. *Exit.*
Dio. What miſery hath my great Fortune bred me ?
and how far muſt I ſuffer ? Poor and low States,
though they know wants and hungers, know not theſe,
know not theſe killing Fates : Little contents them,
and with that little they live, Kings commanding,
and ordering both their Ends and Loves. O Honour !
how geedily men ſeek thee, and once purchaſed,
how many enemies to mans peace bringſt thou ?
how many griefs and ſorrows, that like ſheers,
like fatall ſheers, are ſheering off our lives ſtill ?
how many ſad ecclipſes do we ſhine thorow ?

Enter Delphia, Druſilla *vail'd.*

When I preſum'd I was bleſſ'd in this fair woman,
Del. Behold him now, and tell me how thou likeſt him.
Dio. When all my hopes were up, and Fortune dealt me
even for the greateſt and the happieſt Monarch,
then to be cozen'd, to be cheated baſely ?
by mine owne kinſman croſſ'd ? O villain kinſman !
Curſe of my blood ; becauſe a little younger,
a little ſmoother fac'd : O falſe, falſe woman,
falſe and forgetfull of thy faith : I'll kill him.
But can I kill her hate too ? No : he wooes not,
nor worthie is of death, becauſe ſhe follows him,
becauſe ſhe courts him : Shall I kill an innocent ?
O *Diocles* ! would thou hadſt never known this,
nor ſurfeited upon this ſweet Ambition,
that now lies bitter at thy heart : O Fortune,
that thou haſt none to fool and blow like bubbles,
but Kings, and their Contents !
Del. What think ye now, Girl ?
Dru. Upon my life, I pity his misfortune.
See how he weeps ; I cannot hold.
Del. Away fool ;
he muſt weep bloody tears before thou haſt him.
How fare ye now, brave *Diocleſian* ?
What ? lazie in your loves ? has too much pleaſure
dull'd your moſt mighty faculties ?
Dio. Art thou there ?
more to torment me ? Doſt thou come to mock me ?
Del. I doe : and I do laugh at all thy ſuffrings.
I that have wrought 'em come to ſcorn thy wailings :
I told thee once, This is thy fate, this woman,
and as thou uſeſt her, ſo thou ſhalt proſper.
It is not in thy power to turn this deſtiny,
not ſtop the torrent of thoſe miſeries
(if thou neglectſt her ſtill) ſhall fall upon thee.
Sigh that thou art diſhoneſt, falſe of faith,
proud, and doſt think no power can croſſe thy pleaſures ;
thou wilt find a Fate above thee.
Dru. Good Aunt ſpeak mildly :
ſee how he looks and ſuffers.
Dio. I find and feel, woman,
that I am miſerable.
Del. Thou art moſt miſerable.
Dio. That as I am the moſt, I am moſt miſerable.
But didſt thou work this ?
Del. Yes, and will purſue it.
Dio. Stay there, and have ſome pity : fair *Druſilla*,
let me perſwade thy mercy, thou haſt lov'd mee,
although I know my ſuit will ſound unjuſtly
to make thy love the means to loſe it ſelfe,
have pity on me.
Dru. I will do.
Del. Peace Neece.
although this ſoftneſſe may become your love,
your care muſt ſcorn it. Let him ſtill contemn thee,
And ſtill I'll work : the ſame affection
he ever ſhews to thee, be it ſweet or bitter,
the ſame *Aurelia* ſhall ſhew him ; no further :
nor ſhall the wealth of all his Empire free this.
Dio. I muſt ſpeak fair. Lovely young maid, forgive me,
look gently on my ſorrows : You that grieve too,
I ſee it in your eyes, and thus I meet it.
Dru. O Aunt, I am bleſſ'd.
Dio. Be not both young and cruell,
again I beg it, thus.
Dru. Thus, Sir, I grant it. *Enter* Aurelia.
He's mine own now, Aunt.
Del. Not yet (Girl) thou art cozen'd.
Aur. O my deer Lord, how have I wrong'd your patience?
how wandred from the truth of my affections ?
how (like a wanton fool) ſhun'd that I lov'd moſt ?
but you are full of goodneſſe to forgive, Sir,
as I of griefe to beg, and ſhame to take it :
ſure I was not my ſelf, ſome ſtrange illuſion,
or what you pleaſe to pardon.
Dio. All, my Deereſt ;
all, my Delight ; and with more pleaſure take thee,
then if there had been no ſuch dream : for certain,
it was no more.
Aur. Now you have ſeal'd forgiveneſſe,
I take my leave ; and the gods keep your goodneſſe.
Exit.
Del. You ſee how kindneſſe proſpers : be but ſo kind
to marry her, and ſee then what new fortunes,
new joyes, and pleaſures ; far beyond this Lady,
beyond her Greatneſſe too.
Dio. I'll die a dog firſt.
Now I am reconcil'd, I will enjoy her
in ſpight of all thy ſpirits, and thy witchcrafts.
Del. Thou ſhalt not (fool).
Dio. I will, old doating Divels ;
and wert thou any thing but air and ſpirit,
my ſword ſhould tell thee.
Del. I contemn thy threatnings,
and thou ſhalt know I hold a power above thee.
Wee muſt remove *Aurelia* : Come, farewell fool,
when thou ſhalt ſee me next, thou ſhalt bow to me.
Dio. Look thou appear no more to croſſe my pleaſures.
Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Scæna Prima.

Enter CHORUS.

So full of matter is our Hiſtorie,
Yet mix'd, I hope with ſweet varietie,
The accidents not vulgar too, but rare,
And fit to be preſented, that there wants
Room in this narrow Stage, and time to expreſſe
In Action to the life, our Dioclesian
In his full luſtre: Yet (as the Statuarie,
That by the large ſize of Alcides *foot,*
Gheſſ'd at his whole proportion) ſo wee hope,
Your apprehenſive judgements will conceive
Out of the ſhadow we can only ſhew,
How fair the body was; and will be pleaſ'd,
Out of your wonted goodneſſe, to behold
As in a ſilent Mirrour, what we cannot
With fit conveniencie of time, allow'd
For ſuch Preſentments, cloath in vocall ſounds.
Yet with ſuch Art the Subject is conveigh'd,
That every Scene and paſſage ſhall be cleer
Even to the groſſeſt underſtander here.

Loud Muſick.

Dumb Shew.

Enter (at one door) *Delphia, Ambaſſadors*, they whiſper together; they take an oath upon her hand; She circles them (kneeling) with her Magick rod; They riſe and draw their Swords. *Enter* (at the other door) *Diocleſian, Charinus, Maximinian, Niger, Aurelia, Caſſana, Guard*; *Charinus* and *Niger* perſwading *Aurelia*; She offers to imbrace *Maximinian*; *Diocles* draws his ſword, keeps off *Maximinian*, turns to *Aurelia*, kneels to her, laies his ſword at her feet, ſhe ſcornfully turns away: *Delphia* gives a ſigne; the Ambaſſadors and Souldiers ruſh upon them, ſeiſe on *Aurelia, Caſſana, Charinus*, and *Maximinian*; *Diocleſian* and others offer to reſcue them; *Delphia* raiſes a Miſt: *Exeutt* Ambaſſadors and Priſoners, and the reſt diſcontented.

The skilfull Delphia *finding by ſure proof*
The preſence of Aurelia *dim'd the beauty*
Of her Druſilla; *and in ſpight of Charms,*
The Emperour her Brother, Great Charinus,
Still urg'd her to the love of Diocleſian,
Deals with the Perſian Legats, that were bound
For the Ranſom of Caſſana, *to remove*
Aurelia, Maximinian, *and* Charinus
Out of the ſight of Rome; but takes their oathes
(In lieu of her aſſiſtance) that they ſhall not
On any terms, when they were in their power,
Preſume to touch their lives: This yeelded to,
They lie in ambuſh for 'em. Diocleſian
Still mad for fair Aurelia, *that doated*
As much upon Maximinian, *twice had kill'd him,*
But that her frown reſtrain'd him: He purſues her
With all humilitie; but ſhe continues
Proud and diſdainfull. The ſign given by Delphia,
The Perſians break thorow, and ſeize upon
Charinus *and his Siſter, with* Maximinian,
And free Caſſana. *For their ſpeedy reſcue,*
Enraged Diocleſian *draws his ſword,*
And bids his Guard aſſiſt him: Then too weak
Had been all oppoſition and reſiſtance
The Perſians could have made againſt their fury,
If Delphia *by her cunning had not raiſ'd*
A foggie miſt, which as a cloud conceal'd them,
Deceiving their Purſuers. Now be pleaſ'd,
That your Imaginations may help you
To think them ſafe in Perſia, and Diocleſian
For this diſaſtre circled round with ſorrow,
Yet mindfull of the wrong. Their future fortunes
Wee will preſent in Action; and are bold
In that which follows, that the Moſt ſhall ſay,
'Twas well begun, but the End crown'd the Play.

Exit.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Diocles, Niger, *Senators, Guard.*

Dio. Talk not of comfort; I have broke my faith,
and the Gods fight againſt me: and proud man,
how-ever magnified, is but as duſt
before the raging whirlwind of their juſtice.
What is it to be great? ador'd on earth?
when the immortall Powers that are above us
turn all our bleſſings into horrid curſes,
and laugh at our reſiſtance, or prevention
of what they purpoſe? O the Furies that
I feel within me! whip'd on, by their angers,
for my tormentors. Could it elſe have been
in Nature, that a few poor fugitive Perſians,
unfriended, and unarmed too, could have rob'd me
(in *Rome*, the worlds *Metropolis*, and her glory;
in *Rome*, where I command, inviron'd round
with ſuch invincible Troops that know no fear,
but want of noble Enemies) of thoſe jewels
I priz'd above my life, and I want power
to free them, if thoſe gods I have provok'd
had not given ſpirit to the undertakers,
and in their deed protected 'em?

Nig. Great *Cæſar*,
your ſafetie does confirm you are their care,
and that how-ere their practices reach others,
you ſtand above their malice.

1 *Sen. Rome* in us
offers (as means to further your revenge)
the lives of her beſt Citizens,
and all they ſtand poſſeſſ'd of.

1 *Gu.* Do but lead us on
with that invincible and undaunted courage
which waited bravely on you, when you appear'd
the Minion of Conqueſt: Married rather

to glorious Victory, and we will drag
(though all the enemies of life conſpire
againſt our undertakings) the proud Perſian
out of his ſtrongeſt hold.

2. Gu. Be but your ſelf,
and do not talk but doe.

3 Gu. You have hands and ſwords,
Limbs to make up a well proportion'd Army,
that onely want in you an Head to lead us.

Dio. The gods reward your goodneſſe; and beleeve,
how-ere (for ſome great ſin) I am mark'd out
the object of their hate, though *Jove* ſtood ready
to dart his three-fold thunder, on this head,
it could not fright me from a fierce purſuit
of my revenge: I will redeem my friends,
and with my friends mine honour; at leaſt fall
like to my ſelf, a Souldier.

Nig. Now we hear
Great *Diocleſian* ſpeak.

Dio. Draw up our Legions,
and let it be your care (my much lov'd *Niger*)
to haſten the remove: And fellow-ſouldiers,
your love to me will teach you to endure
both long and tedious marches.

1 Gu. Die hee accurſ'd
that thinks of reſt or ſleep, before he ſets
his foot on Perſian earth.

Nig. Wee know our glory:
the dignitie of *Rome*, and what's above
all can be urg'd, the quiet of your mind
depends upon our haſt.

Dio. Remove to night:
five dayes ſhall bring me to you.

All. Happineſſe
to *Ceſar*, and glorious victorie. *Exeunt.*

Dio. The cheerfulneſſe of my Souldiers gives aſſurance
of good ſucceſſe abroad; if firſt I make
my peace at home here. There is ſomething chides me,
and ſharply tels me, that my breach of faith
to *Delphia* and *Druſilla*, is the ground
of my misfortunes: And I muſt remember,
while I was lov'd, and in great *Delphia*'s grace,
ſhe was as my good angell, and bound Fortune
to proſper my deſignes: I muſt appeaſe her:
Let others pay their knees, their vows, their prayers
to weak imagin'd Powers; ſhee is my All,
and thus I do invoke her. Knowing *Delphia*,
thou more then woman, and though thou vouchſafeſt
to grace the earth with thy celeſtiall ſteps,
and taſte this groſſer air, thy heavenly ſpirit
hath free acceſſe to all the ſecret counſels
which a full Senat of the gods determine
when they conſider man: The braſſe-leav'd book
of Fate lies open to thee, where thou read'ſt,
and faſhioneſt the deſtinies of men
at thy wiſh'd pleaſure: Look upon thy creature,
and as thou twice haſt pleaſed to appear
to reprehend my falſhood, now vouchſafe
to ſee my lowe ſubmiſſion.

Del. What's thy will?
falſe, and unthankfull, (and in that deſerving
all humane ſorrowes) dar'ſt thou hope from me
relief or comfort?

Dio. Penitence does appeaſe
th'incenſed Powers, and Sacrifice takes off
their heavie angers; thus I tender both:
the Maſter of great *Rome*, and in that, Lord
of all the Sun gives heat and being to,
thus ſues for mercy: Be but as thou wert,
the Pilot to the Bark of my good fortunes,
and once more ſteer my Actions to the Port
of glorious honour, and if I fall off
hereafter from my faith to this ſweet Virgin,
joyne with thoſe Powers that puniſh perjury,
to make me an example, to deter
others from being falſe.

Dru. Upon my ſoul
you may beleeve him: nor did he ere purpoſe
to me but nobly; hee made triall how
I could endure unkindneſſe; I ſee Truth
triumphat in his ſorrow. Deereſt Aunt,
both credit him, and help him; and on aſſurance
that what I plead for, you cannot deny,
I raiſe him thus, and with this willing kiſſe
I ſeale his pardon.

Dio. O that I ere look'd
beyond this abſtract of all womans goodneſſe.

Del. I am thine again; thus I confirm our league:
I know thy wiſhes, and how much thou ſufferſt
in honour for thy friends: thou ſhalt repair all;
for to thy fleet I'll give a fore-right winde
to paſſe the Perſian gulf; remove all lets
that may moleſt thy ſouldiers in their March
that paſſe by land: and deſtiny is falſe,
if thou prove not victorious: Yet remember,
when thou art raiſ'd up to the higheſt point
of humane happineſſe, ſuch as move beyond it
muſt of neceſſitie deſcend. Think on't,
and uſe thoſe bleſſings that the gods powre on you
with moderation.

Dio. As their Oracle
I hear you, and obey you, and will follow
your grave directions.

Del. You will not repent it. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Niger, Geta, *Guard, Souldiers,*
Enſignes.

Nig. How do you like your entrance to the Warre?
when the whole Body of the Army moves,
ſhews it not gloriouſly?

Get. 'Tis a fine May-game:
but eating and drinking I think are forbad in't,
(I mean, with leaſure) wee walk on, and feed
like hungry boyes that haſte to School; or as
we carried fiſh to the City, dare ſtay no where,
for fear our ware ſhould ſtink.

1. Gu. That's the neceſſitie
of our ſpeedy March.

Get. Sir, I doe love my eaſe,
and though I hate all Seats of Judicature,
I mean in the Citie, for conveniencie,
I ſtill will be a Juſtice in the War,
and ride upon my foot-cloth. I hope a Captain
(and a gown'd-Captain too) may be diſpenſ'd with.
I tell you, and do not mock me, when I was poor,
I could endure like others, cold and hunger:
but ſince I grew rich, let but my finger ake,
or feel but the leaſt pain in my great toe,
unleſſe I have a Doctor, mine own Doctor,

that may aſſure me, I am gone.
Nig. Come, fear not;
you ſhall want nothing.
1. *Gu.* We will make you fight
as you were mad.
Get. Not too much of fighting, Friend:
it is thy trade, that art a common ſouldier:
We Officers, by our place, may ſhare the ſpoile,
and never ſweat for't.
2. *Gu.* You ſhall kil for practice
but your dozen or two a day.
Get. Thou talkſt as if
thou wert lowſing thy ſelf: but yet I will make danger.
If I prove one of the Worthies, ſo: However,
I'll have the fear of the gods before my eyes,
and doe no hurt, I warrant you.
Nig. Come, March on,
and humour him for our mirth.
1. *Gu.* 'Tis a fine peak-gooſe.
Nig. But one that fools to the Emperor, and in that,
a wiſe man and a Souldier.
1. *Gu.* True moralitie. *Exeunt.*

Scæna quarta.

Enter Coſroe, Caſſana, Perſians; and Charinus,
Maximinian, Aurelia (bound) with
Souldiers.

Coſ. Now by the Perſian gods, moſt truly welcom,
encompaſſ'd thus with tributary kings,
I entertain you. Lend your helping hands
to ſeat her by me: and thus raiſ'd, bow all,
to do her honour: O, my beſt *Caſſana,*
Siſter, and partner of my life and Empire,
wee'll teach thee to forget with preſent pleaſures
thy late captivitie: and this proud Roman,
that uſ'd thee as a ſlave, and did diſdain
a Princely Ranſom, ſhall (if ſhe repine)
be forc'd by various Tortures, to adore
what ſhe of late contemn'd.
Caſ. All greatneſſe ever
attend *Coſroe:* though Perſia be ſtil'd
the nurſe of pomp and pride; wee'll leave to Rome
her native crueltie. For know *Aurelia,*
a Roman Princeſſe, and a *Ceſars* Siſter,
though now, like thee captiv'd, I can forget.
thy barbarous uſage: and though thou to me
(when I was in thy power) didſt ſhew thy ſelf
a moſt inſulting Tyranneſſe, I to thee
may prove a gentle Miſtris.
Aur. O my Stars,
a Miſtris? can I love and owe that name
to fleſh and bloud? I was borne to command,
train'd up in Soveraigntie; and I, in death
can quit the name of ſlave: She that ſcorns life,
may mock captivitie.
Char. Rome will be Rome
when we are nothing: and her powr's the ſame
which you once quak'd at.
Max. Diocleſian lives;
hear it, and tremble: Lives (thou King of Perſia)
the Maſter of his fortune, and his honour:
and though by diveliſh Arts wee were ſurpriz'd,
and made the prey of Magick and of Theft,
and not won nobly, we ſhall be redeem'd,
and by a Roman war; and every wrong
we ſuffer here, with intereſt, be return'd
on the inſulting doer.
1 *Per.* Sure theſe Romanes
are more then men.
2 *Per.* Their great hearts will not yeeld,
they cannot bend to any adverſe Fate,
ſuch is their confidence.
Coſr. They then ſhall break.
Why, you rebellious wretches, dare you ſtill
contend, when the leaſt breath, or nod of mine
marks you out for the fire? or to be made
the prey of wolfs or vultures? The vain name
of Roman Legions, I ſlight thus, and ſcorn:
and for that boaſted bug-bear, *Diocleſian*
(which you preſume on) would he were the Maſter
but of the ſpirit, to meet me in the field,
hee ſoon ſhould find, that our immortall Squadrons,
that with full numbers ever are ſupyli'd,
(could it be poſſible they ſhould decay)
dare front his boldeſt Troops, and ſcatter 'em,
as an high towring Falcon on her Stretches,
ſevers the fearfull fowl. And by the Sun,
the Moon, the Winds, the nouriſhers of life,
and by this Sword, the inſtrument of death,
ſince that you fly not humbly to our Mercy,
but yet dare hope your libertie by force;
if *Diocleſian* dare not attempt
to free you with his ſword, all ſlavery
that crueltie can find out to make you wretched,
falls heavie on you.
Max. If the Sun keeps his courſe,
and the earth can bear his ſouldiers march, I fear not.
Aur. Or libertie, or revenge.
Char. On that I build too. *A Trumpet.*
Aur. A Roman Trumpet!
Max. 'Tis: Comes it not like
a pardon to a man condemn'd?
Coſr. Admit him. *Enter Niger.*
The purpoſe of thy coming?
Nig. My great Maſter,
the Lord of Rome, (in that all Power is ſpoken)
hoping that thou wilt prove a noble Enemie,
and (in thy bold reſiſtance) worth his conqueſt,
defies thee, *Coſroe.*
Max. There is fire in this.
Nig. And to encourage thy laborious powers
to tug for Empire, dares thee to the Field,
with this aſſurance, If thy ſword can win him,
or force his Legions with thy barbed horſe,
but to forſake their ground, that not alone
wing'd Victory ſhall take ſtand on thy Tent,
but all the Provinces, and Kingdomes held
by the Roman Garriſons in this Eaſtern world,
ſhall be delivered up, and hee himſelf
acknowledge thee his Soveraign. In return
of this large offer, he asks onely this,
That till the doubtfull Dye of War determine
who has moſt power, and ſhould command the other,
thou wouldſt intreat thy Priſoners like their births,
and not their preſent Fortune: and to bring 'em
(guarded) into thy Tent, with thy beſt Strengths,
thy ableſt men of war, and thou thy ſelf
ſworn to make good the place. And if he fail
(maugre all oppoſition can be made)
in his own perſon to compell his way,

and fetch them ſafely off, the day is thine,
and hee (like theſe) thy priſoner.
Coſr. Though I receive this
but as a Roman brave, I doe imbrace it,
and love the ſender. Tell him, I will bring
my Priſoners to the field, and without ods,
againſt his ſingle force, alone defend 'em;
or elſe with equall numbers. Courage, noble Princes,
and let Poſteritie record, that we
this memorable day reſtor'd to Perſia,
that Empire of the world, great *Philips* ſon
raviſh'd from us, and *Greece* gave up to *Rome*.
This our ſtrong comfort, that we cannot fall
ingloriouſly, ſince we contend for all. *Exeunt.*
Flouriſh, Alarms.

Scæna quinta.

Enter Geta, Guard, Souldiers.

Get. I'll ſwear the peace againſt 'em, I am hurt,
run for a Surgeon, or I faint.
1. Gu. Bear up man,
'tis but a ſcratch.
Get. Scoring a man ore the coxcomb
is but a ſcratch with you: ——— o' your occupation,
your ſcurvie ſcuffling trade: I was told before
my face was bad enough; but now I look
like bloody bone, and raw head, to fright children;
I am for no uſe elſe.
2. Gu. Thou ſhalt fright men.
1. Gu. You look ſo terrible now: but ſee your face
in the pummell of my ſword.
Get. I die, I am gone.
Oh my ſweet phyſiognomy. *Enter 3 Perſians.*
2. Gu. They come.
Now fight, or die indeed.
Get. I will ſcape this way:
I cannot hold my ſword; What would you have
of a maim'd man?
1. Gu. Nay, then I have a goad
to prick you forward, Oxe.
2. Gu. Fight like a man,
or die lie a dog.
Get. Shall I, like *Ceſar* fall
among my friends? no mercy? *Et tu Brute?*
You ſhall not have the honour of my death,
I'll fall by the Enemie firſt.
1. Gu. O brave, brave *Geta*; *Perſians driven off.*
he plaies the divell now. *Enter Niger.*
Nig. Make up for honour,
the Perſians ſhrink. The paſſage is laid open,
great *Diocleſian*, like a ſecond *Mars*,
his ſtrong arm govern'd by the fierce *Bellona*,
performs more then a man: His ſhield ſtruck full
of Perſian darts, which now are his defence
againſt the Enemies ſwords, ſtill leads the way.
Of all the Perſian Forces, one ſtrong Squadron,
Alarm's continued.
in which *Coſroe* in his own perſon fights,
ſtands firm, and yet unrouted: Break thorow that,
the day, and all is ours. *Retreat.*
All. Victory, Victory. *Exeunt.*
Flouriſh.

Scæna Sexta.

Enter (in Triumph with Roman Enſignes) Guard, Diocleſian, Charinus, Aurelia, Maximinian, Niger, Geta, Coſroe, Caſſana, Perſians (as Priſoners): Delphia, Druſilla, privately.

Dio. I am rewarded in the Act: your freedome
to me's ten thouſand Triumphs: You Sir, ſhare
in all my Glories. And unkind *Aurelia*,
from being a Captive, ſtill command the Victor.
Nephew, remember by whoſe gift you are free:
You I afford my pitie; baſer minds
inſult on the afflicted, You ſhall know,
Vertue and Courage is admir'd and lov'd
in Enemies: but more of that hereafter.
Thanks to your valour; to your ſwords I owe
this wreath triumphant. Nor be thou forgot
my firſt poor bondman, *Geta*, I am glad
thou art turn'd a fighter.
Get. 'Twas againſt my will:
but now I am content with't.
Char. But imagine
what honours can be done to you beyond theſe,
tranſcending all example; 'tis in you
to will, in us to ſerve it.
Nig. Wee will have
his Statue of pure gold ſet in the Capitol,
and he that bows not to it as a god,
makes forfeit of his head.
Max. I burſt with envie;
and yet theſe honours, which conferr'd on me,
would make me pace on air, ſeem not to move him.
Dio. Suppoſe this done, or were it poſſible
I could riſe higher ſtill, I am a man,
and all theſe Glories, Empires heap'd upon me,
confirm'd by conſtant friends, and faithfull Guards,
cannot defend me from a ſhaking feaver,
or bribe the uncorrupted dart of death
to ſpare me one ſhort minute. Thus adorn'd
in theſe triumphant Robes, my body yeelds not
a greater ſhadow then it did when I
liv'd both poor, and obſcure; a ſwords ſharp point
enters my fleſh as far; dreams break my ſleep
as when I was a private man; my Paſſions
are ſtronger tyrants on me; nor is Greatneſſe
a ſaving Antidote to keep me from
a traitors poyſon. Shall I praiſe my fortune,
or raiſe the building of my happineſſe
on her uncertain favour? or preſume
ſhe is my owne, and ſure, that yet was never
conſtant to any? ſhould my reaſon fail me
(as flattery oft corrupts it) here's an example,
to ſpeak how far her ſmiles are to be truſted;
The riſing Sun, this morning, ſaw this man
the Perſian Monarch, and thoſe Subjects proud
that had the honour but to kiſſe his feet;
and yet ere his diurnall progreſſe ends,
hee is the ſcorn of Fortune: But you'll ſay,
that ſhee forſook him for his want of courage,
but never leaves the bold. Now by my hopes
of peace and quiet here, I never met
a braver Enemie: and to make it good,

Coſroe, *Caſſana*, and the reſt, be free,
and ranſomleſſe return.
Coſr. To ſee this vertue
is more to me then Empire; and to be
orecome by you, a glorious victorie.
Max. What a divell means he next?
Dio. I know that Glory
is like *Alcides* ſhirt, if it ſtay on us
till pride hath mix'd it with our blood; nor can we
part with it at pleaſure: when wee would uncaſe,
it brings along with it both fleſh and ſinews,
and leaves us living monſters.
Max. Would it were come
to my turn to put it on: I'ld run the hazzard.
Dio. No, I will not be pluck'd out by the ears
out of this glorious caſtle; uncompell'd
I will ſurrender rather: Let it ſuffice,
I have touch'd the height of humane happineſſe,
and here I fix *Nil ultra*. Hitherto
I have liv'd a ſervant to ambitious thoughts,
and fading glories: what remains of life,
I dedicate to Vertue; and to keep
my faith untainted, farewell Pride and Pomp,
and circumſtance of glorious Majeſtie,
farewell for ever. Nephew, I have noted,
that you have long with ſore eyes look'd upon
my flouriſhing Fortune; you ſhall have poſſeſſion
of my felicitie: I deliver up
my Empire, and this Jem I priz'd above it,
and all things elſe that made me worth your envie,
freely unto you. Gentle Sir, your ſuffrage,
to ſtrengthen this: the ſouldiers love I doubt not;
his valour (Gentlemen) will deſerve your favours,
which let my prayers further. All is yours.
But I have been too liberall, and giv'n that
I muſt beg back again.
Max. What am I falne from?
Dio. Nay, ſtart not: It is only the poor Grange,
the Patrimony which my Father left me,
I would be Tenant to.
Max. Sir, I am yours:
I will attend you there.
Dio. No, keep the Court:
ſeek you in Rome for honour: I will labour
to finde content elſwhere. Diſſwade me not,
by ——, I am reſolv'd. And now *Druſilla*,
being as poor as when I vow'd to make thee
my wife: if thy love ſince hath felt no change,
I am ready to perform it.
Dru. I ſtill lov'd
your Perſon, not your Fortunes: in a cottage,
being yours, I am an Empreſſe.
Del. And I'll make
the change moſt happy.
Dio. Do me then the honour,
to ſee my vow perform'd. You but attend
my Glories to the urn; where be it aſhes,
welcome my mean eſtate: and as a due,
Wiſh Reſt to me, I Honour unto you.
Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Scæna Prima.

Enter CHORUS.
Cho. *The War with glory ended; and* Coſroe
(Acknowledging his fealtie to Charinus*)*
Diſmiſſ'd in peace, returns to Perſia:
The reſt, arriving ſafely unto Rome,
Are entertain'd with Triumphs: Maximinian,
By the grace and interceſſion of his Uncle,
Saluted Cæſar: *but good* Diocleſian,
Weary of Pomp and State, retires himſelf
With a ſmall Train, to a moſt private Grange
In Lumbardie; where the glad Countrey ſtrives
With Rurall Sports to give him entertainment:
With which delighted, he with eaſe forgets
All ſpecious trifles, and ſecurely taſtes
The certain pleaſures of a private life.
But oh Ambition, that eats into
With venom'd teeth, true thankfulneſſe, and honour.
And to ſupport her Greatneſſe, faſhions fears,
Doubts, and preventions to decline all dangers,
Which in the place of ſafetie, prove her ruine:
All which he pleas'd to ſee in Maximinian,
To whom, his confer'd Soveraignty was like
A large ſail fill'd full with a fore-right winde,
That drowns a ſmaller Bark: and hee once faln
Into ingratitude, makes no ſtop in miſchief,
But violently runs on. Allow Maximinian *all,*
Honour, and Empire, abſolute command;
Yet being ill, long great he cannot ſtand. Exit.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Maximinian and Aurelia.
Aur. Why droops my Lord, my Love, my life, my *Cæſar*?
how ill this dulneſſe doth comport with Greatneſſe?
Does not (with open arms) your Fortune court you?
Rome know you for her Maſter? I my ſelf
confeſſe you for my Husband? love, and ſerve you?
if you contemn not theſe, and think them curſes,
I know no bleſſings that ambitious fleſh
could wiſh to feel beyond 'em.
Max. Beſt *Aurelia*,
the parent and the nurſe to all my Glories,
'tis not that thus embracing you, I think
there is a heaven beyond it, that begets
theſe ſad retirements; but the fear to loſe
what it is hell to part with: better to have liv'd
poor and obſcure, and never ſcal'd the top
of hilly Empire, then to die with fear
to be thrown headlong down, almoſt as ſoon
as we have reach'd it.
Aur. Theſe are Pannick terrours
you faſhion to your ſelf: Is not my Brother
(your equall and copartner in the Empire)
vow'd and confirm'd your friend? the ſouldier conſtant?
Hath not your Uncle *Diocleſian* taken
his laſt farewell o'th' world? What then can ſhake ye?
Max. The thought I may be ſhaken: and aſſurance
that what we doe poſſeſſe is not our own,

but has depending on anothers favour:
for nothing's more uncertain (my *Aurelia*)
then Power that ſtands not on his proper Baſis,
but borrowes his foundation. I'll make plain
my cauſe of doubts and fears; for what ſhould I
conceal from you, that are to be familiar
with my moſt private thoughts? Is not the Empire
my Uncles gift? and may he not reſume it
upon the leaſt diſtaſte? Does not *Charinus*
croſſe me in my deſignes? And what is Majeſtie
when 'tis divided? Does not the inſolent Souldier
call my command his donative? And what can take
more from our honour? No (my wiſe *Aurelia*,)
If I to you am more then all the world,
as ſure you are to me; as wee deſire
to be ſecure, wee muſt be abſolute,
and know no equall: when your Brother borrows
the little ſplendor that he has from us,
and we are ſerv'd for fear, not at entreaty,
we may live ſafe; but till then, we but walk
with heavie burthens on a ſea of glaſſe,
and our own weight will ſink us.

Aur. Your Mother brought you
into the world an Emperor: you perſwade
but what I would have counſell'd: Neerneſſe of blood,
reſpect of pietie, and thankfulneſſe,
and all the holy dreams of vertuous fools
muſt vaniſh into nothing, when Ambition
(the maker of great minds, and nurſe of honour)
puts in for Empire. On then, and forget
your ſimple Uncle; think he was the Maſter
(in being once an Emperor) of a Jewell,
whoſe worth and uſe he knew not: For *Charinus*,
no more my Brother, if hee be a ſtop
to what you purpoſe; hee to Me's a ſtranger,
and ſo to be remov'd.

Max. Thou more then woman,
thou maſculine Greatneſſe, to whoſe ſoaring ſpirit
to touch the ſtars ſeems but an eaſie flight;
O how I glory in thee! thoſe great women
Antiquitie is proud of, thou but nam'd,
ſhall be no more remembred: but perſever,
and thou ſhalt ſhine among thoſe leſſer lights

Enter Charinus, Niger, Guard.

to all poſteritie like another *Phebe*,
and ſo ador'd as ſhe is.

Aur. Here's *Charinus*,
his brow furrow'd with anger.

Max. Let him ſtorm,
and you ſhall hear me thunder.

Cha. He diſpoſe of
my Provinces at his pleaſure? and confer
thoſe honours (that are onely mine to give)
upon his creatures?

Nig. Mighty Sir, aſcribe it
to his aſſurance of your love and favour,
and not to pride or malice.

Cha. No, good *Niger*,
courteſie ſhall not fool me; he ſhall know
I lent a hand to raiſe him, and defend him,
while he continues good: but the ſame ſtrength
if pride make him uſurp upon my Right,
ſhall ſtrike him to the Center. You are well met, Sir.

Max. As you make the Encounter: Sir, I hear,
that you repine, and hold your ſelf much griev'd,
in that, without your good leave, I beſtow'd
the Gallian Proconſulſhip upon
a follower of mine.

Cha. 'Tis true: and wonder
you durſt attempt it.

Max. Durſt, *Charinus*?

Cha. Durſt:
again, I ſpeak it: Think you me ſo tame,
ſo leaden and unactive, to ſit down
with ſuch diſhonour? But, recall your grant,
and ſpeedily; or by the Roman ———
thou tripſt thine own heels up, and haſt no part
in Rome, or in the Empire.

Max. Thou haſt none,
but by permiſſion: Alas, poor *Charinus*,
thou ſhadow of an Emperor, I ſcorn thee,
thee, and thy fooliſh threats: The gods appoint him
the abſolute diſpoſer of the Earth,
that has the ſharpeſt ſword. I am ſure (*Charinus*)
thou wear'ſt one without edge. When cruell *Aper*
had kill'd *Numerianus*, thy Brother,
(an act that would have made a trembling coward
more daring then *Alcides*) thy baſe feare
made thee wink at it: then roſe up my Uncle
(for the honour of the Empire, and of Rome)
againſt the Traitor, and among his Guards
puniſh'd the treaſon: This bold daring act
got him the Souldiers ſuffrages to be *Cæſar*.
And howſoever his too gentle nature
allow'd thee the name only, as his gift,
I challenge the ſucceſſion.

Cha. Thou art cozen'd.
When the receiver of a courteſie
cannot ſuſtain the weight it carries with it,
'tis but a Triall, not a preſent Act.
Thou haſt in a few dayes of thy ſhort Reign,
in over-weening pride, riot and luſts,
ſham'd noble *Diocleſian*, and his gift:
nor doubt I, when it ſhall arrive unto
his certain knowledge, how the Empire grones
under thy Tyranny, but hee will forſake
his private life, and once again reſume
his laid-by Majeſtie: or at leaſt, make choice
of ſuch an *Atlas* as may bear this burthen,
too heavie for thy ſhouldiers. To effect this,
lend your aſſiſtance (Gentlemen) and then doubt not
but that this muſhroom (ſprung up in a night)
ſhall as ſoon wither. And for you (*Aurelia*)
if you eſteem your honour more then tribute
paid to your lothſome appetite, as a Furie
flie from his looſe embraces: ſo farewell;
ere long you ſhall hear more. *Exeunt.*

Aur. Are you ſtruck dumb,
that you make no reply?

Max. Sweet, I will doe,
and after talk: I will prevent their plots,
and turn them on their own accurſed heads.
My Uncle? good: I muſt not know the names
of Pietie or Pitie. Steel my heart,
deſire of Empire, and inſtruct me, that
the Prince that over others would bear ſway,
checks at no Let that ſtops him in his way.

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter three Shepherds, and two Countrymen.

1 *Sh.* Do you think this great man will continue here?
2 *Sh.* Continue here? what elſe? hee has bought the great Farme;
a great man, with a great Inheritance,
and all the ground about it, all the woods too;
and ſtock'd it like an Emperor. Now, all our ſports again
and all our merry Gambols, our May-Ladies,
our evening-daunces on the Green, our Songs,
our Holliday good cheer, our Bag-pipes now Boyes,
ſhall make the wanton Laſſes skip again,
our Sheep-ſhearings, and all our knacks.
3 *Sh.* But hark ye,
we muſt not call him Emperor.
1 *Countr.* That's all one;
he is the king of good fellowes, that's no treaſon;
and ſo I'll call him ſtill, though I be hang'd for't.
I grant ye, he has given his honour to another man,
he cannot give his humour: he is a brave fellow,
and will love us, and we'll love him. Come hither Ladon,
what new Songs, and what geers?
3 *Sh.* Enough: I'll tell ye
he comes abroad anon to view his grounds,
and with the help of *Thirſis*, and old *Egon*,
(if his whorſon could be gon) & *Amaryllis*,
and ſome few more o'th wenches, we will meet him,
and ſtrike him ſuch new Springs, and ſuch free welcoms,
ſhall make him ſcorn an Empire, forget Majeſtie,
and make him bleſſe the hour he liv'd here happy.
2 *Countr.* And we will ſecond ye, we honeſt Carters,
we lads o'th' laſh, with ſome blunt entertainment,
our Teams to two pence, will give him ſome content,
or wee'll bawl fearfully.
3 *Sh.* Hee cannot expect now
his Courtly entertainments, and his rare Muſicks,
and Ladies to delight him with their voyces;
honeſt and cheerfull toyes from honeſt meanings,
and the beſt hearts they have. We muſt be neat all:
on goes my ruſſet jerkin with blue buttons.
1 *Sh.* And my green ſlops I was married in; my bonnet
with my carnation point with ſilver tags, boyes:
You know where I won it.
1 *Countr.* Thou wilt nere be old, *Alexis*,
1 *Sh.* And I ſhall find ſome toyes that have been favors,
and noſe-gayes, and ſuch knacks: for there be wenches.
3 *Sh.* My mantle goes on too I plaid young *Paris* in,
and the new garters *Amaryllis* ſent me.
1 *Coun.* Yes, yes: we'll all be handſom, and waſh our faces.
Neighbour, I ſee a remnant of March duſt
that's hatch'd into your chaps: I pray ye be carefull.
Enter Geta.
and mundifie your muzzell.
2. *Countr.* I'll to th' Barbers,
It ſhall coſt me I know what. Who's this?
3. *Sh.* Give room, neighbours,
a great man in our State: gods bleſſe your Worſhip.
2. *Countr.* Encreaſe your Maſterſhip.
Get. Thanks, my good people:
Stand off, and know your duties: as I take it
you are the labouring people of this village,
and you that keep the ſheep. Stand farther off yet,
and mingle not with my Authoritie,
I am too mighty for your companie.
3. *Sh.* we know it Sir; and we deſire your Worſhip
to reckon us amongſt your humble ſervants,
and that our Country Sports, Sir, —
Get. For your Sports, Sir,
they may be ſeen, when I ſhall think convenient,
when out of my diſcretion, I ſhall view 'em,
and hold 'em fit for licence. Ye look upon me,
and look upon me ſeriouſly, as ye knew me:
'Tis true, I have been a Raſcall, as you are,
a fellow of no mention, nor no mark,
juſt ſuch another piece of durt, ſo faſhion'd:
But Time, that purifies all things of merit,
has ſet another ſtamp. Come neerer now,
and be not fearfull; I take off my auſteritie:
and know me for the great and mighty Steward
under this man of Honour: know ye for my vaſſals,
and at my pleaſure; I can diſpeople ye,
can blow you and your cattell out o'th' Countrey:
but fear me, and have favour. Come, go along with me,
and I will hear your Songs, and perhaps like 'em.
3. *Sh.* I hope you will, Sir.
Get. 'Tis not a thing impoſſible.
Perhaps I'll ſing my ſelf, the more to grace ye
and if I like your women.
3. *Sh.* We'll have the beſt, Sir,
handſom young Girls.
Get. The handſomer, the better. *Enter Delphia.*
'May bring your wives too, 'twill be all one charge to ye;
for I muſt know your Families.
Del. 'Tis well ſaid,
'tis well ſaid, honeſt friends; I know ye are hatching
ſome pleaſurable ſports for your great Landlord:
fill him with joy, and win him a friend to ye,
and make this little Grange ſeem a large Empire,
let out with home-contents: I'll work his favour,
which daily ſhall be on ye.
3. *Sh.* Then we'll ſing daily,
and make him the beſt Sports.
Del. Inſtruct 'em *Geta*,
and be a merry man again.
Get. Will ye lend me a divell,
that we may daunce awhile?
Del. I'll lend thee two.
and Bag-pipes that ſhall blow alone.
Get. I thank ye:
but I'll know your divels of a cooler complexion firſt.
Come, follow, follow; I'il go ſit and ſee ye. *Exeunt.*
Enter Diocles, and Druſilla.
Dell. Do; and be ready an hour hence, and bring 'em;
for in the Grove you'll find him.
Dio. Come *Druſilla*,
the partner of my beſt contents: I hope now
you dare beleeve me.
Dru. Yes, and dare ſay to ye,
I think ye now moſt happie.
Dio. You ſay true (Sweet)
for by my——, I find now by experience,
Content was never Courtier.
Dru. I pray ye walk on, Sir;
the cool ſhades of the Grove invite ye.
Dio. O my Deereſt!
When man has caſt off his ambitious Greatneſſe,
and ſunk into the ſweetneſſe of himſelf;
built his foundation upon honeſt thoughts,
not great, but good Deſires his daily ſervants;

how quietly he ſleeps! how joyfully
he wakes again, and looks on his poſſeſſions,
and from his willing labours feeds with pleaſure?
Here hangs no Comets in the ſhapes of Crowns,
to ſhake our ſweet contents: nor here, *Druſilla*,
Cares, like Eclipſes, darken our endeavours:
we love here without rivals, kiſſe with innocence;
our thoughts as gentle as our lips; our children
the double heirs both of our forms and faiths.
Dru. I am glad ye make this right uſe of this ſweetneſſe,
this ſweet retiredneſſe.
Dio. 'T is ſweet indeed (love)
and every circunſtance about it, ſhews it.
How liberal is the ſpring in every place here?
the artificial Court ſhews but a ſhadow,
a painted imitation of this glory.
Smell to this flower, here Nature has her excellence:
let all the perfumes of the Empire paſſe this,
the carefull'ſt Ladies cheek ſhew ſuch a colour,
they are gilded and adulterate vanities.
And here in Povertie dwells noble Nature.
What pains we take to cool our wines, to allay us,
Muſick belowe.
and bury quick the fuming god to quench us,
methinks this Cryſtal Well? Ha! what ſtrange muſick?
'tis underneath, ſure: how it ſtirs and joys me?
how all the birds ſet on? the fields redouble
their odoriferous ſweets? Heark how the ecchoes——
Enter a Spirit from the Well.
Druſ. See, Sir, thoſe flowers
from out the Well, ſpring to your entertainment.
Enter Delphia.
Dio. Bleſſe me.
Dru. Be not afraid, 't is ſome good Angel
that's come to welcom ye.
Del. Go neer and hear, ſon.
Song.
Dio. O mother, thank ye, thank ye, this was your will.
Del. You ſhall not want delights to bleſſe your preſence.
Now ye are honeſt, all the Stars ſhall honour ye.
Enter ſhepherds and dancers.
Stay, here are Countrey-ſhepherds; here is ſome ſport too,
and you muſt grace it, Sir; 't was meant to welcom ye;
a King ſhall never feel your joy. Sit down, ſon.
A dance of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes; Pan leading the men, Ceres the maids.
Hold, hold, my Meſſenger appears: leave off, friends,
leave off a while, and breathe.
Dio. What news? ye are pale, mother.
Del. No, I am careful of thy ſafety (ſon)
be not affrighted, but ſit ſtill; I am with thee.
Enter Maximinian, Aurelia, Souldiers.
And now dance out your dance. Do you know that perſon.
Be not amaz'd, but let him ſhew his dreadfulleſt.
Max. How confident he ſits amongſt his pleaſures,
and what a chearful colour ſhews in's face,
and yet he ſees me too, the Souldiers with me.
Aur. Be ſpeedie in your work, (you will be ſtopt elſe)
and then you are an Emperour.
Max. I will about it.
Dio. My Royal Couſin, how I joy to ſee ye,
you, and your Royal Empreſſe.
Max. You are too kinde, Sir.
I come not to eat with ye, and to ſurfeit
in theſe poor Clowniſh pleaſures; but to tell ye
I look upon ye like my Winding-ſheet,
the Coffin of my Greatneſſe, nay, my Grave:
for whilſt you are alive——
Dio. Alive, my Couſin?
Max. I ſay, Alive. I am no Emperour;
I am nothing but mine own diſquiet.
Dio. Stay, Sir.
Max. I cannot ſtay. The Souldiers doat upon ye.
I would fain ſpare ye; but mine own ſecuritie
compels me to forget you are my Uncle,
compels me to forget you made me *Cæſar*:
for whilſt you are remembred, I am buried.
Dio. Did not I make ye Emperour, dear Couſin,
the free gift from my ſpecial grace?
Del. Fear nothing.
Dio. Did not I chuſe this povertie, to raiſe you?
that Royal woman gave into your arms too?
bleſs'd ye with her bright beautie? gave the ſouldier,
the ſouldier that hung to me, fix'd him on ye?
gave ye the worlds command?
Max. This cannot help ye.
Dio. Yet this ſhall eaſe me. Gan ye be ſo baſe (Couſin)
ſo far from Nobleneſſe, ſo far from nature,
as to forget all this? to tread this Tie out?
raiſe to your ſelf ſo foul a monument
that every common foot ſhall kick aſunder?
muſt my blood glue ye to your peace?
Max. It muſt, Uncle;
I ſtand too looſe elſe, and my foot too feeble:
you gone once, and their love retir'd, I am rooted.
Dio. And cannot this removed poor ſtate obſcure me?
I do not ſeek for yours, nor enquire ambitiouſly
after your growing Fortunes. Take heed, my kinſman,
ungratefulneſſe and blood mingled together,
will, like two furious Tides——
Max. I muſt ſail thorow 'em:
let 'em be Tides of death, Sir, I muſt ſtem up.
Dio. Hear but this laſt, and wiſely yet conſider:
Place ronnd about my Grange a Gariſon,
that if I offer to exceed my limits,
or ever in my common talk name Emperour,
ever converſe with any greedie ſouldier,
or look for adoration, nay, for courteſie
above the days ſalute.——Think who has fed ye,
think (Couſin) who I am. Do ye ſlight my miſery?
Nay, then I charge thee; nay, I meet thy crueltie.
Max. This cannot ſerve; prepare: Now fall on, ſouldiers,
and all the treaſure that I have.
Thunder and Lightning.
Sould. The earth ſhakes;
we totter up and down; we cannot ſtand, Sir;
me thinks the mountains tremble too.
2 *Sould.* The flaſhes
how thick and hot they come? we ſhall be burn'd all.
Del. Fall on, Souldiers:
you that ſell innocent blood, fall on full bravely.
Sould. We cannot ſtir.
Del. You have your libertie,
ſo have you, Lady. One of you come do it.
A hand with a Bolt appears above.
Do you ſtand amaz'd? Look ore thy head, *Maximinian*,
look, to thy terrour, what over-hangs thee:
nay, it will nail thee dead; look how it threatens thee:
the Bolt for vengeance on ungrateful wretches;
the Bolt of innocent blood: read thoſe hot characters,
and ſpell the will of heaven. Nay, lovely Lady,
you muſt take part too, as ſpur to ambition.

Are ye humble? Now ſpeak; my part 's ended.
Does all your glory ſhake?
Max. Hear us, great Uncle,
good and great Sir, be pitiful unto us:
belowe your feet we lay our lives: be merciful:
begin you, heaven will follow.
Aur. Oh, it ſhakes ſtill.
Max. And dreadfully it threatens. We acknowledge
our baſe and foul intentions. Stand between us;
for faults confeſs'd, they ſay, are half forgiven.
We are ſorry for our ſins. Take from us, Sir,
that glorious weight that made us ſwell, that poiſon'd us;
that maſſe of Majeſtie I laboured under,
(too heavie and too mighty for my manage)
that my poor innocent days may turn again,
and my minde, pure, may purge me of theſe curſes;
by your old love, the blood that runs between us.
The hand taken in.
Aur. By that love once ye bare to me, by that Sir,
that bleſſed maid enjoys—
Dio. Riſe up, dear Couſin,
and be your words your judges: I forgive ye:
great as ye are, enjoy that greatneſſe ever,
whilſt I mine own Content make mine own Empire.
Once more I give ye all; learn to deſerve it,
and live to love your Good more then your Greatneſſe.
Now ſhew your loves to entertain this Emperour,
my honeſt neighbours. *Geta*, ſee all handſom.
Your Grace muſt pardon us, our houſe is little;
but ſuch an ample welcom as a poor man
and his true love can make you and your Empreſſe,
Madam, we have no dainties.
Aur. 'Tis enough, Sir;
we ſhall enjoy the riches of your goodneſſe.
Sould. Long live the good and gracious *Diocleſian*.
Dio. I thank ye, Souldiers, I forgive your raſhneſſe.
And Royal Sir, long may they love and honour ye.
Drums march afar off.
What Drums are thoſe?
Del. Meet 'em, my honeſt ſon,
they are thy friends, *Charinus* and the old Souldiers
that come to reſcue thee from thy hot Couſin.
But all is well, and turn all into welcoms:
two Emperours you muſt entertain now.
Dio. O dear mother,
I have will enough, but I want room and glory.
Del. That ſhall be my care. Sound your pipes now merrily,
and all your handſom ſports. Sing 'em full welcoms.
Dio. And let 'em know, our true love breeds more ſtories
and perfect joys, then Kings do, and their glories.
Exeunt.

FINIS.

THE TRAGEDIE OF BONDUCA.

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Enter Bonduca, Daughters, Hengo, Nennius,
Souldiers.

Bon. THe hardy *Romanes* ? O ye gods of *Britain*,
the ruſt of Arms , the bluſhing ſhame of ſouldiers ;
are theſe the men that conquer by inheritance?
the Fortune-makers? theſe the *Julians*,
Enter Caratach.
that with the Sun meaſure the end of Nature,
making the world but one *Rome* and one *Cæſar* ?
Shame, how they flee ! *Cæſars* ſoft ſoul dwells in 'em ;
their mothers got 'em ſleeping, plea ſure nurſt 'em,
their bodies ſweat with ſweet oils, loves allurements,
not luſtie Arms. Dare they ſend theſe to ſeek us,
theſe *Romane* Girls? Is *Britain* grown ſo wanton?
Twice we have beat 'em, *Nennius*, ſcatter'd 'em,
and through their big-bon'd *Germans*, on whoſe Pikes
the honour of their actions ſit in triumph,
made Themes for ſongs to ſhame 'em, and a woman,
a woman beat 'em, *Nennius* ; a weak woman,
a woman beat theſe *Romanes*.
Car. So it ſeems.
A man would ſhame to talk ſo.
Bon. Who 's that ?
Car. I.
Bon. Couſin, do you grieve my fortunes ?
Car. No, *Bonduca*,
if I grieve, 't is the bearing of your fortunes ;
you put too much winde to your ſail : Diſcretion
and hardie Valour are the twins of Honour,
and nurs'd together, make a Conquerour :
divided, but a talker. 'T is a truth,
that *Rome* has fled before us twice, and routed ;
a truth we ought to crown the gods for, Lady,
and not our tongues. A truth is none of ours,
nor in our ends, more then the noble bearing :
for then it leaves to be a vertue, Lady ;
and we that have been Victors, beat our ſelves,
when we inſult upon our honours ſubject.
Bon. My valiant Couſin, is it foul to ſay
what liberty and hononr bid us do,
and what the gods allow us ?
Car. No, *Bonduca*,
ſo what we ſay, exceed not what we do.
Ye call the *Romanes* fearful, fleeing *Romanes*,
and *Romane* Girls, the lees of tainted pleaſures :
does this become a doer ? are they ſuch ?
Bon. They are no more.
Car. Where is your Conqueſt then ?
why are your Altars crown'd with wreathes of flowers,
the beaſts with gilt horns waiting for the fire ?
the holy *Druides* compoſing ſongs
of everlaſting life to Victory ?
Why are theſe triumphs, Lady? for a *May*-game?
for hunting a poor herd of wretched *Romanes* ?
is it no more ? ſhut up your Temples, *Britains*,
and let the Husband-man redeem his heifers ;
put out our holy fires ; no Timbrel ring ;
let's home, and ſleep ; for ſuch great overthrows,
a Candle burns too bright a ſacrifice,
a Glow-worms tail too full a flame. O *Nennius*,
thou hadſt a noble Uncle knew a *Romane*,
and how to ſpeak him, how to give him weight
in both his fortunes.
Bon. By —— I think
ye doat upon theſe *Romanes*, *Caratach*.
Car. Witneſſe theſe wounds, I do ; they were fairly
I love an enemy : I was born a ſouldier ; (given.
and he that in the head on's Troop defies me,
bending my manly body with his ſword,
I make a Miſtris. Yellow-treſſed *Hymen*
ne'er ty'd a longing Virgin with more joy,

then I am married to that man that wounds me:
and are not all theſe *Romane?* Ten ſtruck Battels
I ſuckt theſe honour'd ſcars from; and all *Romane*:
ten yeers of bitter nights and heavie marches,
when many a frozen ſtorm ſung thorow my Curaſſe,
and made it doubtful whether that or I
were the more ſtubborn metal, have I wrought thorow,
and all to try theſe *Romanes*. Ten times a night
I have ſwom the Rivers, when the ſtars of *Rome*
ſhot at me as I floated, and the billows
tumbled their watry ruines on my ſhoulders,
charging my batter'd ſides with troops of Agues;
and ſtill to try theſe *Romanes*, whom I found
(and if I lye, my wounds be henceforth backward,
and be you witneſſe, gods, and all my dangers)
as ready, and as full of that I brought
(which was not fear nor flight) as valiant,
as vigilant, as wiſe, to do and ſuffer,
ever advanced as forward as the *Britains*,
their ſleeps as ſhort, their hopes as high as ours,
I, and as ſubtil, Lady. 'T is diſhonour,
and, follow'd, will be impudence, *Bonduca*,
and grow to no belief, to taint theſe *Romanes*.
Have not I ſeen the *Britains*——
~~*Bond*.~~ What?
~~*Car*.~~ Diſhearted,
run, run, *Bonduca*, not the quick rack ſwifter;
the virgin from the hated raviſher
not half ſo fearful? not a flight drawn home,
a round ſtone from a Sling, a lovers wiſh
ere made that haſte that they have. By——
I have ſeen theſe *Britains*, that you magnifie,
run as they would have out-run time, and roaring
baſely for mercy, roaring: the light ſhadows;
that in a thought ſcur ore the fields of Corn,
halted on crutches to 'em.
~~*Bon*.~~ O ye Powers,
what ſcandals do I ſuffer?
Car. Yes, *Bonduca*,
I have ſeen thee run too, and thee, *Nennius*;
yea, run apace, both; then when *Penyus*
the *Romane* Girl cut thorow your armed Carts,
and drive 'em headlong on ye down the hill;
then when he hunted ye, like *Britain*-Foxes,
more by the ſent then ſight: then did I ſee
theſe valiant and approved men of *Britain*,
like boading Owls, creep into tods of Ivie,
and hoot their fears to one another nightly.
Nen. And what did you then, *Caratach*?
Car. I fled too,
but not ſo faſt; your Jewel had been loſt then,
young *Hengo* there; he traſht me, *Nennius*:
for when your fears out-run him, then ſtept I,
and in the head of all the *Romane* fury
took him, and with my tough Belt to my back
I buckled him; behinde him, my ſure Shield;
and then I follow'd. If I ſay I fought
five times in bringing off this bud of *Britain*,
I lye not, *Nennius*. Neither had ye heard
me ſpeak this, or ever ſeen the childe more,
but that the ſon of vertue, *Penyus*,
ſeeing me ſteer thorow all theſe ſtorms of danger,
my helm ſtill in my hand, my ſword my prow,
turn'd to my fo my face, he cri'd out nobly,
Go, *Britain*, bear thy Lions whelp off ſafely;
thy manly ſword has ranſom'd thee: grow ſtrong,
and let me meet thee once again in arms;
then if thou ſtand'ſt, thou art mine. I took his offer,
and here I am to honour him.
Bon. O Couſin,
from what a flight of honour haſt thou checkt me?
what wouldſt thou make me, *Caratach*?
Car. See, Lady,
the noble uſe of others in our loſſes;
does this afflict ye? Had the *Romanes* cri'd this,
and as we have done theirs, ſung out theſe fortunes,
rail'd on our baſe condition, hooted at us,
made marks as far as the earth was ours, to ſhew us
nothing but ſea could ſtop our flights; deſpis'd us,
and held it equal whether banquetting
or beating of the *Britains* were more buſineſſe,
it would have gall'd ye.
Bon. Let me think we conquer'd.
Car. Do; but ſo think, as we may be conquer'd:
and where we have found vertue, though in thoſe
that came to make us ſlaves, let 's cheriſh it.
There 's not a blowe we gave ſince *Julius* landed,
that was of ſtrength and worth, but like Records
they file to after-ages. Our Regiſters,
the *Romanes*, are for noble deeds of honour;
and ſhall we burn their mentions with upbraidings?
Bon. No more, I ſee my ſelf: thou haſt made me, Couſin,
more then my fortunes durſt; for they abus'd me,
and wound me up ſo high, I ſwell'd with glory:
thy temperance has cur'd that Tympany,
and given me health again, nay, more diſcretion.
Shall we have peace? for now I love theſe *Romanes*.
Car. Thy love and hate are both unwiſe ones, Lady.
Bon. Your reaſon?
Nen. Is not Peace the end of Arms?
Car. Not where the cauſe implies a general Conqueſt:
had we a difference with ſome pettie Iſle,
or with our neighbours (Lady) for our Land-marks,
the taking in of ſome rebellious Lord,
or making a head againſt Commotions,
after a day of Blood, Peace might be argued:
But where we grapple for the ground we live on,
the Libertie we hold as dear as life,
the gods we worſhip, and next thoſe, our Honours,
and with thoſe ſwords that know no end of Battel:
thoſe men beſide themſelves allow no neighbout;
thoſe mindes that where the day is claim inheritance,
and where the ſun makes ripe the fruits, their harveſt,
and where they march, but meaſure out more ground
to adde to *Rome*, and here i' th' bowels on us;
it muſt not be; no, as they are our foes,
and thoſe that muſt be ſo until we tire 'em,
let 's uſe the peace of Honour, that 's fair dealing,
but in our ends, our ſwords. That hardy *Romane*
that hopes to graft himſelf into my ſtock,
muſt firſt begin his kinred under ground,
and be alli'd in aſhes.
Bon. *Caratach*,
as thou haſt nobly ſpoken, ſhall be done;
and *Hengo* to thy charge I here deliver:
the *Romanes* ſhall have worthy Wars.
Car. They ſhall.
And, little Sir, when your young bones grow ſtiffer,
and when I ſee ye able in a morning
to beat a dozen boys, and then to breakfaſt,
I'll tye ye to a ſword.
Heng. And what then, Uncle?

Car. Then ye muſt kill, Sir,the next valiant Romane
that calls ye knave.
Hengo. And muſt I kill but one?
Car. An hundred, boy, I hope.
Hengo. I hope five hundred.
Car. That 's a noble boy. Come, worthy Lady,
let's to our ſeveral charges, and henceforth
allow an enemy both weight and worth. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Junius and Petillius, two Romane Captains.

Petill. What ailſt thou, man? doſt thou want meat?
Jun. No.
Petill. Clothes?
Jun. Neither. For heavens love, leave me.
Petill. Drink?
Jun. Ye tire me.
Petill. Come, 't is drink; I know 't is drink.
Jun. 'T is no drink.
Petill. I ſay 't is drink: for what affliction
can light ſo heavie on a Souldier,
to dry him up as thou art, but no drink?
Thou ſhalt have drink.
Jun. Prethee, *Petillius*——
Petill. And by mine honour,much drink,valiant drink:
never tell me, thou ſhalt have drink. I ſee,
like a true friend, into thy wants: 'tis drink;
and when I leave thee to a deſolation,
eſpecially of that dry nature, hang me.
Jun. Why do you do this to me?
Petill. For I ſee,
although your modeſtie would fain conceal it,
which ſits as ſweetly on a Souldier,
as an old ſide-ſaddle.
Jun. What do you ſee?
Petill. I ſee as far as day, that thou want'ſt drink.
Did I not finde thee gaping like an Oyſter
for a new tide? thy very thoughts lie bare
like a lowe ebbe? thy ſoul that rid in Sack,
lies moor'd for want of liquor? Do but ſee
into thy ſelf; for by——I do:
for all thy body 's chapt, and crackt like timber
for want of moiſture: what thou wantſt there, *Junius*,
and if it be not drink.
Jun. You have too much on 't.
Petill. It may be a whore too;ſay it be: come,meecher,
thou ſhalt have both: a pretty valiant fellow,
die for a little lap and lechery?
no, it ſhall ne'er be ſaid in our Countrey,
thou dy'dſt o'th' Chin-cough. Heare, thou noble Romane,
the ſon of her that loves a Souldier,
hear what I promiſed for thee; thus I ſaid,
Lady, I take thy ſon to my companion,
Lady, I love thy ſon, thy ſon loves war,
the war loves danger, danger drink, drink diſcipline,
which is ſociety and lechery;
theſe two beget Commanders: fear not, Lady,
thy ſon ſhall lead.
Jun. 'T is a ſtrange thing, *Petillius*,
that ſo ridiculous and looſe a mirth
can maſter your affections.
Petill. Any mirth,
and any way, of any ſubject, *Junius*,
is better then unmanly muſtineſſe:
what harm's in drink, in a good wholeſom wench?
I do beſeech ye, Sir, what errour? yet
it cannot out of my head handſomly,
but thou wouldſt fain be drunk: come, no more fooling,
the General has new wine, new come over.
Jun. He muſt have new acquaintance for it too,
for I will none, I thank ye.
Pet. None, I thank ye?
a ſhort and touchie anſwer. None I thank ye:
ye do not ſcorn it, do ye?
Jun. Gods defend Sir;
I owe him ſtill more honour.
Pet. None, I thank ye:
no company, no drink, no wench, I thank ye.
Ye ſhall be worſe intreated, Sir.
Jun. *Petillius*,
as thou art honeſt, leave me.
Petill. None, I thank ye;
a modeſt and a decent reſolution,
and well put on. Yes, I will leave ye, *Junius*,
and leave ye to the boys, that very ſhortly
ſhall all ſalute ye, by your new ſirname
of *Junius* none I thank ye. I would ſtarve now,
hang, drown, deſpair, deſerve the forks, lie open
to all the dangerous paſſes of a wench,
bound to believe her tears, and wed her aches,
ere I would own thy follies. I have found ye,
your lays, and out-leaps *Junius*, haunts, and lodges:
I have view'd ye, and I have found ye by my skill
to be a fool o'th' firſt head, *Junius*,
and I will hunt ye: ye are in love, I know it:
ye are an aſſe, and all the Camp ſhall know
a peeviſh idle boy; your dame ſhall know it;
a wronger of my care; your ſelf ſhall know it.

Enter Corporal Judas, and four ſouldiers.

Iud. A Bean? a princely diet, a full banquet;
to what we compaſſe.
1 *Sould.* Fight like hogs for Acorns?
2 *Sould.* Venture our lives for pig-nuts?
Petill. What ail theſe Raſcals?
3 *Sould.* If this hold, we are ſtarv'd.
Iud. For my part, friends,
which is but twenty Beans a day, a hard world
for Officers, and men of action;
and thoſe ſo clipt by maſter mouſe, and rotten:
for underſtand 'em French Beans, where the fruits
are ripen'd like the people, in old tubs.
For mine own part, I ſay, I am ſtarv'd already,
not worth another Bean, conſum'd to nothing,
nothing but fleſh and bones left, miſerable:
now if this muſtie provender can prick me
to honourable matters of atchievement, Gentlemen,
why there's the point.
4 *Sould.* I'il fight no more.
Petill. You'll hang then,
a ſoveraign help for hunger. Ye eating Raſcals,
whoſe gods are Beef and Brewis, whoſe brave angers
do execution upon theſe, and Chibbals:
ye dogs heads i'th' porridge pot; you fight no more?
does Rome depend upon your reſolution
for eating mouldy pie-cruſt?
3 *Sould.* Would we had it.
Iud. I may do ſervice, Captain.
Petill. In a Fiſh-market.
You, Corporal Curry-comb, what will your fighting
profit the Common-wealth? do you hope to triumph,

or dare your vamping valour, good man Cobler,
clap a new ſoal to th' Kingdom? s' death, ye dog-whelps
you, fight, or not fight.

Jud. Captain.

Petill. Out, ye fleſh-flyes,
nothing but noyce and naſtineſſe.

Jud. Give us meat,
whereby we may do.

Petill. Whereby hangs your valor?

Jud. Good bits afford good blows.

Petill. A good poſition:
how long is't ſince thou eat'ſt laſt? wipe thy mouth,
and then tell truth.

Jud. I have not eat to th' purpoſe—   (lick?

Petill. To th' purpoſe? what's that? half a Cow, and Gar-
ye Rogues, my Company eat Turf, and talk not;
timber they can digeſt, and fight upon't;
old matts, and mud with ſpoons, rare meats. Your ſhoes,
dare ye cry out of hunger, and thoſe extant?   (ſlaves,
ſuck your Sword-hilts, ye ſlaves, if ye be valiant;
honour will make 'em march-pain: to the purpoſe?
a grievous penance. Doſt thou ſee that Gentleman,
that melancholy Monſieur?

Jun. Pray ye, *Petillius.*

Pet. He has not eat theſe three weeks.

2 *Sould.* 'has drunk the more then.

3 *Sould.* And that's all one.

Petill. Nor drunk nor ſlept theſe two months.

Jud. Captain, We do beſeech you as poor Souldiers,
men that have ſeen good days, whoſe mortal ſtomacks
may ſomtime feel afflictions.

Jun. This, *Petillius,*
is not ſo nobly done.

Petill. 'T is common profit;
urge him to th' point, he'll finde you out a food
that needs no teeth nor ſtomack; a ſtrange formity
will feed ye up as fat as hens i' th' foreheads,
and make ye fight like Fichocks, to him.

Jud. Captain.

Jun. Do you long to have your throats cut?

Petill. See what metal
it makes in him: two meals more of this melancholy,
and there lies *Caratach.*

Jud. We do beſeech ye.

2 *Sould.* Humbly beſeech your valour.

Jun. Am I onely
become your ſport, *Petillius?*

Jud. But to render
in way of general good, in preſervation.

Jun. Out of my thoughts, ye ſlaves.

4 *Sould.* Or rather pitie.

3 *Sould.* Your warlike remedy againſt the maw-worms.

Jud. Or notable receipt to live by nothing.

Petill. Out with your Table-books.

Jun. Is this true friendſhip?
and muſt my killing griefs make others *May*-games?
Stand from my ſwords point, ſlaves; your poor ſtarv'd ſpi-
can make me no oblations; elſe, O love,   (rits
thou proudly blind deſtruction, I would ſend thee
whole Hecatombs of hearts, to bleed my ſorrows.

Jud. Alas, he lives by love, Sir,   *Exit Junius.*

Petill. So he does, Sir,
and caunot you do ſo too? All my Company
are now in love, ne'er think of meat, nor talk
of what Provant is: aymees, and hearty hey-hoes,
are Sallets fit for Souldiers. Live by meat,
by larding up your bodies? 't is lewd, and lazie,
and ſhews ye meerly mortal, dull, and drives ye
to fight like Camels, with baskets at your noſes.
Get ye in love; ye can whore well enough,
that all the world knows: faſt ye into Famine,
yet ye can crawl like Crabs to wenches, handſomly.
Fall but in love now, as ye ſee example,
and follow it but with all your thoughts, *probatum,*
there's ſo much charge ſav'd, and your hungers ended.
Away, I hear the General: get ye in love all,   *Drum afar off.*
up to the ears in love, that I may hear
no more of theſe rude murmurings; and diſcreetly
carry your ſtomacks, or I propheſie
a pickel'd rope will choke ye. Jog, and talk not.   *Exeunt.*

Enter Swetonius, Demetrius, Decius, Drum, Colours.

Swet. *Demetrius,* is the meſſenger diſpatch'd
to *Penyus,* to command him to bring up
the Volans Regiment?

Dem. He's there by this time.

Swet. And are the horſe well view'd we brought from
                                                    (Mona?

Dec. The Troops are full, and luſty.

Swet. Good *Petillius,*
look to thoſe eating Rogues, that bawl for victuals,
and ſtop their throats a day or two: proviſion
waits but the winde to reach us.

Petill. Sir, already
I have been tampring with their ſtomacks, which I finde
as deaf as Adders to delays: your clemency
hath made their murmurs, mutinies, nay, rebellions:
now, and they want but Muſtard, they're in uproars:
no oil but Candy, Lucitanian figs,
and wine from Leſtos, now can ſatisfie 'em:
the Britiſh waters are grown dull and muddy,
the fruit diſguſtful: Orontes muſt be ſought for,
and Apples from the happie Iſles: the truth is,
they are more curious now in having nothing,
then if the ſea and land turn'd up their treaſures:
this loſt the Colonies, and gave *Bonduca*
(with ſhame we muſt record it) time and ſtrength
to look into our Fortunes; great diſcretion
to follow offered Victory; and laſt, full pride
to brave us to our teeth, and ſcorn our ruines.

Swet. Nay, chide not, good *Petillius,* I confeſſe
my will to conquer Mona, and long ſtay
to execute that will, let in theſe loſſes:
all ſhall be right again, and as a pine
rent from Oeta by a ſweeping tempeſt,
joynted again, and made a Maſt, defies
thoſe angry windes that ſplit him: ſo will I,
piec'd to my never-failing ſtrength and fortune,
ſteer thorow theſe ſwelling dangers, plow their prides up,
and bear like thunder through their loudeſt tempeſts:
they keep the field ſtill.

Dem. Confident and full.

Petill. In ſuch a number, one would ſwear they grew,
the hills are wooded with their partizans,
and all the valleys over-grown with darts,
as moors are with rank ruſhes: no ground left us
to charge upon, no room to ſtrike: ſay fortune
and our endeavours bring us in to 'em,
they are ſo infinite, ſo ever-ſpringing,
we ſhall be kill'd with killing; of deſperate women,
that neither fear, or ſhame ere found, the devill
has rankt amongſt 'em multitudes: ſay the men fail,
they'll poiſon us with their petticoats: ſay they fail,
they have prieſts enough to pray us into nothing.

Swet. Theſe are imaginations, dreams of nothings,
the man that doubts or fears.
Dec. I am free of both.
Dem. The ſelf-ſame I.
Petill. And I as free as any;
as careleſſe of my fleſh, of that we call life,
ſo I may loſe it nobly; as indifferent
as if it were my diet. Yet, noble General,
it was a wiſedom learn'd from you; I learn'd it,
and worthy of a Souldiers care, moſt worthy,
to weigh with moſt deliberate circumſtance
the ends of accidents, above their offers;
how to go on and get, to ſave a Romane,
whoſe one life is more worth in way of doing,
then millions of theſe painted waſps; how viewing
to finde advantage out; how, found, to follow it
with counſel and diſcretion, leſt meer fortune
ſhould claim the victory.
Swet. 'T is true, *Petillius*,
and worthily remembred: the rule's certain,
their uſes no leſſe excellent: but where time
cuts off occaſions, danger, time and all
tend to a preſent peril, 't is required
our Swords and Manhoods be beſt counſellors,
our expeditions, preſidents. To win, is nothing,
where reaſon, time and counſel are our Camp-maſters:
but there to bear the field, then to be conquerours,
where pale deſtruction takes us, takes us beaten,
in wants, and mutinies, our ſelves but handfuls,
and to our ſelves our own fears, needs a new way,
a ſudden and a deſperate execution:
here, how to ſave, is loſſe; to be wiſe, dangerous;
onely a preſent well-united ſtrength,
and mindes made up for all attempts, diſpatch it:
diſputing and delay here, cools the courage;
neceſſity gives time for doubts; things infinite,
according to the ſpirit they are preach'd to,
rewards like them; and names for after-ages,
muſt ſteel the Souldier; his own ſhame help to arm him;
and having forc'd his ſpirit, ere he cools,
fling him upon his enemies; ſudden and ſwift,
like Tygers amongſt Foxes, we muſt fight for 't:
Fury muſt be our Fortune; ſhame we have loſt,
ſpurs ever in our ſides to prick us forward:
there is no other wiſedom nor diſcretion
due to this day of ruine, but deſtruction;
the Souldiers order firſt, and then his anger.
Dem. No doubt they dare redeem all.
Swet. Then no doubt
the day muſt needs be ours. That the proud woman
is infinite in number, better likes me,
then if we dealt with ſquadrons: half her Army
ſhall choke themſelves, their own ſwords dig their graves.
I'll tell ye all my fears, one ſingle valour,
the vertues of the valiant *Caratach*
more doubts me then all Britain: he 's a Souldier
ſo forg'd out, and ſo temper'd for great fortunes,
ſo much man thruſt into him, ſo old in dangers,
ſo fortunate in all attempts, that his meer name
fights in a thouſand men, himſelf in millions,
to make him Romane. But no more. *Petillius*,
how ſtands your charge?
Petill. Ready for all employments,
to be commanded too, Sir.
Swet. 'T is well govern'd;
to morrow we'll draw out, and view the Cohorts:
i' th' mean time, all apply their Offices.
Where's *Junius*?
Petill. In 's Cabbin,
ſick o' th' mumps, Sir.
Swet. How?
Petill. In love, indeed in love, moſt lamentably loving,
to the tune of Queen *Dido*.
Dec. Alas poor Gentleman.
Swet. 'T will make him fight the nobler. With what
I'll be a ſpokeſman for him. (Lady?
Petill. You 'il ſcant ſpeed, Sir.
Swet. Who is 't?
Petill. The devils dam, *Bonduca* 's daughter,
her youngeſt, crackt i' th' ring.
Swet. I am ſorry for him:
but ſure his own diſcretion will reclaim him,
he muſt deſerve our anger elſe. Good Captains,
apply your ſelves in all the pleaſing forms
ye can, unto the Souldiers; fire their ſpirits,
and ſet 'em fit to run this action;
mine own proviſion ſhall be ſhar'd amongſt 'em,
till more come in: tell 'em, if now they conquer,
the fat of all the kingdom lies before 'em,
their ſhames forgot, their honours infinite,
and want for ever baniſht. Two days hence,
our fortunes, and our ſwords, and gods be for us. *Exeunt.*

Actus ſecundus.

Scæna Prima.

Enter Penyus, Regulus, Macer, Druſius.

Pen. I muſt come?
Ma. So the General commands, Sir.
Pen. I muſt bring up my Regiment?
Ma. Believe, Sir,
I bring no lye.
Pen. But did he ſay, I muſt come?
Ma. So delivered.
Pen. How long is 't, *Regulus*, ſince I commanded
in *Britain* here?
Reg. About five yeers, great *Penyus*.
Pen. The General ſome five months. Are all my actions
ſo poor, and loſt, my ſervices ſo barren,
that I 'm remembred in no nobler language
but Muſt come up?
Ma. I do beſeech ye, Sir,
weigh but the times eſtate.
Pen. Yes, good Lievtenant,
I do, and his that ſways it. Muſt come up?
Am I turn'd bare Centurion? Muſt, and ſhall,
fit embaſſes to court my honour?
Ma. Sir——
Pen. Set me to lead a handful of my men
againſt an hundred thouſand barbarous ſlaves
that have marcht name by name with Romes beſt doers?
ſerve 'em up ſome other meat; I'il bring no food
to ſtop the jaws of all thoſe hungry wolfs.
My Regiment 's mine own. I muſt, my language.
Enter Curius.
Cur. *Penyus*, where lies the hoſt?
Pen. Where Fate may finde 'em.
Cur. Are they ingirt?

Pen. The Battel's loſt.

Cur. So ſoon?

Pen. No; but 't is loſt, becauſe it muſt be won:
the Britains muſt be Victors. Who ere ſaw
a troop of bloody Vultures hovering
about a few corrupted carcaſes,
let him behold the ſilly Romane hoſt,
girded with millions of fierce Britain Swains,
with deaths as many as they have had hopes;
and then go thither, he that loves his ſhame;
I ſcorn my life, yet dare not loſe my name.

Cur. Do not you hold it a moſt famous end,
when both our names and lives are ſacrific'd
for Romes encreaſe?

Pen. Yes, *Curius*; but mark this too;
what glory is there, or what laſting fame
can be to Rome, or us? what full example,
when one is ſmother'd with a multitude,
and crowded in amongſt a nameleſſe preſſe?
Honour got out of flint, and on their heads
whoſe vertues, like the Sun, exhal'd all valours,
muſt not be loſt in miſts and fogs of people,
noteleſſe, and out of name, but rude and naked:
nor can *Rome* task us with impoſſibilities,
or bid us fight againſt a flood: we ſerve her,
that ſhe may proudly ſay ſhe has good ſouldiers,
nor ſlaves to choke all hazards. Who but fools,
that make no difference betwixt certain dying,
and dying well, would fling their fames and fortunes
into this Britain-gulf, this quickſand-ruine,
that ſinking, ſwallows us? What noble hand
can finde a ſubject fit for blood there? or what ſword
room for his execution? What air to cool us,
but poiſon'd with their blaſting breaths and curſes,
where we lie buried quick above the ground,
and are with labouring ſweat, and breathleſſe pain,
kill'd like to ſlaves, and cannot kill again?

Dru. *Penyus*, mark ancient Wars, and know that then
Captains weigh'd an hundred thouſand men.

Pen. *Druſius*, mark ancient wiſdom, and you'll finde then
he gave the overthrow that ſav'd his men.
I muſt not go.

Reg. The ſouldiers are deſirous,
their Eagles all drawn out, Sir.

Pen. Who drew up, *Regulus?*
ha? ſpeak: did you? whoſe bold will durſt attempt this?
drawn out? why, who commands, Sir? on whoſe warrant
durſt they advance?

Reg. I keep mine own obedience.

Dru. 'T is like the general cauſe, their love of honour,
relieving of their wants.

Pen. Without my knowledge?
am I no more? my place but at their pleaſures?
Come, who did this?

Dru. By—— Sir, I am ignorant.

Drum ſoftly within: then enter Souldiers with Drum and Colours.

Pen. What, am I grown a ſhadow? Heark, they march.
I will know, and will be my ſelf. Stand, diſobedience;
he that advances one foot higher, dies for 't.
Run thorow the Regiment upon your duties,
and charge 'em on command: beat back again,
by——I'll tith'em all elſe.

Reg. We'll do our beſt.

Exeunt Druſius and Regulus.

Pen. Back; ceaſe your bawling Drums there,
I'll beat the Tubs about your brains elſe. Back:
do I ſpeak with leſſe fear then Thunder to ye?
muſt I ſtand to beſeech ye? home, home: ha?
do ye ſtare upon me? Are thoſe mindes I moulded,
thoſe honeſt valiant tempers I was proud
to be a fellow to, thoſe great diſcretions
made your names fear'd and honour'd, turn'd to wildfires'
O gods, to diſobedience? Command, farewel;
and be ye witneſſe with me, all things ſacred,
I have no ſhare in theſe mens ſhames. March, Souldiers,
and ſeek your own ſad ruines; your old *Penyus*
dares not behold your murders.

Sould. Captain.

2 *Sould.* Captain.

3 *Sould.* Dear honour'd Captain.

Pen. Too too dear lov'd Souldiers,
which made ye weary of me: and heaven yet knows,
though in your mutinies, I dare not hate you;
Take your own wills; 't is fit your long experience
ſhould now know how to rule your ſelves: I wrong ye,
in wiſhing ye to ſave your lives and credits,
to keep your necks whole from the Ax hangs ore ye;
alas, I much diſhonour'd ye: go, ſeek the Britains,
and ſay ye come to glut their Sacrifices;
but do not ſay I ſent ye. What ye have been,
how excellent in all parts, good, and govern'd,
is onely left of my Command, for ſtory;
what now ye are, for pitie. Fare ye well.

Enter Druſius and Regulus.

Dru. Oh turn again, great *Penyus*; ſee the Souldier
in all points apt for duty.

Reg. See his ſorrow
for his diſobedience, which he ſays was haſte,
and haſte (he thought) to pleaſe you with. See, Captain,
the toughneſſe of his courage turn'd to water;
ſee how his manly heart melts.

Pen. Go, beat homeward,
there learn to eat your little with obedience,
and henceforth ſtrive to do as I direct ye.

Exeunt Souldiers.

Ma. My anſwer, Sir.

Pen. Tell the great General,
my Companies are no fagots to fill breaches;
my ſelf no man that muſt, or ſhall, can carry:
bid him be wiſe; and where he is, he 's ſafe then;
and when he findes out poſſibilities,
he may command me. Commend me to the Captains.

Ma. All this I ſhall deliver.

Pen. Farewel, *Macer.* *Exit Penyus.*

Cur. Pray gods this breed no miſchief.

Reg. It muſt needs,
if ſtout *Swetonius* win; for then his anger,
beſides the Souldiers loſſe of due, and honour,
will break together on him.

Dru. He's a brave fellow;
and but a little hide his haughtineſſe,
(which is but ſometimes neither, on ſome cauſes)
he ſhews the worthieſt *Romane* this day living.
You may, good *Curius*, to the General
make all things ſeem the beſt.

Cur. I ſhall endeavour:
pray for our fortunes, Gentlemen. If we fall,
this one farewel ſerves for a Funeral.
The gods make ſharp our ſwords, and ſteel our hearts;
we dare, alas, but cannot fight our parts.

Exeunt.

Scena

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Junius, Petillius and a Herald.

Petill. Let him go on: ſtay, now he talks.

Jun. Why?
why ſhould I love mine enemie? what is beauty?
of what ſtrange violence, that like the plague,
it works upon our ſpirits? blind they faign him,
I am ſure, I find it ſo.

Petill. A dog ſhall lead ye.

Jun. His fond affections blinder.

Petill. Hold ye there ſtill.

Jun. It takes away my ſleep,

Petill. Alas, poor chicken.

Jun. my company, content; almoſt my faſhion.

Petill. Yes, and your weight too, if you follow it.

Jun. 'Tis ſure the plague, for no man dare come neer me
without an Antidote: 'tis far worſe; Hell.

Petill. Thou art damn'd without redemption then.

Jun. The way to't
ſtrew'd with fair Weſtern ſmiles, and April bluſhes,
led by the brighteſt conſtellations; eyes,
and ſweet proportions, envying heaven: but from thence
no way to guide, no path, no wiſdome brings us.

Petill. Yes, a ſmart water, *Junius.*

Jun. Do I fool?
know all this, and fool ſtill? Do I know further,
that when we have enjoy'd our ends, we loſe 'em,
and all our appetites are but as dreams
wee laugh at in our ages.

Petil. Sweet Philoſopher!

Jun. Do I know on ſtill and yet know nothing? Mercie gods,
why am I thus ridiculous?

Petill. Motley on thee,
thou art an arrant Aſſe.

Jun. Can red and white,
an eye, a noſe, a cheek,

Petill. But one cheek, *Junius*?
an half-fac'd Miſtris?

Jun. with a little trim,
that wanton fools call Faſhion, thus abuſe mee?
take me beyond my reaſon? Why ſhould not I
doat on my horſe well trapt, my ſword well hatch'd?
they are as handſom things, to mee more uſefull,
and poſſible to rule too. Did I but love,
yet 'twere excuſable, my youth would bear it;
but to love there, and that no time can give me,
mine honour dare not ask: ſhee has been raviſh'd
my nature, muſt not know; ſhe hates our Nation.
Thus to diſpoſe my ſpirit!

Petill. Stay a little,
he will declame again.

Jun. I will not love; I am a man, have reaſon,
and I will uſe it: I'll no more tormenting,
nor whining for a wench, there are a thouſand,

Petill. Hold thee there boy.

Jun. A thouſand will intreat me.

Petill. Ten thouſand, *Junius.*

Jun. I am young and luſtie,
and to my faſhion valiant; can pleaſe nightly.

Petill. I'll ſwear thy back's *probatum*, for I have known thee
leap at ſixteen like a ſtrong Stallion.

Jun. I will be man again.

Petill. Now mark the working,
the divell and the ſpirit tug for't: twenty pound
upon the divels head.

Jun. I muſt be wretched.

Petill. I knew I had won.

Jun. Nor have I ſo much power
to ſhun my fortune.

Petill. I will hunt thy fortune
with all the ſhapes imagination breeds, *Muſick.*
but I will fright thy divell: Stay, he ſings now.

Song, by Junius, *and* Petillius *after him in mockage.*

Jun. Muſt I be thus abuſ'd?

Petill. Yes mary muſt ye.
Let's follow him cloſe: oh, there he is, now read it.

Herald reads. *It is the Generals command, that all ſick, perſons old and unable, retire within the Trenches; hee that fears his libertie, to leave the Field: Fools, boyes, and lovers muſt not come neer the Regiments, for fear of their infections; eſpecially thoſe Cowards they call Lovers.*

Jun. Hah?

Petill. Read on.

Herald. *If any common Souldier love an Enemie, hee's whip'd and made a ſlave: If any Captain; caſt, with loſſe of honours, flung out o'th' Army, and made unable ever after to bear the name of a Souldier.*

Jun. The ——— conſume ye all, Rogues. *Exit Jun.*

Petill. Let this work:
h'as ſomething now to chew upon: he's gone,
come, ſhake no more.

Her. Well, Sir, you may command me,
but not to doe the like again for Europe:
I would have given my life for a bent two-pence,
If I ere read to lovers whilſt I live again,
or come within their confines ——

Petill. There's your payment,
and keep this private.

Her. I am ſchool'd for talking. *Exit Herald.*

Enter Demetrius.

Petill. How now, *Demetrius*, are we drawn?

Dem. 'Tis doing:
Your Company ſtands fair; but pray ye, where's *Junius*?
half his command are wanting, with ſome forty
that *Decius* leads.

Petill. Hunting for victuals:
upon my life free-booting Rogues, their ſtomacks
are like a widows luſt, nere ſatisfied.

Dem. I wonder how they dare ſtir, knowing the enemy
Maſter of all the Countrey.

Petill. Reſolute hungers
know neither fears, nor faiths, they tread on ladders,
ropes, gallowes, and overdoe all dangers.

Dem. They may be hang'd though.

Petill. There's their joyfull ſupper,
and no doubt they are at it.

Dem. But for heavens ſake,
how does young *Junius*?

Petill. Drawing on, poor Gentleman.

Dem. What, to his end?

Petill. To th'end of all fleſh: woman.

Dem. This Love has made him a ſtout Souldier.

Petill. O, a great one,
fit to command young goſlings: but what news?

Dem. I think the meſſenger's come back from *Penyus*
by this time, let's go know.

Petill. What will you ſay now
if he deny to come, and take exceptions
at ſome half ſyllable, or ſound deliverd

with an ill accent, or ſome ſtile left out ?
Dem. I cannot think he dare.
Petill. He dare ſpeak treaſon,
dare ſay, what no man dares beleeve, dares doe ——
but that's all one : I'll lay you my black armour
to twenty crowns, he comes not.
Dem. Done.
Petill. You'll pay.
Dem. I will.
Petill. Then keep thine old uſe *Penyus*,
be ſtubborn and vain glorious, and I thank thee.
Come let's go pray for ſix hours : moſt of us
I fear, will trouble heaven no more : two good blowes
ſtruck home at two Commanders of the Britains,
and my part's done.
Dem. I do not think of dying.
Petill. 'Tis poſſible we may live. But *Demetrius*,
with what ſtrange legs, and arms, and eyes, and noſes,
let Carpenters and Copper-ſmiths conſider.
If I can keep my heart whole, and my wind-pipe,
that I may drink yet like a Souldier ——
Dem. Come, let's have better thoughts ; mine's on your Armour.
Petil. Mine's in your purſe, Sir : Let's go try the wager.
Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Judas and his four Companions (halters about their necks) *Bonduca, her Daughters, Nennius following.*

Bon. Come, hang 'm preſently.
Nen. What made your Rogueſhips
harrying for victuals here ? Are we your friends ?
or doe you come for Spies ? tell me directly, (for't ?
Would you not willingly be hang'd now ? do not ye long
Jud. What ſay ye ? ſhall wee hang in this vain ? Hang
and 'tis as good to diſpatch it merrily, (we muſt,
as pull an arſe like dogs to't.
1. *Soul.* Any way,
ſo it be handſome.
3. *Soul.* I had as lief 'twere toothſom too : but all agree,
and I'll not out Boyes.
4. *Soul.* Let's hang pleſantly.
Jud. Then pleſantly be it : Captain, the truth is,
we had as lief hang with meat in our mouthes,
as ask your pardon empty.
Bon. Theſe are brave hungers.
What ſay you to a leg of Beef now, ſirha ?
Jud. Bring me acquainted with it, and I'll tell ye.
Bon. Torment 'em wenches : I muſt back ; then hang
Jud. We humbly thank your Grace. ('em.
1. *Daugh.* The Rogues laugh at us.
2. *Daugh.* Sirha, What think you of a wench now ?
Jud. A wench, Lady ?
I do beſeech your Ladiſhip, retire,
I'll tell ye preſently, ye ſee the time's ſhort ;
one craſh ; even to the ſetling of my conſcience.
Nen. Why, is't no more but up, boyes ?
Jud. Yes, ride too Captain.
Will you but ſee my ſeat ?
1. *Daugh.* Ye ſhall be ſet, Sir,
upon a Jade ſhall ſhake ye.
Jud. Sheets, good Madam,
will do it ten times better.
1. *Daugh.* Whips, good Souldier,
which ye ſhall taſte before ye hang, to mortifie ye ;
'tis pitie ye ſhould die thus deſperate. (caps,
2. *Daugh.* Theſe are the merry Romans, the brave mad-
'tis ten to one wee'll cool your reſolutions.
Bring out the whips.
Jud. Would your good Ladyſhips
would exerciſe 'em too.
4. *Soul.* Surely Ladies,
we'ld ſhew you a ſtrange patience.
Nen. Hang 'em, Raſcals,
they'l talk thus on the wheel. *Enter Caratach.*
Car. Now what's the matter ?
What are theſe fellows ? whats the crime committed,
that they wear necklaces ?
Nen. They are Roman Rogues,
taken a forraging.
Car. Is that all, *Nennius* ?
Jud. Would I were fairly hang'd ; this is the divell,
the kill-cow *Caratach.*
Car. And you would hang 'em.
Nen. Are they not enemies ?
1. *Soul.* My breech makes buttons.
1. *Daugh.* Are they not our tormentors ?
Car. Tormentors ? Flea-traps.
Pluck off your halters, fellows.
Nen. Take heed, *Caratach*,
taint not your wiſdome.
Car. Wiſdome, *Nennius* ?
why, who ſhall fight againſt us, make our honours,
and give a glorious day into our hands,
if we diſpatch our foes thus ? what's their offence ?
ſtealing a loafe or two to keep out hunger,
a piece of greazie bacon, or a pudding ?
do theſe deſerve the gallows ? They are hungry,
poor hungry knaves, no meat at home left, ſtarv'd :
Art thou not hungry ?
Jud. Monſtrous hungry.
Car. He looks like hungers ſelf : get 'em ſome victuals,
and wine to cheer their hearts, quick : Hang up poor pil-
2. *Soul.* This is the braveſt Captain —— (chers ?
Nen. *Caratach*,
I'll leave you to yonr will.
Car. I'll anſwer all, Sir.
2. *Daugh.* Let's up, and view his entertainment of 'em.
I am glad they are ſhifted any way, their tongues elſe
would ſtill have murdred us.
1. *Daugh.* Let's up, and ſee it. *Exeunt.*
Enter Hengo.
Car. Sit down poor knaves : why, where's this wine and victuals ?
who waites there ?
Suit. within. Sir, 'tis coming.
Hen. Who are theſe Uncle ?
Car. They are Romans, Boy.
Hen. Are theſe they
that vex mine Aunt ſo ? can theſe fight ? they look
like emptie ſcabbards, all, no mettle in 'em,
like men of clouts, ſet to keep crows from orchards ;
why, I dare fight with theſe.
Car. That's my good chicken. And how do ye ?
how do you feel your ſtomacks ?
Jud. Wondrous apt, Sir,
as ſhall appear when time calls.
Car. That's wel, down with't,
a little grace will ſerve your turns : eat ſoftly,

you'll choak ye knaves elſe: give 'em wine.
Jud. Not yet, Sir,
we're even a little buſie.
Hen. Can that fellow
do any thing but eat? thou fellow.
Jud. Away Boy,
away, this is no boyes play.
Hen. By ———, Uncle,
if his valour lie in's teeth, he's the moſt valiant.
Car. I am glad to hear ye talk, Sir.
Hen. Good Uncle tell me,
What's the price of a couple of cramm'd Romans?
Car. Some twenty Britains boy; theſe are good ſoldiers,
Hen. Do not the cowards eat hard too?
Car. No more, boy.
Come, I'll ſit with you too; ſit down by me, boy.
Jud. Pray bring your diſh then.
Car. Hearty knaves: More meat there.
1. *Soul.* That's a good hearing.
Car. Stay now and pledge me.
Jud. This little piece Sir.
Car. By ——— ſquare eaters,
More meat I ſay: upon my conſcience
the poor Rogues have not eat this month: how terribly
they charge upon their victuals: dare ye fight thus?
Jud. Beleeve it ſir, like devils.
Car. Wel ſaid famine,
Here's to thy General.
Jud. Moſt excellent Captain, I wil now pledge thee.
Car. And to morrow night, ſay to him,
His head is mine.
Jud. I can aſſure ye Captain,
He wil not give it for this waſhing.
Car. Wel ſaid. *Daughters above.*
1. *Daugh.* Here's a ſtrange entertainment: how the theeves drink.
2. *Daug.* Danger is dry, they look'd for colder liquor.
Car. Fil 'em more wine, give 'em ful bowls; which of you all now
in recompence of this good, dare but give me
a ſound knock in the Battell?
Jud. Delicate Captain,
to doe thee a ſufficient recompence,
I'll knock thy brains out.
Car. Do it.
Hen. Thou dar'ſt as well be damn'd: thou knock his brains out,
thou skin of man? Uncle, I will not hear this.
Jud. Tie up your whelp.
Hen. Thou kill my Uncle?
Would I had but a ſword for thy ſake, thou dry'd dog.
Car. What a mettle
this little vermine caries.
Hen. Kill mine Uncle?
Car. He ſhall not, child.
Hen. He cannot: he's a Rogue,
an onely eating Rogue: Kill my ſweet Uncle?
oh that I were a man.
Jud. By this wine,
which I will drink to Captain *Janius*, (daughter
who loves the Queens moſt excellent Majeſties little
moſt ſweetly, and moſt fearfully, I will do it.
Hen. Uncle, I'll kill him with a great pin.
Car. No more, Boy.
I'll pledge thy Captain: To ye all, good Fellows.
2. *Daugh.* In love with me? that love ſhall coſt your lives all:
Come Siſter, and adviſe me; I have here
a way to make an eaſie conqueſt of 'em,
if fortune favour me.
Car. Let's ſee ye ſweat
to morrow, blood and ſpirit, Boyes, this wine
turn'd to ſterne valour.
1. *Soul.* Heark ye *Judas*,
if he ſhould hang us after all this.
Jud. Let him:
I'll hang like a Gentleman, and a Roman.
Car. Take away there,
they have enough.
Jud. Captain, wee thank you heartily
for your good cheer, and if we meet to morrow,
one of us payes for't.
Car. Get 'em guides, their wine *Enter 2d Daughter*
has over maſter'd 'em. *and a Servant.*
2. *Daugh.* That hungry fellow
with the red beard there, give it him, and this,
to ſee it well deliverd.
Car. Farewell, knaves;
ſpeak nobly of us, keep your words to morrow,
Enter a Guide.
and doe ſomething worthy your meat. Go, guide 'em,
and ſee 'em fairly onward.
Jud. Meaning me, Sir?
Serv. The ſame.
The youngeſt daughter to the Queen intreats ye
to give this privately to Captain *Junius*,
this for your pains.
Jud. I reſt her humble ſervant.
Commend me to thy Lady. Keep your files, boyes.
Serv. I muſt inſtruct ye farther.
Jud. Keep your files there.
Order, ſweet friends: faces about now.
Guide. Here Sir,
here lies your way.
Jud. 'Bleſſe the founders, I ſay.
Fairly, good ſouldiers, fairly march now: cloſe, boyes.
Exeunt.

Scæna quarta.

Enter Swetonius, Petillius, Demetrius,
Decius, Macer.

Swet. Bid me be wiſe, and keep me where I am,
and ſo be ſafe: not come, becauſe commanded;
Was it not thus?
Ma. It was, Sir.
Petill. What now think ye?
Swet. *Muſt come*, ſo hainous to him, ſo diſtaſtefull?
Petill. Give me my money.
Dem. I confeſſe 'tis due Sir,
and preſently I'll pay it.
Swet. His obedience
ſo blind at his yeers and experience,
it cannot find where to be tendred?
Ma. Sir,
the Regiment was willing, and advanc'd too,
the Captains at all points ſteel'd up; their preparations
full of reſolve, and confidence; Youth and fire,
like the fair breaking of a glorious day,
guilded their Falanx: when the angrie *Penyus*
ſtept like a ſtormy cloud 'twixt them and hopes.
Swet. And ſtopt their reſolutions?

Ma. True: his reaſon
to them was ods, and ods ſo infinite,
diſcretion durſt not look upon.
Swet. Well *Penyus*,
I cannot think thee coward yet; and treacherous
I dare not think: thou haſt lopt a limb off from me,
and let it be thy glory, thou waſt ſtubborn,
thy wiſdome, that thou leftſt thy Generall naked:
Yet ere the Sun ſet, I ſhall make thee ſee,
all valour dwels not in thee; all command
in one experience. Thou wilt too late repent this,
and wiſh, I muſt come up, had been thy bleſſing.
Petill. Let's force him.
Swet. No, by no means; he's a torrent
we cannot eaſily ſtemme.
Petill. I think, a Traitor.
Swet. No il words: let his own ſhame firſt revile him.
That wine I have, ſee it (*Demetrius*)
diſtributed amongſt the ſouldiers,
to make 'em high and luſtie: when that's done,
Petillius, give the word through, that the Eagles
may preſently advance: no man diſcover,
upon his life, the enemies full ſtrength,
but make it of no value: *Decius*,
are your ſtarv'd people yet come home?
Dec. I hope ſo.
Swet. Keep 'em in more obedience: This is no time
to chide, I could be angry elſe, and ſay more to ye:
But come, let's order all: whoſe ſword is ſharpeſt,
and valour equall to his ſword this day,
ſhall be my ſaint.
Petill. We ſhall be holy all then. *Exeunt.*

Enter Judas and his company.

Jud. Captain, Captain, I have brought 'em off again;
the drunkeneſt ſlaves.
Dec. ——— confound your Rogueſhips;
I'll call the Generall, and have ye hang'd all.
Jud. Pray who will you command then?
Dec. For you, ſirha,
that are the ring-leader to theſe deviſes,
whoſe maw is never cramm'd, I'll have an engine.
Jud. A wench, ſweet Captain.
Dec. Sweet *Judas*, even the Forks.
where ye ſhall have two Lictors with two whips
hammer your hide.
Jud. Captain, good words, fair words,
ſweet words, good Captain; if you like not us,
farewell, we have imployment.
Dec. Where haſt thou been?
Jud. There where you dare not be with all your valour.
Dec. Where's that?
Jud. With the beſt good-fellow living.
1 *Soul.* The king of all good-fellows.
Dec. Who's that?
Jud. *Caratach.*
Shake now, and ſay, wee have done ſomething worthie,
mark me; with *Caratach*: By this —— *Caratach*:
Do you aſmuch now and you dare: ſweet *Caratach*.
Ye talk of a good fellow, of true drinking;
wel, go thy waies, old *Caratach*: beſides the drink Captain,
the braveſt running banquet of black puddings,
peeces of glorious beef.
Dec. How ſcapt ye hanging?
Jud. Hanging's a dogs death: we are Gentlemen,
and I ſay ſtill, Old *Caratach*.
Dec. Belike then,
you are turn'd Rebels all.
Jud. We are Roman boyes all,
and boyes of mettle: I muſt doe that Captain,
this day, this very day.
Dec. Away, ye Raſcal.
Jud. Fair words, I ſay again.
Dec. What muſt you doe, Sir?
Jud. I muſt do that my heart-ſtrings yern to do:
but my word's paſt.
Dec. What is it?
Jud. Why, kill *Caratach*.
that's all he ask'd us for our entertainment.
Dec. More then you'll pay.
Jud. Would I had ſold my ſelf
unto the skin, I had not promiſ'd it:
for ſuch another *Caratach*.
Dec. Come Fool,
have ye done your Country ſervice?
Jud. I have brought that
to Captain *Junius*.
Dec. How?
Jud. I think will doe all:
I cannot tell, I think ſo.
Dec. How? to *Junius*?
I'll more enquire of this: You'll fight now?
Jud. Promiſe:
take heed of promiſe, Captain.
Dec. Away, and rank then.
Jud. But heark ye Captain, there is wine diſtributing,
I would fain know what ſhare I have.
Dec. Be gone,
ye have too much.
Jud. Captain, no wine, no fighting.
there's one call'd *Caratach*, that has wine.
Dec. Well Sir,
if you'll be rul'd now, and doe well.
Jud. Doe excellent.
Dec. Ye ſhall have wine, or any thing: goe file;
I'll ſee ye have your ſhare: drag out your dormiſe,
and ſtow 'em ſomwhere, where they may ſleep handſomly,
they'l hear a hunt's up ſhortly.
Jud. Now I love thee:
but no more Forks nor Whips.
Dec. Deſerve 'em not then:
up with your men, I'll meet ye preſently;
and get 'em ſober quickly.
Jud. Arm, arm, Bullyes;
all's right again and ſtraight; and which is more,
more wine, more wine: Awake ye men of Memphis,
be ſober and diſcreet, we have much to do boyes. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Scæna Prima.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Prepare there for the Sacrifice, the Queen comes.

Muſick.

Enter in Solemnity, the Druids ſinging, the ſecond Daughter ſtrewing flowers: then Bonduca, Caratach, Nennius, and others.

Bond. Ye powerfull gods of Britain, hear our prayers;
hear us you great Revengers, and this day

take pitie from our ſwords, doubt from our valours,
double the ſad remembrance of our wrongs
in every breſt; the vengeance due to thoſe
make infinite and endleſſe: on our pikes
this day pale terror ſit, horrors and ruines
upon our executions; claps of thunder
hang on our armed carts, and 'fore our Troops
deſpair and death; ſhame beyond theſe attend 'em.
Riſe from the duſt, ye relicks of the dead,
whoſe noble deeds our holy Druids ſing,
oh riſe, ye valiant bones, let not baſe earth
oppreſſe your honours, whileſt the pride of Rome
treads on your Stocks, and wipes out all your ſtories.
Nen. Thou great *Tiranes*, whom our ſacred Prieſts,
armed with dreadfull thunder, place on high
above the reſt of the immortall gods,
ſend thy conſuming fires and deadly bolts,
and ſhoot 'em home; ſtick in each Roman heart
a fear fit for confuſion; blaſt their ſpirits,
dwell in 'em to deſtruction; thorow their Phalanx
ſtrike, as thou ſtrik'ſt a proud tree; ſhake their Bodies,
make their ſtrengths totter, and their topleſſe fortunes
unroot, and reel to ruine.
1. Daugh. O thou god,
thou feared god, if ever to thy juſtice
inſulting wrongs, and raviſhments of women,
women deriv'd from thee, their ſhames, the ſuffrings
of thoſe that daily fill'd thy Sacrifice
with virgin incenſe, have acceſſe, now hear me,
now ſnatch thy thunder up, now on theſe Romans,
deſpiſers of thy power, of us defacers,
revenge thy ſelf: take to thy killing anger,
to make thy great work full, thy juſtice ſpoken,
an utter rooting from this bleſſed Iſle
of what Rome is or has been.
Bon. Give more incenſe,
the gods are deafe and drowſie; no happy flame
riſes to raiſe our thoughts: Pour on.
2. Daugh. See heaven,
and all you pow'rs that guide us, ſee, and ſhame
we kneel ſo long for pitie over your Altars;
ſince 'tis no light oblation that you look for,
no incenſe offring, will I hang mine eyes;
and as I wear theſe ſtones with hourly weeping,
ſo will I melt your pow'rs into compaſſion.
This tear for *Proſutagus* my brave Father,
ye gods, now think on Rome; this for my Mother,
and all her miſeries; yet ſee, and ſave us:
but now ye muſt be open ey'd. See, heaven,
O ſee thy ſhowrs ſtoln from thee; our diſhonours,
A ſmoak from the Altar.
O ſiſter, our diſhonours: can ye be gods,
and theſe ſins ſmother'd?
Bon. The fire takes.
Car. It does ſo,
but no flame riſes. Ceaſe your fetrfull prayers,
your whinings, and your tame petitions;
the gods love courage arm'd with confidence,
and prayers fit to pull them down: weak tears
and troubled hearts, the dull twins of cold ſpirits,
they ſit and ſmile at. Hear how I ſalute 'em:
Divine *Audate*, thou who hold'ſt the reins
of furious Battels, and diſordred War,
and proudly roll'ſt thy ſwarty chariot wheels
ver the heaps of wounds, and carcaſſes,
iling through ſeas of bloud; thou ſure-ſteel'd ſternneſſe,
give us this day good hearts, good enemies,
good blowes o' both ſides, wounds that fear or flight
can claim no ſhare in; ſteel us both with angers,
and warlike executions fit thy viewing;
let Rome put on her beſt ſtrength, and thy Britain,
thy little Britain, but as great in fortune,
meet her as ſtrong as ſhee, as proud, as daring;
and then look on, thou red ey'd god: who does beſt,
reward with honour; who deſpair makes flie,
unarme for ever, and brand with infamie:
Grant this, divine *Audate*, 't is but Juſtice;
and my firſt blow thus on thy holy Altar *A flame ariſes.*
I ſacrifiſe unto thee.
Bon. It flames out. *Muſick.*
Car. Now ſing ye Druides. *Song.*
Bon. 'Tis out again.
Car. H'as given us leave to fight yet; we ask no more,
the reſt hangs in our reſolutions:
tempt him no more.
Bon. I would know further Coſen,
Car. His hidden meaning dwels in our endeavours;
our valours are our beſt gods. Cheer the ſouldier,
and let him eat.
Meſſ. He's at it, Sir.
Car. Away then;
when he has done, let's march. Come, fear not Lady,
this day the Roman gains no more ground here,
but what his body lies in.
Bond. Now I am confident. *Exeunt.*
Recorders.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Junius, Curius, Decius.

Dec. We dare not hazzard it: beſide our lives,
it forfeits all our underſtandings.
Jun. Gentlemen,
Can ye forſake me in ſo juſt a ſervice,
a ſervice for the Common-wealth, for Honour?
Read but the Letter; you may love too.
Dec. Read it:
if there be any ſafety in the circumſtance,
or likelihood 'tis love, we will not faile ye.
Read it good *Curius*.
Cur. Willingly.
Jun. Now mark it.
Cur. reads. Health to thy heart, my honourd *Junius*,
and all thy love requited: I am thine,
thine everlaſtingly, thy love has won me,
and let it breed no doubt; our new acquaintance
compels this, 'tis the gods decree to bleſſe us.
The times are dangerous to meet; yet fail not,
by all the love thou bear'ſt me I conjure thee,
without diſtruſt of danger, to come to me,
for I have purpoſ'd a delivery
both of my ſelf and fortune this bleſt day
into thy hands, if thou thinkſt good: to ſhew thee
how infinite my love is, even my Mother
ſhall be thy priſoner, the day yours without hazzard;
for I beheld your danger like a Lover,
a juſt affecter of thy faith: Thy goodneſſe,
I know, will uſe us nobly, and our marriage,
if not redeem, yet leſſen Romes Ambition.
I am weary of theſe miſeries: Uſe my Mother,

(if you intend to take her) with all honour,
and let this diſobedience to my parents
be laid on love, not me. Bring with thee, *Junius*,
ſpirits reſolv'd to fetch me off, the nobleſt,
forty will ſerve the turn; juſt at the joyning
of both the Battels, we will be weakly guarded;
and for a guide, within this hour ſhall reach thee
a faithfull friend of mine: the gods, my *Junius*,
keep thee, and me to ſerve thee: Young *Bonvica.*

Cur. This letter carries mnch belief, and moſt objections
anſwet'd, we muſt have doubted.

Dec. Is that fellow
come to ye for a guide yet?

Jun. Yes.

Dec. And examin'd?

Jun. Far more then that; he has felt tortures, yet
he vows he knows no more then this truth.

Dec. Strange.

Cur. If ſhe mean what ſhe writes, as 't may be probable,
'twill be the happieſt vantage we can lean to.

Jun. I'll pawn my ſoul ſhe means truth.

Dec. Think an hour more,
then if your confidence grow ſtronger on ye,
we'll ſet in with ye.

Jun. Nobly done; I thank ye;
ye know the time.

Cur. We will be either ready
to give ye preſent counſell, or joyne with ye.

Enter Swetonius, Petillius, and Demetrius, Macer.

Jun. No more as ye are Gentlemen. The Generall.

Swet. Draw out a pace, the enemy waits for us;
Are ye all ready?

Jun. All our Troops attend, Sir.

Swet. I am glad to hear you ſay ſo, *Junius.*
I hope ye are diſpoſſeſt.

Jun. I hope ſo too, Sir.

Swet. Continue ſo. And Gentlemen, to you now;
To bid you fight is needleſſe, ye are Romans,
the name will fight it ſelf; To tell ye who
you go to fight againſt, his power, and nature,
but loſſe of time: ye know it, know it poor,
and oft have made it ſo. To tell ye further,
his Bodie ſhowes more dreadfull then it has done,
to him that fears, leſſe poſſible to deal with,
is but to ſtick more honour on your Actions,
load ye with vertuous names, and to your memories
tie never dying time, and fortune conſtant.
Go on in full aſſurance, draw your ſwords
as daring and as confident as Juſtice;
the gods of Rome fight for ye; loud Fame calls ye,
pitch'd on the topleſſe Perinine, and blows
to all the under world: all Nations,
the ſeas, and unfrequented deſerts, where the ſnow dwels,
wakens the ruin'd monuments, and there
where nothing but eternall death and ſleep is,
informs again the dead bones. With your vertues,
go on, I ſay, valiant and wiſe, rule heaven,
and all the great aſpects attend 'em. Do but blow
upon this Enemy, who, but that we want foes,
cannot deſerve that name; and like a myſt,
a lazie fog, before your burning valours
you'll finde him flie to nothing. This is all,
We have ſwords, and are the ſons of ancient Romans,
heirs to their endleſſe valours, fight and conquer.

De. Dem. 'Tis done.

Petill. That man that loves not this day,
and hugs not in his arms the noble danger,
may he die fameleſſe and forgot.

Swet. Sufficient,
up to your Troops, and let your drums beat thunder,
march cloſe, and ſudden like a tempeſt: all executions
March.
done without ſparkling of the Body: keep your phalanx
ſure lin'd, and piec'd together; your pikes forward,
and ſo march like a moving Fort: ere this day run,
we ſhal have ground to add to Rome, wel won. *Exeunt.*

Scæna tertia.

Enter Caratach and Nennius.

Nen. The Roman is advanc'd from yound' hils brow,
we may behold him, *Caratach.* *A March.*
Drums within at one place afar off.

Car. Let's thither,
I ſee the duſt flie. Now I ſee the Body,
obſerve 'em, *Nennius*; by ——— a handſome Body,
and of a few, ſtrongly and wiſely joynted:
Swetonius is a Souldier.

Nen. As I take it,
that's hee that gallops by the Regiments,
viewing their preparations.

Car. Very likely,
he ſhews no leſſe then Generall: ſee how bravely
the Body moves, and in the head how proudly
the Captains ſtick like plumes: hee comes apace on;
good *Nennius* go, and bid my ſtout Leutenant
bring on the firſt ſquare Bodie to oppoſe 'em,
and as he charges, open to encloſe 'em:
the Queen move next with hers, and wheel about,
to gain their backs, in which I'll lead the Vantguard.
We ſhall have bloody crowns this day, I ſee by 't;
Haſte thee good *Nennius*, I'll follow inſtantly.
Exit Nennius.
How cloſe they march, as if they grew together? *March.*
no place but lin'd alike: ſure from oppreſſion;
they will not change this figure: we muſt charge 'em,
and charge 'em home at both ends, Van and Rere,
Drums in another place afar off.
they never totter elſe. I hear our Muſick,
and muſt attend it: Hold good ſword, but this day,
and bite hard where I hound thee, and hereafter
I'll make a relique of thee, for young Souldiers
to come like Pilgrimes to, and kiſſe for Conqueſts.
Exit.

Scæna quarta.

Enter Junius, Curius, and Decius.

Jun. Now is the time, the fellow ſtayes.

Dec. What think yee?

Cur. I think 'tis true.

Jun. Alas, if 'twere a queſtion,
if any doubt or hazzard fell into 't,
do ye think mine own diſcretion ſo ſelf-blinde,
my care of you ſo naked, to run headlong?

Dec. Let's take *Petillius* with us.

Jun. By no means:
hee's never wiſe but to himſelf, nor courteous,
but where the end's his own: we are ſtrong enough,
if not too many. Behind yonder hill

the fellow tels me ſhe attends, weak guarded,
her Mother and her Siſter.
Cur. I would venture.
Jun. Wee ſhall not ſtrike five blows for't: weigh the
the generall good may come. (good,
Dec. Away, I'll with ye,
but with what doubt?
Jun. Fear not, my ſoul for all. *Exeunt.*
Alarms, Drums and Trumpets in ſeverall places afar off, as at a main Battell.

Scæna quinta.

Enter Druſus and Penyus above.
Dru. Here ye may ſee 'em all, Sir; from this hill
the Country ſhews off levell.
Pen. Gods defend me,
what multitudes they are, what infinites?
the Roman power ſhews like a little Star
hedg'd with a double halloa. Now the knell rings,
Loud Shouts.
Hark how they ſhout to th' battell; how the air
totters and reels, and rends apieces, *Druſus*,
with the huge vollied clamours.
Dru. Now they charge.
oh gods, of all ſides, fearfully.
Pen. Little Rome,
ſtand but this growing *Hydra* one ſhort hour,
and thou haſt out-done *Hercules.*
Dru. The duſt hides 'em,
we cannot ſee what follows.
Pen. They are gone,
gone, ſwallow'd, *Druſus*; this eternall Sun
ſhall never ſee 'em march more.
Dru. O turn this way,
and ſee a modell of the field, ſome forty,
againſt four hundred.
Pen. Well fought, bravely follow'd;
O nobly charg'd again, charg'd home too: *Druſus*,
they ſeem to carry it: now they charge all, *Loud.*
cloſe, cloſe, I ſay; they follow it: ye gods,
Can there be more in men? more daring ſpirits?
ſtil they make good their fortunes. Now they are gone too,
for ever gone: ſee *Druſus*, at their backs
a fearfull Ambuſh riſes. Farewell valours,
excellent valours: O Rome, Where's thy wiſdome?
Dru. They are gone indeed, Sir.
Pen. Look out toward the Army,
I am heavie with theſe ſlaughters.
Dru. 'Tis the ſame ſtill,
cover'd with duſt and fury. *Enter the two Daughters, with Junius, Curius, Decius, and Souldiers.*
2. Daugh. Bring 'em in,
tie 'em, and then unarm 'em.
1. Daugh. Valiant Romans,
ye are welcome to your Loves,
2. Daugh. Your death, fools.
Dec. We deſerve 'em,
and women do your worſt.
1. Daug. Ye need not beg it.
2. Daug. Which is kinde *Junius*?
Serv. This.
2 Dau. Are you my ſweet heart?
It looks ill on't: how long is't, pretty ſoul,
ſince you and I firſt lov'd? Had we not reaſon
to doat extreamly upon one another?
How does my Love? this is not he: my chicken
could prate finely, ſing a love-ſong.
Jun. Monſter.
2. Daugh. Oh, now it courts.
Jun. Arm'd with more malice
then he that got thee has the divell.
2. Daugh. Good.
Proceed, ſweet Chick.
Jun. I hate thee, that's my laſt.
2. Daug. Nay, and ye love me, forward: No? Come
let's prick our anſwers on our arrows points, (ſiſter,
and make 'em laugh a little. Ye damn'd Leachers,
ye proud improvident fools, have we now caught ye?
are ye i'th' nooſe? Since ye are ſuch loving creatures,
wee'll be your *Cupids*: Do ye ſee theſe arrows?
wee'll ſend 'em to your wanton livers, goats.
1. Dau. O how I'll trample on your hearts, ye villains,
ambitious ſalt-itcht ſlaves: Romes maſter ſins,
the mountain Rams topt your hot mothers.
2. Daugh. Dogs,
to whoſe brave Founders a ſalt whore gave ſuck;
theeves, honours hangmen, do ye grin? perdition
take me for ever, if in my fell anger, *Enter Caratach.*
I doe not out-doe all example.
Car. Where,
where are theſe Ladies? ye keep noble quarter,
your mother thinks ye dead or taken; upon which,
ſhe will not move her Battell. Sure theſe faces
I have beheld and known, they are Roman Leaders,
How came they here?
2. Daugh. A trick Sir, that we uſ'd,
a certain policie conducted 'em
unto our ſnare: we have done ye no ſmall ſervice;
theſe uſ'd as we intend, we are for th' battell.
Car. As you intend? taken by treachery?
1. Daugh. Is't not allow'd?
Car. Thoſe that ſhould gild our Conqueſt,
make up a Battell worthie of our winning,
catch'd up by craft?
2. Daugh. By any means that's lawfull.
Car. A womans wiſdome in our triumphs? Out,
out ye ſluts, ye follies; from our ſwords
filch our revenges baſely? Arm again, Gentlemen:
Souldiers, I charge ye help 'em.
2. Daugh. By ——— Uncle,
we will have vengeance for our rapes.
Car. By ———
you ſhould have kept your legs cloſe then: diſpatch there.
1. Daugh. I will not off thus.
Car. He that ſtirs to execute,
or ſhe, though it be your ſelves, by him that got me,
ſhall quickly feel mine anger: one great day given us,
not to be ſnatch'd out of our hands but baſely;
and muſt we ſhame the gods from whence we have it,
with ſetting ſnares for Souldiers? I'll run away firſt,
be hooted at, and children call me coward,
before I ſet up ſcales for Victories;
Give 'em their ſwords.
2. Daug. O gods.
Car. Bear off the women
unto their Mother.
2. Dau. One ſhot, gentle Uncle.
Car. One cut her fiddle-ſtring: Bear 'em off I ſay.
1. Dau. The ——— take this fortune.

Cara. Learn to ſpin,
and curſe your knotted hemp : goe Gentlemen,
Exeunt Daughters.
ſafely go off, up to your troops : be wiſer,
there thank me like tall Souldiers : I ſhall ſeek ye.
Exit Caratach.

Cur. A noble worth.

Dec. Well *Junius.*

Jun. Pray ye no more.

Cur. He bluſhes, do not load him.

Dec. Where's your love now ? *Drums loud again.*

Jun. Puffe,there it flies : Come,let's redeem our follies.
Exeunt Junius, Curius, Decius.

Dru. Awake, Sir ; yet the Roman Bodie's whole,
I ſee 'em cleer again.

Pen. Whole ? 'tis not poſſible :
Druſus, they muſt be loſt.

Dru. By ——— they are whole, Sir,
and in brave doing ; ſee,they wheel about
to gain more ground.

Pen. But ſee there *Druſus,* ſee,
ſee that huge Battell moving from the mountains,
their gilt coats ſhine like Dragons ſcales, their march
like a rough tumbling ſtorm ; ſee them, and view 'em,
and then ſee Rome no more : ſay they faile ; look,
look where the armed carts ſtand ; a new Army :
look how they hang like falling rocks, as murdring
death rides in triumph *Druſus :* fell deſtruction
laſhes his fiery horſe, and round about him
his many thouſand wayes to let out ſoules.
Move me again when they charge, when the mountain
melts under their hot wheels, and from their Ax'trees
huge claps of thunder plough the ground before 'em,
till then I'll dream what Rome was.

Enter Swetonius, Petillius, Demetrius, Macer.

Swet. O bravely fought ; honour till now nere ſhow'd
her golden face i'th' field. Like lions, Gentlemen,
y' have held your heads up this day : Where's yong *Junius,*
Curius, and *Decius ?*

Petill. Gone to heaven, I think, Sir. (do ye ?

Sw. Their worths go with 'em : breath a while : How

Pet. Wel ; ſome few ſcurvie wounds, my heart's whole

Dem. Would they would give us more ground. (yet.

Swet. Give ? wee'll have it.

Petill. Have it ? and hold it too, deſpight the divell.

Enter Junius, Decius, Curius.

Jun. Lead up to th' head,and line ſure : the Qs.Battell
begins to charge like wild-fire : Where's the Generall ?

Swet. Oh,they are living yet. Come,my brave ſouldiers,
come, let me powr Romes bleſſing on ye ; Live,
live,and lead Armies all : ye bleed hard.

Jun. Beſt :
wee ſhall appear the ſterner to the foe.

Dec. More wounds, more honour.

Petill. Loſe no time.

Swet. Away then,
and ſtand this ſhock, ye have ſtood the world.

Petill. Wee'll grow to't.
Is not this better now then lowſie loving ?

Jun. I am my ſelf, *Petillius.*

Petill. 'Tis I love thee. *Exeunt Romans.*

Enter Bonduca, Caratach, Daughters, Nennius.

Car. Charge 'em i'th' flanks : O ye have plaid the fool,
the fool extremely, the mad fool.

Bon. Why Coſin ?

Car. The woman fool. Why did you give the word
unto the carts to charge down, and our people
in groſſe before the Enemie ? we pay for't,
our own ſwords cut our throats : why ? —— on't,
Why do you offer to command ? the divell,
the divell, and his dam too, who bid you
meddle in mens affairs ? *Exeunt Queen, &c.*

Bond. I'll help all.

Car. Home,
home and ſpin woman, ſpin, go ſpin, ye trifle.
Open before there,or all's ruine. How, *Showts within.*
now comes the tempeſt ; on our ſelves, by ———
Victoria within.
O woman, ſcurvie woman, beaſtly woman. *Exeunt.*

Dru. *Victoria, Victoria.*

Pen. How's that, *Druſus ?*

Dru. They win,they win,they win ; oh look,look,look, (Sir,
for heavens ſake look, the Britains fly,the Britains fly. *Vi-*
ctoria. *Enter Swetonius, Souldiers, and Captains.*

Swet. Soft,ſoft, purſue it ſoft ; excellent Souldiers,
cloſe, my brave fellows, honourable Romans :
oh cool thy mettle *Junius,* they are ours,
the world cannot redeem 'em : ſtern *Petillius,*
govern the conqueſt nobly : ſoft, good Souldiers.

Enter Bonduca, Daughters, and Britains.

Bond. Shame, whither flie ye, ye unluckie Britains ?
Will ye creep into your mothers wombs again ? Back
cowards,
Hares,fearfull Hares,Doves in your angers ; leave me ?
leave your Queen deſolate ? her hapleſſe children
Enter Caratach and Hengo.
to Roman rape again and fury ?

Car. Flie, ye buzzards,
ye have wings enough,ye fear : get thee gone,woman,
Loud ſhowt within.
ſhame tread upon thy heels : all's loſt,all's loſt, heark,
heark how the Romans ring our knels. *Ext. Bond. &c.*

Hen. Good Uncle,
let me go too.

Car. No boy, thy fortune's mine,
I muſt not leave thee ; get behind me ; ſhake not,
Enter Petillius, Junius, Decius.
I'll breech ye, if ye do boy : Come, brave Romans,
all is not loſt yet.

Jun. Now I'll thank thee, *Caratach.* *Fight. Drums.*

Car. Thou art a Souldier : ſtrike home,home ; have at ye.

Pen. His blows fall like huge ſledges on an anvil.

Dec. I am weary.

Pet. So am I.

Car. Send more ſwords to me.

Jun. Let's ſit and reſt. *Sit down.*

Dru. What think ye now ?

Pen. O *Druſus,*
I have loſt mine honour, loſt my name,
loſt all that was my light : theſe are true Romans,
and I a Britain coward, a baſe coward ;
guide me where nothing is but deſolation,
that I may never more behold the face
of man, or mankind know me : O blind Fortune,
haſt thou abuſ'd me thus ?

Dru. Good Sir, be comforted ;
it was your wiſdome rul'd ye ; pray ye go home,
your day is yet to come, when this great fortune
ſhall be but foile unto it. *Retreat.*

Pen. Fool, fool, Coward. *Exit Penyus & Druſus.*

Enter Swetonius, Demetrius, Souldiers,
Drum and Colours.

Swet. Draw in, draw in: wel have ye fought, and wor-
Romes noble recompence; look to your wounds, (thie
the ground is cold and hurtfull: the proud Queen
has got a Fort, and there ſhe and her Daughters
defie us once again. To morrow morning
wee'll ſeek her out, and make her know, our Fortunes
ſtop at no ſtubborn walls: Come, ſons of honour,
true vertues heirs; thus hatch'd with Britain blood,
let's us march to reſt, and ſet in gules like Suns.
Beat a ſoft march, and each one eaſe his neighbours.
Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Scæna Prima.

Enter Petillius, Junius, Decius, Demetrius ſinging.
Petill. *Smooth was his cheek,*
Dec. *And his chin it was ſleek,*
Jun. *With whoop, he has done wooing.*
Dem. Junius *was this Captains name,*
A lad for a laſſes viewing,
Pet. *Ful black his eye, & plump his thigh.*
Dec. *Made up for loves purſuing:*
Dem. *Smooth was his cheek,*
Petill. *And his chin it was ſleek.*
Jun. *With whoop, he has done wooing.*
Petill. O my vex'd thief, art thou come home again?
are thy brains perfect?
Jun. Sound as bels,
Petill. Thy back-worm
quiet, and caſt his ſting, boy?
Jun. Dead, *Petillius,*
dead to all folly, and now my anger only.
Pet. Why, that's wel ſaid: hang *Cupid* and his quiver,
a drunken brawling Boy; thy honour'd ſaint
be thy ten ſhillings, *Junius*; there's the money,
and there's the ware; ſquare dealing: this but ſweats thee
like a neſh nag, and makes thee look pin buttock'd;
the other runs thee whining up and down
like a pig in a ſtorm, fils thy brains full of ballads,
and ſhews thee like a long Lent, thy brave body
turn'd to a tail of green-fiſh without butter.
Dec. When thou lov'ſt next, love a good cup of wine,
a Miſtris for a King, ſhe leaps to kiſſe thee,
her red and white's her own; ſhe makes good blood,
takes none away; what ſhee heats ſleep can help,
without a groping Surgeon.
Jun. I am counſell'd,
and henceforth, when I doat again, ——
Dem. Take heed,
ye had almoſt paid for't.
Petil. Love no more great Ladies,
thou canſt not ſtep amiſſe then; there's no delight in 'em;
all's in the whiſtling of their ſnatcht up ſilks;
they're onely made for handſome view, not handling;
their bodies of ſo weak and waſh a temper,
a rough-pac'd bed will ſhake 'em all to pieces;
a tough hen puls their teeth out, tyres their ſouls;
plenæ rimarum ſunt, they are full of rynnet,
and take the skin off where they are taſted; ſhun 'em,
they live in culliſſes like rotten cocks
ſtew'd to a tenderneſſe, that holds no tack:
Give me a thing I may cruſh.
Jun. Thou ſpeak'ſt truly:
the Warres ſhall be my Miſtris now.
Petil. Well choſen,
for ſhe's a bownſing laſſe, ſhe'll kiſſe thee at night, boy,
and break thy pate i'th' morning.
Jun. Yeſterday
I found thoſe favours infinite.
Dem. Wench good enough,
but that ſhe talks too loud.
Pet. She talks to th' purpoſe,
which never woman did yet: ſhee'll hold grapling,
and he that layes on beſt, is her beſt ſervant:
all other loves are meer catching of dotrels,
ſtretching of legs out onely, and trim lazineſſe. *Enter*
Here comes the Generall. *Swet. Curius & Macer.*
Swet. I am glad I have found ye:
Are thoſe come in yet that purſu'd bold *Caratach?*
Pet. Not yet Sir, for I think they mean to lodge him;
take him I know they dare not, 'twill be dangerous.
Swet. Then haſte *Petillius*, haſte to *Penyus*,
I fear the ſtrong conceit of what diſgrace
h'as pull'd upon himſelf, will be his ruine:
I fear his ſouldiers fury too; haſte preſently,
I would not loſe him for all Britain. Give him, *Petillius*,
Petil. That that ſhall choak him.
Swet. all the noble counſell,
his fault forgiven too, his place, his honour,
Petill. For me, I think, as handſome.
Swet. all the comfort;
and tell the Souldier, 'twas on our command
hee drew not to the Battell.
Petil. I conceive Sir,
and will doe that ſhall cure all.
Swet. Bring him with ye
before the Queens Fort, and his Forces with him,
there you ſhall find us following of our Conqueſt:
Make haſte.
Petil. The beſt I may. *Exit.*
Swet. And noble Gentlemen,
Up to your Companies: wee'll preſently
upon the Queens purſuit: There's nothing done
till ſhe be ſeiz'd; without her nothing won. *Exeunt.*
Short Flouriſh.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Caratach and Hengo.
Car. How does my Boy?
Hen. I would doe well, my heart's well;
I doe not fear.
Car. My good boy.
Hen. I know, Uncle,
we muſt all die; my little brother dy'd,
I ſaw him die, and he dy'd ſmiling: ſure,
there's no great pain in't Uncle. But pray tell me,
Whither muſt we goe when we are dead?
Car. Strange queſtions!
why, to the bleſſed'ſt place Boy: ever ſweetneſſe
and happineſſe dwels there.
Hen. Will you come to me?
Car. Yes, my ſweet boy.
Hen. Mine Aunt too, and my Coſins?
Car. All, my good childe.
Hen. No Romans, Uncle?

Car. No, boy.
Heng. I ſhould be loth to meet them there.
Car. No ill men,
that live by violence, and ſtrong oppreſſion,
come thither : 't is for thoſe the gods love, good men.
Heng. Why, then I care not when I go ; for ſurely
I am perſwaded they love me : I never
blaſphem'd 'em, Uncle, nor tranſgreſt my parents ;
I always ſaid my prayers.
Car. Thou ſhalt go, then,
indeed thou ſhalt.
Heng. When they pleaſe.
Car. That 's my good boy.
Art thou not weary, *Hengo ?*
Heng. Weary, Uncle ?
I have heard you ſay you have march'd all day in Armour.
Car. I have, boy.
Hengo. Am not I your kinſman ?
Car. Yes.
Heng. And am not I as fully alli'd unto you
in thoſe brave things, as blood ?
Car. Thou art too tender.
Heng. To go upon my legs? they were made to bear me:
I can play twenty mile a day ; I ſee no reaſon
but, to preſerve my Countrey and my ſelf,
I ſhould march fourty.
Car. What, wouldſt thou be
living to wear a mans ſtrength ?
Heng. Why a *Caratach*,
a Romane-hater, a ſcourge ſent from heaven *Drum.*
to whip theſe proud theeves from our kingdom. Heark,
heark, Uncle, heark, I hear a Drum.
Enter Judas and his people to the door.
Iud. Beat ſoftly,
ſoftly, I ſay ; they are here : who dare charge ?
1 *Sould.* He
that dares be knockt o' th' head : I'll not come neer him.
Iud. Retire again, and watch, then. How he ſtares !
h'as eyes would kill a dragon : mark the boy well ;
if we could take or kill him. A —— on ye,
how fierce ye look ? ſee how he broods the boy ;
the devil dwells in 's ſcabbard. Back, I ſay,
apace, apace, h'as found us. *They retire.*
Car. Do ye hunt us ?
Heng. Uncle, good Uncle ſee, the thin ſtarv'd Raſcal,
the eating Romane, ſee where he thrids the thickets :
kill him, dear Uncle, kill him ; one good blow
to knock his brains into his breech : ſtrike 's head off,
that I may piſſe in 's face.
Car. Do ye make us Foxes ?
Here, hold my charging-ſtaff, and keep the place, boy.
I am at bay, and like a bull I'll bear me.
Stand, ſtand, ye Rogues, ye Squirrels. *Exit.*
Heng. Now he pays 'em :
O that I had a mans ſtrength.
Enter Iudas, &c.
Iud. Here 's the boy ;
mine own, I thank my Fortune.
Heng. Uncle, uncle ;
famine is faln upon me, uncle.
Iud. Come, Sir,
yeeld willingly, your uncle 's out of hearing ;
I'll tickle your young tail elſe.
Heng. I defie thee,
thou mock-made man of mat : charge home, ſirha :
hang thee, baſe ſlave, thou ſhakeſt.
Iud. Upon my conſcience
the boy will beat me : how it looks, how bravely,
how confident the worm is : a ſcabb'd boy
to handle me thus ? yeeld, or I cut thy head off.
Heng. Thou dar'ſt not cut my finger : here 't is, touch it.
Iud. The boy ſpeaks ſword and buckler. Prethee yeeld,
come, here 's an apple ; yeeld. (boy ;
Heng. By —— he fears me.
I'll give you ſharper language : When, ye coward,
when come ye up ?
Iud. If he ſhould beat me——
Heng. When, Sir ?
I long to kill thee ; come, thou canſt not ſcape me,
I have twenty ways to charge thee ; twenty deaths
attend my bloody ſtaff.
Iud. Sure 't is the devil,
a dwarf, devil in a doublet.
Heng. I have kill'd a Captain, ſirha, a brave Captain,
and when I have done, I have kickt him thus. Look here,
ſee how I charge this ſtaff.
Iud. Moſt certain
this boy will cut my throat, yet.
Enter two ſouldiers, running.
1 *Sould.* Flee, flee, he kills us.
2 *Sould.* He comes, he comes.
Iud. The devil take the hindmoſt. (Rogues,
Heng. Run, run, ye Rogues, ye precious Rogues, ye rank
A comes, a comes, a comes, a comes: that 's he, boys.
What a brave cry they make ?
Enter Caratach, with a head.
Car. How does my chicken ?
Heng. 'Faith, uncle, grown a Souldier, a great Souldier ;
for by the vertue of your charging-ſtaff,
and a ſtrange fighting face I put upon 't,
I have outbrav'd hunger.
Car. That 's my boy, my ſweet boy.
Here, here 's a Romane 's head for thee.
Heng. Good proviſion.
Before I ſtarve, my ſweet-fac'd Gentleman,
I'll trie your favour.
Car. A right compleat ſouldier.
Come, chicken, let 's go ſeek ſome place of ſtrength
(the Countrey 's full of Scouts) to reſt a while in,
thou wilt not elſe be able to endure.
The journey to my Countrey, fruits, and water,
muſt be your food a while, boy.
Heng. Any thing :
I can eat moſſe, nay, I can live on anger,
to vex theſe Romanes. Let 's be wary, Uncle.
Car. I warrant thee ; come chearfully.
Heng. And boldly. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Penyus, Druſus, and Regulus.
Reg. The ſouldier ſhall not grieve ye.
Pen. Pray ye forſake me ;
look not upon me, as ye love your Honours ;
I am ſo cold a coward, my infection
will choke your vertues like a damp elſe.
Dru. Dear Captain.
Reg. Moſt honour'd Sir.
Pen. Moſt hated, moſt abhor'd ;
ſay ſo, and then ye know me, nay, ye pleaſe me.
O my dear credit, my dear credit.

Reg. Sure
his minde is dangerous.
Dru. The good gods cure it. (breaches
Pen. My honour got thorow fire, thorow ſtubborn,
thorow battels that have been as hard to win as heaven,
thorow death himſelf, in all his horrid trims,
is gone for ever, ever, ever, Gentlemen,
and now I am left to ſcornful tales and laughters,
to hootings at, pointing with fingers, That's he,
that's the brave Gentleman forſook the battel,
the moſt wiſe *Penyus*, the diſputing coward.
O my good ſword, break from my ſide, and kill me;
cut out the coward from my heart.
Reg. Ye are none.
Pen. He lyes that ſays ſo: by—— he lyes, lyes baſely,
baſer then I have done. Come, ſouldiers, ſeek me,
I have robb'd ye of your vertues: Juſtice, ſeek me,
I have broke my fair obedience, loſt: ſhame take me,
take me, and ſwallow me, make ballads of me;
ſhame, endleſſe ſhame: and pray do you forſake me.
Dru. What ſhall we do?
Pen. Good Gentlemen forſake me:
you were not wont to be commanded. Friends, pray do it,
and do not fear; for as I am a coward
I will not hurt my ſelf: when that minde takes me,
I'll call to you, and ask your help. I dare not.

Enter Petillius.

Petill. Good morrow, Gentlemen; where's the Tribune?
Reg. There.
Dru. Whence come ye, good *Petillius*?
Petill. From the General.
Dru. With what, for heavens ſake?
Petill. With good counſel, *Druſus*,
and love, to comfort him.
Dru. Good *Regulus*
ſtep to the ſouldier, and allay his anger;
for he is wilde as winter.

Exeunt Druſius and Regulus.

Petill. O, are ye there? have at ye. Sure he's dead,
it cannot be he dare out-live this fortune:
he muſt die, 't is moſt neceſſary; men expect it;
and thought of life in him, goes beyond coward.
Forſake the field ſo baſely? fie upon't:
ſo poorly to betray his worth? ſo coldly
to cut all credit from the ſouldier? ſure
if this man mean to live, as I ſhould think it
beyond belief, he muſt retire where never
the name of Rome, the voice of Arms, or Honour
was known or heard of yet: he's certain dead,
or ſtrongly means it; he's no Souldier elſe,
no Romane in him; all he has done, but outſide,
fought either drunk or deſperate. Now he riſes.
How does Lord *Penyus*?
Pen. As ye ſee.
Petill. I am glad on't;
continue ſo ſtill. The Lord General,
the valiant General, great *Swetonius*——
Pen. No more of me is ſpoken; my name's periſh'd.
Petill. He that commanded fortune and the day
by his own valour and diſcretion,
when, as ſome ſay, *Penyus* refuſed to come,
but I believe 'em not, ſent me to ſee ye.
Pen. Ye are welcom; and pray ſee me; ſee me well,
ye ſhall not ſee me long.
Petill. I hope ſo, *Penyus*;
the gods defend, Sir.
Pen. See me, and underſtand me: This is he
left to fill up your triumph; he that baſely
whiſtled his honour off to th' winde; that coldly
ſhrunk in his politick head, when Rome like reapers
ſweat blood, and ſpirit, for a glorious harveſt,
and bound it up, and brought it off: that fool,
that having gold and copper offer'd him,
refus'd the wealth, and took the waſte: that ſouldier
that being courted by loud fame and fortune,
labour in one hand, that propounds us gods,
and in the other, glory that creats us,
yet durſt doubt, and be damned.
Petill. It was an errour.
Pen. A foul one, and a black one.
Petill. Yet the blackeſt
may be waſht white again.
Pen. Never.
Petill. Your leave, Sir,
and I beſeech ye note me; for I love ye,
and bring along all comfort: Are we gods,
alli'd to no infirmities? are our natures
more then mens natures? when we ſlip a little
out of the way of vertue, are we loſt?
is there no medicine called Sweet mercie?
Pen. None, *Petillius*;
there is no mercie in mankinde can reach me,
nor is it fit it ſhould; I have ſinn'd beyond it.
Petill. Forgiveneſſe meets with all faults.
Pen. 'T is all faults,
all ſins I can commit, to be forgiven:
't is loſſe of whole man in me, my diſcretion
to be ſo ſtupid, to arrive at pardon.
Petill. O but the General——
Pen. He's a brave Gentleman,
a valiant, and a loving; and I dare ſay
he would, as far as honour durſt direct him,
make even with my fault: but 't is not honeſt,
nor in his power: examples that may nouriſh
neglect and diſobedience in whole bodies,
and totter the eſtates and faiths of armies,
muſt not be plaid withal; nor out of pitie
make a General forget his duty:
nor dare I hope more from him then is worthy.
Petill. What would ye do?
Pen. Die.
Petill. So would ſullen children,
women that want their wils, ſlaves, diſobedient,
that fear the law, die. Fie, great Captain; you
a man to rule men, to have thouſand lives
under your regiment, and let your paſſion
betray your reaſon? I bring you all forgiveneſſe,
the nobleſt kinde commends, your place, your honour.
Pen. Prethee no more; 't is fooliſh: didſt not thou?
by —— thou didſt, I over-heard thee, there,
there where thou ſtandſt now, deliver me for raſcal,
poor, dead, cold coward, miſerable, wretched,
if I out-liv'd this ruine?
Petill. I?
Pen. And thou didſt it nobly,
like a true man, a ſouldier: and I thank thee,
I thank thee, good *Petillius*; thus I thank thee.
Petill. Since ye are ſo juſtly made up, let me tell ye
'tis fit ye die indeed.
Pen. O how thou loveſt me! (pers
Petill. For ſay he had forgiven ye; ſay the peoples whiſ.
were tame again, the time run out for wonder,

what muſt your own Command think, from whoſe
Swords
ye have taken off the edges, from whoſe valours
the due and recompence of Arms; nay, made it doubtful
whether they knew obedience? muſt not theſe kill ye?
Say they are won to pardon ye, by meer miracle
brought to forgive ye; what old valiant Souldier,
what man that loves to fight, and fight for *Rome*,
will ever follow you more? dare ye know theſe ventures?
If ſo, I bring ye comfort; dare ye take it?

Pen. No, no, *Petillius*, no.

Petill. If your minde ſerve ye,
ye may live ſtill; but how? yet pardon me,
you may outwear all too; but when? and certain
there is a mercy for each fault, if tamely
a man will take 't upon conditions.

Pen. No, by no means: I am onely thinking now, Sir,
(for I am reſolved to go) of a moſt baſe death,
fitting the baſeneſſe of my fault. I'll hang,

Petill. Ye ſhall not; y'are a Gentleman I honour,
I would elſe flatter ye, and force ye live,
which is far baſer. Hanging? 't is a dogs death,
an end for ſlaves.

Pen. The fitter for my baſeneſſe.

Petill. Beſides, the man that 's hang'd, preaches his end,
and ſits a ſigne for all the world to gape at.

Pen. That 's true: I'll take a fitter poiſon.

Petill. No,
't is equal ill; the death of rats, and women,
lovers, and lazie boys, that fear correction.
Die like a man.

Pen. Why my ſword then.

Petill. I, if your ſword be ſharp, Sir,
there 's nothing under heaven that 's like your ſword;
your ſword 's a death indeed.

Pen. It ſhall be ſharp, Sir.

Petill. Why *Mithridates* was an arrant aſſe
to die by poiſon, if all *Boſphorus*
could lend him ſwords: your ſword muſt do the deed:
't is ſhame to die choak'd, fame to die and bleed.

Pen. Thou haſt confirmed me: and, my good *Petillius*,
tell me no more I may live.

Petill. 'T was my Commiſſion;
but now I ſee ye in a nobler way,
a way to make all even.

Pen. Fare-well, Captain:
be a good man, and fight well: be obedient:
command thy ſelf, and then thy men. Why ſhakeſt thou?

Petill. I do not, Sir.

Pen. I would thou hadſt, *Petillius*:
I would finde ſomething to forſake the world with
worthy the man that dies: a kinde of earth-quake
thorow all ſtern valours but mine own.

Petill. I feel now
a kinde of trembling in me.

Pen. Keep it ſtill,
as thou lov'ſt vertue, keep it.

Petill. And brave Captain,
the great and honoured *Penyus*.

Pen. That again:
O how it heightens me! again, *Petillius*.

Petill. Moſt excellent Commander.

Pen. Thoſe were mine,
mine, onely mine.

Petill. They are ſtill.

Pen. Then to keep 'em
for ever falling more, have at ye, heavens,
ye everlaſting powers, I am yours: The work 's done,
that neither fire, nor age, nor melting envie
ſhall ever conquer. Carry my laſt words
to the great General: kiſſe his hands, and ſay,
My ſoul I give to heaven, my fault to juſtice
which I have done upon my ſelf: my vertue,
if ever there was any in poor *Penyus*,
made more, and happier, light on him. I faint.
And where there is a foe, I wiſh him fortune.
I die: lie lightly on my aſhes, gentle earth.

Petill. And on my ſin. Fare-well, great *Penyus*,
noiſe within.
the ſouldier is in fury. Now I am glad
't is done before he comes. This way, for me,
the way of toil; for thee, the way of honour. *Exit.*

Enter Druſus and Regulus, with ſouldiers.

Sould. Kill him, kill him, kill him.

Dru. What will ye do?

Reg. Good ſouldiers, honeſt ſouldiers.

Sould. Kill him, kill him, kill him.

Dru. Kill us firſt; we command too.

Reg. Valiant Souldiers,
conſider but whoſe life ye ſeek. O *Druſus*,
bid him be gone, he dies elſe. Shall Rome ſay
(ye moſt approved ſouldiers) her dear children
devoured the fathers of the fights? ſhall rage
and ſtubborn fury guide thoſe ſwords to ſlaughter,
to ſlaughter of their own, to Civil ruine?

Dru. O let 'em in: all 's done, all 's ended, *Regulus*,
Penyus has found his laſt eclipſe. Come, Souldiers,
come, and behold your miſeries: come bravely,
full of your mutinous and bloody angers,
and here beſtow your darts. O onely Romane,
O father of the Wars.

Reg. Why ſtand ye ſtupid?
where be your killing furies? whoſe ſword now
ſhall firſt be ſheath'd in *Penyus*? do ye weep?
Howl out, ye wretches, ye have cauſe: howl ever.
Who ſhall now lead ye fortunate? whoſe valour
preſerve ye to the glory of your Countrey?
who ſhall march out before ye, coy'd and courted
by all the miſtriſſes of War, care, counſel,
quick-ey'd experience, and victory twin'd to him?
who ſhall beget ye deeds beyond inheritance
to ſpeak your names, and keep your honours living,
when children fail, and time that takes all with him,
build houſes for ye to oblivion?

Dru. O ye poor deſperate fools: no more now, ſouldiers;
go home, and hang your arms up; let ruſt rot 'em;
and humble your ſtern valours to ſoft prayers;
for ye have ſunk the frame of all your vertues;
the ſun that warm'd your bloods is ſet for ever:
I'll kiſſe thy honour'd cheek. Fare well, great *Penyus*,
thou thunder-bolt, fare-well. Take up the body:
to morrow morning to the Camp convey it.
there to receive due Ceremonies. That eye
that blindes himſelf with weeping, gets moſt glory.
Exeunt with a dead march.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Swetonius, Junius, Decius, Demetrius, Curius, and Souldiers: Bonduca, two daughters, and Nennius above. Drum and Colours.

Swet. Bring up the Catapults and ſhake the wall,
we will not be out-brav’d thus.
Nen. Shake the earth,
ye cannot ſhake our ſouls. Bring up your Rams,
and with their armed heads, make the Fort totter,
ye do but rock us into death. *Exit Nennius.*
Jun. See Sir,
ſee the Icenian Queen in all her glory
from the ſtrong battlements proudly appearing,
as if ſhe meant to give us laſhes.
Dec. Yeeld, Queen.
Bond. I am unacquainted with that language, Roman.
Swet. Yeeld, honour’d Lady, and expect our mercie,
Exit Decius.
we love thy nobleneſſe.
Bond. I thank ye, ye ſay well;
but mercie and love are ſins in Rome and hell.
Swet. Ye cannot ſcape our ſtrength; ye muſt yeeld, Ladie,
ye muſt adore and fear the power of Rome.
Bond. If Rome be earthly, why ſhould any knee
with bending adoration worſhip her?
She’s vitious; and your partiall ſelves confeſſe,
aſpires the height of all impietie:
therefore ’tis fitter I ſhould reverence
the thatched houſes where the Britains dwell
in careleſſe mirth, where the bleſt houſhold gods
ſee nought but chaſte and ſimple puritie.
’Tis not high power that makes a place divine,
nor that the men from gods derive their line.
But ſacred thoughts in holy boſoms ſtor’d,
make people noble, and the place ador’d.
Swet. Beat the wall deeper.
Bond. Beat it to the center,
we will not ſink one thought.
Swet. I’ll make ye.
Bond. No.
2. Dau. O mother, theſe are fearfull houres: ſpeak gently
Enter Petillius.
to theſe fierce men, they will afford ye pitie.
Bond. Pitie? thou fearful girl; ’tis for thoſe wretches
that miſerie makes tame. Wouldſt thou live leſſe?
Waſt not thou born a Princeſſe? Can my blood,
and thy brave fathers ſpirit, ſuffer in thee
ſo baſe a ſeparation from thy ſelf,
as mercie from theſe Tyrants? Thou lov’ſt luſt ſure,
and long’ſt to proſtitute thy youth and beautie
to common ſlaves for bread. Say they had mercie;
the divel a relenting conſcience:
the lives of Kings reſt in their Diadems,
which to their bodies lively ſouls do give,
and ceaſing to be Kings, they ceaſe to live.
Show ſuch another fear, and ——————
I’ll fling thee to their furie.
Swet. He is dead then?
Petill. I think ſo certainly; yet all my means, Sir,
even to the hazzard of my life —
Swet. No more:
wee muſt not ſeem to mourn here.
Enter Decius.
Dec. There’s a breach made,
is it your will we charge, Sir?
Swet. Once more mercie,
mercie to all that yeeld.
Bond. I ſcorn to anſwer:
Speak to him girle; and hear thy ſiſter.
1. Daugh. Generall,
hear me, and mark me well, and look upon me
directly in my face, my womans face,
whoſe onely beautie is the hate it bears ye;
ſee with thy narroweſt eyes, thy ſharpeſt wiſhes,
into my ſoul, and ſee what there inhabits;
ſee if one fear, one ſhadow of a terrour,
one paleneſſe dare appear but from my anger,
to lay hold on your mercies. No, ye fools,
poor Fortunes fools, we were not born for triumphs,
to follow your gay ſports, and fill your ſlaves
with hoots and acclamations.
Petill. Brave behaviour.
1 Daugh. The children of as great as Rome, as noble,
our names before her, and our deeds her envie;
muſt we gild ore your Conqueſt, make your State,
that is not fairly ſtrong, but fortunate?
No, no, ye Romanes, we have ways to ſcape ye,
to make yee poor again, indeed our priſoners,
and ſtick our triumphs full.
Petill. ’s death, I ſhall love her.
1 Daugh. To torture ye with ſuffering, like our ſlaves;
to make ye curſe our patience, wiſh the world
were loſt again, to win us onely, and eſteem
the end of all ambitions.
Bond. Do ye wonder?
we’ll make our monuments in ſpite of fortune,
in ſpight of all your Eagles wings: we’ll work
a pitch above ye; and from our height we’ll ſtoop
as fearleſſe of your bloody ſears; and fortunate,
as if we prey’d on heartleſſe doves.
Swet. Strange ſtiffneſſe.
Decius, go charge the breach. *Exit Decius.*
Bond. Charge it home, Romane,
we ſhall deceive thee elſe. Where’s *Nennius?*
Enter Nennius.
Nen. They have made a mighty breach.
Bond. Stick in thy body,
and make it good but half an hour.
Nen. I’ll do it.
1 Daugh. And then be ſure to die.
Nen. It ſhall go hard elſe.
Bond. Fare well with all my heart; we ſhall meet yonder,
where few of theſe muſt come.
Nen. Gods take thee, Lady.
Exit Nennius.
Bond. Bring up the ſwords, and poiſon.
Enter one with ſwords, and a great cup.
2 Daugh. O my fortune!
Bond. How, how, ye whore?
2 Daugh. Good mother, nothing to offend ye.
Bond. Here, wench:
behold us, Romanes.
Swet. Mercy yet.
Bond. No talking:
puff; there goes all your pitie. Come, ſhort prayers,
and let’s diſpatch the buſineſſe: you begin,
ſhrink not; I’ll ſee ye do ’t.
2 Daugh. O gentle mother,
O Romanes, O my heart; I dare not.
Swet. Woman, woman,
unnatural woman.
2 Daugh. O perſwade her, Romanes:
alas, I am young, and would live. Noble mother,
can ye kill that ye gave life? are my yeers
fit for deſtruction?
Swet. Yeeld, and be a Queen ſtill,

a mother, and a friend.
Bond. Ye talk : come, hold it,
and put it home.
1 *Daugh.* Fie, ſiſter, fie,
what would you live to be ?
Bond. A whore ſtill.
2 *Daugh.* Mercie.
Swet. Hear her, thou wretched woman.
2 *Daugh.* Mercie, mother :
O whither will you ſend me ? I was once
your darling, your delight.
Bond. O gods,
fear in my family ? do it, and nobly.
2 *Daugh.* O do not frown then.
1 *Daugh.* Do it, worthy ſiſter :
't is nothing, 't is a pleaſure ; we'll go with ye.
2 *Daugh.* O if I knew but whither.
1 *Daugh.* To the bleſſed,
where we ſhall meet our father.
Swet. Woman.
Bond. Talk not.
1 *Daugh.* Where nothing but true joy is. (it cloſe to thee.
Bond. That 's a good wench, mine own ſweet girl ; put
2 *Daugh.* O comfort me ſtill, for heavens ſake.
1 *Daugh.* Where eternal
our youths are, and our beauties ; where no Wars come,
nor luſtful ſlaves to raviſh us.
2 *Daugh.* That ſteels me :
a long farewel to this world.
Bond. Good : I'll help thee.
1 *Daugh.* The next is mine.
Shew me a Romane Lady in all your ſtories,
dare do this for her honour : they are cowards,
eat coals like compell'd Cats : your great Saint *Lucrece*
di'd not for honour ; *Tarquin* topt her well,
and mad ſhe could not hold him, bled.
Petill. By——
I am in love : I would give an hundred pound now
but to lie with this womans behaviour. O the devil.
1 *Daugh.* Ye ſhall ſee me example. All your Rome,
if I were proud, and lov'd ambition ;
if I were luſtful, all your ways of pleaſure ;
if I were greedie, all the wealth ye conquer——
Bond. Make haſte.
1 *Daugh.* I will. Could not intice to live
but two ſhort hours this frailty : would ye learn
how to die bravely, Romanes, to fling off
this caſe of fleſh, loſe all your cares for ever ?
live as we have done, well, and fear the gods,
hunt Honour, and not Nations with your ſwords,
keep your mindes humble, your devotions high ;
ſo ſhall ye learn the nobleſt part, to die.
Bond. I come, wench ; to ye all Fates hang-men ; you
that eaſe the aged deſtinies, and cut
the threds of Kingdoms, as they draw 'em : here,
here's a draught would ask no leſſe then *Cæſar*
to pledge it for the glories ſake.
Cur. Great Lady.
Swet. Make up your own conditions.
Bond. So we will.
Swet. Stay.
Dem. Stay.
Swet. Be any thing.
Bond. A Saint, *Swetonius*,
when thou ſhalt fear, and die like a ſlave. Ye fools,
ye ſhould have ti'd up death firſt, when ye conquer'd,
ye ſweat for us in vain elſe : ſee him here,
he 's ours ſtill, and our friend ; laughs at your pities ;
and we command him with as eaſie reins
as do our enemies. I feel the poiſon.
Poor vanquiſh'd Romanes, with what matchleſſe tortures
could I now rack ye ? But I pitie ye,
deſiring to die quiet : nay, ſo much
I hate to proſecute my victory,
that I will give ye counſel ere I die.
If you will keep your Laws and Empire whole,
place in your Romane fleſh a Britain ſoul.

Enter Decius.

Swet. Deſperate and ſtrange.
Dec. 'T is won, Sir, and the Britains
all put to th' ſword.
Swet. Give her fair Funeral ;
ſhe was truely noble, and a Queen.
Petill. ——take it,
a love-mange grown upon me ? what, a ſpirit ?
Iun. I am glad of this, I have found ye.
Petill. In my belly,
O how it tumbles ?
Iun. Ye good gods, I thank ye. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Scæna Prima.

Enter Caratach upon a rock, and Hengo by him, ſleeping.

Car. Thus we afflicted Britains climb for ſafeties,
and to avoid our dangers, ſeek deſtructions ;
thus we awake to ſorrows. O thou woman,
thou agent for adverſities, what curſes
this day belong to thy improvidence ?
to Britanie by thy means, what ſad millions
of widows weeping eyes ? The ſtrong mans valour
thou haſt betraid to fury ; the childes fortune
to fear, and want of friends : whoſe pieties
might wipe his mournings off, and build his ſorrows
a houſe of reſt by his bleſt anceſtors :
the virgins thou haſt rob'd of all their wiſhes,
blaſted their blowing hopes, turn'd their ſongs,
their mirthful Marriage-ſongs to Funerals,
the Land thou haſt left a wilderneſſe of wretches.
The boy begins to ſtir : thy ſafety made,
would my ſoul were in heaven.
Heng. O noble Uncle,
look out ; I dream'd we were betraid.

a ſoft dead march within.

Car. No harm, boy ;
't is but thy emptineſſe that breeds theſe fancies ;
thou ſhalt have meat anon.
Heng. A little, Uncle,
and I ſhall hold out bravely. What are thoſe ?
look, Uncle, look, thoſe multiutdes that march there ?
they come upon us ſtealing by.
Car. I ſee 'em ;
and prethee be not fearful.
Heng. Now ye hate me,
would I were dead.
Car. Thou know'ſt I love thee dearly.
Heng. Did I ere ſhrink yet, Uncle ? were I a man now,

I ſhould be angry with ye.

Enter Druſus, Regulus, and Souldiers, with Penyus Herſe, Drums and Colours.

Car. My ſweet chicken,
ſee, they have reach'd us, and as it ſeems they bear
ſome Souldiers body, by their ſolemn geſtures,
and ſad ſolemnities; it well appears too
to be of eminence. Moſt worthy Souldiers,
let me intreat your knowledge to inform me
what noble body that is which you bear
with ſuch a ſad and ceremonious grief,
as if ye meant to woo the world and nature
to be in love with death? Moſt honourable
excellent Romanes, by your ancient valours,
as ye love fame, reſolve me.

Sould. 'T is the body
of the great Captain *Penyus*, by himſelf
made cold and ſpiritleſſe.

Car. O ſtay, ye Romanes,
by the religion which you owe thoſe gods
that lead ye on to Victories, by thoſe glories
which made even pride a vertue in ye.

Dru. Stay:
what 's thy will, *Caratach*?

Car. Set down the body,
the body of the nobleſt of all Romanes,
as ye expect an offering at your graves
from your friends ſorrows, ſet it down a while,
that with your griefs an enemy may mingle;
a noble enemy that loves a Souldier;
and lend a tear to vertue: even your foes,
your wild foes, as you call'd us, are yet ſtor'd
with fair affections, our hearts freſh, our ſpirits,
though ſometimes ſtubborn, yet when vertue dies,
ſoft and relenting as a virgins prayers.
O ſet it down.

Dru. Set down the body, ſouldiers.

Car. Thou hallowed relique, thou rich diamond
cut with thine own duſt; thou for whoſe wide fame
the world appears too narrow, mans all thoughts,
had they all tongues, too ſilent; thus I bow
to thy moſt honour'd aſhes; though an enemy,
yet friend to all thy worths: ſleep peaceably;
happineſſe crown thy ſoul, and in thy earth
ſome Lawrel fix his ſeat, there grow, and flouriſh,
and make thy grave an everlaſting triumph.
Fare well all glorious Wars, now thou art gone,
and honeſt Arms adieu: all noble Battels
maintain'd in thirſt of honour, not of blood,
fare well for ever.

Heng. Was this Romane, Uncle,
ſo good a man?

Car. Thou never knew'ſt thy father.

Heng. He di'd before I was born.

Car. This worthy Romane
was ſuch another piece of endleſſe honour,
ſuch a brave ſoul dwelt in him: their proportions
and faces were not much unlike, boy: excellent natures,
ſee how it works into his eyes, mine own boy.

Heng. The multitudes of theſe men, and their fortunes,
could never make me fear yet: one mans goodneſſe——

Car. O now thou pleaſeſt me: weep ſtill, my childe,
as if thou ſaw'ſt me dead; with ſuch a flux
or flood of ſorrow: ſtill thou pleaſeſt me.
And worthy ſouldiers, pray receive theſe pledges,
theſe hatchments of our griefs, and grace us ſo much
to place 'em on his Hearſe. Now if ye pleaſe,
bear off the noble burden; raiſe his pile
high as *Olympus*, making heaven to wonder
to ſee a ſtar upon earth outſhining theirs.
And ever loved, ever living be
thy honoured and moſt ſacred memory.

Dru. Thou haſt done honeſtly, good *Caratach*,
and when thou dieſt, a thouſand vertuous Romanes
ſhall ſing thy ſoul to heaven. Now march on, ſouldiers.

Exeunt. A dead march.

Car. Now dry thine eyes, my boy.

Heng. Are they all gone?
I could have wept this hour yet.

Car. Come, take cheer,
and raiſe thy ſpirit, childe: if but this day
thou canſt bear out thy faintneſſe, the night coming
I'll faſhion our eſcape.

Heng. Pray fear not me;
indeed I am very heartie.

Car. Be ſo ſtill;
his miſchiefs leſſen, that controls his ill.

Exeunt.

Scæna ſecunda.

Enter Petillius.

Petill. What do I ail, i' th' name of heaven? I did but (ſee her,
and ſee her die: ſhe ſtinks by this time ſtrongly,
abominably ſtinks: ſhe was a woman,
a thing I never car'd for: but to die ſo,
ſo confidently, bravely, ſtrongly; O the devil,
I have the bots, by——; ſhe ſcorn'd us, ſtrangely,
all we could do, or durſt do; threatned us
with ſuch a noble anger, and ſo governed
with ſuch a fiery ſpirit——; the plain bots;
a——upon the bots, the love-bots: hang me,
hang me even out o' th' way, directly hang me.
O pennie pipers, and moſt painful penners
of bountiful new ballads, what a ſubject,
what a ſweet ſubject for your ſilver ſounds,
is crept upon ye?

Enter Junius.

Jun. Here he is; have at him. *Sings.*

She ſet the ſword unto her breſt,
great pitie it was to ſee,
That three drops of her life-warm blood,
run trickling down her knee.

Art thou there, bonny boy? and ifaith how doſt thou?

Petill. Well, gramercie, how doſt thou? h' as found me,
ſented me out: the ſhame the devil ow'd me,
h' as kept his day with. And what news, *Junius*?

Jun. It was an old tale ten thouſand times told,
of a young Lady was turn'd into mold,
her life was lovely, her death it was bold.

Petill. A cruel rogue; now h' as drawn purſue on me,
he hunts me like a devil. No more ſinging;
thou haſt got a cold: come, let's go drink ſome Sack, boy.

Jun. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Petill. Why doſt thou laugh?
what Mares neſt haſt thou found?

Jun. Ha, ha, ha.
I cannot laugh alone: *Decius, Demetrius,*
Curius: O my ſides. Ha, ha, ha, ha,
the ſtrangeſt jeſt.

Petill. Prethee no more.

Jun. The admirableſt fooling.
Petill. Thou art the prettieſt fellow.
Jun. Sirs.
Petill. Why *Junius*,
prethee away, ſweet *Junius*.
Jun. Let me ſing then.
Petill. Whoa, here's a ſtir now: ſing a ſong o' ſix pence,
by———(if) prethee; — on 't: *Junius*.
Jun. I muſt either ſing, or laugh.
Petill. And what 's your reaſon?
Jun. What 's that to you?
Petill. And I muſt whiſtle.
Jun. Do ſo.
O, I hear 'em coming.
Petill. I have a little buſineſſe.
Jun. Thou ſhalt not go, believe it: what a Gentleman
of thy ſweet converſation?
Petill. Captain *Junius*,
ſweet Captain, let me go with all celerity;
things are not always one: and do not queſtion,
nor jeer, nor gybe: none of your doleful ditties,
nor your ſweet converſation: you will finde then
I may be anger'd.
Jun. By no means, *Petillius*;
anger a man that never knew paſſion?
'tis moſt impoſſible: a noble Captain,
a wiſe and generous Gentleman?
Pet. Tom puppie,
leave this way to abuſe me: I have found ye,
but for your mothers ſake I will forgive ye.
Your ſubtil underſtanding may diſcover
(as you think) ſome trim toy to make you merry;
ſome ſtraw to tickle ye; but do not truſt to 't;
y' are a young man, and may do well; be ſober;
carry your ſelf diſcreetly.
Enter Decius, Demetrius, Curius.
Jun. Yes forſooth.
Dem. How does the brave *Petillius*?
Jun. Monſtrous merry:
we two were talking what a kinde of thing
I was when I was in love; what a ſtrange monſter
for little boys and girls to wonder at;
how like a fool I lookt.
Dec. So they do all,
like great dull ſlavering fools.
Jun. *Petillius* ſaw too.
Pet. No more of this; 'tis ſcurvie: peace.
Jun. How naſtily,
indeed how beaſtly all I did became me?
how I forgot to blow my noſe? there he ſtands,
an honeſt and a wiſe man; if himſelf
(I dare avouch it boldly, for I know it)
ſhould finde himſelf in love——
Petill. I am angry.
Jun. Surely his wiſe ſelf would hang his beaſtly ſelf,
his underſtanding ſelf ſo mawl his aſſe-ſelf——
Dec. He 's bound to do it; for he knows the follies,
the poverties, and baſeneſſe that belongs to 't,
h' as read upon the reformations long.
Petill. He has ſo.
Jun. 'T is true, and he muſt do 't:
nor is it fit indeed any ſuch coward——
Petill. You 'll leave prating.
Jun. Should dare come neer the Regiments, ſpecially
thoſe curious puppies (for believe there are ſuch)
that onely love behaviours: thoſe are dog-whelps,
dwindle away, becauſe a woman dies well;
commit with paſſions onely: fornicate
with the free ſpirit meerly: you, *Petillius*,
for you have long obſerv'd the world.
Petill. Doſt thou hear?
I'll beat thee damnably within theſe three hours:
go pray; may be I'll kill thee. Farewel, Jack-daws. *Exit.*
Dec. What a ſtrange thing he 's grown?
Jun. I am glad he is ſo:
and ſtranger he ſhall be, before I leave him.
Cur. Is 't poſſible her meer death——?
Jun. I obſerv'd him,
and found him taken, infinitely taken
with her bravery: I have follow'd him,
and ſeen him kiſſe his ſword ſince, court his ſcabbard,
call dying, dainty deer; her brave minde, miſtris;
caſting a thouſand ways, to give thoſe forms,
that he might lie with 'em, and get old Armors:
he had got me o' th' hip once: it ſhall go hard, friends,
but he ſhall find his own coin.
Enter Macer.
Dec. How now *Macer*?
is *Judas* yet come in? *Enter Judas.*
Mac. Yes, and has loſt
moſt of his men too. Here he is.
Cur. What news?
Jud. I have lodg'd him; rouze him he that dares.
Dem. Where, *Judas*?
Jud. On a ſteep rock, i' th' woods, the boy too with him,
and there he ſwears he will keep his Chriſtmas, Gentlemen,
but he will come away with full conditions,
bravely, and like a Britain: he paid part of us,
yet I think we fought bravely: for mine own part,
I was four ſeveral times at half ſword with him,
twice ſtood his partizan: but the plain truth is,
he 's a meer devil, and no man: i' th' end he ſwing'd us,
and ſwing'd us ſoundly too: he fights by With-craft:
yet for all that I ſee him lodg'd,
Jun. Take more men,
and ſcout him round. *Macer*, march you along.
What victuals has he?
Jud. Not a piece of Bisket,
not ſo much as will ſtop a tooth; nor water,
more then they make themſelves: they lie
juſt like a brace of bear-whelps, cloſe, and crafty,
ſucking their fingers for their food.
Dec. Cut off then
all hope of that way: take ſufficient forces.
Jun. But uſe no foul play, on your lives: that man
that does him miſchief by deceit, I'll kill him.
Macer. He ſhall have fair play, he deſerves it.
Jud. Heark ye,
what ſhould I do there then? you are brave Captains,
moſt valiant men; go up your ſelves; uſe vertue,
ſee what will come on 't: pray the Gentleman
to come down, and be taken. Ye all know him,
I think ye have felt him too: there ye ſhall finde him,
his ſword by his ſide, plums of a pound weight by him
will make your chops ake: you 'll finde it a more labour
to win him living, then climbing of a Crowes neſt.
Dec. Away, and compaſſe him; we ſhall come up
I am ſure within theſe two hours. Watch him cloſe.
Macer. He ſhall flee thorow the air, if he eſcape us.
A ſad noiſe within.
Jun. What 's this loud lamentation?
Mac. The dead body

of the great *Penyus* is new come to th' Camp Sir.
Dem. Dead !
Macer By himſelf, they ſay.
Jun. I fear'd that fortune.
Cur. Peace guide him up to heaven.
Jun. Away good *Macer.* *Exeunt Macer and Judas.*
Enter Swetonius, Druſus, Regulus, Petillius.
Swet. If thou be'ſt guilty,
ſome ſullen plague thou hat'ſt moſt light upon thee:
the Regiment return on *Junius*,
hee well deſerves it.
Petill. So.
Swet. Draw out three Companies,
yours *Decius*, *Junius*, and thou *Petillius*,
and make up inſtantly to *Caratach*,
he's in the wood before ye; we ſhall follow
after due ceremony done to the dead,
the noble dead: Come, let's go burn the body.
Exeunt all but Petillius.
Petill. The Regiment given from me; diſgrac'd openly;
in love too with a trifle to abuſe me?
A merry world, a fine world: ſerv'd ſeven yeers
to be an aſſe o' both ſides, ſweet *Petillius*,
you have brought your hogs to a fine market: you are wiſe, Sir,
your honourable brain-pan full of crotchets,
an underſtanding Gentleman; your projects
caſt with aſſurance ever: wouldſt not thou now
be bang'd about the pate, *Petillius*?
anſwer to that ſweet ſouldier; ſurely, ſurely,
I think ye would; pull'd by the noſe, kick'd; hang thee,
thou art the arrant'ſt raſcall: truſt thy wiſdome
with any thing of weight; the winde with feathers.
Out ye blind puppie; you command? you govern?
dig for a groat a day, or ſerve a ſwine-herd;
too noble for thy nature too. I muſt up;
but what I ſhall do there, let time diſcover. *Exit.*

Scæna tertia.

Enter Macer and Judas, with meat and a bottle.
Mac. Hang it o'th' ſide o'th' rock, as though the Britains
ſtole hither to relieve him; who firſt ventures
to fetch it off, is ours. I cannot ſee him.
Jud. He lies cloſe in a hole above, I know it,
gnawing upon his anger: ha? no, 'tis not he,
Macer 'Tis but the ſhaking of the boughs.
Jud. ——— ſhake 'em,
I am ſure they ſhake me ſoundly. There.
Macer 'Tis nothing.
Jud. Make no noiſe: if he ſtir, a deadly tempeſt
of huge ſtones fall upon us: 'tis done: away cloſe. *Ext.*
Enter Caratach.
Car. Sleep ſtil, ſleep ſweetly child, 'tis all thou feedſt on.
No gentle Britain neer; no valiant charitie
to bring thee food? poor knave, thou art ſick, extreme ſick,
almoſt grown wild for meat; and yet thy goodneſſe
will not confeſſe, nor ſhow it. All the woods
are double lin'd with ſouldiers; no way left us
to make a noble ſcape: I'll ſit down by thee,
and when thou wak'ſt, either get meat to ſave thee,
or loſe my life i'th' purchaſe. Good gods comfort thee.
Enter Junius, Decius, Petillius, Guide.
Guide Ye are not far off now, Sir.
Jun. Draw the Companies
the cloſeſt way thorow the woods; we'll keep on this way.
Guide I will Sir: half a furlong more you'll come
within the ſight o'th' Rock; keep on the left ſide,
you'll be diſcoverd elſe: I'll lodge your Companies
in the wilde vines beyond ye.
Dec. Do ye mark him?
Jun. Yes, and am ſorry for him.
Petill. *Junius*,
pray let me ſpeak two words with you.
Jun. Walk afore,
I'll overtake ye ſtraight.
Dec. I will. *Exit.*
Jun. Now, Captain.
Petill. You have oft told me, you have lov'd me, *Junius*.
Jun. Moſt ſure I told you truth then.
Petill. And that love
ſhould not deny me any honeſt thing.
Jun. It ſhall not.
Petill. Dare ye ſwear it?
I have forgot all paſſages between us
that have been ill, forgiven too, forgot you.
Jun. What would this man have? By——— I do, Sir,
ſo it be fit to grant ye.
Petill. 'Tis moſt honeſt.
Jun. Why, then I'll do it.
Petill. Kill mee.
Jun. How?
Petill. Pray kill me.
Jun. Kill ye?
Pet. I, kill me quickly, ſuddenly,
now kill me.
Jun. On what reaſon? ye amaze me.
Pet. If ye do love me, kill me, ask me not why:
I would be kill'd, and by you.
Jun. Mercy on me,
What ails this man? *Petillius.*
Petill. Pray ye diſpatch me,
ye are not ſafe whileſt I live: I am dangerous,
troubled extremely, even to miſchief, *Junius*,
an enemie to all good men: fear not, 'tis juſtice;
I ſhall kill you elſe.
Jun. Tell me but the cauſe,
and I will do it.
Petill. I am diſgrac'd, my ſervice
ſlighted, and unrewarded by the Generall,
my hopes left wilde and naked; beſides theſe,
I am grown ridiculous, an aſſe, a folly
I dare not truſt my ſelf with: Prethee kill me.
Jun. All theſe may be redeem'd as eaſily
as you would heal your finger.
Petill. Nay —
Jun. Stay, I'll do it,
you ſhall not need your anger: But firſt, *Petillius*,
you ſhall unarm your ſelf; I dare not truſt
a man ſo bent to miſchief.
Petill. There's my ſword;
and do it handſomely.
Jun. yes, I will kill ye,
beleeve that certaine: but firſt i'll lay before ye
the moſt extreme fool ye have plaid in this,
the honour purpoſ'd for ye, the great honour
the Generall intended ye,
Petill. How?
Jun. And then I'll kill ye,
becauſe ye ſhall die miſerable. Know Sir,
the Regiment was given me, but till time
call'd ye to do ſome worthie deed might ſtop

the peoples ill thoughts of ye for Lord *Penyus*,
I mean his death. How ſoon this time's come to ye,
and haſted by *Swetonius*? Go, ſayes he,
Junius and *Decius*, and go thou *Petillius*;
diſtinctly, thou *Petillius*, and draw up,
to take ſtout *Caratach*: there's the deed purpoſ'd,
a deed to take off all faults, of all natures:
And thou *Petillius*; Mark it, there's the honour,
and that done, all made even.

Petill. Stay.

Jun. No, I'll kill ye.
He knew thee abſolute, and full in ſouldier,
daring beyond all dangers, found thee out
according to the boldneſſe of thy ſpirit,
a ſubject, ſuch a ſubject.

Petill. Heark ye *Junius*,
I will live now.

Jun. By no means. Wooed thy worth,
held thee by the chin up, as thou ſankſt, and ſhew'd thee
how honour held her arms out: Come, make ready,
ſince ye will die an aſſe.

Petil. Thou wilt not kill me.

Jun. By——— but I will Sir: I'll have no man dangerous
live to deſtroy me afterward. Beſides, you have gotten
honour enough, let young men riſe now. Nay,
I do perceive too by the Generall, (which is
one main cauſe ye ſhall die) how ere he carry it,
ſuch a ſtrong doting on ye, that I fear,
you ſhall command in chief: how are we paid then?
Come, if you will pray, diſpatch it.

Petill. Is there no way?

Jun. Not any way to live.

Petill. I will do any thing,
redeem my ſelf at any price: good *Junius*,
let me but die upon the Rock, but offer
my life up like a Souldier.

Jun. You will ſeek then
to out-doe every man.

Petill. Beleeve it *Junius*,
you ſhall goe ſtroak by ſtroak with me.

Jun. You'll leave off too,
as you are noble, and a ſouldier,
for ever theſe mad fancies.

Petill. Dare ye truſt me?
By all that's good and honeſt.

Jun. There's your ſword then,
and now come on a new man: Vertue guide thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Caratach and Hengo on the Rock.

Car. Courage my Boy, I have found meat: look *Hengo*,
look where ſome bleſſed Britain, to preſerve thee,
has hung a little food and drink: cheer up Boy,
do not forſake me now.

Hengo. O Uncle, Uncle,
I feel I cannot ſtay long: yet I'll fetch it,
to keep your noble life: Uncle, I am heart whole,
and would live.

Car. Thou ſhalt, long I hope.

Hen. But my head, Uncle:
me thinks the Rock goes round. *Enter Macer & Jud.*

Macer. Mark 'em well, *Judas*.

Jud. Peace, as you love your life.

Hen. Do not you hear
the noiſe of bels?

Car. of bels Boy? 'tis thy fancie,
alas, thy bodie's full of wind.

Hengo. me thinks Sir,
they ring a ſtrange ſad knell, a preparation
to ſome neer funerall of State: nay, weep not,
mine owne ſweet Uncle, you will kill me ſooner.

Car. O my poor chicken.

Hen. Fie, faint-hearted Uncle:
Come, tie me in your belt, and let me down.

Car. I'll go my ſelf, Boy.

Hengo No, as ye love mee, Uncle;
I will not eat it, if I doe not fetch it;
the danger onely I deſire: pray tie me.

Car. I will, and all my care hang ore thee: come child,
my valiant child.

Hengo Let me down apace, Uncle,
and ye ſhall ſee how like a Daw I'll whip it
from all their policies: for 'tis moſt certain
a Roman train: and ye muſt hold me ſure too,
you'll ſpoil all elſe. When I have brought it Uncle,
wee'll be as merry ——

Car. Go i'th' name of heaven Boy.

Hengo Quick, quick, Uncle, I have it. Oh.
Judas ſhoots Hengo.

Car. What aileſt thou?

Hengo O my beſt Uncle, I am ſlain.

Car. I ſee yee, and heaven direct my hand: deſtruction
Caratach kils Judas with a ſtone from the Rock.
go with thy coward ſoul. How doſt thou Boy?
Oh villain, pocky villain.

Hengo O Uncle, Uncle,
oh how it pricks mee: am I preſerv'd for this?
extremely pricks me.

Car. Coward, raſcall Coward,
dogs eat thy fleſh.

Hen. Oh I bleed hard: I faint too, out upon't,
how ſick I am? the lean Rogue, Uncle.

Car. Look Boy,
I have laid him ſure enough.

Hengo Have ye knockt his brains out?

Car. I warrant thee for ſtirring more: cheer up, child.

Hen. Hold my ſides hard, ſtop, ſtop, oh wretched fortune,
muſt we part thus? Still I grow ſicker, Uncle.

Car. Heaven look upon this noble child.

Hengo I once hop'd
I ſhould have liv'd to have met theſe bloody Romans
at my ſwords point, to have reveng'd my father,
to have beaten 'em: oh hold me hard. But Uncle—

Car. Thou ſhalt live ſtill I hope Boy. Shall I draw it?

Hen. Ye draw away my ſoul then. I would live
a little longer; ſpare me heavens, but onely
to thank you for your tender love. Good Uncle,
good noble Uncle weep not.

Car. Oh my chicken,
my deer Boy, what ſhall I loſe?

Hengo Why, a child,
that muſt have died how-ever: had this ſcap'd me,
feaver or famine: I was born to die, Sir.

Car. But thus unblown, my Boy?

Heng. I goe the ſtraighter
my journey to the gods: Sure I ſhall know ye
when ye come, Uncle.

Car. Yes, Boy.

Hen. And I hope
wee ſhall enjoy together that great bleſſedneſſe
you told me of.

Car. Moſt certain, child.

Hengo I grow cold,
mine eyes are going.

Car. Lift 'em up.
Hengo Pray for me;
and noble Uncle, when my bones are aſhes,
think of your little Nephew. Mercie.
Car. Mercie.
You bleſſed angels take him.
Hengo Kiſſe me: ſo.
Farewell, farewell. *Dies.*
Car. Farewell the hopes of Britain,
thou Royall graft, Farewell for ever. Time and Death,
ye have done your worſt. Fortune now ſee, now proudly
pluck off thy vail, and view thy triumph: Look,
look what thou haſt brought this Land to. Oh fair flower,
how lovely yet thy ruines ſhow, how ſweetly
even death embraces thee! The peace of heaven,
the fellowſhip of all great ſouls be with thee.
Enter Petillius & Junius on the rock.
Hah? dare ye Romans? ye ſhall win me bravely.
Thou art mine. *Fight.*
Jun. Not yet, Sir.
Car. Breathe ye, ye poor Romans,
and come up all, with all your ancient valours,
like a rough winde I'll ſhake your ſouls, and ſend 'em——
Enter Swetonius, and all the Roman Captains.
Swet. Yeeld thee bold *Caratach*; by all ———
as I am ſouldier, as I envie thee,
I'll uſe thee like thy ſelf, the valiant Britain.
Pet. Brave ſoldier yeeld; thou ſtock of Arms and Honor,
thou filler of the world with fame and glory.
Jun. Moſt worthy man, we'l woo thee, be thy priſoners.
Swet. Excellent Britain, do me but that honour,
that more to me then Conqueſts, that true happineſſe,
to be my friend.
Car. O Romans, ſee what here is:
had this Boy liv'd ——
Swet. For Fames ſake, for thy Swords ſake,
as thou deſireſt to build thy vertues greater:
by all that's excellent in man, and honeſt ——
Car. I do beleeve: Ye have had me a brave foe;
make me a noble friend, and from your goodneſſe,
give this Boy honourable earth to lie in.
Swet. He ſhall have fitting Funerall.
Car. I yeeld then,
not to your blowes, but your brave courteſies.
Petill. Thus we conduct then to the arms of Peace
the wonder of the world.
Swet. Thus I embrace thee, *Flouriſh.*
and let it be no flattery that I tell thee,
thou art the onely Souldier.
Car. How to thank ye
I muſt hereafter finde upon your uſage.
I am for Rome?
Swet. Ye muſt.
Car. Then Rome ſhall know
the man that makes her ſpring of glory grow.
Swet. *Petillius*, you have ſhown much worth this day,
redeem'd much errour,
ye have my love again, preſerve it. *Junius*,
with you I make him equall in the Regiment.
Jun. The elder and the nobler: I'll give place, Sir.
Swet. Ye ſhew a friends ſoul.

March on, and through the Camp in every tongue.
the Vertues of great *Caratach* be ſung. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE SEA VOYAGE

Actus Primus——*Scæna Prima.*

A Tempeſt, Thunder and Lightning.

Enter Maſter and two Saylors.

Maſter.

LAy her aloofe, the Sea grows dangerous,
How it ſpits againſt the clouds, how it
capers,
And how the fiery Element frights it back!
There be devils dancing in the aire, I think
I ſaw a *Dolphin* hang ith hornes of the moone
Shot from a wave: hey day, hey day,
How ſhe kicks and yerks?
Down with'e main Maſt, lay her at hull,
Farle up all her Linnens, and let her ride it out.

1 Saylor. Sheele never brook it Maſter.
Shees ſo deep laden, that ſheele buldge;

Maſter. Hang her.
Can ſhe not buffet with a ſtorm a little?
How it toſſes her! ſhe reeles like a Drunkard.

2 Saylor. We have diſcovered the Land Sir,
Pray lets make in, ſhee's ſo drunke; elſe,
She may chance to caſt up all her Lading. (periſht.

1 Saylor. Sland in, ſland in, we are all loſt els, loſt and

Maſter Steer her a Star-boord there.

2 Saylor. Beare in with all the Sayle we can, ſee Maſter
See, What a clap of Thunder there is,
What a face of heaven, how dredfully it looks? (praying;

Maſter. Thou raſcall, thou fearfull rogue, thou haſt bin
I ſeet in thy face, thou haſt been mumbling,
When we are ſplit you ſlave; is this a time,
To diſcourage our friends with your cold orrizons?
Call up the Boatſwaine; how it ſtorms; holla.

Boatſwain. What ſhall we doe Maſter?
Caſt over all her lading? ſhe will not ſwimme
An houre elſe; *Enter Albert*

Maſt. The ſtorm is lowd, *Franvile*
We cannot heare one another, *La-mure*
What's the coaſt? *Tibalt de pont.*

Boatſw. We know not yet; ſhall we make in? *Morillat.*

Albert. What comfort Saylers?
never ſaw, ſince I have known the Sea,
(Which has been this twenty yeers) ſo rude a tempeſt.
n what State are we?

Maſter. Dangerous enough Captain,
We have ſprung five leakes, and no little ones;
till rage; beſides her ribs are open;
er rudder almoſt ſpent; prepare your ſelves;
nd have good courages, death comes but once,
nd let him come in all his frights.

Albert. Is't not poſſible,
To make in toth' Land? 'tis here before us.

Morill. Here hard by Sir.

Maſter. Death is neerer Gentlemen.
Yet doe not cry, lets dye like men.

Talbat. Shal's hoyſe the Boat out, *Enter Amint.*
And goe all at one caſt? the more the merrier.

Maſter. You are too haſty Mounſieur,
Do ye long to be ith Fiſh-market before your time?
Hold her up there.

Amint. O miſerable Fortune,
Nothing but horrour ſounding in mine eares,
No minute to promiſe to my frighted ſoule.

Tibat. Peace woman,
We ha ſtorms enough already; no more howling.

Amint. Gentle Maſter.

Maſt. Clap this woman under hatches.

Alb. Prethee ſpeake mildly to her.

Amint. Can no help?

Maſt. None that I know.

Amint. No promiſe from your goodneſſe?

Maſt. Am I a God? for heavens ſake ſtoaw this

Tilb. Goe: take your gilt Prayer Booke; (woman.
And to your buſineſſe; winck and die,
There an old Haddock ſtayes for ye.

Amint. Muſt I dye here in all the frights, the terrors,
The thouſand ſeverall ſhapes, death triumphes in?
No friend to councell me?

Alb. Have Peace ſweet Miſtreſſe.

Amint. No kindreds teares upon me? Oh! my country!
No gentle hand to cloſe mine eyes?

Alb. Be comforted, heaven has the ſame
Power ſtill, and the ſame mercy.

Amint. Oh! that wave will devour me!

Maſt. Carry her down Captaine;
Or by theſe hands, I'le give no more direction,
Let the Ship ſinck or ſwimme; we ha nere better luck,
When we ha ſuch ſtoage as theſe trinkets with us,
Theſe ſweet ſin-breeders; how can heaven ſmile on us,
When ſuch a burthen of iniquity
Lies tumbling like a potion in our Ships belly? *Exit.*

Tib. A way with her, and if ſhe have a Prayer,
That's fit for ſuch an houre, let her ſay't quickly,
And ſeriouſly. *Exit.*

Alb. Come, I ſee it cleer Lady, come in,
And take ſome comfort. I'le ſtay with ye. (hope,

Amint. Where ſhould I ſtay? to what end ſhould I
Am I not circled round with miſery?
Confuſions in their full heights dwell about me:
O *Mounſier Albert*, How am I bound to curſe ye,
If curſes could redeeme me? how to hate ye?

You forc't me from my quiet, from my friends;
Even from their Armes, that were as deere to me,
As day light is, or comfort to the wretched;
You forc't my friends from their peacefull reſt,
Some your relentles ſword gave their laſt groanes;
Would I had there been numbred;
And to fortunes never ſatisfied afflictions,
Ye turn'd my Brother; and thoſe few friends I'd left
Like deſperate creatures, to their own feares
And the worlds ſtubborn pitties: Oh merciles.

Alb. Sweet Miſtreſſe.

Amint. And whether they are wandred to avoyd ye,
Or whether dead and no kind earth to cover 'em;
Was this a lovers part? but heaven has found ye,
And in his lowd voyce, his voyce of thunder,
And in the mutiny of his deep wonders,
He tels ye now, ye weepe too late:

Alb. Let theſe tears tell how I honour ye;
Ye know deer Lady, ſince ye were mine,
How truly I have lov'd ye, how ſanctimoniouſly
Obſerv'd your honour; not one laſcivious word,
Not one touch Lady; no, not a hope that might not
The unpolluted ſervant of your Chaſtity; (render me
For you I put to Sea, to ſeek your Brother;
Your Captain, yet your ſlave, that his redemption,
If he be living, where the Sunne has circuit,
May expiate your rigor, and my raſhneſſe.

Amint. The Storm grows greater; what ſhall we do?

Alb. Let's in;
And aske heavens mercy; my ſtrong mind yet preſages,
Through all theſe dangers, we ſhall ſee a day yet (*Exit.*
Shall Crown your pious hopes, and my faire wiſhes.

Enter Maſter, Saylors, Gentlemen,
Boatſwayne and Surgeon.

Maſt. It muſt all over boord.

Boatſw. It cleers to Sea-ward maſt.
Fling o're the lading there, and let's lighten her;
All the meat, and the Cakes, we are all gone elſe;
That we may finde her Leakes, and hold her up;
Yet ſave ſome little Bisket for the Lady,
Till we come to the Land.

La-m. Muſt my goods over too?
Why honeſt Maſter? here lies all my money;
The money I ha wrackt by uſurie,
To buy new Lands and Lordſhips in new Countryes,
'Cauſe I was baniſht from mine own
I ha been this tweenty yeers a raiſing it.

Tilb. Out with it: (have it;
The devils are got together by the eares, who ſhall
And here they quarrell in the clouds.

La-m. I am undone Sir: (periſh.

Tib. And be undone, 'tis better then we

La-m. O ſave one Cheſt of Plate.

Tib. A way with it, luſtily Saylors;
It was ſome pawne, that he has got unjuſtly;
Down with it low enough, and let Crabs breed in't;

Maſt. Over with the Truncks too. *Enter*

Alb. Take mine and ſpare not; *Albert.*

Maſt. We muſt over with all.

Fran. Will ye throw away my Lordſhip
That I ſold, put it into clothes and neceſſaries,
To goe to Sea with?

Tib. Over with it; I love to ſee a Lordſhip ſincke;
Sir you left no Wood upon't to bovy it up;
You might ha ſav'd it elſe.

Fran. I am undone for ever; (happy?

Alb. Why we are all undone; would you be only

La-m. Sir you may looſe too.

Tib. Thou lieſt; I ha nothing but my skinne,
And my Clothes; my ſword here, and my ſelf;
Two Crowns in my Pocket; two paire of Cards;
And three falſe Dice: I can ſwime like a Fiſh;
Raſcall, nothing to hinder me.

Boatſw. In with her of all hands.

Maſt. Come gentlemen, come Captain, ye muſt helpe (all;
My life now for the Land,
'Tis high, and rocky, and full of perils;

Alb. How ever let's attempt it.

Maſt. Then cheer luſtily my hearts. *Exit.*

Enter Sebaſtian and Nicuſa.

Sebaſt. Yes 'tis a Ship, I ſee it now, a tal Ship;
She has wrought luſtily for her deliverance;
Heavens mercy, what a wretched day has here been?

Nicu. To ſtill and quiet minds, that knew no miſery,
It may ſeeme wretched, but with us 'tis ordinary;
Heaven has no Storm in ſtore, nor earth no terror,
That can ſeeme new to us.

Sebaſt. 'Tis true *Nicuſa*; if fortune were determin'd
To be wanton, and would wipe out the ſtories
Of mens miſeries: yet we two living,
We could croſſe her purpoſe; for 'tis impoſſible
She ſhould cure us, we are ſo excellent in our afflictions;
It would be more then glory to her blindnes,
And ſtile her power beyond her pride, to quit us.

Nicuſa. Doe they live ſtill?

Sebaſt. Yes, and make to harbour:

Nicu. Moſt miſerable men; I greive their Fortunes.

Sebaſt. How happy had they been, had the Sea cover'd
They leap from one calamity to another; ('em!
Had they been drown'd, they had ended all their
What ſhowts of joy they make? (ſorrows.

Nicu. Alas poor wretches, had they but once experience
Of this Iſland, they'd turn their tunes to waylings;

Sebaſt. Nay, to curſes.
That ever they ſet foot on ſuch calamities;
Here's nothing but rocks and barrennes,
Hunger, and cold to eat; here's no Vineyards
To cheere the heart of man, no Chriſtall Rivers
After his labour to refreſh his body,
If he be feeble; nothing to reſtore him,
But heavenly hopes; nature that made thoſe remedies,
Dares not come here, nor looke on our diſtreſſes,
For fear ſhe turn wilde like the place and barren.

Nicu. O Uncle, yet a little memory of what we were,
'Twill be a little comfort in our calamities;
When we were ſeated in our bleſſed homes,
How happy in our kindreds, in our families,
In all our Fortunes? (us;

Sebaſt. Curſe on thoſe French Pirates, that diſplanted
That flung us from that happineſſe we found there;
Conſtrain'd us to Sea, to ſave our lives, honours and our
Withall we had, our kinſmen and our jewels, (riches,
In hope to finde ſome place free from ſuch robbers,
Where a mighty ſtorme ſeverd our Barkes,
That, where my wife, my daughter
And my noble Ladyes that went with her,
Virgins and loving ſoules, to ſcape thoſe Pirates.

Nicuſ. They are living yet; ſuch goodneſſe cannot

Sebaſt But never to me Cozen; (periſh.
Never to me againe; what beares their Flag-ſtaves?

Nicu. The Armes of *France* ſure;
Nay, doe not ſtart, we cannot be more miſerable;
Death is a cordial, now, come when it will.

Sebaſt. They get to ſhore a pace, they'le flye as faſt (there!
When once they find the place; what's that which ſwims

Ni. A ſtrong young man Sir, with a handſome woman

Hanging about his Neck.
Sebaſt. That ſhewes ſome honour;
May thy brave charity what ere thou art,
Be ſpoken in a place, that may renown thee,
And not dye here.
Nicaſa. The Boat it ſeemes turn'd over,
So forced to their ſhifts, yet all are landed,
They're Pirats on my life.
Sebaſt. They will not rob us;
For none will take our miſery for riches:
Come Cozen, let's deſcend and try their pitties;
If we get off, a little hope walkes with us;
If not, we ſhall but load this wretched Iſland
With the ſame ſhadows ſtill that muſt grow ſhorter. *Ex.*

Enter Albert, Aminta, Tibalt, Morillat La-mure,
Maſter, Franvile, Surgeon, Saylors.

(yet.
Tibal. Wet come a ſhore my mates, we are ſafe arrived
Maſt. Thanks to heavens goodneſſe, no man loſt;
The Ship rides faire to, and her leakes in good plight.
Albert. The weathers turn'd more courteous;
How does my deere?
Alas, how weake ſhe is and wet?
Amint. I am glad yet, I ſcapt with life; (goodneſſe,
Which certain Noble Captain, next to heavens
I muſt thanke you for, and which is more,
Acknowledge your deer tenderneſſe, your firme love
To your unworthy Miſtreſſe, and recant to
(Indeed I muſt) thoſe harſh opinions,
Thoſe cruell unkind thoughts, I heapt upon ye;
Farther then that, I muſt forget your Injuries.
So farre I am tyde, and fetred to your ſervice,
Beleeve me I will learne to love.
Albert. I thank ye Madam,
And it ſhall be my practiſe to ſerve.
What cheere companions?
Tibalt. No great cheere Sir, a peece of ſouced Bisket
And halfe a hard egge; for the Sea has taken order;
Being young and ſtrong, we ſhall not ſurfet Captaine.
For mine own part, Ile Dance till I'm dry;
Come Surgeon, out with your Gliſter-pipe,
And ſtricke a Galliard.
Alb. What a brave day again;
And what faire weather, after ſo fowle a ſtorme?
La-mure. I ant pleas'ed the Maſter, he might ha ſeen
This weather, and ha ſav'd our goods. (healths.
Alb. Never think on em, we have our lives and
La-m. I muſt think on em, and think
'Twas moſt maliciouſly done to undoe me.
Fran. And me to; I loſt all;
I hant another ſhirt to put upon me, nor Clothes
But theſe poor raggs; I had fifteen faire ſutes,
The worſt was cut upon Taffaty.
Tib. I am glad you ha loſt, give me thy hand,
Is thy skin whole? art thou not purl'd with ſcabbs?
No Ancient monuments of madam Venus?
Thou haſt a ſuit then will poſe the cunningſt Taylor,
That will never turn faſhion, nor forſake thee,
Till thy executors the wormes uncaſe thee,
They take off glorious ſutes *Franvile*: thou art happy,
Thou art delivered of em; here are no Brokers;
No *Alchymiſts* to turn 'em into Mettle;
Nor Leather'd Captaine's with Ladies to adore 'em;
Wilt thou ſee a dogfiſh riſe in one of thy brave doublets,
And tumble like a Tub to make thee merry,
Or an old Haddock riſe with thy hatcht ſword
Thou payd'ſt a hundred Crowns for?
A Mermayd in a mantle of your worſhips,
Or a Dolphin in your double ruffe?
Fran. Ye are merry, but if I take it thus,
If I be foyſted and jeer'd out of my goods.
La-mure. Nor I, I vow thee.
Nor Maſter nor mate, I ſee your cunning,
Alb. O be not angry Gentlemen.
Moril. Yes Sir we have reaſon.
And ſome friends I can make. (ſafety.
Maſt. What I did Gentlemen, was for the generall
If ye ayme at me, I am not ſo tame.
Tib. Pray take my councell Gallants.
Fight not till the Surgeon be well,
Hee's damnable Sea-ſick, and may ſpoyle all;
Beſides he has loſt his Fidleſtick, and the beſt
Box of Bores greaſe; why doe you make ſuch faces,
And hand your ſwords?
Alb. Who would ye fight with? Gentlemen?
Who has done ye wrong? for ſhame be better temper'd.
No ſooner come to give thankes for our ſafeties,
But we muſt raiſe new civill Broyles amongſt us (on us?
Inflame thoſe angry powers, to ſhower new vengeance
What can we expect for theſe unmanly murmers,
Theſe ſtrong temptations of their holy pitties,
But plagues in another kind, a fuller, ſo dreadfull,
That the ſinging ſtormes are ſlumbers to it?
Tib. Be men and rule your minds;
If you will needs fight Gentlemen,
And thinke to raiſe new riches by your valours,
Have at ye, I have little elſe to doe now
I have ſaid my Prayers; you ſay you have loſt,
And make your loſſe your quarrell,
And grumble at my Captaine here, and the Maſter, (cals,
Two worthy perſons; indeed too worthy for ſuch raſ-
Thou Galloone gallant, and Mamon you
That build on golden mountaines, thou money Maggot;
Come all draw your ſwords, ye ſay ye are miſerable.
Alb. Nay, hold good *Tibalt.*
Tib. Captaine, let me correct em;
I'le make ye ten times worſe, I will not leave em;
For look ye, fighting is as nouriſhing to me as eating,
I was born quarrelling.
Maſt. Pray Sir.
Tib. I will not leave em skins to cover em;
Doe ye grumble, when ye are well ye rogues?
Maſt. Noble *Du-pont.*
Tib. Ye have Clothes now: and ye prate.
Amin. Pray Gentlemen, for my ſake be at peace.
La-m. Let it become me to make all friends.
Fran. You have ſtopt our angers *Lady.*
Alb. This ſhewes noble.
Tib. 'Tis well: 'tis very well: there's halfe a Bisket,
Break't amongſt ye all, and thank my bounty,
This is clothes & Plate too; come no more quarrelling.
Amin. But ha! what things are theſe, *Enter*
Are they humane creatures? *Sebaſtian*
Tib. I have heard of Sea-Calves. and *Nicuſa.*
Alb. They are no ſhaddows ſure, they have Leggs and
Tilb. They hang but lightly on though. (Armes.
Amint. How they looke, are they mens faces?
Tib. They have Horſe-Tayles growing to em,
Goodly long maines.
Amint. Alas what ſunk eyes they have!
How they are crept in, as if they had been frighted!
Sure they are wretched men.
Tib. Where are their Wardrobs?
Looke ye *Franvile*, here are a cople of Courtiers.
Amint. They kneele, alas poore ſoules.

Alb. What are ye ? ſpeake ; are ye alive,
Or wandring ſhaddows, that finde no peace on earth,
Till ye reveale ſome hidden ſecret ?
Sebaſt. We are men as you are ;
Onely our miſeries make us ſeem Monſters.
If ever pitty dwelt in noble hearts ; (men;
Alb. We underſtand 'em too : pray marke em Gentle-
Sebaſt, Or that heaven is plea'sd with human charity;
If ever ye have heard the name of friendſhip ?
Or ſuffered in your ſelves, the leaſt afflictions,
Have gentle Fathers that have bred ye tenderly ,
And Mothers that have wept for your misfortunes,
Have mercy on our miſeries.
Alb. Stand up wretches ;
Speak boldly , and have releaſe ;
Nicuſ. If ye be Chriſtians ,
And by that bleſſe'd name, bound to releeve us,
Convey us from this Iſland.
Alb. Speake ; what are ye ?
Seb. As you are, Gentle born ; to tell ye more ,
Were but to number up our own calamities ,
And turn your eyes wild with perpetuall weepings ;
Theſe many yeers, in this moſt wretched Iſland
We two have liv'd : the ſcorne and game of fortune ;
Bleſſe your ſelves from it Noble Gentlemen ;
The greateſt plagues, that humane nature ſuffers,
Are ſeated here, wildneſſe, and wants innumerable.
Alb. How came ye hither ? (been.
Nicuſ. In a ſhip, as you do, and as you might have
Had not heaven preſerv'd ye for ſome more noble uſe ;
Wrack't deſperately ; our men, and all conſum'd,
But we two; that ſtill live, and ſpin out
The thin and ragged threds of our misfortunes.
Alb. Is there no meat above ?
Sebaſt. Nor meat nor quiet ;
No ſummer here, to promiſe any thing ;
Nor Autume, to make full the reapers hands ;
The earth obdurate to the teares of heaven,
Let's nothing ſhoot but poyſoned weeds.
No Rivers, nor no pleaſant Groves, no beaſts ;
All that were made for mans uſe, flye this deſart ;
No aëry fowle dares makes his flight over it,
It is ſo ominous.
Serpents, and ugly things, the ſhames of nature,
Roots of malignant taſtes, foule ſtanding waters ;
Sometimes we finde a fulſome Sea-root,
And that's a delicate : a Rat ſometimes ,
And that we hunt like Princes in their pleaſure ;
And when we take a Toad, we make a Banquet.
Amint. For heavens ſake let's aboord.
Alb. D'ee know no farther ? (place inhabited ;
Nicuſa. Yes, we have ſometimes ſeen the ſhaddow of a
And heard the noyſe of hunters ;
And have attempted to finde it, ſo far as a River,
Deep, ſlow, and dangerous, fenced with high Rocks,
We have gone ; but not able to atchieve that hazard,
Returne to our old miſeries.
If this ſad ſtory, may diſerve your pitties , (miſeries:
Alb. Ye ſhall aboord with us , we will relieve your
Sebaſt. Nor will we be unthankfull for this benefit;
No Gentlemen, wee'le pay for our deliverance ;
Look ye that plough the Seas for wealth and pleaſures ,
That out-runne day and night with your ambitions,
Looke on thoſe heaps, they ſeeme hard ragged quarries ;
Remove 'em, and view 'em fully.
Maſt. O heaven, they are Gold and Jewels.
Sebaſt. Be not too haſty, here lies another heape.
Morill. And here another
All perfect gold. (own carvers;
Alb. Stand farther off, you muſt not be your
La-m. We have ſhares , and deep ones;
Fran. Yes Sir, wee'le maintain't : ho fellow Saylors.
La-m. Stand all to your freedomes ;
I'le have all this.
Fran. And I this.
Tib. You ſhall be hang'd firſt.
La-m. My loſſes ſhall be made good.
Fran. So ſhall mine, or with my ſword I'le do't ;
All that will ſhare with us, aſſiſt us.
Tib. Captain let's ſet in.
Alb. This money will undoe us, undoe us all : (nes;
Sebaſt. This Gold was the overthrow of my happi.
I had command too, when I landed here,
And lead young, high, and noble ſpirits under me, (tain,
This curſed Gold entiſing 'em, they ſet upon their Cap-
On me that ow'nd this wealth, & this poor Gentleman,
Gave us no few wounds, forc'd us from our own;
And then their civill ſwords, who ſhould be owners,
And who Lords over all, turn'd againſt their own lives,
Firſt in their rage conſum'd the Ship ,
That poor part of the Ship that ſcap't the firſt wracke,
Next their lives by heaps ; O be you wiſe and carefull :
La-m. Wee'le ha more : Sirah , come ſhow it. (of.
Fran. Or ten times worſe afflictions then thou ſpeak'ſt
Alb. Nay, and ye will be Doggs. *beats 'em out.*
Tib. Let me come Captaine :
This Golden age muſt have an Iron ending.
Have at the bunch. *he beats 'em off.* *Exit.*
Amint. O *Albert* ; O Gentlemen ; O friends. *Exit.*
Sebaſt. Come noble Nephew, if we ſtay here, we dye;
Here rides their Ship, yet all are gone toth' ſpoyle,
Let's make a quick uſe.
Nicuſ. Away deer Uncle.
Sebaſt. This Gold was our overthrow. *Exit*
Nicuſ. It may now be our happineſſe. *Enter Tibalt and*
Tib. You ſhall have gold : yes, I'le crambe it int'ee; *the reſt.*
You ſhall be your own carvers ; yes, I'le carve ye.
Morill. I am ſore, I pray heare reaſon :
Tib. I'le heare none.
Covetous baſe mindes have no reaſon ;
I am hurt my ſelf ; but whil'ſt I have a *Legge* left,
I will ſo haunt your guilded ſoules ; how dee Captain?
Ye bleed apace, curſe on the cauſers ont;
Ye doe not faint ?
Alb. No, no ; I am not ſo happy.
Tib. D'ee howle, nay, ye deſerve it : ('em?
Baſe greedy rogues ; come, ſhall we make an end of
Alb. They are our country-men, for heavens ſake ſpare
Alas, they are hurt enough : & they relent now. *Aminta*
Amint. O Captain, Captain. *above.*
Alb. Whoſe voyce is that ?
Tib. The Ladies. (Captain,
Amint. Look Captain, look ; ye are undone : poore
We are all undone : all, all : we are all miſerable,
Mad wilfull men ; ye are undone, your ſhip, your Ship.
Alb. What of her?
Amint. Shee's under Sayle and floating ;
See where ſhe flies : ſee to your ſhames, you wretches :
Thoſe poor ſtarv'd things, that ſhewed you Gold. *La-m.*
1 *Saylor.* They have cut the Cables, *and Franvile*
And got her out ; the tyde too has befrinded em. *goes up*
Maſt. Where are the Saylors that kept her ? *to ſee the*
Boatſw. Here, here in the mutiny, to take up mony, *Ship.*
And left no creature, left the Boat a ſhoare too ;
This Gold, this damn'd enticing Gold.
2 *Saylor.* How the wind drives her,

As if it vied to force her from our furies?
La-m. Come back good old men:
Fran. Good honeſt men, come back.
Tib. The winds againſt ye, ſpeak lowder;
La-m. Ye ſhall have all your Gold againe: they ſee us.
Tib. Hold up your hands, and kneele, (ye;
And houle ye blockheads; they'le have compaſſion on
Yes, yes, 'tis very likely: ye have deſerv'd it,
D'ee look like Doggs now?
Are your mighty courages abated?
Alb. I bleed apace *Tibalt*: (miſeries.
Tib. Retire Sir; and make the beſt uſe of our
They but begin now. *Enter*
Amint. Are ye alive ſtill? *Aminta*;
Alb. Yes ſweet.
Tib. Help him off Lady;
And wrap him warme, in your Armes, (ſomely,
Here's ſomething that's comfortable; off with him hand-
I'le come to ye ſtraight: but vex theſe raſcals a little. *Exit*
Fran. Oh! I am hungry, & hurt, and I am weary. *Albert*
Tib. Here's a Peſtle of a Portigue, Sir; *Aminta.*
'Tis excellent meat, with ſoure ſauce;
And here's two Chaines, ſuppoſe 'em Sauſages;
Then there wants Muſtar'd.
But the fearefull Surgeon will ſupply ye preſently:
La-m. O for that Surgeon, I ſhall dye elſe.
Tib. Faith, there he lies in the ſame pickle too.
Surg. My ſalves, and all my Inſtruments are loſt;
And I am hurt, and ſtarv'd;
Good Sir, ſeeke for ſome Hearbs.
Tib. Here's Hearbe graceleſſe, will that ſerve?
Gentlemen, will ye goe to Supper!
All. Where's the meat?
Tib. Where's the meat? what a Veale voyce is there?
Fran. Would we had it Sir, or any thing elſe;
Tib. I would now cut your throat you Dogge,
But that I wo not doe you ſuch a curteſie;
To take you from the benefit of ſtarving. (dayes hence?
O! what a comfort will your worſhip have, ſome three
Yea things beneath pitty ſhall be your harbinger;
You muſt not look for down-beds here,
Nor Hangings; though I could wiſh ye ſtrong on's;
Yet here be many lightſome coole Star-chambers,
Open to every ſweet ayre, I'le aſſure ye,
Ready provided for ye, and ſo I'le leave ye;
Your firſt courſe is ſerv'd, expect the ſecond. *Exit.*
Fran. A vengeance on theſe Jewels.
La-m. O! this curſed Gold. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Albert, Aminta.

Alb. Alas, deere ſoule ye faint.
Amint. You ſpeak the language
Which I ſhould uſe to you; heaven knows, my weaknes
Is not for what I ſuffer in my ſelfe,
But to imagine what you endure, and to what fate
Your cruell Starrs reſerve ye.
Alb. Doe not adde to my afflictions
By your tender pitties; ſure we have chang'd Sexes;
You bear calamity with a fortitude
Would become a man; I like a weake girle ſuffer.
Amint. O! but your wounds,
How fearfully they gape? and every one
To me is a Sepulchre; if I lov'd truly,
Wiſe men affirm that true love can doe wonders,
This bath'd in my warme teares, would ſoon be cur'd,
And leave no orifice behind; pray give me leave
To play the Surgeon, and bind em up;
The raw ayre rancles 'em.
Alb. Sweet, we want meanes.
Amint. Love can ſupply all wants.
Alb. What have ye done Sweet?
Oh ſacriledge to beauty: there's no haire
Of theſe pure locks, by which the greateſt King
Would not be gladly bound, and love his Fetters.
Amint. O *Albert*, I offer this ſacrifice of ſervice
To the Altar of your ſtaid temperance, and ſtill adore it;
When with a violent hand you made me yours,
I curſed the doer: but now I conſider, (honour
How long I was in your power? and with what
You entertain'd me? it being ſeldome ſeen,
That youth and heat of blood could ere preſcribe
Laws to it ſelfe; your goodneſſe is the Lethe,
In which I drown your injuries, and now live
Truly to ſerve ye: how doe you Sir?
Receive you the leaſt eaſe from my ſervice?
If you doe, I am largely recompenc'd.
Alb. You good Angels,
That are ingag'd, when mans ability failes,
To reward goodneſſe: look upon this Lady
Though hunger gripes my croaking entrailes,
Yet when I kiſſe theſe rubies, me thinkes
I'm at a banquet a refreſhing banquet;
Speak my bleſſe't one art not hungry?
Amint. Indeed I could eat, to beare you com-
Alb. Bluſh, unkind nature, (pany.
If thou haſt power: or being to heare
Thy ſelf, and by ſuch innocence accus'd;
Muſt Print a thouſand kinds of ſhames, upon
Thy various face: canſt thou ſupply a drunkard,
And with a prodigall hand, reach choice of wines,
Till he caſt up thy bleſſings? or a glutton,
That robbs the Elements, to ſooth his palat,
And only eats to beget Appetite,
Not to be ſatisfied? and ſuffer here
A Virgin, which the Saints would make their gueſt,
To pine for hunger? ha, if my ſence *Hornes*
Deceive me not, theſe notes take being *within.*
From the breath of men; confirme me my *Aminta*;
Again, this way the gentle wind conveyes it to us;
Heare you nothing?
Amint. Yes, it ſeemes free hunters Muſicke;
Alb. Still 'tis lowder; and I remember the Portugals
Inform'd us, they had often heard ſuch ſounds,
But ne're could touch the ſhore from whence it came;
Follow me, my *Aminta*: my good genius,
Shew me the way ſtill; ſtill we are directed;
When we gaine the top of this neer riſing hill *Exit.*
We ſhall know further. *and Enter above.*
Alb. Curteous *Zephyrus*
On his dewie wings carries perfumes to cheer us;
The ayre cleers too;
And now, we may diſcerne another Iſland,
And queſtionleſſe, the ſeat of fortunate men:
O that we could arrive there;
Amint. No *Albert*, 'tis not to be hop'd;
This envious Torrent's cruelly interpos'd;
We have no Veſſell that may tranſport us;
Nor hath nature given us wing's to flye.
Alb. Better try all hazards,
Then periſh here remedileſſe; I feele
New vigor in me, and a ſpirit that dares
More then a man, to ſerve my faire *Aminta*;
Theſe Armes ſhall be my oares, with which I'le ſwim;
And my zeale to ſave thy innocent ſelfe,
Like wings, ſhall beare me up above the brackiſh waves.

Amint. Well

Amin. Well ye then leave me?
Alb. Till now I nere was wretched.
My beſt *Aminta*, I ſweare by goodneſſe
Tis nor hope, nor feare, of my ſelfe, that invites me
To this extreame; tis to ſupply thy wants; and believe me
Though pleaſure met me in moſt raviſhing formes,
And happineſſe courted me to entertaine her,
I would nor eate nor ſleepe till I return'd
And crown'd thee with my fortunes.
Amin. O but your abſence.
Alb. Suppoſe it but a dream; and as you may,
Endeavour to take reſt; and when that ſleep
Deceives your hunger with imagin'd food,
Thinke you have ſent me for diſcovery
Of ſome moſt fortunate Continent, yet unknown,
Which you are to be Queen of.
And now ye Powers that ere heard Lovers prayers,
Or cheriſht pure affection, looke on him
That is your Votary; and make it known
Againſt all ſtops, you can defend your own. *Exit.*

Enter Hippolita, Crocale, Juletta.

Hip. How did we loſe *Clarinda?* (take ſoyle,
Cro. When we beliv'd the Stag was ſpent, and would
The ſight of the blacke Lake which we ſuppos'd
He choſe for his laſt refuge, frighted him more
Then we that did purſue him.
Jul. That's uſuall; for, death it ſelfe is not ſo terrible
To any beaſt of chaſe.
Hip. Since we liv'd here, we nere could force one to it.
Cro. Tis ſo dreadfull,
Birds that with their pinions cleave the Ayre
Dare not flie over it: when the Stag turn'd head,
And we even tyred with labour, *Clarinda*, as if
She were made of Ayre and Fire,
And had no part of earth in her, eagerly purſu'd him;
Nor need we feare her ſafety, this place yeelds not
Fawnes nor Satyres, or more luſtfull men;
Here we live ſecure,
And have among our ſelves a Common-wealth,
Which in our ſelves begun, with us muſt end.
Jul. I there's the miſery.
Cro. But being alone,
Allow me freedome but to ſpeake my thoughts;
The ſtrictneſſe of our Governeſſe, that forbids us
On pain of death the ſight and uſe of men,
Is more then tyranny: for her ſelfe, ſhee's paſt
Thoſe youthfull heats, and feeles not the want
Of that which young mayds long for: and her daughter
The faire *Clarinda*, though in few yeeres
Improv'd in height and large proportion,
Came here ſo young,
That ſcarce remembring that ſhe had a father,
She never dreames of man; and ſhould ſhe ſee one,
In my opinion, a would appeare a ſtrange beaſt to her.
Jul. Tis not ſo with us.
Hip. For my part, I confeſſe it, I was not made
For this ſingle life; nor doe I love hunting ſo,
But that I had rather be the Chace my ſelfe.
Cro. By *Venus* (out upon me) I ſhould have ſworn
By *Diana*, I am of thy mind too wench;
And though I have tane an Oath, not alone
To deteſt, but never to thinke of man,
Every houre ſomething tels me I am forſworn;
For I confeſſe imagination helps me ſometimes,
And that's all is left for us to feed on,
We might ſtarve elſe; for if I have any pleaſure
In this life, but when I ſleep, I am a Pagan;
Then from the Courtier to the Country clown,
I have ſtrange viſions.
Jul. Viſions *Crocale*?
Cro. Yes, and fine viſions too;
And viſions I hope in dreames are harmleſſe,
And not forbid by our Canons; the laſt night
(Troth tis a fooliſh one, but I muſt tell it)
As I lay in my cabin betwixt ſleeping and waking,
Hip. Upon your backe?
Cro. How ſhould a young mayd lie, foole,
When ſhe would be intranc'd?
Hip. We are inſtructed; forward I prethee.
Cro. Me thought a ſweet young man
In yeeres, ſome twenty, with a downy chin,
Promiſing a future beard, and yet no red one,
Stole ſlylie to my cabin, all unbrac'd,
Tooke me in his armes, and kiſs'd me twenty times,
Yet ſtill I ſlept.
Jul. Fie; thy lips run over *Crocale*.
But to the reſt.
Cro. Lord, what a man is this thought I,
To doe this to a mayd!
Yet then for my life I could not wake.
The youth, a little danted, with a trembling hand
Heav'd up the clothes.
Hip. Yet ſtill you ſlept. (by my ſide,
Cro. Yfaith I did; and when, methoughts, he was warm
Thinking to catch him, I ſtretcht out both mine armes;
And when I felt him not, I ſhreekt out,
And wak'd for anger.
Hip. Twas a pretty dream. *Enter Albert.*
Cro. I, if it had been a true one.
Jul. But ſtay, what's here caſt oth' ſhore?
Hip. Tis a man;
Shall I ſhoot him?
Cro. No, no, tis a handſome beaſt;
Would we had more o'the breed; ſtand cloſe wenches,
And let's heare if he can ſpeake.
Alb. Doe I yet live?
Sure it is ayre I breathe; what place is this?
Sure ſomething more then humane keeps reſidence here,
For I have paſt the Stygian gulph,
And touch upon the bleſſed ſhore? tis ſo;
This is the Elizian ſhade; theſe happy ſpirits,
That here enjoy all pleaſures.
Hip. He makes towards us.
Jul. Stand, or Ile ſhoot.
Cro. Hold, he makes no reſiſtance.
Alb. Be not offended Goddeſſes, that I fall
Thus proſtrate at your feet: or if not ſuch,
But Nymphs of *Dian's* traine, that range theſe groves,
Which you forbid to men; vouchſafe to know
I am a man, a wicked ſinfull man; and yet not ſold
So far to impudence, as to preſume
To preſſe upon your privacies, or provoke
Your Heavenly angers; tis not for my ſelfe
I beg thus poorely, for I am already wounded,
Wounded to death, and faint; my laſt breath
Is for a Virgin comes as neere your ſelves
In all perfection, as whats mortall may
Reſemble things divine. O pitty her,
And let your charity free her from that deſart,
If Heavenly charity can reach to hell,
For ſure that place comes neere it: and where ere
My ghoſt ſhall finde abode,
Eternally I ſhall powre bleſſings on ye.
Hip. By my life I can not hurt him.

Cro. Though I loſe my head for it,nor I. *Enter*
I muſt pitty him and will. *Clarinda.*
Jul. But ſtay, *Clarinda.*
Cla. What new game have ye found here,ha!
What beaſt is this lies wallowing in his gore?
Cro. Keep off.
Cla. Wherefore, I pray?I nere turn'd
From a fell Lioneſſe rob'd of her whelps,
And ſhall I feare dead carrion?
Jul. O but.
Cla. But,what iſt?
Hip. It is infectious.
Cla. Has it not a name?
Cro. Yes, but ſuch a name from which
As from the divell your mother commands us flie.
Cla. Is it a man?
Cro It is.
Cla. What a brave ſhape it has in death;
How excellent would it appeare had it life!
Why ſhould it be infectious? I have heard
My mother ſay I had a father,
And was not he a man?
Cro. Queſtionleſſe Maddam.
Cla. Your fathers too were men?
Jul. Without doubt Lady.
Cla. And without ſuch it is impoſſible
We could have been.
Hip. A ſinne againſt nature to deny it.
Cla. Nor can you or I have any hope to be a mother
Without the helpe of men.
Cro. Impoſſible.
Cla. Which of you then moſt barbarous,that knew
You from a man had being,and owe to it
The name of parent,durſt preſume to kill
The likeneſſe of that thing by which you are?
Whoſe Arrowes made theſe wounds? ſpeake, or by *Dian*
Without diſtinction Ile-let fly at ye all.
Jul. Not mine.
Hip. Nor mine.
Cro. Tis ſtrange to ſee her mov'd thus.
Reſtraine your fury Maddam; had we kild him,
We had but perform'd your mothers command.
Cla. But if ſhe command unjuſt and cruell things,
We are not to obey it.
Cro. We are innocent; ſome ſtorm did caſt
Him ſhipwrackt on the ſhore, as you ſee, wounded:
Nor durſt we be Surgeons to ſuch
Your mother doth appoint for death.
Cla. Weake excuſe; where's pity?
Where's ſoft compaſſion?cruel,and ungratefull!
Did providence offer to your charity
But one poore Subject to expreſſe it on,
And in't to ſhew our wants too; and could you
So careleſly neglect it?
Hip. For ought I know,he's living yet; (cour.
And you may tempt your mother,by giving him ſuc-
Cla. Ha, come neere I charge ye.
So, bend his body ſoftly; rub his temples;
Nay, that ſhall be my Office: how the red
Steales into his pale lips! run and fetch the ſimples
With which my mother heald my arme
When laſt I was wounded by the Bore.
Cro. Doe: but remember her to come after ye,
That ſhe may behold her daughters charity.
Cla. Now he breathes; *Exit Hippolita.*
The ayre paſſing through the Arabian groves
Yeelds not ſo ſweet an odour: prethee taſte it;
Taſte it good *Crocale*;yet I envy thee ſo great a bleſſing;
Tis not ſinne to touch theſr Rubies, is it?
Iul. Not, I thinke.
Cla. Or thus to live Camelion like?
I could reſigne my eſſence to live ever thus.
O welcome; raiſe him up Gently. Some ſoft hand
Bound up theſe wounds; a womans haire. What fury
For which my ignorance does not know a name,
Is crept into my boſome? But I forget *Enter Hipolita.*
My pious work. Now if this juyce hath power,
Let it appeare; his eyelids ope: Prodigious!
Two Sunnes breake from theſe Orbes.
Alb. Ha,where am I? what new viſion's this?
To what Goddeſſe doe I owe this ſecond life?
Sure thou art more then mortall:
And any Sacrifice of thanks or duty
In poor and wretched man to pay, comes ſhort
Of your immortall bounty: but to ſhew
I am not unthankfull, thus in humility
I kiſſe the happy ground you have made ſacred;
By bearing of your waight.
Cla. No Goddeſſe,friend; but made
Of that ſame brittle mould as you are;
One too acquainted with calamities,
And from that apt to pity. Charity ever
Findes in the act reward, and needs no Trumpet
In the receiver. O forbeare this duty;
I have a hand to meet with yours,
And lips to bid yours welcome.
Cro. I ſee, that by inſtinct,
Though a young mayd hath never ſeen a man,
Touches have tittulations, and inform her. *Enter*
But here's our Governeſſe; *Roſella.*
Now I expect a ſtorme.
Roſ. Child of my fleſh,
And not of my faire unſpotted mind,
Un-hand this monſter.
Cla. Monſter, mother?
Roſ. Yes; and every word he ſpeakes, a Syrens note,
To drowne the careleſſe hearer. Have I not taught thee
The falſhood and the perjuries of men?
On whom, but for a woman to ſhew pity,
Is to be cruell to her ſelfe; the ſoveraignty
Proud and imperious men uſurpe upon us,
We conferre on our ſelves,and love thoſe fetters
We faſten to our freedomes. Have we,*Clarinda*,
Since thy fathers wrack, ſought liberty,
To loſe it un-compeld? did fortune guide,
Or rather deſtiny, our Barke, to which
We could appoint no Port, to this bleſt place,
Inhabited heretofore by warlike women,
That kept men in ſubjection? did we then
By their example, after we had loſt
All we could love in man, here plant our ſelves,
With execrable oathes never to looke
On man, but as a monſter? and wilt thou
Be the firſt preſident to infringe thoſe vows
We made to Heaven?
Cla. Heare me; and heare me with juſtice.
And as ye are delighted in the name
Of mother,heare a daughter that would be like you.
Should all women uſe this obſtinate abſtinence,
You would force upon us; in a few yeeres
The whole world would be peopled
Onely with beaſts.
Hip. We muſt and will have men.
Cro. I or wee'l ſhake off all obedience.
Roſ. Are ye mad?
Can no perſwaſion alter ye? ſuppoſe

You had my ſuffrage to your ſute;
Can this Shiprackt wretch ſupply them all ?
*Alb.*Hear me great Lady?
I have fellowes in my miſery,not far hence,
Divided only by this helliſh River,
There live a company of wretched men
Such as your charity may make your ſlaves ;
Imagine all the miſeries mankind
May ſuffer under : and they groane beneath em.
*Cla.*But are they like to you?
Jul. Speak they your Language ?
Cro. Are they able,luſty men ?
*Alb.*They were good Ladyes ;
And in their May of youth of gentle blood,
And ſuch as may deſerve ye ; now cold and hunger
Hath leſſen'd their perfection : but reſtor'd
To what they were, I doubt not they'l appeare
Worthy your favours.
Jul. This is a bleſſing
We durſt not hope for.
Cla. Deere Mother,be not obdurate.
Roſ. Hear then my reſo lution : and labour not
To add to what i'le grant, for 'twill be fruitleſſe,
You ſhall appear as good angels to theſe wretched men ;
In a ſmall Boat wee'l paſſe o're to 'em ;
And bring 'em comfort : if you like their perſo ns,
And they approve of yours : for wee'l force nothing ;
And ſince we want ceremonies,
Each one ſhall chooſe a husband, and injoy
His company a month, but that expird
You ſhall no more come neer 'em ;if you prove fruitful,
The Males yee ſhall return to them,the Females
We will reſerve our ſelves : this is the utmoſt,
Yee ſhall 'ere obtaine : as yee think fit ;
Yee may diſmiſſe this ſtranger,
And prepare to morrow for the journey. *Exit.*
Cla. Come Sir, will ye walke ?
We will ſhew ye our pleaſant Bowers,
And ſomething yee ſhall find to cheer your heart.
*Alb.*Excellent Lady ;
Though 'twill appear a wonder one neer ſtarv'd
Should refuſe reſt and meat, I muſt not take
Your noble offer : I left in yonder deſart
A Virgin almoſt pind.
*Cla.*Shee's not your wife ?
Alb. No Lady,but my ſiſter(tis now dangerous
To ſpeak truth) to her I deeply vow'd
Not to taſt food or reſt, if fortune brought it me,
Till I bleſ'd her with my returne : now if you pleaſe
To afford me an eaſie paſſage to her,
And ſome meat for her recovery,
I ſhall live your ſlave : and thankfully
Shee ſhall ever acknowledge her life at your ſervice.
*Cla.*You plead ſo well,I can deny ye nothing;
I my ſelfe will ſee you furniſht ;
And with the next Sun viſit and relieve thee.
*Alb.*Yee are all goodneſſe—— *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter ſeverally, Lamure,Franvile,Morillat.

*Lam.*Oh ! what a tempeſt have I in my ſtomack ?
How my empty guts cry out?my wounds ake,
Would they would bleed again, that I might get
Something to quench my thirſt.
*Fran.*O *Lamure*, the happineſſe my doggs had
When I kept houſe at home ! they had a ſtorehouſe,
A ſtourehouſe of moſt bleſſed bones and cruſts,
Happy cruſts : Oh ! how ſharp hunger pinches me? *Exit*
*Mor.*O my importunate belly I have nothing *Franvile.*
To ſatisfie thee; I have ſought,
As far as my weake legs would carry me,
Yet can find nothing : neither meat nor water ;
Nor any thing thats nouriſhing,
My bellies grown together like an empty ſachell. *Enter*
*Lam.*How now what news ? *Franvile.*
*Mor.*Haſt any meat yet ?
*Fran.*Not a bit that I can ſee ;
Here be goodly quarries, but they be cruell hard
To gnaw : I ha got ſome mud, we'l eat it with ſpoons,
Very good thick mud : but it ſtinkes damnably;
Ther's old rotten trunks of Trees to,
But not a leafe nor bloſſome in all the Iſland.
Lam. How it looks ?
*Mor.*It ſtinkes too.
*Lam.*It may be poyſon.
Fran. Let it be any thing;
So I can get it down : why man,
Poyſon's a princely diſh.
Mor. Haſt thou no Bisket ?
No crumbs left in thy pocket : here's my dublet,
Give me but three ſmall crumbes.
Fran. Not for three Kingdoms,
If I were maſter of 'em : Oh *Lamure*,
But one poore joynt of Mutton : we ha ſcornd (man)
Lam. Thou ſpeakeſt of paradiſe,
Fran. Or but the ſnuffes of thoſe healths,
We have lewdly at midnight flang away.
*Mor.*Ah ! but to lick the Glaſſes. *En.Surgeon*
Fran. Here comes the Surgeon : what
Haſt thou diſcovered?ſmile,ſmile,and comfort us.
Sur. I am expiring ;
Smile they that can : I can find nothing Gentlemen,
Here's nothing can be meate without a miracle.
O that I had my boxes and my lints now,
My ſtupes,my tents, and thoſe ſweet helps of nature,
What dainty diſhes could I make of 'em.
*Mor.*Haſt neer an old ſuppoſitory?
*Sur.*Oh would I had ſir.
*Lam.*Or,but the paper where ſuch a Cordiall
Potion or Pils hath bin entombd.
*Fran.*Or,the bleſt bladder where a cooling-gliſter
Mor. Haſt thou no ſearcloths left ?
Nor any old poulties ?
*Fran.*We care not to what it hath bin miniſtred.
*Sur.*Sure I have none of theſe dainties Gentlemen.
Fran. Wher's the great Wen
Thou cutſt from *Hugh* the ſaylers ſhoulder ?
That would ſerve now for a moſt Princely banquet.
Sur. I, if we had it Gentlemen.
I flung it over-board,ſlave that I was ;
*Lam.*A moſt unprovident villaine.
Sur. If I had any thing that were but ſupple now !
I could make ſallads of your ſhoos Gentlemen,
And rare ones : any thing unctious.
*Mor.*I and then we might fry the ſoales 'ith Sun.
The ſoales would make a ſecond diſh.
*Lam.*Or, ſouce 'em in the ſalt-water,
An inner ſoale well ſouc'd. *En. Aminta*
Fran. Here comes the Woman ;
It may be ſhe has meat and may relieve us,
Lets withdraw,and marke and then be ready,
Shee'l hide her ſtore els, and ſo cozen us.

Amin. How weary and how hungry am I,
How feeble and how faint is all my body?
Mine eyes like ſpent Lamps glowing out grow heavy,
My ſight forſaking me and all my ſpirits,
As if they heard my paſſing bell go for me,
Pull in their powers and give me up to deſtiny,
Oh! for a little water: a little little meat,
A little to relieve me ere I periſh:
I had whole floods of tears awhile that noriſht me,
But they are all conſum'd for thee deere *Albert*;
For thee they are ſpent, for thou art dead;
Mercileſſe fate hath ſwallowd thee.
Oh -- I grow heavy: ſleep is a ſalve for miſery;
Heaven look on me, and either take my life,
Or make me once more happy.
Lam. Hee's faſt aſleep already,
Why ſhould ſhee have this bleſſing, and we wake ſtill,
Wake to our wants?
Mor. This thing hath bin our overthrow,
And all theſe biting miſchieves that fall on us
Are come through her means.
Fran. True we were bound yee all know,
For happy places and moſt fertill iſlands,
Where we had conſtant promiſes of all things,
Shee turn'd the Captaines minde,
And muſt have him go in ſearch, I know not of who,
Nor to what end: of ſuch a foole her brother,
And ſuch a coxcomb her kinſman, and we muſt put in
She has put us in now yfaith. (every where,
Lam. Why ſhould we conſume thus, and ſtarve,
Have nothing to relieve us;
And ſhee live there that bred all our miſeries,
Unroſted or unſod?
Mor. I have read in ſtories.
Lam. Of ſuch reſtoring meates,
We have examples;
Thouſand examples and allow'd for excellent;
Women that have eate their Children,
Men their ſlaves, nay their brothers: but theſe are nothing;
Husbands devoured their wives (they are their chattels,)
And of a Schoolemaſter that in a time of famine,
Powdered up all his Schollers.
Mor. Shee's young and tydie,
In my conſcience ſhee'l eate delicatly;
Juſt like young Porke a little lean,
Your opinion *Surgeon.*
Sur. I think ſhee may be made good meat.
But look we ſhall want Salt.
Fran. Tuſh, ſhe needs no powdering,
Sur. I grant ye;
But to ſuck out the humorous parts: by all means,
Lets kill her in a chafe, ſhee'l eat the ſweeter.
Lam. Lets kill her any way: and kill her quickly,
That we might be at our meat.
Sur. How if the Captaine?
Mor. Talk not of him, hee's dead, and the reſt famiſh'd.
Wake her *Surgeon*, and cut her throate,
And then divide her, every man his ſhare.
Fran. Shee wakes her ſelfe.
Amin. Holy and good things keep me!
What cruell dreames have I had! who are theſe?
O they are my friends; for heavens ſake Gentlemen
Give me ſome food to ſave my life: if ye have ought to
A little to relieve me: I may bleſſe yee; (ſpare;
For weake and wretched, ready to periſh
Even now I die.
Mor. You'l ſave a labour then,
You bred theſe miſeries, and you ſhall pay for't;
We have no meat, nor where to have we know not,
Nor how to pull our ſelves from theſe afflictions,
We are ſtarv'd too, famiſht, all our hopes deluded;
Yet ere we die thus, wee'l have one deinty meale.
Amin. Shall I be with ye Gentlemen?
Lam. Yes mary ſhall yee: in our bellies Lady.
We love you well ---
Amin. What ſaid you ſir?
Lam. Mary wee'l eat your Ladiſhip.
Fran. You that have buried us in this baſe Iſland,
Wee'l bury ye in a more noble Monument.
Sur. Will ye ſay your prayers, that I may perform
We are wondrous ſharp ſet; come Gentlemen, (Lady?
Who are for the hinder parts?
Mor. I. *Fran.* I.
Lam. And I.
Sur. Be patient;
They will not fall to every mans ſhare.
Amin. O hear me;
Hear me ye barbarous men.
Mor. Be ſhort and pithy,
Our ſtomakes cannot ſtay a long diſcourſe.
Sur. And be not fearfull,
For i'le kill ye daintily.
Amin. Are ye not Chriſtians?
Lam. Why, do not Chriſtians eat women? *En. Tibalt*
Amin. Eat one another? tis moſt impious. *Maſter,*
Sur. Come come. *Saylors.*
Amin. Oh, help, help, help.
Tib. The Ladies voyce! ſtand off ſlaves,
What do you intend villains?
I have ſtrength enough left me, if you abuſe this ſoule,
To ———
Ma. They would have raviſht her upon my life,
Speak, how was it Lady?
Amin. Forgive 'em, 'twas their hungers.
Tib. Ha, their hungers!
Ma. They would have eaten her.
Tib. O dam'd villains; ſpeak, is it true?
Sur. I confeſſe an appetite.
Tib. An appetite, i'le fit ye for an appetite.
Are ye ſo ſharp ſet that her fleſh muſt ſerve you?
Murther's a maine good ſervice with your worſhips;
Since ye would be ſuch devils,
Why did you not begin with one another handſomly,
And ſpare the woman to beget more food on?
Amin. Good Sir.
Tib. You ſhall grow mumey raſcals;
I'le make you fall to your brawnes and your buttocks,
And worry one another like keen bandoggs.
Amin. Good ſir be mercifull.
Tib. You ſhall know what tis to be damnd Canibals.
Amin. O my beſt friend! *Enter Albert.*
Al. Alas poor heart! here,
Here's ſome meat and ſoveraigne drink to eaſe you,
Sit down gentle Sweet.
Amin. I am bleſt to ſee you.
Tib. Sir, not within forty foot of this food,
If you do dogs!
All. Oh, Captain Captain, Captain.
Alb. Ye ſhall have meat all of you.
Tib. Captain, hear me firſt: hark,
Tis ſo inhumane! I would not ha the aire corrupted with
Alb. O barbarous men! ſit down *Dupont*, (it.
Good Maſter and honeſt Saylors.
Tib. But ſtand you off,
And waite upon our charity; i'le wait on you els; (dogs;
And touch nothing but what's flung t'ee; as if you were

If you do,i'le cut your fingers; friends
I'le ſpoyle your carving.
Amin. There wretches there.
Tib. Eat your meate handſomly now,
And give Heaven thanks.
Alb. There's more bread.
Tib. See they ſnarle like dogs;
Eat quietly you raſcals, eat quietly.
Alb. There is drink too.
*Tib.*Come, come, i'le fill you each your cups,
Ye ſhal not ſurfet.
*Amin.*And what have you diſcovered?
*Alb.*Sweet, a paradiſe,
A paradiſe inhabited with Angels,
Such as you are: their pitties makt 'em angels,
They gave me theſe viands, and ſupply'd me
With theſe pretious drinks.
Amin. Shall not we ſee 'em?
*Alb.*Yes,they will ſee you
Out of their charities, having heard our ſtory
They will come,and comfort us,come preſently;
We ſhall no more know wants nor miſeries.
Amin. Are they all women?
Alb. All,and all in love with us.
Amin. How!
*Alb.*Do not miſtake: in love with our misfortunes,
They will cheriſh and relieve our men.
Tib. Do you ſhrug now,
And pull up your noſes? you ſmell comfort,
See they ſtretch out their Legs, like dottrels,
Each like a new Saint *Dennis.*
Alb. Deere Miſtris,
When you would name me,and the women hear,
Call me your brother,you i'le call my ſiſter,
And pray obſerve this all——
Why do you change colour ſweet.
*Amin.*Eating too much meat.
Alb. Sawce with jealouſie;
Fie,fie deer ſaint,yfaith ye are too blame,
Are ye not here? here fixt in my heart?
All. Hark, hark;
*Alb.*They are come,ſtand ready,& look nobly,
And with all humble reverence receive 'em,

En. Roſſellia, Clarinda, Crocale, Hipollitta Iuletta.

Our lives depend upon their gentle pitties,
And death waits on their anger.
Mor. Sure they are Fairies.
Tib. Be they devils: devils of fleſh and blood;
After ſo long a Lent, and tedious voyage
To me they are angels.
Fran. O for ſome Eringoes!
Lam. Potatoes, or Cantharides.
*Tib.*Peace you rouges that buy abilities of your 'pothecaries,
Had I but took the diet of green Cheeſe,
And Onions for a month, I could do wonders.
*Roſ.*Are theſe the Jewels you run mad for?
What can you ſee in one of theſe
To whom you would vouchſafe a gentle touch?
Can nothing perſwade you
To love your ſelves, and place your happineſſe
In cold and chaſt enbraces of each other.
*Ju.*This is from the purpoſe.
Hip. We had your grant to have them as they were.
*Cla.*Tis a beauteous Creature,
And to my ſelfe,I do appeare deform'd,
When I conſider her, and yet ſhee is
The ſtrangers ſiſter; why then ſhould I fear?
Shee cannot prove my rivall.
Roſ. VVhen you repent,
That you refus'd my councell, may it add
To your afflictions, that you were forward;
Yet leap'd into the Gulfe of your misfortunes,
But have your wiſhes.
*Maſt.*Now ſhe makes to us.
Amin. I am inſtructed,but take heed *Albert,*
You prove not falſe;
*Alb.*Ye are your own aſſurance,
And ſo acquainted with your own perfections,
That weak doubts cannot reach you;therefore fear not.
Roſ. That you are poor and miſerable men,
My eyes inform me: that without our ſuccours,
Hope cannot flatter you to dream of ſafety;
The preſent plight you are in,can reſolve you
That to be mercifull, is to draw near
The Heavenly eſſence: whether you wilbe
Thankfull,I do not queſtion; nor demand
VVhat country bred you, what names, what maners;
To us it is ſufficient we relieve
Such as have ſhapes of men:and I command you,
As we are not ambitious to know
Farther of you, that on paine of death
You preſume not to enquire what we are
Or whence deriv'd.
*Alb.*In all things we obey you,
And thankfully we ever ſhall confeſſe
Our ſelves your creatures.
*Roſ.*You ſpeak as becomes you;
Firſt then and willingly deliver up
Thoſe weapons we could force from you.
Alb. VVe lay 'em down
Moſt gladly art your feet.
Tib. I have had many a combat with a tall wench;
But never was diſarm'd before.
*Roſ.*And now hear comfort,
Your wants ſhalbe ſupplied, and though it be
A debt women may challenge to be ſued to,
Eſpecially from ſuch they may command;
VVe give up to you that power, and therefore
Freely each make his choyce.
Fran. Then here I fix.
*Mor.*Nay, ſhe is mine: I eyed her firſt.
Lam. This mine.
Tib. Stay good raſcals;
You are too forward, ſir Gallant,
You are not giving order to a Taylor
For the faſhion of a new ſuit;
Nor are you in your warehouſe, maſter Merchant,
Stand back and give your betters leave: your betters;
And grumble not;if ye do, as I love meat
I will ſo ſwinge the ſalt itch out on you.
Captaine,Maſter, and the reſt of us,
That are brothers and good fellows: we have bin
Too late by the ears: and yet ſmart for our follies;
To end therefore all future emulation: if you pleaſe,
To truſt to my election, you ſhall ſay,
I am not partiall to my ſelfe; I doubt not
Give content to all.
All, Agreed,agreed.
Tib. Then but obſerve how learned and diſcreetly,
I wil proceed,and as a skilfull Doctor
In all the quirks belonging to the game;
Read over your complexions: for you Captaine
Beinſt firſt in place and therefore firſt to be ſerv'd,
I give my judgement thus,for your aſpect
Y'are much inclind to melancholy: and that tels me
The ſullen Saturue had predominance
At your nativity, a malignant planet,

And if not qualified by a ſweet conjunction
Of a ſoft and ruddy wench born under *Venus*,
It may prove fatall: therefore to your armes,
I give this roſe-cheekt Virgin.
Cla. To my wiſh;
Till now I never was happy.
Amin. Nor I accurs'd.
Tib. Maſter, you are old;
Yet love the game, that I perceive too,
And if not well ſpurd up, you may prove ruſty;
Therefore to help ye here's a Bradamanta,
Or I am coſend in my calculation.
Cro. A poore old man alloted to my ſhare.
Ti. Thou wouldſt have two;
Nay I think twenty: but fear not wench,
Though he be old he's tough: look on's making,
Hee'l not fayle I warant thee.
Roſ. A merry fellow,
And were not man a creature I deteſt,
I could indure his company.
Ti. Here's a fayre heard of Does before me,
And now for a barren one:
For though I like the ſport: I do not love
To Father children: like the grand ſignior,
Thus I walk in my Seraglio,
And vew 'em as I paſſe: then draw I forth
My handkercher, and having made my choyce,
I thus beſtow it.
Roſ. On me.
Ti. On you: now my choyce is made;
To it you hungry raſcals.
Alb. Excellent.
Amin. As I love goodneſſe,
It makes me ſmile ith height of all my feares.
Cla. What a ſtrong contention you may behold
Between my Mothers mirth and anger.
Ti. Nay, no coyneſſe: be miſtriſſe of your word,
I muſt and will enjoy you.
Roſ. Be adviz'd foole: alas I am old;
How canſt thou hope content from one that's fifty.
Ti. Never talke on't;
I have known good ones at threeſcore and upwards;
Beſides the weathers hot: and men
That have experience, fear feavers:
A temperate diet is the only phyſick,
Your Julips nor Gujacum prunello's,
Champhire pils, nor Goord-water,
Come not neer your old woman;
Youthfull ſtomackes are ſtill craving,
Though their be nothing left to ſtop their mouths with;
And believe me I am no frequent giver of thoſe bounties:
Laugh on: laugh on: good Gentlemen do,
I ſhall make holiday and ſleep, when you
Dig in the mines till your hearts ake.
Roſ. A mad fellow;
Well Sir, i'le give you hearing: and as I like
Your wooing and diſcourſe: but I muſt tell ye ſir,
That rich widdowes look for great ſums in preſent,
Or aſſurances of ample joynters.
Ti. That to me is eaſie,
For inſtantly i'le do it, hear me comrades.
Alb. What ſayſt thou *Tibalt?*
Tib. Why, that to woe a wench with empty hands
Is no good heraldy, therefore lets to the gold,
And ſhare it equally: 'twill ſpeak for us
More then a thouſand complements or cringes,
Ditties ſtolne from *Patrick*, or diſcourſe from *Ovid*,
Beſides 'twill beget us reſpect,
And if ever fortune friend us with a Barque,
Largly ſupply us with all proviſion.
Alb. Well advis'd, defer it not.
Ti. Are ye all contented.
All. We are?
Ti. Lets away then,
Straight wee'l returne,
And you ſhall ſee our riches. *Exit.*
Roſ. Since I know what wonder and amazement was,
I neer was ſo tranſported.
Cla. Why weep ye gentle mayd?
There is no danger here to ſuch as you;
Baniſh fear: for with us I dare promiſe,
You ſhall meet all courteous entertainment.
Cro. We eſteem our ſelves moſt happy in you.
Hip. And bleſſe fortune that brought you hither.
Cla. Hark in your eare;
I love you as a friend already,
Ere long you ſhall call me by a neerer name,
I wiſh your brother well: I know you apprehend me.
Amin. I to my griefe I do;
Alas good Ladies, there is nothing left me
But thanks to pay ye with.
Clar. That's more
Then yet you ſtand ingaged for.
Enter Albert, Tibal, and the reſt with treaſure.
Roſ. So ſoon returnd!
Alb. Hear: ſee the idoll of the Lapidary.
Ti. Theſe Pearls for which the ſlaviſh *Negro*
Dives to the bottome of the Sea.
Lam. To get which the induſtrious Merchant
Touches at either pole.
Fran. The never-fayling purchaſe
Of Lordſhips and of honors.
Mor. The worlds Miſtris,
That can give every thing to the poſſeſſors.
Ma. For which the Saylors ſcorn tempeſtuous winds,
And ſpit defiance in the Sea.
Ti. Speak Lady: look we not lovely now?
Roſ. Yes: yes, O my Starrs
Be now for ever bleſt, that have brought
To my revenge theſe robbers; take your arrowes,
And nayle theſe monſters to the earth.
Alb. What mean ye Lady?
In what have we offended?
Roſ. O my daughter!
And you companions with me in all fortunes,
Look on theſe Caskets and theſe Jewels
Theſe were our own, when firſt we put to Sea
With good Sebaſtian: and theſe the Pyrats
That not alone depriv'd him of this treaſure,
But alſo took his liſe.
Cro. Part of my preſent
I well remember was mine own.
Hip. And theſe were mine.
Ju. Sure, I have worne this Jewel.
Roſ. Wherefore do ye ſtay then,
And not performe my command?
Al. O Heaven!
What cruell fate purſues us.
Ti. I am well enough ſerv'd,
That muſt be offring jointures, Jewels,
And precious ſtones more then I brought with me.
Roſ. Why, ſhoote ye not?
Cla. Heare me deere Mother;
And when the greateſt cruelty, is Juſtice,
Do not ſhew mercy: death to theſe ſtarv'd wretches
Is a reward, not puniſhment: let 'em live
To undergoe the full weight of your diſpleaſure.

And that they may have ſence to feel the torments
They have deſerv'd : allow 'm ſome ſmall pittance,
To linger out their tortures.
Roſ. Tis well counſell'd.
All. And wee'l follow it;
Heare us ſpeake.
Roſ. Peace dogs.
Bind 'em faſt : when fury hath given way to reaſon,
I will determine of their ſufferings,
Which ſhall be horrid. Vengeance,though ſlow pac'd,
At length oretakes the guilty ; and the wrath
Of the incenſed powers will fall moſt ſure
On wicked men,when they are moſt ſecure. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus. Scæna prima.

Enter Raymond, Sebaſtian,Nicuſa,Saylors.

1. *Sayl.* Heres nothing, ſir, but poverty and hunger;
No promiſe of inhabitance ; neither tract of Beaſt,
Nor foot of man : we have ſearcht
All this Rocky deſart, yet cannot diſcover any aſſurance
Here is or hath been ſuch men.
2. *Sayl.* Not a relique of any thing they wore;
Nor marke left by 'em, either to finde reliefe,
Or to warne others from the like misfortune.
Believe it, theſe fellows are both falſe,
And to get a little ſuccour in their miſery,
Have fram'd this cunning tale.
Ray. The ſhip,I know,is French,and own'd by Pirats,
If not by *Albert* my arch enemy.
You told me too there was a woman with 'em.
A young and handſome woman.
Sebaſt. There was ſo ſir.
Raym. And ſuch and ſuch young gallants.
Nic. We told ye true ſir,
That they had no means to quit this Iſland.
Raym. And that amidſt their mutiny to ſave your lives
You got their ſhip.
Sebaſt. All is moſt certaine ſir.
Raym. Where are they then ? where are theſe men
Or woman ? we are landed where your faiths
Did aſſure us we could not miſſe their ſights.
For this news we tooke ye to our mercy,
Reliev'd ye, when the furious Sea and famine
Strove which ſhould firſt devoure ye;
Cloath'd,and cheriſht ye; us'd ye as thoſe ye ſay ye are.
Faire Gentlemen, now keep your words, (of;
And ſhew us this company, your own free pitties ſpoke
Theſe men ye left in miſery; the woman.
Men of thoſe noble breedings you pretend to.
Should ſcorn to lie, or get their food with falſhood;
Come, direct us.
Sebaſt. Alaſſe ſir, they are gone,
But by what means or providence,we know not.
2. *Sayl.* Was not the Captain
A fellow of a fiery, yet brave nature,
A middle ſtature, and of brown complexion?
Nic. He was ſir.
Raym. 'Twas *Albert*,
And my poore wretched ſiſter.
1. *Sayl.* Twas he certain,
I ha been at Sea with him; many times at Sea.
Raym. Come ſhew us theſe men;
Shew us preſently, and do not dally with us.
Sab. We left 'em here; what ſhould we ſay,ſir?
Here in this place.
2. *Sayl.* The earth cannot ſwallow 'em;
They have no wings, they cannot fly ſure.
Raym. You told us too
Of heapes of treaſure,and of ſums conceald,
That ſet their hearts a fire; we ſee no ſuch thing,
No ſuch ſign; what can ye ſay to purge ye?
What have ye done with theſe men?
Nic. We, ſir?
Raym. You ſir;
For certain I believe ye ſaw ſuch people.
Sebaſt. By all that's good,
By all that's pure and honeſt,
By all that's holy.
Raym. I dare not credit ye,
Ye have ſo abuſ'd my hope,that now I hate ye. (tain,
1. *Sayl.* Lets put 'em in their ragged clothes again Cap-
For certain they are knaves,lets e'en deliver 'em
To their old fruitfull Farm; here let 'em walk the Iſland.
Sebaſt. If ye do ſo, we ſhall curſe your mercies.
Nic. Rather put us to Sea again.
Raym. Not ſo.
Yet this Ile do, becauſe ye ſay ye are Chriſtians,
Though I hardly credit it : bring in the boat,
And all aboord again, but theſe two wretches;
Yet leave 'em four daies meat. If in that time,
(For I will ſearch all nookes of this ſtrange Iſland)
I can diſcover any tract of theſe men,
Alive or dead, Ile beare ye off, and honour ye;
If not,ye have found your graves; ſo farewell. *Exit.*
Nic. That goodnes dwels above,& knows us innocent,
Comfort our lives, and at his pleaſure quit us.
Sebaſt. Come couſin,come;old time will end our ſtory:
But no time,(if we end well)ends our glory. *Exit.*

Enter Roſſella, Clarinda, Crocale,Hippolita, Juletta.

Roſ. Uſe 'em with all the auſterity that may be,
They are our ſlaves; turn all thoſe pitties,
Thoſe tender reluctations that ſhould become your ſex,
To ſtern anger; and when ye look upon 'em,
Looke with thoſe eyes that wept thoſe bitter ſorrows,
Thoſe cruelties ye ſufferd by their rapines.
Some five daies hence that bleſſed houre comes,
Moſt happy to me, that knit this hand to my deare huſ-
And both our hearts in mutuall bands. (bands,
That houre Ladies.
Cla. What of that houre?
Roſ. Why, on that houre daughter,
And in the height of all our celebrations,
Our deere remembrances of that deere man,
And thoſe that ſuffered with him,our faire kinſmen,
Their lives ſhall fall a ſacrifice to vengeance,
Their lives that ruind his; tis a full juſtice.
I will looke glorious in their bloods;
And the moſt Noble ſpirit of *Sebaſtian*,
That periſht by the pride of theſe French Pirates,
Shall ſmile in Heaven,and bleſſe the hand that kild 'em.
Looke ſtrictly all unto your priſoners;
For he that makes a ſcape beyond my vengeance,
Or entertaines a hope by your faire uſage;
Take heed,I ſay,ſhe that deceives my truſt,
Again take heed : her life,and thats but light neither;
Her life in all the tortures my ſpirit can put on.
All. We ſhall be carefull.
Roſ. Do ſo. *Exit Roſſella.*
Cla. Your are angry mother, and ye are old too,
For-

Forgetting what men are: but we ſhall temper ye.
How fare your priſoners, Ladies? in what forms
Do they appeare in their afflictions?
Jul. Mine fare but poorly;
For ſo I am commanded: tis none of their fault.
Cla. Of what ſort are they?
Jul. They ſay they are Gentlemen.
But they ſhew Mungrels.
Cla. How do they ſuffer?
Jul. Faith like boyes;
They are fearfull in all fortunes; when I ſmile
They kneele, and beg to have that face continued;
And like poore ſlaves, adore the ground I goe on.
When I frown, they hang their moſt dejected heads,
Like fearfull ſheephounds; ſhew 'em a cruſt of bread
Theyl Saint me preſently, and skip like Apes
For a ſup of Wine. Ile whip 'em like hackneys,
Saddle 'em, ride 'em, do what I will with 'em.
Cla. Tuſh, theſe are poore things.
Have they names like Chriſtians?
Jul. Very faire names: *Franvile*, *Lamure*, and *Morillat*;
And brag of great kindreds too. They offer very handſomely,
But that I am a foole, and dare not venture.
They are ſound too i'my conſcience,
Or very neere upon't.
Cla. Fy, away foole.
Jul. They tell me
If they might be brought before you,
They would reveale things of ſtrange conſequence.
Cla. Their baſe poore feares.
Jul. I, that makes me hate 'em too;
For if they were but manly to their ſufferance,
Sure I ſhould ſtrain a point or two.
Cla. An houre hence Ile take a view of 'em,
And heare their buſineſſe. Are your men thus too?
Cro. Mine? No gentle Maddam, mine were not caſt
In ſuch baſe molds; afflictons, tortures,
Are names and natures of delight, to my men;
All ſorts of cruelties they meet like pleaſures.
I have but two; the one they call *Du-pont*,
Tibalt Du-pont; the other the ſhip-maſter.
Cla. Have they not lives, and feares?
Cro. Lives they have Maddam;
But thoſe lives never linkt to ſuch companions
As feares or doubts.
Cla. Uſe 'em Nobly;
And where you finde fit ſubjects for your pitties
Let it become ye to be courteous;
My mother will not alwaies be thus rigorous.
Hip. Mine are Saylors Maddam, (be when
But they ſleep ſoundly, and ſeldom trouble me, unleſſe it
They dream ſometimes of fights and tempeſts;
Then they rore and whiſtle for Cans of Wine,
And down they fling me; and in that rage,
(For they are violent fellows) they play ſuch reaks.
If they have meat, they thank me;
If none, they heartily deſire to be hangd quickly.
And this is all they care. (tels ye
Cla. Look to 'em diligently, and where your pitties
They may deſerve, give comfort.
All. We will. *Exit.*
Cla. Come hither, be not frighted; *Enter Aminta,*
Think not ye ſteale this liberty, for we give it,
Your tender innocence aſſures me, Virgin,
Ye had no ſhare in thoſe wrongs theſe men did us;
I finde ye are not hardned in ſuch miſchieves.
Your brother was miſ-led ſure,
Foully miſ-led.
Amin. How much I feare theſe pities!
Cla. Certain he was, ſo much I pity him;
And for your ſake, whoſe eyes plead for him;
Nay, for his own ſake.
Amin. Ha!
Cla. For I ſee about him
Women have ſubtill eyes, and look narrowly;
Or I am much abuſd: many faire promiſes;
Nay beyond thoſe, too many ſhadowed vertues.
Amin. I think he is good.
Cla. I aſſure my ſelfe he will be;
And out of that aſſurance take this comfort,
For I perceive your feare hath much dejected ye.
I love your brother.
Amin. Maddam.
Cla. Nay, do not take it for a dreamt of favour,
That comforts in the ſleepe, and awake vaniſhes;
Indeed I love him.
Amin. Do ye indeed?
Cla. You doubt ſtill, becauſe ye feare his ſafety;
Indeed he is the ſweeteſt man I ere ſaw;
I think the beſt. Ye may heare without bluſhes,
And give me thanks, if ye pleaſe, for my curteſie.
Amin. Maddam, I ever muſt;
Yet witneſſe Heaven, they are hard pul'd from me.
Believe me, Maddam, ſo many imperfections I could find,
(Forgive me Grace for lying) and ſuch wants,
(Tis to an honeſt uſe) ſuch poverties,
Both in his main proportion, and his mind too;
There are a hundred handſomer; (I lie leudly)
Your noble uſage, Maddam, hath ſo bound me to ye,
That I muſt tell ye.
Cla. Come tell your worſt.
Amin. He is no husband for ye.
I think ye mean in that fayr way.
Cla. Ye have hit it.
Amin. I am ſure ye have hit my heart.
You will finde him dangerous, Maddam;
As fickle as the flying ayre, proud, jealous,
Soon glutted in your ſweets, and ſoon forgetfull;
I could ſay more, and tell ye I have a brother,
Another brother, that ſo far excels this,
Both in the ornaments of man, and making.
Cla. If you were not his ſiſter, I ſhould doubt ye mainly;
Doubt ye for his love, ye deale ſo cunningly.
Do not abuſe me, I have truſted ye with more then life,
With my firſt love; be carefull of me.
Amin. In what uſe, Maddam?
Cla. In this Lady,
Speak to him for me, you have power upon him;
Tell him I love him, tell him I dote on him.
It will become your tongue.
Amin. Become my grave.
O fortune, O curſed fortune.
Cla. Tell him his liberty,
And all thoſe with him; all our wealth and Jewels.
Good ſiſter, for Ile call ye ſo.
Amin. I ſhall Lady,
Even die, I hope.
Cla. Here's Meat and Wine, pray take it,
And there he lies; give him what liberty you pleaſe;
But ſtill conceald. What pleaſure you ſhall pleaſe, ſiſter.
He ſhall nere want again. Nay, ſee an you'l take it;
Why do you ſtuddy thus?
Amin. To avoyd miſchiefes, if they ſhould happen.
Cla. Goe and be happy for me.
Amin. O blind fortune;
Yet happy thus far, I ſhall live to ſee him,

In what ſtrange deſolation lives he here now?
Sure this Curtaine will reveale. *Enter Albert.*
Alb. Who's that? ha!
Some gentle hand, I hope, to bring me comfort.
Or if it be my death, tis ſweetly ſhaddowed.
Amin. Have ye forgot me ſir?
Alb. My *Aminta*?
Amin. She ſir,
That walks here up and down an empty ſhadow,
One that for ſome few houres
But wanders here, carrying her own ſad Coffin,
Seeking ſome Deſart place to lodge her greiſes in.
Alb. Sweet ſorrow welcome, welcome noble griefe;
How got you this faire liberty to ſee me?
For ſorrows in your ſhape are ſtrangers to me.
Amin. I come to counſell ye.
Alb. Ye are ſtill more welcome;
For good friends in afflictions give good councels.
Pray then proceed.
Amin. Pray eate firſt, ye ſhew faint;
Here's Wine to refreſh ye too.
Alb. I thank ye deere.
Amin. Drinke again.
Alb. Here's to our loves.
How, turn and weepe!
Pray pledge it: this happineſſe we have yet left,
Our hearts are free. Not pledge it? why,
And though beneath the axe this health were holy,
Why doe ye weep thus?
Amin. I come to woe ye.
Alb. To woe me Sweet? I am woe'd and wonne already,
You know I am yours. This pretty way becomes ye.
But you would deceive my ſorrows; that's your intent.
Amin. I would I could, I ſhould not weep, but ſmile.
Do ye like your Meat and Wine?
Alb. Like it?
Amin. Do you like your liberty?
Alb. All theſe I well may like.
Amin. Then pray like her that ſent 'em.
Doe ye like wealth, and moſt unequal'd beauty?
Alb. Peace, indeed you'l make me angry.
Amin. Would I were dead that aske it,
Then ye might freely like, and I forgive ye.
Alb. What like, and who? adde not more miſery
To a man that's fruitfull in afflictions.
Who is't you would have me like?
Who ſent theſe comforts?
Amin. I muſt tell.
Alb. Be bold.
Amin. But be you temperate.
If you be bold I die. The young fair Virgin;
(Sorrow hath made me old.) O hearken,
And wiſely harke, the Governeſſe daughter:
That Star that ſtrikes this Iſland full of wonder,
That blooming ſweetneſſe.
Alb. What of her?
Amin. She ſent it: and with it,
It muſt be out, ſhe dotes on ye,
And muſt enjoy ye: elſe no joy muſt find ye.
Alb. And have you the patience to deliver this?
Amin. A ſiſter may ſay much, and modeſtly.
Alb. A Siſter?
Amin. Yes, that name undid ye;
Undid us both: had ye nam'd wife, ſhe had fear'd ye;
And fear'd the ſin ſhe followed; She had ſhun'd, yea
Her Virgin modeſty had not touch'd at ye.
But thinking you were free, hath kindled a fire,
I feare will hardly be extinguiſht.
Alb. Indeed I played the foole.
Amin. O my beſt ſir take heed,
Take heed of lies. Truth though it trouble ſome minds,
Some wicked minds, that are both darke and dangerous:
Yet it preſerves it ſelfe, comes off pure, innocent,
And like the Sunne, though never ſo ecclipſ'd,
Muſt breake in glory. O ſir, lie no more.
Alb. Ye have read me a faire Lecture,
And put a ſpell upon my tongue for fayning.
But how will you counſell now?
Amin. Ye muſt ſtudy to forget me.
Alb. How?
Amin. Be patient.
Be wiſe and patient, it concerns ye highly.
Can ye lay by our loves? But why ſhould I doubt it?
Ye are a man, and men may ſhift affections,
Tis held no ſin. To come to the poynt,
Ye muſt loſe me; many and mighty reaſons.
Alb. Heare me *Aminta*,
Have you a man that loves you to, that feeds ye,
That ſends ye liberty? has this great Governeſſe
A noble ſonne too, young, and apt to catch ye?
Am I becauſe I am in bonds, and miſerable,
My health decay'd, my youth, and ſtrength halfe blaſted,
My fortune like my wayning ſelfe, for this deſpiſ'd?
Am I for this forſaken? a new love choſen,
And my affections, like my fortunes wanderers?
Take heed of lying, you that chid me for it;
And ſhew'd how deep a ſin it was, and dangerous.
Take heed, your ſelfe, you ſwore you lov'd me deerly;
No few, nor little oathes you ſwore *Aminta*,
Thoſe ſeal'd with no ſmall faith, I then aſſur'd my ſelfe.
O ſeek no new waies to cozen truth.
Amin. I do not.
By Love it ſelfe I love thee,
And ever muſt, nor can all deaths diſſolve it.
Alb. Why do you urge me thus then?
Amin. For your ſafety,
To preſerve your life.
Alb. My life I do confeſſe is her's,
She gives it,
And let her take it back, I yeild it.
My loves intirely thine, none ſhall touch at it;
None, my *Aminta*, none.
Amin. Ye have made me happy,
And now I know ye are mine. Fortune, I ſcorn thee.
Go to your reſt, and Ile ſit by ye;
Whilſt I have time Ile be your mate, and comfort ye,
For onely I am truſted: you ſhall want nothing,
Not a liberty that I can ſteal ye.
Alb. May we not celebrate our loves *Aminta*?
And where our wiſhes cannot meet
Amin. You are wanton,
But with cold kiſſes Ile allay that feavor;
Look for no more, and that in private too.
Believe me I ſhall bluſh elſe.
But let's conſider, we are both loſt elſe.
Alb. Let's in, and prevent fate. *Exeunt.*

Enter Crocale, Juletta, Tibalt, Maſter.

Tib. You do well to ayre us Ladies, we ſhal be muſty (elſe.
What are your wiſe wils now?
Cro. You are very cranck ſtill.
Tib. As cranck as a holy Fryer, fed with hayl-ſtones.
But do ye bring us out to baite, like Buls?
Maſt. Or are you weary of the charge ye are at?
Turn us abroad again, let's jog Ladies;

We are groſſe, and courſe, unfit for your ſweet pleaſures.
Tib. Knock off our ſhoos, and turn's to graſſe.
Cro. You are determined
Still to be ſtubborn then: it well becomes ye.
Tib. An humour Lady that contents a priſoner.
A ſullen fit ſometimes ſerves for a ſecond courſe.
Jul. Ye may as well be kind,
And gain our favours; gain meat, and drink,
And lodging to reſt your bones.
Tib. My bones have bore me thus long,
And had their ſhare of pains, and recreations;
If they fayl now, they are no fayr companions.
Cro. Are ye thus harſh to all our ſex?
Maſt. We cannot be merry without a Fidler.
Pray ſtrike up your Tabors, Ladies.
Cro. The fools deſpiſe us.
Jul. We know ye are very hungry now.
Tib. Yes, tis very wholſome Ladies;
For we that have groſſe bodies, muſt be carefull.
Have ye no piercing ayre to ſtir our ſtomacks?
We are beholding to ye for our Ordinary.
Jul. Why ſlaves, tis in our power to hang ye.
Maſt. Very likely.
Tis in our powers then to be hang'd, and ſcorn ye.
Hanging's as ſweet to us, as dreaming to you.
Cro. Come, be more courteous.
Jul. Do, and then ye ſhal be pleas'd, and have all neceſ-
Tib. Give me ſome Ratſ-bane then. (ſaries.
Cro. And why Ratſ-bane, Mounſier?
Tib. We live like vermin here, & eate up your Cheeſe,
Your mouldy Cheeſe, that none but Rats would bite at;
Therefore tis juſt that Ratſ-bane ſhould reward us.
We are unprofitable, and our Ploughs are broken;
There is no hope of Harveſt this yeere, Ladies.
Jul. Ye ſhall have all content.
Maſt. I, and we'l ſerve your uſes.
I had rather ſerve hogs, there's more delight in't;
Your greedy appetites are never ſatisfied;
Juſt like hungry Camels, ſleeping or waking
You chew the cud ſtill.
Cro. By this hand we'l ſtarve ye.
Maſt. Tis a Noble courteſie.
I had as liefe ye ſhould famiſh me, as founder me,
To be jaded to death is onely fit for a hackney.
Here be certain tarts of tar about me,
And parcels of potargo in my Jerkin,
As long as theſe laſt.
Jul. Which will not laſt ever.
Tib. Then we'l eate one another like good fellows,
A ſhoulder of his for a hanch of mine.
Jul. Tis excellent.
Tib. Twill be, as we'l dreſſe it Ladies.
Cro. Why ſure ye are not men.
Maſt. Ye had beſt come ſearch us,
A Seaman is ſeldome without a ſalt Eele.
Tib. I am bad enough,
And in my nature a notorious wencher;
And yet ye make me bluſh at your immodeſty.
Tell me good Maſter, didſt ever ſee ſuch things?
Maſt. I could like 'em though they were lewdly given,
If they could ſay no; but fie on 'em,
They gape like Oyſters.
Tib. Well, ye may hang, or ſtarve us;
But your commanding impudence ſhall never feare us.
Had ye by bluſhing ſigns, ſoft cunnings, crept into us,
And ſhew'd us your neceſſities: we had met your purpo-
Supply'd your wants. We are no Saints Ladies; (ſes,
I love a good wench, as I love my life,
And with my life I will maintain my love:
But ſuch a ſordid impudence Ile ſpit at.
Let's to our dens again. Come noble Maſter.
You know our minds Ladies:
This is the faith in which we'l die. *Exit Tib. and Maſt.*
Cro. I doe admire 'em.
Jul. They are noble fellows,
And they ſhall not want, for this.
Cro. But ſee, *Clarinda* comes. *Enter Clarinda.*
Farewell, Ile to my charge.
Cla. Bring out thoſe priſoners now,
And let me ſeee 'em, and heare their buſineſſe.
Jul. I will, Maddam. *Exit.*
Cla. I hope ſhe hath prevail'd upon her brother.
She has a ſweet tongue, and can deſcribe the happineſſe
My love is ready to fling on him.
And ſure he muſt be glad, and certain wonder
And bleſſe the houre that brought him to this Iſland.
I long to heare the full joy that he labours with.

Enter Juletta Morillat, Franvile, Lamure.

Mor. Bleſſe thy Divine beauty.
Fran. Mirror of ſweetneſſe.
Lam. Ever ſpringing brightneſſe. (ries.
Cla. Nay, ſtand up Gentlemen, and leave your flatte-
Mor. Shee cals us Gentlemen, ſure we ſhall have ſome
Cla. I am a mortall creature, (meat now.
Worſhip Heaven, and give theſe attributes
To their Divinities. Methinks ye look but thin.
Mor. O we are ſtarv'd, immortall beauty.
Lam. We are all poor ſtarv'd knaves.
Fran. Neither liberty nor meat Lady. (men,
Mor. We were handſome men, and Gentlemen, & ſweet
And were once gracious in the eyes of beauties,
But now we look like rogues;
Like poore ſtarv'd rogues.
Cla. What would ye do if ye were to die now?
Fran. Alas we were prepar'd. If you will hang us,
Let's have a good meale or two to die with,
To put's in heart.
Mor. Or if you'l drown us,
Let's be drunk firſt, that we may die merrily,
And bleſſe the founders.
Cla. Ye ſhal not die ſo haſtily.
What dare ye do to deſerve my favour?
Lam. Put us to any ſervice.
Fran. Any bondage,
Let's but live.
Mor. Wee'l get a world of children,
For we know, ye are hainouſly provided that way;
And ye ſhal beat us when we offend ye;
Beat us abundantly, and take our meat from us. (ones.
Cla. Theſe are weak abject things, that ſhew ye poor
What's the great ſervice ye ſo oft have threatned,
If ye might ſee me, and win my favour?
Jul. That buſineſſe of diſcovery.
Mor. O, Ile tell ye Lady.
Lam. and ſo will I.
Fran. And I,
Pray let me ſpeak firſt.
Mor. Good, no confuſion.
We are before a Lady that knows manners;
And by the next, meat I ſhall eate, tis certain.
This little Gentlewoman that was taken with us
Cla. Your Captains ſiſter, ſhe you mean.
Mor. I, I, ſhe's the buſineſſe that we would open to ye.
You are couſned in her.
Lam. } How, what is't you would open?
Fran. } She is no ſiſter.

Mor. Good ſirs, how quick you are.
She is no ſiſter, Madam.
Fran. She is his.
Mor. Peace I ſay.
Cla. What is ſhe?
Mor. Faith, ſweet Lady,
She is, as a man would ſay, his.
Cla. What?
Lam. His Miſtris.
Mor. Or, as ſome new tranſlators read, his.
Cla. O me!
Mor. And why he ſhould delude you thus,
Unleſſe he meant ſome villany? theſe ten weeks
He has had her at Sea for his own propes appetite.
Lam. His Cabin-mate, Ile aſſure ye.
Cla. No ſiſter, ſay ye?
Mor. No more then I am brother to your beauty.
I know not why he ſhould juggle thus.
Cla. Do not lie to me.
Mor. If ye find me lie, Lady, hang me empty.
Cla. How am I fool'd!
Away with 'em, *Juletta*, and feed 'em
But hark ye, with ſuch food as they have given me.
New miſery!
Fran. Nor meat, nor thanks for all this. *Exit.*
Cla. Make 'em more wretched.
O I could burſt! curſe and kill now,
Kill any thing I meet. *Juletta*, follow me,
And call the reſt along.
Iul. We follow Maddam. *Exeunt.*

Enter Albert and Aminta.

Amin. I muſt be gone now, elſe ſhe may ſuſpect me;
How ſhall I anſwer her?
Alb. Tell her directly.
Amin. That were too ſudden, too improvident;
Fires of this nature muſt be put out cunningly,
They'l waſte all come neere 'em elſe.
Farewell once more.
Alb. Farewell.
And keep my love entire.
Nay kiſſe me once again, me thinks we ſhould not part.
Amin. O be wiſe, ſir.
Alb. Nay, one kiſſe more.
Amin. Indeed you'r wanton; *Enter Clarinda,*
We may be taken too. *Juletta, Crolale,*
Cla. Out thou baſe woman, *Hippolita.*
By Heaven Ile ſhoot 'em both.
Cro. Nay ſtay, brave Lady, hold;
A ſudden death cuts of a Nobler vengeance.
Cla. Am I made Bawd to your laſcivious meetings?
Are ye grown ſo wiſe in ſin?
Shut up that villaine: and ſirra,
Now expect my utmoſt anger.
Let him there ſtarve.
Alb. I, mock at your miſchiefes. *Exit.*
Cla. Tie that falſe witch unto that Tree,
There let the ſavage beaſts
Gnaw of her ſweetneſſe, and Snakes
Embrace her beauties; tie her, and watch
That none relieve her.
Hip. We could wiſh ye better fortune Lady,
But dare not help ye.
Amin. Be your own friends, I thank ye.
Now onely my laſt audit, and my greateſt, *Enter*
O Heaven, be kind unto me, *Raymond.*
And if it be thy wil, preſerve.
Raym. Who is this?
Sure tis a woman; I have trod this place,
And found much footing: now I know tis peopl'd.
Ha, let me ſee! tis her face.
O Heaven! turn this way mayd.
Amin. O *Raymond*, O brother.
Raym. Her tongue to: tis my ſiſter; what rude hand!
Nay kiſſe me firſt, O joy!
Amin. Fly, fly deere brother,
You are loſt elſe.
Jul. A man, a man, a new man.
Raym. What are theſe? *Enter Juletta,*
Cro. An Enemy, an Enemy. *Crocale, Clarinda.*
Cla. Diſpatch him,
Take him off, ſhoot him ſtraight.
Raym. I dare not uſe my ſword, Ladies,
Againſt ſuch comely foes.
Amin. O brother brother!
Cla. Away with 'em, and in darke priſons bind 'em.
One word replyd, ye die both.
Now brave mother follow thy Noble Anger,
And Ile help thee. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus, Scæna prima.

Enteer Roſſella, Clarinda, Crocale, Juletta, Hippolita.

Roſ I am deaf to all your intreaties: ſhe that moves me
For pity or compaſſion to theſe Pirates,
Digs up her fathers, or her brothers Tombe,
And ſpurns about their aſhes.
Couldſt thou remember what a father thou haſt once,
Twould ſteele thy heart againſt fooliſh pity. (braces,
By his memory, and the remembrance of his deere em-
I am taught, that in a Noble cauſe revenge is Noble;
And they ſhal fall the ſacrifices to appeaſe
His wandering Ghoſt, and my incenſed fury.
Cla. The new come priſoner to?
Roſ. Him to. Yet that we may learn
Whether they are the ſame, or neere ally'd
To thoſe that forc'd me to this cruell courſe,
Better their poore allowance, and permit 'em
To meet together and confer,
Within the diſtance of your eare; perhaps
They may diſcover ſomething that may kill
Deſpaire in me, and be a means to ſave 'em
From certain ruine.
Cro. That ſhal be my charge.
Roſ. Yet to prevent
All hope of reſcue: for this new come Captain
Hath both a ſhip and men not far off from us,
Though ignorant to find the onely Port,
That can yeeld entrance to our happy Iſland,
Guard the place ſtrongly, and ere the next Sunne
Ends his diurnall progreſſe, I wil be
Happy in my revenge, or ſet 'em free. *Exeunt.*

Enter Crocale, Juletta, Hippolita. *A Table furniſht*

Cro. So ſerve it plentifully,
And loſe not time to enquire the cauſe;
There is a main deſign that hangs upon this bounty.
See the Table furniſht with Wine too,
That diſcovers ſecrets which tortures cannot open:
Open the doores too of the ſeverall priſons,
And give all free entrance into this room.

Undiſcover'd I can here marke all. *Enter Tib. Maſt.*
Here's Captain careleſſe, and the tough Ship-maſter,
The ſlaves are noſ'd like Vultures
How wilde they look.
Tib. Ha, the myſtery of this,
Some good Hobgoblin riſe and reveale.
Maſt. I am amazed at it : nor can I ſound the intent.
Tib. Is not this Bread,
Subſtantiall bread, not painted?
Maſt. But take heed,
You may be poyſoned.
Tib. I am ſure I am famiſht;
And as the wiſe man ſays,
Gripes the guts as much as any Minerall.
This may be Treacle ſent to preſerve me
After a long faſt: or be it Vipers ſpittle,
Ile run the hazzard.
Maſt. We are paſt all feare, Ile take part with ye.
Tib. Do: and now yfaith, how d'e feel your ſelfe?
I finde great eaſe in't. What's here?
Wine, and it be thy will;
Strong luſty Wine. Well, fooles may talke
Of Metridate, Cordials, and Elixars.
But from my youth this was my onely Phyſick.
Here's a colour, what Ladies cheek,
Though ceruſs'd over, comes neere it?
It ſparkles too: hangs out Diamonds.
O my ſweet heart, how I will hug thee,
Again, and again! They are poor drunkards,
And not worth thy favours,
That number thy moyſt kiſſes in theſe Chriſtals.
Maſt. But Mounſiuer,
Here are Suckets, and ſweet diſhes.
Tib. Tuſh, boys meat,
I am paſt it; here's ſtrong food fit for men:
Nectar, old lad. Miſtris of merry hearts,
Once more I am bold with you.
Maſt. Take heed (man)
Too much will breed diſtemper.
Tib. Haſt thou liv'd at Sea
The moſt part of thy life, where to be ſober
While we have Wine aboord, is capitall treaſon;
And doſt thou preach ſobriety?
Maſt. prethee forbeare,
We may offend in it; we know not for whom
It was provided.
Tib. I am ſure for me: therefore footra,
When I am full, let 'em hang me, I care not.
Maſt. This has been his temper ever. *Enter Albert,*
See, provoking diſhes, candid Eringoes, *Aminta,*
And Potatoes. *Raymond,*
Tib. Ile not touch 'em, I will drink; *Lamure,*
But not a bit on a march, Ile be an Eunuch rather. *Mor-*
Maſt. Who are theſe? *rillat,*
Tib. Marry, who you will; *Franvile,*
Keep my text here. *ſeverally.*
Alb. Raymond!
Raym. Albert!
Tib. Away, Ile be drunke alone;
Keep off rogues, or Ile belch ye into ayre;
Not a drop here.
Amin. Deere brother, put not in your eyes ſuch anger;
Thoſe looks poyſon'd with fury ſhot at him,
Reflect on me. O brother looke milder, or
The Chriſtall of his temperance
Will turn 'em on your ſelfe.
Alb. Sir, I have ſought ye long
To finde your pardon: you have ploughed the Ocean
To wreak your vengeance on me, for the rape
Of this faire virgin. Now our fortune guides us
To meet on ſuch hard terms, that we need rather
A mutuall pitty of our preſent ſtate,
Then to expoſtulate of breaches paſt,
Which cannot be made up. And though it be
Far from your power to force me to confeſſe,
That I have done ye wrong, or ſuch ſubmiſſion
Failing to make my peace, to vent your anger;
You being your ſelfe ſlav'd, as I to others:
Yet for your ſiſters ſake, her bleſſed ſake,
In part of recompence of what ſhe has ſuffered
For my raſh folly; the contagion
Of my black actions catching hold upon
Her purer innocence: I crave your mercy,
And wiſh however ſeverall motives kept us
From being friends while we had hope to live,
Let death which we expect, and cannot fly from,
End all contention.
Tib. Drink upon't, 'tis a good motion;
Ratifie it in Wine, and tis authenticall.
Raym. When I conſider
The ground of our long difference, and look on
Our not to be avoyded miſeries,
It doth beget in me I know not how
A ſoft religious tenderneſſe; which tels me,
Though we have many faults to anſwer for
Upon our own account, our fathers crimes
Are in us puniſht. O *Albert*, the courſe
They took to leave us rich was not honeſt,
Nor can that friendſhip laſt, which vertue joyns not.
When firſt they forc'd the induſtrious Portugals,
From their Plantations in the happy Iſlands.
Cro. This is that I watch for.
Raym. And did omit no tyranny, which men
Inured to ſpoyle and miſchiefe could inflict,
On the griev'd ſufferers; when by lawleſſe rapine
They reapt the harveſt, which their labours ſowed;
And not content to force 'em from their dwelling,
But layd for 'em at Sea, to raviſh from 'em
The laſt remainder of their wealth; then, then,
After a long purſuit, each doubting other,
As guilty of the Portugals eſcape,
They did begin to quarrell, like ill men;
(Forgive me piety, that I call em ſo)
No longer love, or correſpondence holds,
Then it is cimented with prey or profit:
Then did they turn thoſe Swords they oft had bloodied
With innocent gore, upon their wretched ſelves,
And payd the forfeit of their cruelty
Shown to *Sebaſtian*, and his Collonie,
By being fatall Enemies to each other.
Thence grew *Amintas* rape, and my deſire
To be reveng'd. And now obſerve the iſſue:
As they for ſpoyle ever forgot compaſſion
To women, (who ſhould be exempted
From the extremities of a lawfull war)
We now, young able men, are faln into
The hands of women; that, againſt the ſoft
Tenderneſſe familiar to their ſex, **Enter Crocale.**
Will ſhew no mercy.
Cro. None, unleſſe you ſhew us
Our long loſt husbands.
We are thoſe Potugals you talk'd of.
Raym. Stay,
I met upon the Sea in a tall ſhip
Two Portugals, famiſht almoſt to death.
Tib. Our ſhip by this Wine.

And thoſe the rogues that ſtole her,
Left us to famiſh in the barraine Iſlands.
*Ray.*Some ſuch tale they told me,
And ſomething of a woman, which I find,
To be my ſiſter.
*Cro.*Where are theſe men?
Ray. I left 'em,
Suppoſing they had deluded me with forg'd tales,
In the Iſland where they ſayd
They had liv'd many years the wretched owners
Of a huge maſſe of treaſure.
*Alb.*The ſame men: and that the fatall muck
We quarreld for.
*Cro.*They were Portugals you ſay.
*Ray.*So they profes'd.
*Cro.*They may prove ſuch men as may ſave your lives,
And ſo much I am taken with faire hope,
That I will hazard life to be reſolv'd on't:
How came you hither?
*Ray.*My ſhip lies by the rivers mouth,
That can convey yee to theſe wretched men,
Which you deſire to ſee.
Cro. Back to your priſons,
And pray for the ſucceſſe: if they be thoſe
Which I deſire to finde, you are ſafe;
If not, prepare to die to morrow:
For the world cannot redeem ye.
Alb. How ever, we are armd
For either fortune. *Exit.*
*Ti.*What muſt become of me now
That I am not diſmis'd?
Cro. O ſir, I purpoſe
To have your company.
Ti. Take heed wicked woman,
I am apt to miſchiefe now.
Cro. You cannot be ſo unkind,
To her that gives you liberty.
*Ti.*No, I ſhall be too kind, thats the devil on't;
I have had ſtore of good wine: and when I am drunk,
Joane is a Lady to me, and I ſhall
Lay about me like a Lord: I feele ſtrange motions:
Avoid me temptation.
*Cro.*Come ſir, i'le help yee in. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sebaſtian, and Nicuſa.

Nicu. VVhat may that be
That mooves upon the Lake?
Seba. Still it drawes neerer,
And now I plainly can deſcerne it.
Tis the French ſhip.
Nicu. In it a woman,
VVho ſeemes to invite us to her,
*Seba.*Still ſhe cals with ſignes of Love to haſten to her;
So lovely hope doth ſtill appeare:
I feele nor age nor weakneſſe.
Nicu. Though it bring death,
To us tis comfort: and deſerves a meeting.
Or els fortune tyrd with what we have ſuffer'd,
And in it overcome, as it may be,
Now ſets a period to our miſery *Exeunt,*

Enter ſeverally, Raymond, Albert, Aminta. *horrid Muſicke.*

*Ray.*What dreadfull ſounds are theſe?
Amin. Infernall Muſick,
Fit for a bloody Feaſt.
Alb. It ſeemes prepar'd
To kill our courages, e're they divorſe
Our ſoules and bodies.
*Ray.*But they that feareleſſe fall,
Deprive them of their triumph.

An alter prepar'd.

Enter Roſſillia, Clarinda, Iulletta, Hippollitta, &c.

Aminta See the furies,
In their full Trym of cruelty.
Roſ. Tis the laſt
Duty that I can pay to my dead Lord,
Set out the Altar, I my ſelfe wilbe
The Prieſt, and boldly do thoſe horrid Rites
You ſhake to think on: lead theſe Captaines neerer,
For they ſhall have the honour to fall firſt
To my *Sebaſtians* aſhes: and now wretches,
As I am taught already that you are,
And lately by your free confeſſion,
French pirats, and the ſons of thoſe I hate;
Even equall with the devil; here with horror,
What tis invites me to this cruell courſe,
And what you are to ſuffer; no Amazons we,
But women of *Portugall*, that muſt have from you
Sebaſtian and *Nicuſa*; we are they
That groan'd beneath your fathers wrongs:
VVe are thoſe wretched women,
Their injuries purſu'd, and overtook;
And from the ſad remembrance of our loſſes
We are taught to be cruell; when we were forc'd
From that ſweet ayre we breathed in, by their rapine,
And ſought a place of being; as the Seas
And winds conſpird with their ill purpoſſes,
To load us with afflictions, in a ſtorme
That fell upon us; the two ſhips that brought us,
To ſeek new fortunes in an unknown world
Were ſevered: the one bore all the able men,
Our treaſure and our Jewels; in the other,
We women were imbarq'd: and fell upon,
After long toſſing in the troubled maine,
This pleaſant Iſland: But in few moneths,
The men that did conduct us hither died,
We long before had given our husbands loſt:
Remembring what we had ſuffred by the French,
We took a ſolemn Oath never to admit
The curs'd ſociety of men: neceſſity
Taught us thoſe arts not uſuall to our ſex:
And the fertile Earth yeelding abundance to us,
We did reſolve thus ſhapt like Amazons
To end our lives; but when you ariv'd here,
And brought as preſents to us our own Jewels;
Thoſe which were boorn in the other ſhip,
How can ye hope to ſcape our vengeance?
*Amin.*It boots not then to ſwear our inocence?
*Alb.*Or that we never forc'd it from the owners?
*Ray.*Or that there are a remnant of that wrack,
And not far off?
*Roſ.*All you affirme, I know,
Is but to win time; therefore prepare your throats,
The world ſhall not redeem ye: and that your cries
May find no entrance to our eares,
To moove pitty in any: bid lowd Muſick ſound
Their fatall Knels; if ye have prayers uſe 'em quickly,
To any power will own yea; but ha!
Who are theſe? what ſpectacles of misfortun?
Why are their looks
So full of Joy and wonder?

Enter Crocal, Sebaſtia, Nicuſa, Tibalt. Cro.

*Cro.*Oh! lay by
Theſe inſtruments of death, and welcome
To your armes what you durſt never hope to imbrace:
This is *Sebaſtian*, this *Nicuſa* Maddam:
Preſerv'd by miracle: look up deer ſir,
And know your own *Roſſellia*: be not loſt
In wonder and amazment; or if nature
Can by inſtinct inſtruct you what it is,
To be bleſſed with the name of Father,
Freely injoy it in this faire Virgin.
*Seba.*Though my miſeries,
And many years of wants, I have indur'd,
May well deprave me of the memory
Of all joyes paſt; yet looking on this building,
This ruind building of a heavenly forme
In my *Roſſella*; I muſt remember, I am *Sebaſtian.*
*Roſ.*O my joyes!
Seba. And here,
I ſee a perfect modell of thy ſelfe,
As thou wert when thy choyce firſt made thee mine:
Theſe cheecks and fronts though wrinkled now with (time
Which art cannot reſtore: had equall pureneſſe,
Of naturall white and red, and as much raviſhing:
Which by fayre order and ſucceſſion,
I ſee deſcend on her: and may thy vertues
Winde into her forme, and make her a perfect dower:
No part of thy ſweet goodneſſe wanting to her.
I will not now *Roſſellia* aske thy fortunes,
Nor trouble thee with hearing mine;
Thoſe ſhall hereafter ſerve to make glad howers
In their relation: All paſt wrongs forgot;
I am glad to ſee you Gentlemen; but moſt,
That it is in my power to ſave your Lives;
You ſav'd ours when we were neer ſtarv'd at Sea,
And I deſpaire not, for if ſhe be mine?
Roſſellia can deny *Sebaſtian* nothing.
*Roſ.*She do's give up her ſelfe,
Her power and joyes, and all, to you,
To be diſcharged of 'em as to burthenſome;
Wellcome in any ſhape.
Sabaſt. Sir in your looks,
I read your ſute of my *Clarinda*: ſhe is yours;
And Lady if it be in me to confirme
Your hopes in this brave Gentleman,
Preſume I am your ſervant.
*Alb.*We thanke you ſir.
*Amin.*O Happy houre!
Alb. O my deer *Aminta*;
Now all our feares are ended.
Tib. Here I fix: ſhe's mettle,
Steele to the back: and will cut my leaden dagger,
If not uſ'd with diſcretion.
*Cro.*You are ſtill no changling.
Sabaſt. Nay,
All look cheerfully, for none ſhalbe
Denyd their lawfull wiſhes; when a while
We have here refreſht our ſelves; wee'l returne
To our ſeverall homes; and well that voyage ends,
That makes of deady enemies faythfull friends.
Exeunt

FINIS.

The double Marriage.

Actus Primus——*Scæna Prima.*

Enter Virolet, and Boy.

Virolet.

BOy.
Boy. Sir?
Vir. If my wife ſeek me, tell her that
Deſignes of weight, too heavy for her knowledge,
Exact my privacy.
Boy. I ſhall, ſir.
Vir. Do then,
And leave me to my ſelfe.
Boy. Tis a raw morning,
And would you pleaſe to interpret that for duty
Which you may conſtrue boldneſſe, I could wiſh
To arme your ſelfe againſt it, you would uſe
More of my ſervice.
Vir. I have heate within here,
A noble heat (good boy) to keep it off,
I ſhall not freeze; deliver my excuſe,
And you have done your part. *Enter Juliana.*
Boy. That is prevented,
My Lady follows you.
Vir. Since I muſt be croſt then,
Let her perform that office.
Boy. I obey you. *Exit.*
Vir. Prethee to bed; to be thus fond's more tedious
Then if I were neglected.
Jul. Tis the fault then
Of love and duty which I would fall under,
Rather then want that care which you may challenge
As due to my obedience.
Vir. I confeſſe
This tenderneſſe argues a loving wife,
And more deſerves my hearts beſt thanks then anger.
Yet I muſt tell ye Sweet, you do exceed
In your affection, if you would ingroſſe me
To your delights alone.
Jul. I am not jealous,
If my embraces have diſtaſted you,
As I muſt grant you every way ſo worthy
That tis not in weak woman to deſerve you,
Much leſſe in miſerable me, that want
Thoſe graces ſome more fortunate are ſtor'd with.
Seek any whom you pleaſe, and I will ſtudy
With my beſt ſervice to deſerve thoſe favours,
That ſhall yeeld you contentment.
Vir. You are miſtaken.
Jul. No, I am patient ſir, and ſo good morrow;
I will not be offenſive.
Vir. Heare my reaſons.
Jul. Though in your life a widdows bed receives me,
For your ſake I muſt love it. May ſhe proſper
That ſhall ſucceed me in it, and your ardour
Laſt longer to her.
Vir. By the love I beare
Firſt to my Countries peace, next to thy ſelfe
To whom compar'd, my life I rate at nothing;
Stood here a Lady that were the choyce abſtract
Of all the beauties nature ever faſhion'd,
Or Art gave ornament to, compar'd to thee,
Thus as thou art obedient and loving,
I ſhould contemne and loath her.
Jul. I do believe ye.
How I am bleſt
In my aſſur'd beliefe? this is unfain'd;
And why this ſadneſſe then?
Vir. Why *Juliana*,
Believe me, theſe my ſad and dull retirements,
My often, nay almoſt continued faſts,
Sleep baniſht from my eyes, all pleaſures ſtrangers;
Have neither root nor growth from any cauſe
That may arrive at woman. Shouldſt thou be,
As chaſtity forbid, falſe to my bed,
I ſhould lament my fortune, perhaps puniſh
Thy falſhood, and then ſtudy to forget thee:
But that which like a never emptied ſpring,
Feeds high the torrent of my ſwelling griefe,
Is what my Countrey ſuffers; there's a ground
Where ſorrow may be planted, and ſpring up,
Though yeelding rage and womaniſh deſpaire,
And yet not ſhame the owner.
Jul. I do believe it true,
Yet I ſhould think my ſelfe a happy woman,
If in this generall and timely mourning,
I might or give to you, or elſe receive
A little lawfull comfort.
Vir. Thy diſcretion
In this may anſwer for me; look on Naples
The Countrey where we both were born and bred,
Naples the Paradiſe of Italy,
As that is of the earth; Naples, that was
The ſweet retreat of all the worthieſt Romans,
When they had ſhar'd the ſpoyles of the whole world;
This flouriſhing Kingdom, whoſe inhabitants
For wealth and bravery liv'd like petty Kings,
Made ſubject now to ſuch a tyranny,
As that faire City that receiv'd her name
From *Conſtantine* the great, now in the power
Of barbarous Infidels, may forget her own,
To look with pity on our miſeries,
So far in our calamities we tranſcend her.

For ſince this Arragonian tyrant *Ferrand*,
Ceaz'd on the government, there's nothing left us
That we can call our own, but our afflictions,
Jul. And hardly thoſe; the Kings ſtrange cruelty,
Equals all preſidents of Tyranny.
Vir. Equall ſay you:
He has out gone, the worſt compar'd to him;
Nor *Phalaris*, nor *Dioniſius*,
Caligula, nor *Nero* can be mention'd;
They yet as Kings, abus'd their regall power;
This as a Marchant, all the Countries fatt,
He wholy does ingroſſe unto himſelf;
Our Oyles he buyes at his own price, then ſels them
To us, at dearer rates; our Plate and Jewels,
Under a fayn'd pretence of publique uſe,
He borrows; which deny'd, his Inſtruments force.
The raſes of our horſes, he takes from us;
Yet keeps them in our paſtures; rapes of Matrons,
And Virgins, are too frequent; never man
Yet thank'd him for a pardon; for Religion,
It is a thing he dreames not off.
Iul. I have heard,
How true it is, I know not; that he ſold
The Biſhop-prick of *Tarent* to a Jew,
For thirteene thouſand Duckets.
Vir. I was preſent,
And ſaw the money paid; the day would leave me,
Ere I could number out his impious actions;
Or what the miſerable Subject ſuffers;
And can you entertaine in ſuch a time,
A thought of dalliance? teares, and ſighes, and groanes,
Would better now become you.
Iul. They indeed are,
The onely weapons, our poor Sex can uſe,
When we are injur'd, and they may become us;
But for men that were born free men, of Ranck;
That would be regiſtred Fathers of their Country;
And to have on their Tombs in Golden Letters,
The noble ſtile of Tyrant killers, written;
To weepe like fooles, and women and not like wiſe (men.
To practiſe a redreſſe, deſerves a name,
Which fits not me to give.
Vir. Thy grave reproofe:
If what thou doſt deſire, were poſſible
To be effected? might well argue it,
As wiſe as loving; but if you conſider,
With what ſtrong guards, this Tyrant is defended:
Ruffins, and malecontents drawne from all quarters;
That onely know, to ſerve his impious will;
The Citadels built by him in the neck
Of this poor City; the invinceſible ſtrength,
Nature by Art aſſiſted, gave this Caſtle;
And above all his feare; admitting no man
To ſee him, but unarm'd; it being death
For any to approach him with a weapon.
You muſt confeſſe, unleſſe our hands were Canons,
To batter down theſe walls: our weake breath mines,
To blow his Forts up; or our curſes lightning,
To force a paſſage to him; and then blaſt him;
Our power is like to yours, and we like you;
Weepe our misfortunes.
Iul. Walls of Braſſe reſiſt not
A noble undertaking; nor can vice,
Raiſe any Bulwrack, to make good the place,
Where vertue ſeekes to enter; then to fall
In ſuch a brave attempt, were ſuch an honour;
That *Brutus*, did he live again would envy.
Were my dead Father in you, and my Brothers;
Nay, all the Anceſtors I am deriv'd from;
As you, in being what you are, are all theſe.
I had rather weare a mourning Garment for you,
And ſhould be more proud of my widdow-hood;
You dying for the freedome of this Country;
Then if I were aſſur'd, I ſhould injoy
A perpetuity of life and pleaſure,
With you the Tyrant living.
Vir. Till this minute,
I never heard thee ſpeake; O more then woman!
And more to be belov'd; can I finde out
A Cabinet, to lock a ſecret in,
Of equall truſt to thee? all doubts, and feares,
That ſcandalize your ſex, be farre from me;
Thou ſhalt pertake my neer and deareſt councels,
And further them with thine.
Iul. I will be faithfull.
Vir. Know then this day, ſtand heaven propitious (to us,
Our liberty begins.
Iul. In *Ferrands* death?
Vir. 'Tis plotted love, and ſtrongly, and beleeve it,
For nothing elſe could doe it; 'twas the thought,
How to proceed in this deſigne and end it,
That made ſtrange my embraces.
Iul. Curs'd be ſhe,
That's ſo indulgent to her own delights,
That for their ſatisfaction, would give
A ſtop to ſuch a glorious enterprize:
For me, I would not for the world, I had been
Guilty of ſuch a crime; goe on and proſper.
Goe on my deareſt Lord, I love your Honour
Above my life; nay, yours; my Prayers go with you;
Which I will ſtrengthen with my teares: the wrongs
Of this poor Country, edge your ſword; O may it
Peirce deep into this Tyrants heart, and then
When you return bath'd in his guilty bloud,
I'le waſh you cleane with fountaines of true joy.
But who are your aſſiſtants? though I am
So covetous of your glory, that I could wiſh
You had no ſharer in it. *Knock.*
Vir. Be not curious.
They come, how ever you command my boſome,
To them I would not have you ſeene.
Iul. I am gon Sir,
Be confident; and may my reſolution
Be preſent with you. *Exit.*
Vir. Such a Maſculine ſpirit,
With more then womans vertues, were a dower
To waigh down a Kings fortune.
Enter Briſſonet, Camillo, Ronvere.
Briſ. Good day to you.
Cam. You are an early ſtirrer.
Vir. What new face,
Bring you along?
Ron. If I ſtand doubted Sir?
As by your looks I gueſſe it: you much injure
A man that loves, and truly loves this Country,
With as much zeale as you doe; one that hates
The Prince by whom it ſuffers, and as deadly;
One, that dares ſtep as farre to gaine my freedome,
As any he that breathes; that weares a ſword
As ſharp as any's.
Cam. Nay, no more compariſons.
Ron. What you but whiſper, I dare ſpeake aloud,
Stood the King by; have meanes to put in act too
What you but coldly plot; if this deſerve then
Suſpition in the beſt, the boldeſt, wiſeſt?
Purſue your own intents, il'e follow mine;
And if I not out-ſtrip you—

Briſſ. Be aſſur'd Sir,
A conſcience like this can never be allide
To treachery.
Cam. Who durſt ſpeake ſo much,
But one that is like us a ſufferer,
And ſtands as we affected ?
Vir. You are cozend
And all undone; every Intelligencer
Speakes treaſon with like licence; is not this
Ronvere, that hath for many yeeres been train'd
In *Ferrands* Schoole, a man in truſt and favour,
Rewarded too and highly?
Cam. Grant all this,
The thought of what he was,being as he is now;
A man diſgrac'd, and with contempt thrown off;
Will ſpurre him to revenge, as ſwift as they,
That never were in favour.
Vir. Poore and childiſh.
Briſſ. His regiment is caſt, that is moſt certain;
And his command in the Caſtle given away.
Cam. That on my knowledge.
Vir. Groſſer ſtil, what ſhepheard
Would yeeld the poor remainder of his flock,
To a known wolfe; though he put on the habit,
Of a moſt faithfull dogge,and barke like one?
As this but onely talkes.
Cam. Yes, he has meanes too.
Virol. I know it to my griefe, weake men I know it;
To make his peace, if there were any warre
Between him and his Maſter, betraying
Our innocent lives.
Ron You are too ſuſpitious;
And I have born too much, beyon'd my temper,
Take your own wayes, i'le leave you.
Vir. You may ſtay now:
You have enough, and all indeed you fiſht for;
But one word Gentlemen: have you diſcover'd
To him alone our plot ?
Briſſ. To him and others, that are at his devotion.
Vir. Worſe and worſe:
For were he onely conſcious of our purpoſe,
Though with the breach of Hoſpitable lawes,
In my own houſe, ide ſilence him for ever:
But what is paſt my help, is paſt my care,
I have a life to looſe.
Cam. Have better hopes.
Ron. And when you know, with what charge I have (further'd
Your noble undertaking, you will ſweare me
Another man; the guards I have corrupted:
And of the choyce of all our nobleſt youths,
Attir'd like virgins; ſuch as Hermits would
Welcome to their ſad cells,prepar'd a Maske;
As done for the Kings pleaſure.
Vir. For his ſafety
I rather feare; and as a pageant to
Uſher our ruine.
Ron. We as Torch-bearers
Will waite on theſe, but with ſuch art and cunning;
I have convei'd ſharp poniards in the Wax,
That we may paſſe, though ſearch't through all his (guards
Without ſuſpition, and in all his glory,
Oppreſſe him, and with ſafety.
Cam. 'Tis moſt ſtrange.
Vir. To be effected.
Ron. You are doubtfull ſtill.
Briſſ. But we reſolv'd to follow him, and if you
Deſiſt now *Virolet*, we will ſay 'tis feare,
Rather then providence. *Exeunt.*

Cam. And ſo we leave you, *Enter Julian.*
Jul. To your wiſe doubts, and to my better councels;
Oh! pardon me my Lord, and truſt me too;
Let me not like *Caſſandra* propheſie truths,
And never be beleiv'd, before the miſchiefe:
I have heard all; know this *Ronvere* a villaine,
A villaine that hath tempted me, and plotted
This for your ruine, onely to make way
To his hopes in my embraces: at more leiſure
I will acquaint you, wherefore I conceil'd it
To this laſt minute; if you ſtay you are loſt,
And all prevention too late. I know,
And 'tis to me known onely, a darke cave
Within this houſe, a part of my poor dower,
Where you may lye conceal'd, as in the center,
Till this rough blaſt be ore: where there is ayre,
More then to keep in life; *Ferrand* will find you,
So curious his feares are.
Vir. 'Tis better fall
Then hide my head, now 'twas thine own advice,
My friends ingag'd too.
Jul. You ſtand further bound,
Then to weake men that have betray'd themſelves,
Or to my Councell, though then juſt and loyall:
Your phanſie hath been good, but not your judgement,
In choyce of ſuch to ſide you; wil you leape
From a ſteep Tower, becauſe a deſperate foole
Does it, and truſts the wind to ſave his hazard ?
There's more expected from you; all mens eyes are fixt
On *Viriolet*,to help not hurt them;
Make good their hopes and ours,you have ſworn often,
That you dare credit me; and allow'd me wiſe
Although a woman; even Kings in great Actions,
Waite opportunity and ſo muſt you Sir,
Or looſe your underſtanding.
Vir. Thou art conſtant;
I am uncertain foole, a moſt blinde foole;
Be thou my guide.
Jul. If I faile to direct you,
For torment or reward, when I am wretched,
May conſtancy forſake me.
Vir. I've my ſafety.

Enter Caſtruchio, and Villio.

Vil. Why are you rapt thus ?
Caſt. Peace, thou art a foole.
Vil. But if I were a flatterer like your worſhip,
I ſhould be wiſe and rich too;
There are few elſe that proſper,baudes excepted,
They hold an equall place there.
Caſt. A ſhrew'd knave;
But O the King, the happy King!
Vil. Why happy ?
In bearing a great burthen.
Caſt. What beares he,
That's born on Princes ſhoulders ?
Vil. A Crownes waight,
Which ſets more heavy on his head, then the ore
Slaves digge out of the Mines, of which 'tis made.
Caſt. Thou worthily art his fool, to think that heavy
That carryes him in the ayre; the reverence due
To that moſt ſacred Gold, makes him ador'd,
His Foot-ſteps kiſt, his ſmiles to raiſe a begger
To a Lords fortune; and when he but frownes,
The City quakes.
Vil. Or the poor Cuckolds in it,
Cox-combs I ſhould ſay, I am of a foole.

Vil. Grown a Philoſopher, to heare this paraſite.
Caſt. The delicates he is ſerv'd with ſee and envy,
Vil. I had rather have an Onyon with a ſtomack,
Then theſe without one.
Caſt. The Celeſtiall Muſick, *ſtill*
Such as the motion of the eternall ſpheares *Muſick.*
Yeelds *Iove*, when he drinkes Nectar.
Vil. Here's a fine knave, yet hath to many fellowes.
Caſt. Then the beauties,
That with variety of choyce embraces, *theſe paſſe o're.*
Renew his age.
Vil. Help him to croutch rather, (that way.
And the French Cringe, they are excellent Surgeons
Caſt. O Majeſty ! let others think of heaven,
While I contemplate thee.
Vil. This is not Atheiſme, but Court obſervance.
Caſt. Now the God appears,uſher'd with earth-quakes.
Vil. Baſe Idolatry. *Flouriſh Enter Ferrand,*
Fer. Theſe meates are poyſoned, hang *Guard,*
The Cookes; no note more,on *women,*
Forfeit of your fingers; doe you *Servants.*
Envy me a minutes ſlumber, what are theſe ?
1. *Gu.* The Ladies appointed by your Majeſty.
Fer. To the purpoſe, for what appointed ?
1. *Gu.* For your graces pleaſure.
Fer. To ſucke away the little bloud is left me,
By my continuall cares ; I am not apt now,
Injoy them firſt, taſte of my dyet once;
And your turne ſerv'd, for fifty Crownes a peece
Their Husbands may redeem them.
Wo. Great Sir, mercy.
Fer. I am deafe, why ſtare you? is what we command
To be diſputed ? who's this?bring you the dead
T'upbrai'd me to my face ?
Caſt. Hold Emperour ;
Hold mighteſt of Kings, I am thy vaſſell,
Thy Foot-ſtool,that durſt not preſume to look
On thy offended face.
Fer. *Caſtruchio* riſe.
Caſt. Let not the lightning of thy eye conſume me,
Nor heare that Muſicall tongue, in dreadfull thunder,
That ſpeakes all mercy.
Vir. Here's no flattering rogue.
Caſt. *Ferrand*, that is the Father of his people,
The glory of mankinde.
Fer. No more, no word more;
And while I tell my troubles to my ſelfe,
Be Statues without motion or voyce,
Though to be flatter'd, is an itch to greatneſſe,
It now offends me.
Vil. Here's the happy man ;
But ſpeake who dares.
Fer. When I was innocent ;
I yet remember, I could eat and ſleepe,
Walke unaffrighted, but now terrible to others:
My guards cannot keepe feare from me
It ſtill purſues me ; Oh! my wounded conſcience,
The Bed I would reſt in, is ſtuft with thornes ;
The grounds ſtrow'd o're with adders and with aſpicks
Where ere I ſet my foot,but I am in,
And what was got with cruelty, with blood,
Muſt be defended, though this lifes a hell,
I feare a worſe hereafter. ha !
Ron. My Lord. *Enter Ronvere and guard.*
Fer. Welcome *Ronvere*, welcome my golden plummet
With which I ſound mine enemies depthes and angers,
Haſt thou diſcover'd.
Ron. All as you could wiſh Sir,
The Plot, and the contrivers;was made one
Of the conſpiracie.
Fer. Is *Virolet* in ?
Ron. The head of all, he onely ſcented me:
And from his feare, that I plaid falſe is fled;
The reſt I have in fetters
Fer Death and hell.
Next to my mortall foe the pyrat *Seſſe*,
I aym'd at him; he's vertuous, and wiſe,
A lover of his freedome and his countries
Dangerous to ſuch as govern by the ſword,
And ſo to me : no tract which way he went,
No meanes to overtake him ?
Ron. Ther's ſome hope left;
But with a rough hand,to be ſeaſ'd upon.
Fer. What is't?
Ron. If any know, or where he is,
Or which way he is fled, it is his wife;
Her with his Father I have apprehended,
And brought among the reſt.
Fer. 'Twas wiſely order'd,
Go fetch them in,and let my executioners *Exit Ronvere.*
Appeare in horrour with the racke.
Vil. I take it ſigneur, this is no time for you to flatter,
Or me to foole in.
Caſt. Thou art wiſe in this, let's off, it is unſafe to be
When he begins to thunder. (nere Jove,
Vil. Good morality. *Exit.*
Fer. I that have peirc'd into the hearts of men ;
Forc'd them to lay open with my lookes,
Secrets whoſe leaſt diſcovery was death,
Will rend for what concernes my life, the fortreſſe,
Of a weake womans faith. *Enter Ronvere, guard,*
Ca. What ere we ſuffer, *Executioners with a*
The waight, that loads a Traytors *Rack, Camillo,*
Heart ſit ever, heavy on thine. *Briſſonet Pan-*
Briſſ. As we are caught by thee, *dulfo, Juliana.*
Fall thou by others.
Ron. Piſh poor fools, your curſes will
Never reach me.
Iul. Now by my *Virolets* life;
Father, this is a glorious ſtage of murther.
Here are five properties too,and ſuch ſpectators,
As will expect good action, to the life;
Let us performe our parts, and we ſhall live,
When theſe are rotten, would we might begin once;
Are you the Maſter of the company ?
Troth you are tedious now.
Fer. She does deride me.
Iul. Thee and thy Power, if one poor ſyllable
Could win me, an aſſurance of thy favour ,
I would not ſpeake it, I deſire to be
The great example of thy cruelty,
To whet which one , know *Ferrand*, I alone
Can make diſcovery, where my *Virolet* is,
Whoſe life,I know thou aym'ſt at,but if tortures
Compell me to't, may hope of heaven for ſake me;
I dare thy worſt.
Fer. Are we contemn'd.
Iul. Thou art,
Thou and thy Miniſters, my life is thine ;
But in the death, the Victory ſhall be mine.
Pand We have ſuch a Miſtreſſe here to teach us courage,
That cowards might learn from her.
Fer. You are ſlow; *put on the rack.*
Begin the Scene thou miſerable foole
For ſo I'le make thee.
Jul. 'Tis not in thy reach ;

I am happy in my ſufferings, thou moſt wretched.
Fer. So brave! Ile tame you yet, pluck hard villains;
Is ſhe inſenſible? no ſigh nor groan? or is ſhe dead?
Jul. No tyrant, though I ſuffer
More then a woman, beyond fleſh and blood;
Tis in a cauſe ſo honourable, that I ſcorn
With any ſign that may expreſſe a ſorrow
To ſhew I do repent.
Fer. Confeſſe yet,
And thou ſhal be ſafe.
Jul. Tis wrapt up in my ſoule,
From whence thou canſt not force it.
Fer. I will be
Ten daies a killing thee.
Jul. Be twenty thouſand,
My glory lives the longer.
Ron. Tis a miracle,
She tires th'executioners,
And me.
Fer. Unlooſe her, I am conquer'd, I muſt take
Some other way; reach her my chaire, in honour
Of her invincible fortitude.
Ron. Will you not
Diſpatch the reſt?
Fer. When I ſeem mercifull,
Aſſure thy ſelfe *Ronvere*, I am moſt cruell.
Thou wonder of thy ſex, and of this Nation,
That haſt chang'd my ſeverity to mercy,
Not to thy ſelfe alone, but to thy people,
In which I do include theſe men, my enemies:
Unbind them.
Pand. This is ſtrange.
Fer. For your intent
Againſt my life, which you dare not deny,
I onely aske one ſervice.
Cam. Above hope.
Fer. There rides a Pyrate neer, the Duke of Seſſe,
My enemy and this Countries, that in bonds
Holds my deere friend *Aſcanio*: free this friend,
Or bring the Pyrats head; beſides your pardon,
And honour of the action, your reward
Is forty thouſand Ducates. And becauſe
I know that *Virolet* is as bold as wiſe,
Be he your Generall, as pledge of your faith,
That you wil undertake it; let this old man,
And this moſt conſtant Matron ſtay with me;
Of whom, as of my ſelfe, I wil be carefull;
She ſhall direct you where her husband is.
Make choice of any ſhip you think moſt uſeful.
They are rig'd for you.
Exeunt Guard, with Juliana and Pand.
Briſ. We with joy accept it.
Cam. And wil proclaim King *Ferrant* mercifull.
Exeunt.
Ron. The myſterie of this, my Lord? or are you
Chang'd in your nature?
Fer. Ile make thee private to it.
The lives of theſe weake men, and deſperate woman,
Would no way have ſecur'd me, had I took them;
Tis *Virolet* I aime at; he has power,
And knows to hurt. If they encounter *Seſſe*,
And he prove conquerour, I am aſſur'd
They'l finde no mercy: if that they prove victors,
I ſhall recover with my friend; his head
I moſt deſire of all men.
Ron. Now I have it.
Fer. Ile make thee underſtand the drift of all.
So we ſtand ſure, thus much for thoſe that fall. *Exeunt.*

Actus ſecundus. Scæna prima.

Enter Boteſwain and Gunner.

Botſ. Ley here before the wind: up with her Canvaſe
And let her work, the wind begins to whiſtle;
Clap all her ſtreamers on, and let her dance,
As if ſhe were the Minion of the Ocean.
Let her beſtride the billows till they rore,
And curle their wanton heads. Ho, below there:
Ho, ho, within.
Ley her North-eaſt, and thruſt her miſſen out,
The day grows faire and cleare, and the wind Courts us.
O for a luſty ſaile now, to give chaſe to.
Gun. A ſtubborn Barke, that wo'd but bear up to us,
And change a broadſide bravely.
Botſ. Where's the Duke?
Gun. I have not ſeen him ſtir to day.
Botſ. O Gunner,
What bravery dwels in his age, and what valour?
And to his friends, what gentleneſſe and bounty?
How long have we been inhabitants at Sea here?
Gun. Some fourteen yeers.
Botſ. By fourteen lives I ſwear then,
This Element never nouriſht ſuch a Pirate;
So great, ſo fearleſſe, and ſo fortunate,
So patient in his want, in Act ſo valiant.
How many ſaile of wel man'd ſhips before us,
As the Bonuto does the flying fiſh,
Have we purſued and ſcowerd, that to outſtrip us,
They have been fain to hang their very ſhirts on?
What Gallies have we bang'd, and ſunke, and taken;
Whoſe onely fraughts were fire, and ſtern defiance?
And nothing ſpoke but Bullet in all theſe.
How like old *Neptune* have I ſeen our Generall
Standing ith' Poope, and toſſing his ſteel Trident,
Commanding both the Sea and Winds to ſerve him?
Gun. His daughter too, which is the honour, Boteſwain,
Of all her ſex; that Martiall mayd.
Botſ. A brave wench.
Gun. How oftentimes, a fight being new begun,
Has ſhe leap'd down, and took my Linſtock from me,
And crying, now fly right, fir'd all my chaſers?
Then like the Image of the warlike Goddeſſe,
Her Target brac'd upon her arme, her Sword drawn,
And anger in her eyes, leap'd up again,
And bravely hal'd the Barke. I have wondred Botſwain,
That in a body made ſo delicate,
So ſoft for ſweet embraces, ſo much fire,
And manly ſoule, not ſtarting at a danger.
Botſ. Her Noble father got her in his fury,
And ſo ſhe proves a ſouldier.
Gun. This to I wonder at,
Taking ſo many ſtrangers as he does,
He uſes them with that reſpect and coolneſſe,
Not making prize, but onely borrowing
What may ſupply his want: nor that for nothing;
But renders back what they may ſtand in need of,
Aud then parts lovingly: Where, if he take
His Countreyman, that ſhould be neereſt to him,
And ſtand moſt free from danger, he ſure pays for't:
He drownes or hangs the men, ranſacks the Barke,
Then gives her up a Bonfire to his fortune.
Botſ. The wrongs he has receiv'd from that dull Countrey,
That's all I know has purchas'd all his cruelty.

We fare the better; cheerly, cheerly boys,
The ſhip runs merrily; my Captain's melancholy,
And nothing cures that in him but a Sea-fight:
I hope to meet a ſaile boy, and a right one.
Gun. That's my hope too; I am ready for the paſtime.
Botſ. I'th mean time let's beſtow a ſong upon him,
To ſhake him from his dumps, and bid good day to him.
Ho, in the hold. *Enter a Boy.*
Boy. Here, here.
Boteſ. To th' main top boy.
And thou kenſt a ſhip that dares defie us,
Here's Gold.
Boy. I am gon. *Exit Boy.*
Botſ. Come ſirs, a queint Levet. *Trump. a levet.*
To waken our brave Generall. Then to our labour.
Enter Duke of Seſſe above and his daughter Martia like an Amazon.
Seſſ. I thank you loving mates; I thank you all.
There's to prolong your mirth, & good morrow to you.
Daugh. Take this from me, you'r honeſt valiant friends;
And ſuch we muſt make much of. Not a ſayle ſtirring?
Gun. Not any within ken yet.
Boteſ. Without doubt Lady,
The wind ſtanding ſo faire and full upon us,
We ſhal have ſport anon. But noble Generall,
Why are you ſtill ſo ſad? you take our edge off;
You make us dull, and ſpirit-leſſe.
Seſſ. Ile tell ye,
Becauſe I wil provoke you to be fortunate;
For when you know my cauſe, twill double arme you.
This woman never knew it yet; my daughter,
Some diſcontents ſhe has.
Daugh. Pray ſir go forward.
Seſ. Theſe fourteen yeeres, I have ſtoed it here at Sea,
Where the moſt curious thought could never find it.
Botſ. Call up the Maſter, and all the Mates.
Enter below the Maſter and Saylers.
Seſ. Good morrow.
Maſt. Good morrow to our Generall, a good one,
And to that Noble Lady all good wiſhes.
Daugh. I thank you Maſter.
Seſſ. Mark me, thus it is then;
Which I did never think to have diſcovered,
Till full revenge had wooed me; but to ſatisfie
My faithfull friends, thus I caſt off my burden.
In that ſhort time I was a Courtier,
And followed that moſt hated of all Princes,
Ferrant the full example of all miſchiefes,
Compel'd to follow to my ſoule a ſtranger,
It was my chance one day to play at Cheſſe
For ſome few Crowns, with a mynion of this Kings,
A mean poor man, that onely ſerv'd his pleaſures;
Removing of a Rook, we grew to words;
From this to hotter anger: to be ſhort,
I got a blow.
Daugh. How, how my Noble father?
Seſ. A blow my girle, which I had ſoon repayd,
And ſunk the ſlave for ever, had not odds
Thruſt in betwixt us. I went away diſgrac'd---
Daugh. For honours ſake not ſo ſir.
Seſ. For that time, wench;
But, calld upon him, like a Gentleman,
By many private friends; knockt at his valour,
Courted his honour hourely to repaire me;
And tho he were a thing my thoughts made ſleight on,
And onely worth the fury of my footman,
Still I purſued him Nobly.
Daugh. Did he eſcape you?
My old brave father, could you ſit down ſo coldly?
Seſ. Have patience, and know all. Purſued him fairly,
Till I was laught at, ſcornd, my wrongs made maygames.
By him unjuſtly wrong'd, ſhould be all juſtice,
The ſlave protected; yet at length I found him,
Found him, when he ſuppos'd all had been buried;
And what I had received durſt not be queſtioned;
And then he fell, under my Sword he fell,
For ever ſunk; his poore life, like the ayre,
Blown in an empty bubble, burſt, and left him,
No Noble wind of memory to raiſe him.
But then began my miſery, I fled;
The Kings frowns following, and my friends diſpaires;
No hand that durſt relieve: my Countrey fearfull,
Baſely and weakly fearfull of a tyrant;
Which made his bad wil worſe, ſtood ſtill and wondred,
Their vertues bedrid in e'm; then my girle,
A little one, I ſnatch'd thee from thy nurſe,
The modell of thy fathers miſeries:
And ſome ſmall wealth was fit for preſent carriage,
And got to Seas; where I profeſt my anger,
And wil do, whilſt that baſe ungratefull Countrey,
And that bad King, have blood or means to quench me.
Now ye know all.
Maſt. We know all, and admire all;
Go on and do all ſtill, and ſtill be fortunate.
Daught. Had you done leſſe, or loſt this Noble anger,
You had been worthy then mens empty pities,
And not their wonders. Go on, and uſe your juſtice;
And uſe it ſtill with that fell violence]
It firſt appeared to you; if you go leſſe,
Or take a doting mercy to protection,
The honour of a father I diſclaim in you,
Call back all duty, and will be prowder of
The infamous and baſe name of a whore,'
Then daughter to a great Duke and a coward.
Seſſ. Mine own ſweet *Martia*, no; thou knowſt my (nature,
It cannot, muſt not be.
Daugh. I hope it ſhal not.
But why ſir, do you keep alive ſtill young *Aſcanio*,
Prince of *Roſſana*, King *Ferrants* moſt belov'd one,
You took two moneths agoe?
Why is not he flung overboord, or hang'd?
Seſ. Ile tell thee girle:
It were a mercy in my nature now,
So ſoon to break the bed of his afflictions;
I am not ſo far reconcil'd yet to him
To let him die, that were a benefit.
Beſides, I keep him as a bayt and dyet,
To draw on more, and neerer to the King,
I look each hour to heare of his Armados,
And a hot welcome they ſhall have.
Daugh. But hark you?
If you were overſwayed with odds ---
Seſ. I find you:
I would not yield; no girle, no hope of yeelding,
Nor fling my ſelf one houre into their mercies,
And give the tyrant hope to gain his Kingdom.
No, I can ſink wench, and make ſhift to die;
A thouſand doores are open, I ſhal hit one.
I am no niggard of my life, ſo it goe Nobly:
All waies are equall and all houres; I care not.
Daugh. Now you ſpeak like my father.
Maſt. Noble General,
If by our means they inherit ought but bangs,
The mercy of the main yard light upon us.
No, we can ſinke too ſir, and ſinke low enough,
To poſe their cruelties, to follow us:

And he that thinks of life, if the world go that way,
A thouſand cowards ſuck his bones.
Gun. Let the worſt come,
I can unbreech a Canon, and without much help
Turn her into the Keele; and when ſhe has ſplit it,
Every man knows his way, his own prayers,
And ſo good night I think.
Maſt. We have liv'd all with you, *Boy a top.*
And will die with you Generall.
Seſſ. I thank you Gentlemen.
Boy above. A Sayle, a Sayle.
Maſt. A cheerfull ſound.
Boy. A Sayle.
Botſ. Of whence? of whence boy?
Boy. A luſty ſayle.
Daugh. Look right, and look again.
Boy. She plows the Sea before her,
And fomes i'th mouth.
Botſ. Of whence?
Boy. I ken not yet ſir.
Seſſ. O may ſhe prove of Naples.
Maſt. Prove the Divell,
We'l ſpit out fire as thick as ſhe.
Boy. Hoy.
Maſt. Brave boy.
Boy. Of Naples Naples, I think of Naples, Maſter,
Methinks I ſee the Armes.
Maſt. Up, up another,
And give more certain ſignes. *Exit Saylor.*
Seſſ. All to your buſineſſe,
And ſtand but right and true.
Botſ. Hang him that halts now.
Boy. Sh'as us in chaſe.
Maſt. We'l ſpare her our main top-ſaile,
He ſhall not look us long, we are no ſtarters.
Down with the fore-ſaile too, we'l ſpoom before her.
Mart. Gunner, good noble Gunner, for my honour
Load me but theſe two Minions in the chape there;
And load 'em right, that they may bid faire welcome,
And be thine eye and level as thy heart is.
Gun. Madam, Ile ſcratch 'em out, Ile piſſe 'em out elſe.
Sayl. above. Ho.
Seſſ. Of whence now?
Sayl. Of Naples, Naples, Naples.
I ſee her top flag how ſhe quarters Naples.
I heare her Trumpets.
Seſſ. Down, ſhe's welcome to us. *Exit Maſt. Botſ.*
Every man to his charge, man her i'th bowe wel. *Gun.*
And place your rakers right, daughter be ſparing. *Sayl.*
Mart. I ſweare Ile be above ſir, in the thickeſt,
And where moſt danger is, Ile ſeek for honour.
They have begun, harke how their Trumpets call us.
Hark how the wide mouth'd Cannons ſing amongſt us.
Heark how they ſaile; out of our ſhels for ſhame ſir.
Seſſ. Now fortune and my cauſe.
Mart. Be bold and conquer. *Exit.*

Charge Trumpets and ſhot within.

Enter Maſter, and Boteſwain.

Maſt. They'l board us once again, they'r tuffe & valiant.
Boteſ. Twice we have blown 'em into th'ayre like fea-
And made 'em dance. (thers.
Maſt. Good boys, fight bravely, manly. *Enter*
They come on yet; clap in her ſtern, & yoke 'em. *Gunner.*
Gun. You ſhall not need, I have proviſion for 'em;
Let 'em boord once again, the next is ours.
Stand bravely to your Pikes, away, be valiant.
I have a ſecond courſe of ſervice for 'em,
Shall make the bowels of their Barke ake, hoy
The Duke fights like a Dragon. Who dares be idle. *Exit.*

Charge, Trumpets, pieces goe off.

Enter Maſter, Boteſwaine following.

Maſt. Down with 'em, ſtow 'em in. (the Sea.
Botſ. Cut their throats, tis brotherhood to fling 'em into
The Duke is hurt, ſo is his lovely daughter *Martia*.
We have the day yet. *Enter Gunner.* (yet flew.
Gun. Pox fire 'em, they have ſmok'd us, never ſuch plumbs
Botſ. They have rent the ſhip, & bor'd a hundred holes,
She ſwims ſtill luſtily.
Maſt. She made a brave fight, and ſhe ſhall be cur'd,
And make a braver yet.
Gun. Bring us ſome Cans up, I am hot as fire. *Enter Boy*
Boteſ. I am ſure I am none o'th cooleſt. *with 3 Cans.*
Gun. My Cannons rung like Bels. Here's to my Miſtris.
The dainty Sweet braſſe Minion, ſplit their fore-maſt,
She never failed. (men.
Maſt. Ye did all well, and truly, like faithfull honeſt
Boteſ. But is ſhe rich Maſter? *Trumpet flouriſh.*

Enter Seſſe, Martia, Virolet, Saylors.

Maſt. Rich for my Captains purpoſe howſoever,
And we are his. -How bravely now he ſhows,
Heated in blood and anger? how do you ſir?
Not wounded mortally I hope?
Seſſ. No Maſter, but onely weare the livery of fury.
I am hurt, and deep.
Maſt. My Miſtris too?
Mart. A ſcratch man,
My needle would ha done as much good ſir,
Be provident and carefull.
Seſſ. Prethee peace girle,
This wound is not the firſt blood I have bluſht in,
Ye fought all like tall men, my thanks among ye,
That ſpeaks not what my purſe means, but my tongue,
ſouldiers.
Now ſir, to you that ſought me out, that found me,
That found me what I am, the Tyrants Tyrant;
You that were imp'd the weak arme to his folly,
You are welcome to your death.
Vir. I do expect it,
And therefore need no complement, but waite it.
Seſſ. Thou bor'ſt the face once of a Noble Gentleman,
Rankt in the firſt file of the vertuous,
By every hopefull ſpirit, ſhewed and pointed,
Thy Countries love; one that advanc'd her honour,
Not taynted with the baſe and ſervile uſes
The Tyrant ties mens ſoules too. Tell me *Virolet*,
If ſhame have not forſook thee, with thy credit.
Vir. No more of theſe Racks; what I am I am.
I hope not to go free with poore confeſſions;
Nor if I ſhow ill, will I ſeem a monſter,
By making my mind priſoner; do your worſt.
When I came out to deale with you, I caſt it,
Onely thoſe baſe inflictions fit for ſlaves,
Becauſe I am a Gentleman.
Seſſ. Thou art none.
Thou waſt while thou ſtoodſt good, th'art now a villain
And agent for the divell.
Vir. That tongue lies.
Give me my Sword again, and ſtand all arm'd;
Ile prove it on ye all, I am a Gentleman,
A man as faire in honour; rate your priſoners;
How poore and like a Pedagogue it ſhews?
How far from Nobleneſſe? tis fair, you may kil's;
But to defame your victory with foule language.
Seſ. Go, fling him overboord; Ile teach you ſirra.
Vir. You cannot teach me to die. I could kill you now
With patience, in deſpiſing all your cruelties.

And make you choke with anger.
Seſ. Away I ſay.
Mar. Stay ſir, h'as given you ſuch bold language,
I am not reconcil'd to him yet, and therefore
He ſhall not have his wiſh obſerv'd ſo neerly,
To die when he pleaſe; I beſeech you ſtay ſir.
Seſ. Do with him what thou wilt.
Mar. Carry him to th'Bilboes,
And clap him faſt there, with the Prince.
Viro. Do Lady,
For any death you give, I am bound to bleſſe you.
Exit Virolet, and Saylors.
Mar. Now to your Cabin, ſir; pray lean upon me,
And take your reſt, the Surgeons waite all for you.
Seſ. Thou makeſt me bluſh to ſee thee bear thy fortuns;
Why, ſure I have no hurt, I have not fought ſure?
Maſt. You bleed apace, Sir.
Mart. Ye grow cold too.
Seſ. I muſt be ruld, no leaning,
My deepeſt wounds ſcorn Crutches.
All. A brave Generall. *Flor. Trumpets, Cornets.*
Exeunt omnes.

Enter two Saylors.

1 *Sayl.* Will they not moore her?
2 *Sayl.* Not till we come to the Fort,
This is too weak a place for our defences,
The Carpenters are hard at worke; ſhe ſwims well,
And may hold out another fight. The ſhip we took
Burns there to give us light.
1 *Sayl.* She made a brave fight.
2 *Sayl.* She put us all in feare.
1 *Sayl.* Beſhrew my heart did ſhe.
Her men are gone to Candy, they are pepper'd,
All but this priſoner.
2 *Sayl.* Sure he's a brave fellow.
1 *Say.* A ſtubborn knave, but we have pul'd his bravery.
He diſcovers Virolet and Aſcanio in the Bilboes.
Look how he looks now: come let's go ſerve his dyet,
Which is but bread and water.
2 *Sayl.* He'l grow fat on't. *Exeunt Saylors.*
Aſcan. I muſt confeſſe I have endured much miſery,
even almoſt to the ruine of my ſpirit,
But ten times more grows my affliction,
To finde my friend here.
Viro. Had we ſerv'd our Countrey,
Or honeſties, as we have ſerv'd our follies,
We had not been here now?
Aſcan. Tis to true *Virolet.*
Viro. And yet my end in ventring for your ſafety,
Pointed at more then *Ferrants* will, a baſe one;
Some ſervice for mine own, ſome for my Nation,
Some for my friend; but I am rightly payd,
That durſt adventure ſuch a Noble office,
From the moſt treacherous command of miſchiefe;
You know him now ?
Aſcan. And when I neerer knew him,
Then when I waited, Heaven be witneſſe with me,
(And if I lie my miſeries ſtill load me)
With what teares I have woed him, with what prayers,
What weight of reaſons I have layd, what dangers;
Then, when the peoples curſes flew like ſtorms;
And every tongue was whetted to defame him,
To leave his doubts, his tyrannies, his ſlaughters,
His fell oppreſſions. I know I was hated too.
Viro. And all mankind that knew him: theſe confeſſions
Do no good to the world, to Heaven they may.
Let's ſtudy to die well, we have liv'd like coxcombs.
Aſcan. That my miſ-fortune, ſhould loſe you too.
Viro. Yes;
And not onely me, but many more, and better:
For my life, tis not this; or might I ſave yours,
And ſome brave friends I have engag'd, let me go;
It were the meritorious death I wiſh for,
But we muſt hang or drown like whelps.
Aſcan. No remedy.
Viro. On my part I expect none. I know the man,
And know he has been netled to the quick too,
I know his nature.
Aſcan. A moſt cruell nature.
Vir. His wrongs have bred him up. I cannot blame him.
Aſcan. He has a daughter too, the greateſt ſcorner,
And moſt inſulter upon miſery.
Viro. For thoſe, they are toyes to laugh at, not to lead men:
A womans mirth or anger, like a meteor
Glides and is gone, and leaves no crack behind it;
Our miſeries would ſeem like maſters to us,
And ſhake our manly ſpirits into feavors,
If we reſpected thoſe; the more they glory,
And raiſe inſulting Trophies on our ruines;
The more our vertues ſhine in patience.
Sweet Prince, the name of death was never terrible
To him that knew to live; nor the loud torrent
Of all afflictions, ſinging as they ſwim,
A gall of heart, but to a guilty conſcience:
Whilſt we ſtand faire, but by a two-edg'd ſtorm,
We find untimely fals, like early Roſes;
But to the earth, we beare our native ſweetneſſe.
Aſcan. Good ſir go on.
Viro. When we are little children,
And cry and fret for every toy comes croſſe us;
How ſweetly do we ſhew, when ſleep ſteales on us?
When we grow great, but our affections greater,
And ſtruggle with this ſtubborn twin, born with us;
And tug and pull, yet ſtill we finde a Giant:
Had we not then the priviledge to ſleep,
Our everlaſting ſleep? he would make us ideots;
The memory and monuments of good men
Are more then lives, and tho their Tombs want tongues,
Yet have they eyes, that daily ſweat their loſſes;
And ſuch a teare from ſtone, no time can value.
To die both young and good, are natures curſes,
As the world ſays; ask truth, they are bountious bleſſings:
For then we reach at Heaven, in our full vertues,
And fix our ſelves new Stars, crown'd with our goodnes.
Aſc. You have double arm'd me. *Srange Muſick*
Hark, what noyſe is this? *within, Hoboys.*
What horrid noyſe is the Sea pleas'd to ſing,
A hideous Dirg to our deliverance?
Viro. Stand faſt now. *Within ſtrange cries, horrid*
Aſc. I am fixt. *noyſe, Trumpets.*
Viro. We feare ye not. *Enter Martia*
Let death appear in all ſhapes, we ſmile on him.
Aſc. The Lady now.
Viro. The face oth' Maske is alter'd.
Aſc. What will ſhe doe?
Viro. Do what ſhe can, I care not.
Aſc. She looks on you ſir.
Viro. Rather ſhe looks through me,
But yet ſhe ſtirs me not.
Mart. Poore wretched ſlaves,
Why do you live? or if ye hope for mercy,
Why do not you houle out, and fill the hold
With lamentations, cries, and baſe ſubmiſſions,
Worthy our ſcorn?
Viro. Madam, you are miſtaken;
We are no ſlaves to you, but to blind fortune;

And if ſhe had her eyes, and durſt be certain,
Certain our friend, I would not bow unto her;
I would not cry, nor aske ſo baſe a mercy:
If you ſee any thing, in our appearance,
Worthy your ſexes ſoftnes and your own glory?
Do it for that; and let that good reward it:
We cannot beg.
Mart. Ile make you beg, and bow too.
Viro. Madam for what?
Mart. For life; and when you hope it,
Then will I laugh and triumph on your baſeneſſe.
Aſc. Madam tis true, there may be ſuch a favour,
And we may aske it too; aske it with honour;
And thanke you for that favour, nobly thank you,
Tho it be death; but when we beg a baſe life,
And beg it of your ſcorn--
Viro. Y'are couzened woman,
Your handſomneſſe may do much, but not this way;
But for your glorious hate--
Mart. Are ye ſo ſtubborn?
Death, I will make you bow.
Vir. It muſt be in your bed then;
There you may worke me to humility.
Mart. Why, I can kill thee.
Viro. If you do it handſomely;
It may be I can thank you, elſe---
Mart. So glorious?
Aſca. Her cruelty now workes.
Mart. Yet woot thou?
Virt. No.
Mart. Wilt thou for life ſake?
Viro. No, I know your ſubtilty.
Mart. For honour ſake?
Viro. I will not be a Pageant,
My mind was ever firm, and ſo Ile loſe it.
Mart. Ile ſtarve thee to it.
Viro. Ile ſtarve my ſelfe, and croſſe it.
Mart. Ile lay thee on ſuch miſeries---
Viro. Ile weare 'em,
And with that wantonneſſe, you do your Bracelets.
Mart. Ile be a moneth a killing thee.
Viro. Poore Lady,
Ile be a moneth a dying then: what's that?
There's many a Callenture outdoes your cruelty.
Mart. How might I do, in killing of his body,
To ſave his Noble mind? Who waites there?

Enter a Saylor with a rich Cap and Mantle.

Sayl. Maddam.
Mart. Unbolt this man, and leave thoſe things behind you,
And ſo away. Now put 'em on. Uunbolt him. *Exit Sailor.*
Viro. To what end?
Mart. To my end, to my will.
Viro. I will.
Mart. I thank you.
Viro. Nay, now you thank me, Ile do more. Ile tell ye,
I am a ſervant to your curteſie,
And ſo far will be wooed: but if this triumph
Be onely aym'd, to make your miſchiefe glorious;
Lady, y'ave put a richer ſhroud upon me,
Which my ſtrong mind ſhall ſuffer in.
Mart. Come hither,
And all thy bravery put into thy carriage,
For I admire thee.
Viro. Whither will this woman?
Aſc. Take heed my friend.
Mart. Look as thou ſcorndſt my cruelty:
I know thou doeſt.
Vir. I never fear'd, nor flatter'd.
Mart. No if thou hadſt, thou hadſt died, & I had gloried.
I ſuffer now, and thou which art my priſoner,
Haſt Nobly won the free power to deſpiſe me.
I love thee, and admire thee for thy Nobleneſſe;
And for thy manly ſufferance, am thy ſervant.
Vir. Good Lady, mock me not.
Mart. By Heaven I love thee;
And by the ſoule of love, am one piece with thee.
Thy mind, thy mind; thy brave, thy manly mind:
That like a Rock ſtands all the ſtorms of fortune,
And beats 'em roaring back they cannot reach thee:
That lovely mind I dote on, not the body;
That mind has rob'd me of my liberty:
That mind has darken'd all my bravery,
And into poor deſpiſ'd things, turn'd my angers.
Receive me to your love ſir, and inſtruct me;
Receive me to your bed, and marry me:
Ile wait upon you, bleſſe the houre I knew you.
Viro. Is this a new way?
Mart. If you doubt my faith,
Firſt take your liberty; Ile make it perfect,
Or any thing within my power.
Viro. I love you;
But how to recompence your love with marriage?
Alas, I have a wife.
Mart. Dearer then I am?
That will adventure ſo much for your ſafety?
Forget her fathers wrongs, quit her own honour,
Pull on her for a ſtrangers ſake, all curſes?
Vir. Shall this Prince have his freedom too?
Elſe all I love is gone, all my friends periſh.
Mart. He ſhall.
Vir. What ſhall I do?
Mart. If thou deſpiſe my curteſie,
When I am dead, for griefe I am forſaken,
And no ſoft hand left to aſſwage your ſorrows;
Too late, but too true, curſe your own cruelties.
Aſcan. Be wiſe; if ſhe be true, no thred is left elſe,
To guide us from this laborinth of miſchiefe;
Nor no way for our friends.
Viro. Thus then, I take you:
I bind ye to my life, my love.
Mart. I take you,
And with the like bond tye my heart your ſervant;
W'are now almoſt at Harbour, within this houre,
In the dead watch, Ile have the long boat ready;
And when I give the word, be ſure you enter,
Ile ſee ye furniſht both immediately,
And like your ſelfe; ſome truſty man ſhall wait you,
The watch Ile make mine own; onely my love
Requires a ſtronger vow, which Ile adminiſter
Before we go.
Viro. Ile take it to confirm you.
Mart. Go in, there are the Keys, unlock his fetters,
And arme ye Nobly both; Ile be with you preſently,
And ſo this loving kiſſe.
Aſcan. Be conſtant Lady. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter the Duke of Seſſe by Torchlight, Maſter and
Surgeon, with him.

Surg. You grow ſo angry ſir, your wound goes backward.
Seſſ. I am angry at the time, at none of you,
That ſends but one poor ſubject for revenge;
I would have all the Court, and all the villany,
Was ever practiz'd under that foule *Ferrand*
Tyrant, and all to quench my wrath.
Maſt. Be patient,

Your grace may find occaſion every houre,
For certaine they will ſeeke you,to ſatisfy,
And to the full, your anger.
Seſ. Death, they dare not:
They know that I command death, feed his hunger,
And when I let him looſe--
Sur. You'l never heale ſir,
If theſe extreames dwell in you, you are old,
And burn your ſpirits out with this wild angers.
*Seſ.*Thou lieſt,I am not old,I am as luſty
And full of manly heat as them,or thou art.
*Maſt.*No more of that.
Seſ. And dare ſeek out a danger;
And hold him at the ſwords point,when thou trembleſt
And creepeſt into thy box of ſalves to ſave thee.
O Maſter,I have had a dreadfull dream to night!
Me-thought the ſhip was all on fire, and my lov'd
Daughter,
To ſave her life, leapt into th' Sea'; where ſuddainly
A ſtranger ſnatch'd her up, and ſwom away with her.
Maſt.'Twas but the heate o'th fight ſir. *Boateſwain*
*Boteſ.*Look out,what's that? *within & Sailor.*
Sail. The long bote as I live.
*Bote.*Ho,there,ith long Bote. *She claps on all*
Seſ. What noiſe is that? *Hoy.* *her Oares.*
Maſt. I hear ſir-- *Exit Maſter.*
*Boatſ.*The devill or his dam;haile her agen boyes.
*Sſail.*The long boate,ho,the long boate.
*Seſ.*Why,the long boate?
Where is the long Boate?
Boat. She is ſtolne off. *En.Maſter.*
Seſ. Who ſtole her?
O my prophetique ſoule!
Maſt. Your daughter's gone ſir;
The priſoners,and ſix Saylors, rogues.
Seſ. Miſchief, ſix thouſand plagues ſale with 'em;
They'r in her yet,make out.
*Maſt.*We have ne'r a Boate. *En. Gunner.*
*Gun.*Who knew of this trick?
*Seſ.*Weigh Anchors and away.
Boat. We ha' no winde ſir,
They'l beate us with their Oares.
*Seſ.*Then ſinke 'em Gunner,
O ſink 'em,ſink 'em,ſink 'em,claw 'em Gunner;
As ever thou haſt lov'd me.
Gun. I'le do reaſon,
But i'le be hangd before I hurt the Lady. *Exit Gun.*
*Seſ.*Who knew of this? *Trump.a peece or*
*Maſt.*We ſtand all clear. *two go off.*
Seſ. What divel
Put this baſe trick into her tayle? my daughter,
And run away with rogues! I hope ſhe's ſunk, *A peece*
Or torne to pieces with the ſhot; rots find her, *or two.*
The leproſy of whore, ſtick ever to her, *En.Gunner.*
O ſhe has ruind my revenge.
*Gun.*She is gone ſir,
I cannot reach her with my ſhot.
*Seſ.*Riſe winds, blow till you burſt the aire,
Blow till ye burſt the aire, and ſwell the Seas,
That they may ſink the ſtarres,O dance her,dance her;
Shes impudently wanton, dance her,dance her,
Mount her upon your ſurges,coole her,coole her
She runs hot like a whore,coole her,coole her;
O now a ſhot to ſink her;come,cut Cables;
I will away, and where ſhe ſets her foote
Although it be in *Ferrants* court,ile follow her,
And ſuch a fathers vengeance ſhall ſhe ſuffer--
Dare any man ſtand by me?
*Maſt.*All, all.
*Boatſ.*All ſir.
Gun And the ſame cup you taſte.
*Seſ.*Cut Cables then;
For I ſhall never ſleep, nor know what peace is,
Till I have pluckt her heart out;
*All within.*O maine there. *Exeunt.*

Actus tertius. Scœna prima.

Enter Ferrant, Ronvere, Caſtruchio, Villo, and Guard.

*Ron.*You are too gentle ſir. *Floriſh cornets.*
Fer. You are too careleſſe:
The creatures I have made,no way regard me:
VVhy ſhould I give you names,titles of honour
Rob families, to fill your private houſes
For your advancement, draw all curſes on me,
VVake tedious winter nights, to make them happy
That for me break no ſlumber?
Ron. VVhat we can,
VVe dare doe
Fer. VVhy is your Soveraignes life then
(In which you live, and in whoſe fall your honours,
Your wealth,your pomp,your pride and all muſt ſuffer)
No better guarded? O my cruell Stars,
That marke me out a King,raiſing me on
This pinnacle of greatneſſe, only to be
The neerer blaſting!
Vil. VVhat think you now *Caſtruchio?*
Is not this a merry life?
*Caſt.*Still thou art couzend;
It is a glorious royall diſcontentment;
How bravely it becomes him!
*Fer.*To be made
The common butt, for every ſlave to ſhoot at;
No peace,no reſt I take, but their alarams
Beat at my heart: why do I live, or ſeek then,
To adde a day more to theſe glorious troubles?
Or to what end when all I can arrive at,
Is but the ſumming up of feares and ſorrowes,
VVhat power has my command,when from my boſom
Aſcanio my moſt dear,and lov'd *Aſcanio*,
Was ſnatch'd,ſpite of my wil,ſpite of my ſuccor,
And by mine own proud ſlave reteind moſt miſerable;
And ſtill that villains lives to nip my pleaſures,
It being not within my power to reach him.
*Ron.*Time may reſtore all this; and would you hear
VVhoſe counſell never faild you.
*Fer.*Tell me no more,
I faint beneath the burthen of my cares,
And yeild my ſelfe moſt wretched.
Ron. On my Knees
I beg it might ſir, vouchſafe me hearing.
*Fer.*Speak,ſpeak,and I thus low,ſuch is my fortune,
VVill hear what thou canſt ſay.
Vil. Look but on this,
Has not a man that has but means to keep
A Hawk,a Grayhound,and a hunting Nag,
More pleaſure then this King?
Caſt. A dull foole ſtill,
Make me a King,and let me ſcratch with care,
And ſee who'l have the better; give me rule,
Command,obedience,pleaſure of a King,
And let the devil rore; The greateſt corroſive
A King can have, is of more pretious tickling,
And handled to the height more dear delight,

Then other mens whole lives,let 'em be ſafe too.
Vil. Think of the mutinous people.
Caſt. Hang the people,
Give me the pleaſure,let me do all,awe all,
Enjoy their wives and ſtates at my diſcretion,
And peg 'em when I pleaſe,let the ſlaves mumble.
*Vil.*But ſay they ſhould be vex'd,and riſe againſt thee?
*Caſt.*Let 'em riſe, let 'em riſe : give me the bridle here,
And ſee if they can crack my girths : ah *Villio*,
Under the Sun, thei's nothing ſo voluptuous
As riding of this monſter,till he founder.
*Fer.*VVho's that ſo low ?
*Caſt.*I am dumb : is not this rare ?
Kings looks make *Pythagoreans*; is not this
A happineſſe *Villio* ?
*Vil.*Yes, to put to ſilence
A fawning ſycophant.
Fer. Thou ſpeak'ſt truth in all,
And mercy is a vice , when there needs rigour,
VVhich I with all ſeverity will practiſe ;
And ſince as ſubjects they pay not obedience,
They ſhall be forc'd as ſlaves : I wil remove
Their meanes to hurt,and with the means, my fears :
Goe you the fatall executioners
Of my commands, and in our name proclame,
That from this houre I do forbid all meetings,
All private conferences in the City :
To feaſt a neighbour ſhall be death ; to talke,
As they meete in the ſtreetes, to hold diſcourſe,
By writing,nay by ſignes ; ſee this perform'd;
And I wil call your cruelty,to thoſe
That dare repine at this,to me true ſervice.
1 *Gard.* This makes for us.
2.*Gard.* I now we have imployments,
If we grow not rich 'twere fit we ſhould be beggers.
Fer. *Ronvere.* *Exit Guard.*
Ron. My Lord.
Caſt. Thon enemy to Majeſty ?
VVhat think'ſt thou of a Kingdome?
Vil. As of a man
That hath power to doe ill.
Caſt. Of a thing rather
That does divide an Empire with the Gods ;
Obſerve but with how little breath he ſhakes
A populous City,which would ſtand unmov'd
Againſt a whirlewind.
Vil. Then you make him more
Then him that rules the winds.
*Caſt.*For me I doe profeſſe it,
Were I offerd to be any thing on Earth,
I would be mighty *Ferrant*.
Fer. Ha ? who names me ?
Deliver thy thoughts ſlave,thy thoughts,and truly,
Or be no more.
*Caſt.*They rather will deſerve.
Your favour then your fury ; I admire,
(As who does not, that is a loyall ſubject ?)
Your wiſdom,power,your perfect happineſſe,
The moſt bleſt of mankind.
*Fer.*Didſt thou but feele
The weighty ſorrowes,that ſit on a Crown,
Tho thou ſhouldſt find one in the ſtreets *Caſtruchio*,
Thou wouldſt not think it worth the taking up ;
But ſince thou art enamour'd of my fortune,
Thou ſhalt ere long taſte of it.
*Caſt.*But one day,
And then let me expire.
Fer. Goe to my wardrop,
And of the richeſt things I wear,cull out,
What thou thinkſt fit : do you attend him ſirra.
*Vil.*I warrant you,I ſhall be at his elbow,
The foole wil never leave him. *Exit Caſt. Villio.*
Caſt. Made for ever. *A ſhout within.*
*Fer.*What ſhout is that? draw up Guards.
Ron. Thoſe rather *En. Virolet, Aſcanio,*
Speake joy then danger. *and a ſervant.*
Bring her to my houſe,
I would not have her ſeen here.
Fer. My *Aſcanio* !
The moſt deſir'd of all the men, let me die
In theſe embraces ; how wert thou redeem'd ?
Aſc. Sir, this is my preſerver.
*Fer.*At more leaſure,
I will inquire the manner, and the meanes,
I cannot ſpare ſo much time now from my
More ſtrickt embraces : *Virolet*, welcome too,
This ſervice weighes down your entended treaſon ;
You long have bin mine enemy,learn now
To be my friend and loyall,I aske no more;
And live as free as *Ferrant* ; let him have
The forty thouſand crowns I gladly promis'd;
For my *Aſcanios* freedom, and deliver
His Father, and his wife to him in ſafety,
Something hath paſſed which I am ſorry for,
But 'twill not now be help'd;come my *Aſcanio*,
And reap the harveſt of my winter travels. F*loriſh*
My beſt *Aſcanio*,my moſt lov'd *Aſcanio.* Cornets.
*Viro.*My Lord,all former paſſages forgot, *Exit Fer.*
I am become a ſuitor. *Aſcanio.*
Ron. To me *Virolet* ?
Virol. To you, yet will not beg the courteſie,
But largely pay you for it.
Ron. To the purpoſe.
Virol. The forty thouſand crownes the King hath
I will beſtow on you, if by your meanes (given me,
I may have liberty for a divorce
Between me and my wife.
Ron. Your *Julicana* ?
That for you hath indur'd ſo much, ſo nobly ?
*Virol.*The more my ſorrow ; but it muſt be ſo.
Ron I will not hinder it : without a bribe,
For mine own ends,I would have further'd this.
I will uſe all my power.
Virol. 'Tis all I aske :
Oh my curs'd fate,that ever man ſhould hate
Himſelfe for being belov'd,or be compeld
To caſt away a Jewell, Kings would buy,
Tho with the loſſe of Crown and Monarchy ! *Exeunt.*
Enter Seſſe, Maſter, Boatſwaine, Gunner.
*Seſ.*How do I look ?
Maſt. You are ſo ſtrangely alterd,
We ſcarce can know you,ſo young againe, and utterly
From that you were,figure,or any favour ;
Your friends cannnot diſcern you.
Seſ. I have none,
None but my faire revenge, and let that know me!
You are finely alterd too.
*Boatſ.*To pleaſe your humour,
But we may paſſe without diſguiſe, our living
Was never in their element.
Gun. This Jew ſure,
That alter'd you, is a made knave.
Seſ. O ! a moſt excellent fellow.
*Gun.*How he has mew'd your head,has rub'd the ſnow
And run your beard into a peak of twenty ! (off,
*Boat.*Stopt all the crannies in your face.

*Maſt.*Moſt rarely.
*Boat.*And now you look as plump,your eyes as ſparkling,)
As if you were to leap into a Ladies ſaddle.
Has he not ſet your noſe awry?
Seſ. The better.
Boat. I think it be the better, but tis awry ſure;
North and byEaſt.I ther's the point it ſtands in;
Now halfe a point to th'Southward.
Seſ. I could laugh,
But that my buſineſſe requires no mirth now;
Thou art a merry fellow.
Boat. I would the Jew ſir,
Could ſteer my head right, for I have ſuch a ſwimming (in't,
Ever ſince I went to Sea firſt.
Maſt. Take wine and purg it.
Boate. I have had a thouſand pils of Sack,a thouſand;
A thouſand pottle pils.
Gun. Take more.
*Boate.*Good Doctor, *En. Citizens,*
Your patient is eaſily perſwaded. *ſeverally.*
*Maſt.*The next faire open weather
Me thinks this Jew,
If he were truly known to founder'd Courtiers,
And decaied Ladies, that have loſt their fleeces
On every buſh, he might pick a pretty living.
*Boate.*The beſt of all our gallants,now be glad of him;
For if you marke their marches, they are tender,
Soft,ſoft,and tender; then but obſerve their bodies,
And you ſhall find 'em cemented by a Surgeon,
Or ſome Phyſitian for a year or two,
And then toth'tub again,for a new pickle.
This Jew might live a Gentile here. *En.2.Citizens*
*Seſ.*What are theſe? *at both dores,ſa-*
Stand cloſe and marke? *luting afar off.*
*Boat.*Theſe are no men,th'are motions.
Seſ. What ſad and ruthfull faces!
Boate. How they duck!
This ſenceleſſe, ſilent courteſie me thinks,
Shewes like two *Turkes*,ſaluting one another,
Upon two French porters backs.
Seſ. They are my Countrymen,
And this,ſome forc'd infliction from the tyrant;
What are you? why is this?why move thus ſilent
As if you were wandring ſhadowes?why ſo ſad?
Your tongues ſeald up; are yee of ſeverall Countries?
You underſtand not one another?
*Gun.*That's an English man,
He lookes as though he had loſt his dog.
Seſ. Your habits
Shew ye all Neapolitanes, and your faces
Deliver you oppreſſed things; ſpeak boldly:
Do you groan,and labor under this ſtiffe yoak?
Maſt. They ſhake their heads and weep.
Seſ. O miſery!
Give plenteous ſorrow, and no tongues to ſhew 'em!
This is a ſtudied cruelty.
1.*Citi.* Be gon ſir,
It ſeemes you are a ſtranger and your ſelfe;
2.*Citi.*You wonder here at us, as much we wonder
To hear you ſpeak ſo openly, and boldly,
The Kings command being publiſht to the contrary;
Tis death here,above two,to talk together;
And that muſt be but common ſalutation neither,
Short and ſo part.
Boate. How ſhould a man buy muſtard,
If he be forc'd to ſtay the making of it?
Within 1. Cleare all the ſtreetes before the King:
1.*Cit.* Get off Sir,
And ſhift as we muſt do. *Exeunt Citizens*
Seſ. I'le ſee his glory.
Maſt. Stand faſt now and like men, *Flouriſh colours.*
Caſt. Begin the game ſir, *En.Caſtrucrio like*
And pluck me down,the Row *the King,in the*
Of houſes there. *midſt of a gard.Villio.*
They hide the view oth' hill; and ſink thoſe merchants,
Their ſhips are foule and ſtinke.
Maſt. This is a ſweete youth.
Caſt. All that are taken in aſſemblies,
Their houſes and their wives, their wealthes are foreit,
Their lives at your devotion. Villaines, Knaves,
I'le make you bow & ſhake,i'le make you kneele Rogues.
How brave tis to be a King?
Gun. Here's fine tumbling.
Caſt. No man ſhall ſit i'th' temple neer another.
*Boate.*Nor lie with his own wife.
Caſt. All upon paine
Of preſent death,forget to write.
*Boate.*That's excellent,
Carriers and foot-Poſts, wil be arrant Rebels.
*Caſt.*No Character, or ſtamp that may deliver
This mans intention,to that man i'th' Country.
Gun. Nay,an you cut off,after my hearty commendations
Your friend and *Oliver.* No more.
*Caſt.*No man ſmile,
And wear a face of mirth; that fellowes comming,
And hides a double heart, he's your prize, ſmoke him.

Enter Virolet, Ronvero Aſcanio, and Martia,
Paſſing over.

Seſ. What baſe abuſe is this? Ha? tis her face ſure,
My priſoners with her too?by heaven wild whore
Now is my time.
*Maſt.*Do what you will.
Seſ. Stay hold yet,
My Country ſhall be ſerv'd firſt, let her go,
Wee'l have an hour for her to make her tremble.
Now ſhew your ſelves,and bleſſe you with your valors.
*Guard.*Here's a whole plump of Rogues. *Virolet and they*
*Seſ.*Now for your Country. *off againe.*
*Caſt.*Away with 'em and hang 'em;no,no mercy,
I ſay no mercy.
Seſ. Be it ſo upon 'em.
Guard. Treaſon, treaſon, treaſon.
*Boate.*Cut the ſlaves to giggets.
Gun. Down with the bul-beefes.
*Seſ.*Hold, hold,I command you——look here.
*Caſt.*A miſerable thing.I am no King ſir.
*Seſ.*Sirra,your fooles face has preſerv'd your life.
Wear no more Kings coates, you have ſcap'd a ſcouring.
Boate. I'ſt not the King.
*Seſ.*No, tis a prating Raſcall,
The puppy makes him mirth.
Caſt. Yes ſir, I am a puppy.
*Boate.*I beſeech you let me hang him,
I'le do't in my belt ſtraight.
*Caſt.*As you are honorable,
It is enough you may hang me.
*Gun.*I'le hang a ſquib at's taile
That ſhall blow both his buttocks,like a petar.
Caſt Do any thing.
But do not kill me Gentlemen. *Enter Citizen.*
Boate. Lets flea him, and have him flye blowen.
*Cit.*Away,and ſave your lives.
The King himſelfe is comming on; if you ſtay,
You are loſt for ever; let not ſo much nobleneſſe
Willfully periſh.

Seſſ. How neer?
2. *Citiz.* He's here behind you. *Ex.Seſſ.Boatſw.*
Seſſ. We thank you. *vaniſh.* *Saylers, Citizens.*

Enter Ferand. Ronvere. Floriſh Cornets.

Fer. Double the Guards and take in men that dare,
Theſe ſlaves are frighted; where are the proud Rebels,
To what protection fled, what villain leads 'em?
Under our noſe diſtur'b our reſt?
Ronver. We ſhall heare,
For ſuch a ſearch I have ſent, to hunt the Traytors.
Fer. Yet better men I ſay, we ſtand too open:
How now *Caſtruchio*? how do you like our glory?
Caſt. I muſt confeſſe, 'twas ſomewhat more then my
This open glory agrees not with my body,(match Sir;
But if it were ith' Caſtle, or ſome ſtrength,
Where I might have my ſwing.
Vil. You have been ſwing'd brother;
How theſe delights have tickled you? you itch yet;
Will you walke out again in pomp?
Caſt. Good Foole.
Vil. Theſe rogues muſt be rebuked, they are too ſawcy,
Theſe peremptory Knaves. Will you walk out Sir,
And take the remnant of your Coronation?
The people ſtay to ſee it.
Fer. Do not vex him;
Ha's griefe enough in's bones; you ſhall to th' Citadell,
And like my ſelfe command, there uſe your pleaſure,
But take heed to your perſon.
Vil. The more danger;
Still the more honour Brother.
Caſt. If I reign not then,
And like a King, and thou ſhalt know it fool,
And thou ſhalt feel it foole.
Vil. Fooles ſtill are freemen,
I'le ſue for a protection, till thy reigne's out.
Fer. The people have abus'd the liberty
I late allowed, I now proclaime it ſtraighter;
No men ſhall walk together, nor ſalute;
For they that doe ſhall dye.
Ronver. You hit the right Sir;
That liberty cut off, you are free from practiſe.
Fer. Renew my guards.
Ronver. I ſhall.
Fer. And keep ſtrict watches;
One houre of joy I aske.
Ronver. You ſhall have many. *Exeunt. Flor. Cor.*

Pandulfo, and Iuliana, led by two of the guard,
as not yet fully recover'd.

1. *Guard.*
You are now at liberty, in your own houſe Lady,
And here our charge takes end.
Pandul. 'Tis now a Cuſtome.
We muſt even wooe thoſe men deſerve worſt of us,
And ſo we thanke your labours; there's to drinke,
For that, and miſchiefe are your occupations;
And to meane well to no man, you Chief'ſt harveſts.
2. *Gard.* You give liberally; we hope Sir, er't be long,
To be oftner acquainted with your bounty,
And ſo we leave you.
Pand. Doe, for I dote not on ye;
Iul. But where's my Husband? what ſhould I do here?
Or what ſhare have I in this joy, cal'd liberty,
Without his company? Why did you flatter me,
And tell me he was return'd, his ſervice honour'd?
1. *Gard.* He is ſo, and ſtands high in the Kings favour,
His friends redeemd, and his own liberty,
From which yours is deriv'd, confirm'd; his ſervice,
To his own wiſh rewarded: ſo fare-well Lady. *Ex. Guard.*
Pand. Go perſecute the good, and hunt ye hell-hounds,
Ye Leeches of the time, ſuck till ye burſt ſlaves;
How does my girle?
Iul. Weake yet, but full of comfort;
Pand. Sit down, and take ſome reſt;
Jul. My heart's whole Father;
That joyes, and leaps, to heare my *Virolet*,
My Deer, my life, has conquer'd his afflictions.
Pand. Thoſe rude hands, and that bloody will that
That durſt upon thy tender body Print (did this,
Theſe Characters of cruelty; heare me heaven.
Iul. O Sir be ſparing.
Pand. I'le ſpeake it, tho I burſt;
And tho the ayre had eares, and ſerv'd the Tyrant,
Out it ſhould goe: O heare me thou great Juſtice;
The miſeries, that waite upon their miſchiefs,
Let them be numberleſſe, and no eye pitty
Them when their ſoules are loaden, and in labour, (ror,
And wounded through, and through, with guilt & hor-
As mine is now with griefe; let men laugh at 'em ('em;
Then, when their monſtrous ſins, like earth-quaks, ſhake
And thoſe eyes, that forgot heaven would look upward,
The bloody 'larms, of the conſcience beating,
Let mercy flye, and day ſtrook into darkneſſe,
Leave their blind ſoules, to hunt out their own horrors.
Iul. Enough, enough, we muſt forget deare Father;
For then we are glorious formes of heaven; and live,
When we can ſuffer, and as ſoon forgive.
But where's my Lord? me thinkes I have ſeen this houſe,
And have been in't before.
Pand. Thine own houſe jewell.
Iul. Mine, without him? or his, without my company?
I thinke it cannot be; it was not wont Father. (heaven)
Pand. Some buſineſſe with the King (let it be good
Reteines him ſure. *Enter Boy.*
Iul. It muſt be good and noble,
For all men that he treats with taſte of vertue;
His words and actions are his own; and Honour's
Not bought, nor compel'd from him.
Pand. Here's the Boy.
He can confirme us more, how ſad the child looks?
Come hither *Lucio*; how, and where's thy Maſter?
Iul. Speak gentle Boy.
Pand. Is he return'd in ſafety?
Iul. If not, and that thou knoweſt is miſerable,
Our hopes and happineſſe declin'd for ever;
Study a ſorrow, excellent as thy Maſter,
Then if thou canſt live, leave us.
Lucio. Noble Madam,
My Lord is ſafe return'd, ſafe to his friends, and fortune,
Safe to his Country, entertain'd with honour,
Is here within the houſe.
Iul. Doe not mock me.
Lucio. But ſuch a melancholy hangs on his mind,
And in his eyes inhabit ſuch ſad ſhadowes;
But what the cauſe is--
Pand. Goe tell him we are here Boy,
There muſt be no cauſe now.
Iul. Haſt thou forgot me?
Lucio. No, nobleſt Lady.
Jul. Tell him I am here,
Tell him his wife is here, ſound my name to him,
And thou ſhalt ſee him ſtart; ſpeake *Iuliana*,

And like the Sunne that labors through a tempeſt,
How ſuddainly he will diſperſe his ſadneſſe?
Pand. Goe I command thee inſtantly,
And charge him on his duty.
Iul. On his Love Boy:
I would faine goe to him.
Pand. Away, away, you are fooliſh.
Iul. Beare all my ſervice ſweet Boy.
Pand. Art thou here ſtill?
Jul. And tell him what thou wilt that ſhall become
Pand. Ith' houſe; and know we are here. *Ex. Boy.* (thee.
Iul. No, no, he did not;
I warrant you he did not: could you think
His Love had leſſe then wings, had he but ſeen me;
His ſtrong affection any thing but fire
Conſuming all weak lets, and rubs before it,
Till he had met my flame, and made one body?
If ever heavens high bleſſings met in one man,
And there erected to their holy uſes
A ſacred mind, fit for their ſervices,
Built all of poliſht honour, 'twas in this man:
Miſdoubt him not.
Pand. I know he's truly noble;
But why this ſadneſſe, when the generall cauſe
Requires a Jubile of joy?
Jul. I know not. *Enter Virolet, and Boy.*
Pand. Pray heaven you find it not.
Jul I hope I ſhall not:
O here he comes, and with him all my happineſſe;
He ſtaies and thinks, we may be too unmannerly;
Pray give him leave. *they ſtand off.*
Pand. I doe not like this ſadneſſe.
Vir. O hard condition of my miſery!
Unheard of plagues! when to behold that woman,
That chaſte and vertuous woman, that preſerv'd me,
That pious wife, wedded to my afflictions,
Muſt be more terrible then all my dangers.
O fortune, thou haſt rob'd men of my making,
The noble building of a man, demoliſht,
And flung me headlong, on a ſin ſo baſe
Man and mankind contemn; even beaſts abhor it,
A ſin more dull then drinke, a ſhame beyond it;
So foule, and farre from faith; I dare not name it,
But it will cry it ſelf out, loud ingratitude.
Your bleſſing Sir.
Pand. You have it in abundance;
So is our joy, to ſee you ſafe.
Vir. My Deere one;
Iul. H'as not forgot me yet: O take me to you Sir.
Vir. Muſt this be added to increaſe my miſery,
That ſhe muſt weep for joy, and looſe that goodneſſe?
My *Iuliana*, even the beſt of women,
Of wives the perfecteſt, let me ſpeak this,
And with a modeſty declare thy vertues,
Chaſter then Chriſtall, on the Scythian Clifts
The more the proud winds Court, the more the purer.
Sweeter in thy obedience, then a ſacrifice;
And in thy mind a Saint, that even yet living,
Produceſt miracles, and women daily
With crooked and tame ſoules creep to thy goodneſſe,
Which having toucht at, they become examples.
The fortitude of all their ſex, is Fable
Compar'd to thine; and they that fill'd up glory,
And admiration, in the age behind us,
Out of their celebrated urns, are ſtarted,
To ſtare upon the greatneſſe of thy ſpirit;
Wondring what new Martyr heaven has begot,
To fill the times with truth, and eaſe their ſtories:
Being all theſe, and excellent in beauty,
(For noble things dwell in the nobleſt buildings)
Thou haſt undone thy husband, made him wretch'ed,
A miſerable man, my *Juliana*,
Thou haſt made thy *Virolet*.
Iul. Now goodneſſe keep me;
Oh! my dear Lord.
Pand. She wrong you? what's the meaning?
Weep not, but ſpeake, I charge you on obedience;
Your Father charges you; ſhe make you miſerable?
That you your ſelf confeſſe.
Vir. I doe, that kils me;
And far leſſe I have ſpoke her, then her merit.
Iul. It is ſome ſinne of weakneſſe, or of Ignorance?
For ſure my Will--
Vir. No, 'tis a ſinne of excellence:
Forgive me heaven, that I prophane thy bleſſings:
Sit ſtill; I'le ſhew you all. *Exit Virolet.*
Pand. What meanes this madneſſe?
For ſure there is no taſte of right man in it;
Greives he our liberty, our preſervation?
Or has the greatneſſe of the deed he has done,
Made him forget, for whom, and how he did it,
And looking down upon us, ſcorne the benefit?
Well *Virolet* if thou beeſt proud, or treacherous
Iul. He cannot Sir, he cannot; he will ſhew us,
And with that reaſon ground his words.
Pand. He comes. *Enter Virolet, Martia, Ronvere.*
What Maſque is this? what admirable beauty?
Pray heaven his heart be true.
Iul. A goodly woman. (flattery,
Vir. Tell me my Dear; and tell me without
As you are nobly honeſt, ſpeak the truth;
What thinke you of this Lady?
Iul. She is moſt excellent.
Vir. Might not this beauty tell me that it's a ſweet one,
Without more ſetting off, as now it is,
Thanking no greater Miſtreſſe then meer nature?
Stagger a conſtant heart?
Pand. She is full of wonder;
But yet; yet *Virolet.*
Vir. Pray; by your leave Sir.
Iul. She would amaze:
Vir. O! would ſhe ſo? I thanke you;
Say, to this beauty, ſhe have all additions,
Wealth, noble birth.
Pand. O hold there.
Vir. All vertues,
A mind, as full of Candor as the truth is,
I, and a loving Lady.
Iul. She muſt needs
(I am bound in conſcience to confeſſe) deſerve much.
Vir. Nay, ſay beyond all theſe, ſhe be ſo pious,
That even on ſlaves condemn'd ſhe ſhowre her benefits,
And melt their ſtubborn Bolts with her ſoft pitty,
What thinke you then?
Pand. For ſuch a noble office,
At theſe yeares, I ſhould dote my ſelf; take heed Boy,
Jul. If you be he, that have received theſe bleſſings,
And this the Lady: love her, honour her;
You cannot doe too much, to ſhew your gratitude,
Your greateſt ſervice will ſhew off too ſlender.
Vir. This is the Lady; Lady of that bounty,
That wealth, that noble name, that all I ſpoke of:
The Prince *Aſcaino* and my ſelfe, the ſlaves
Redeem'd, brought home, ſtill guarded by her goodnes,
And of our liberties you taſte the ſweetnes;
Even you ſhe has preſerv'd too, lengthen'd your lives.

Iul. And

Iul. And what reward doe you purpoſe? it muſt be a
If love will do it we'll all, ſo love her, ſerve her. (maine
Vir. It muſt be my love. (one;
Iul. Ha!
Vir. Mine, my onely love,
My everlaſting love:
Pand. How?
Vir. Pray have patience.
The recompence ſhe ask'd, and I have render'd.
Was to become her husband: then I vowed it,
And ſince I have made it good.
Pand. Thou durſt not.
Virol. Done Sir. (with me,
Iul. Be what you pleaſe, his happineſſe yet ſtayes
You have been mine; Oh my unhappy fortune.
Pand. Nay, break and dye;
Iul. It cannot yet: I muſt live,
Till I ſee this man, bleſt in his new love,
And then:
Pand. What haſt thou done? thou baſe one tell me,
Thou barren thing of honeſty, and honour;
What haſt thou wrought? Is not this ſhe, looke on her,
Look on her, with the eyes of gratitude,
And whipe thy falſe teares off; Is not this ſhe,
That three times on the *Rack*, to guard thy ſafety,
When thou ſtood'ſt loſt, and naked to the Tyrant;
Thy aged Father here, that ſhames to know thee *Tirant*,
Ingag'd ith' jawes of danger; was not this ſhe,
That then gave up her body to the torture?
That tender body, that the wind ſings through;
And three times, when her ſinewes, crack'd & torter'd,
The beauties of her body turn'd to ruines,
Even then, within her patient heart, ſhe lock'd thee;
Then hid thee from the Tyrant; then preſerv'd thee;
And canſt thou be that ſlave?
Martia. This was but duty;
She did it for her Husband, and ſhe ought it;
She has had the pleaſure of him, many an houre;
And if one minutes paine cannot be ſuffer'd;
Mine was above all theſe, a nobler venter,
I ſpeake it boldly, for I loſt a Father,
He has one ſtill; I left my friends, he has many;
Expos'd my life, and honour to a cruelty,
That if it had ſeiz'd on me, racks and tortures,
Alas, they are Triumphs to it: and had it hit,
For this mans love, it ſhould have ſhewed a triumph,
Twiſe loſt, I freed him; *Roſſana* loſt before him,
His fortunes with him; and his friends behind him:
Twiſe was I rack'd my ſelfe for his deliverance,
In honour firſt and name, which was a torture
The Hang-man never heard of; next at Sea,
In our eſcape, where the proud waves took pleaſure
To toſſe my little Boat up like a Bubble,
Then like meteor in the ayre he hung,
Then catcht, and hug him in the depth of darkneſſe;
The Canon from my incenſed Fathers Ship,
Ringing our Knell, and ſtill as we peep'd upward,
Beating the raging ſurge, with fire and Bullet,
And I ſtood fixt for this mans ſake, and ſcorn'd it;
Compare but this:
Vir. 'Tis too true; O my fortune!
That I muſt equally be bound to either:
Iul. You have the better, and the nobler Lady;
And now I am forc'd, a lover of her goodneſſe.
And ſo far have you wrought for his deliverance,
That is my Lord, ſo lovingly and nobly,
That now me thinks I ſtagger in my Title.
But how with honeſty? for I am poor Lady,
In all my dutious ſervice but your ſhadow,
Yet would be juſt; how with faire fame and credit,
I may goe off; I would not be a ſtrumpet:
O my dear Sir you know:
Vir. O truth, thou knoweſt too.
Iul. Nor have the world ſuſpect, I fell to miſchieſe.
Law. Take you no care for that, here's that has don it;
A faire divorce, 'tis honeſt too.
Pand. The devill,
Honeſt? to put her off.
Law. Moſt honeſt Sir,
And in this point, moſt ſtrong.
Pand. The cauſe, the cauſe Sir?
Law. A juſt cauſe too.
Pand. As any is in hell, *Lawyer*.
Law. For barrenneſſe, ſhe never brought him children.
Pa. Why art not thou divorc'd? thou can'ſt not get 'em:
Thy neigbours, thy rank neighbours: O baſe jugling,
Is ſhe not young?
Iul. Woemen at more yeares Sir,
Have met that bleſſing; 'tis in heavens high power.
Law. You never can have any:
Pand. Why quick Lawyer?
My Philoſophicall Lawyer.
Law. The Rack has ſpoil'd her
The diſtentions of thoſe parts, hath ſtopt all fruitfulnes.
Pand. O I could curſe.
Iul. And am I grown ſo miſerable,
That mine own pitty muſt make me wretched?
No cauſe againſt me, but my love and duty?
Farewell Sir, like obedience, thus I leave you,
My long farewell: I doe not grudge, I grieve Sir,
And if that be offenſive, I can dye,
And then you fairely free: good Lady love him;
You have a noble, and an honeſt Gentleman;
I ever found him ſo, the world has ſpoke him;
And let it be your part ſtill to deſerve him:
Love him no leſſe then I have done; and ſerve him,
And heaven ſhall bleſſe you; you ſhall bleſſe my aſhes:
I give you up the houſe; the name of wife,
Honour, and all reſpect I borrowed from him,
And to my grave I turn: one farewell more,
Nothing divide your Loves, not want of Children,
Which I ſhall pray againſt, and make you fruitfull:
Grow like two equall flames, riſe high and glorious;
And in your honor'd age burn out together:
To all I know, farewell.
Ronver. Be not ſo grie'vd Lady;
A nobler fortune.
Iul. Away thou paraſite.
Diſturbe not my ſad thoughts; I hate thy greatneſſe.
Ron. I hate not you; I am glad ſhe's off theſe hinges,
Come, let's purſue. *Exit Ronver. and Law.*
Pand. If I had breath to curſe thee;
Or could my great heart utter; farewell villaine,
Thy houſe, nor face agen. *Exit Pand.*
Mar. Let 'em all goe.
And now let us rejoyce; now freely take me,
And now embrace me *Virolet*; give the rites
Of a brave Husband to his love.
Vir. *I'le* take my leave too.
Mar. How, take you leave too?
Vir. The houſe is furniſh'd for you;
You are Miſtreſſe, may command.
Mar. Will you to bed Sir?
Vir. As ſoone to hell, to any thing *I* hate moſt;
You muſt excuſe me, *I* have kept my word.
You are my wife, you now enjoy my fortune,

Which I have done to recompence your bounty:
But to yeeld up thoſe chaſte delights and pleaſures,
Which are not mine, but my firſt vowes.
Mar. You jeaſt.
Vir. You will not find it ſo, to give you thoſe;
I have divorc'd, and loſt with *Inliana*,
And all fires of that nature.
Mar. Are you a Husband;
Vir. To queſtion hers, and ſatisfie your flames,
That held an equall beauty, equall bounty. (bearance,
Vir. Good heaven forgive; no, no, the ſtrict for-
Of all thoſe joyes, like a full ſacrifice,
I offer to the ſuffrings of my firſt love;
Honour, and wealth, attendance, ſtate, all duty,
Shall waite upon your will, to make you happy;
But my afflicted mind, you muſt give leave Lady;
My weary Trunk muſt wander.
Mart. Not enjoy me?
Goe from me too?
Vir. For ever thus I leave you;
And how ſo e're I fare, live you ſtill happy. *Exit Virol.*
Mar. Since I am ſcorn'd, I'le hate thee, ſcorn thy gifts
Thou miſerable fool, thou fool to pitty; (too;
And ſuch a rude, demoliſht thing, I'le leave thee,
In my revenge: for fooliſh love, farewell now,
And anger, and the ſpite of woman enter,
That all the world ſhall ſay, that read this ſtory,
My hate, and not my love, begot my glory.
Exit Martia.

Actus quartus Scæna prima.

Enter Seſſ. Boatſwaine, Maſter, Gunner.

Seſſ.
He that feares death, or tortures, let him leave me.
The ſtops that we have met with, Crown our Conqueſt:
Common attempts are fit for common men;
The rare, the rareſt ſpirits. Can we be daunted?
We that have ſmil'd at Sea at certaiu ruines,
Which men on ſhore; but hazarded would ſhake at
We that have liv'd free, in deſpite of fortune,
Laught at the out-ſtretch'd Arme of Tyranny,
As ſtill too ſhort to reach us, ſhall we faint now?
No my brave mates, I know your fiery temper,
And that you can, and dare, as much as men:
Calamity, that ſevers worldly friendſhips,
Could ne'r divide us, you are ſtill the ſame;
The conſtant followers of my baniſht fortunes;
The Inſtruments of my revenge; the hands
By which I work, and faſhion all my projects.
Maſt. And ſuch we will be ever.
Gun. 'Slite Sir, Cramme me
Into a Canons mouth, and ſhoot me at
Proud *Ferrands* head; may onely he fall with me,
My life I rate at nothing.
Boatſw. Could I but get,
Within my ſwords length of him; and if then
He ſcape me, may th'account of all his ſinnes
Be added unto mine.
Maſt. 'Tis not to dye Sir,
But to dye unreveng'd, that ſtaggers me:
For were your ends ſerv'd, and our Country free,
We would fall willing ſacrifices.
Seſſ. To riſe up,
Moſt glorious Martyrs.
Boatſ. But the reaſon why
We weare theſe ſhapes?
Seſſ. Onely to get acceſſe:
Like honeſt men, we never ſhall approach him,
Such are his feares, but thus attir'd like Switzers,
And faſhioning our language to our habits;
Bold, bloody, deſperate, we may be admitted
Among his guard. But if this faile, I'le try
A thouſand others, out doe *Proteus*
In various ſhapes, but I will reach his heart.
And ſeale my anger on't. *Enter Ronero and the Guard.*
Maſt. The Lord *Ronero.*
Boatſ. Shall we begin with him?
Seſſ. He is not ripe yet,
Nor fit to fall: as you ſee me begin,
Withall care imitate.
Gun. We are inſtructed.
Boatſ. Would we were at it once.
Ron. Keepe a ſtrict watch,
And let the guards be doubled; this laſt night
The King had fearefull dreames.
Seſſ. 'Tis a good Omen
To our attempts.
Roner. What men are theſe? What ſeek you?
Seſſ. Imployment.
Roner. Of what nature?
Seſſ. We are Souldiers;
We have ſeen towns and Churches ſet on fire;
The Kennels runing blood, coy virgins raviſh'd;
The Altars ranſack'd, and the holy reliques,
Yea, and the Saints themſelves, made lawfull ſpoyles,
Unto the Conquerors: but theſe good dayes are paſt,
And we made Beggars, by this Idle Peace,
For want of action. I am Sir no ſtranger
To the Government of this ſtate, I know the King
Needs men, that onely doe what he commands,
And ſearcb no further: 'tis the profeſſion
Of all our Nation, to ſerve faithfully,
Where th'are beſt payed: and if you entertaine us,
I doe not know the thing you can command,
Which we'le not put in act.
Roner. A goodly Parſonage.
Maſt. And if you have an Enemy, or ſo
That you would have diſpatch'd.
Gun. They are here, can fit you.
Boatſ. Or if there be an Itch, though to a man,
Seſſ. You ſhall tye
Our conſciences in your purſe-ſtrings.
Roner. Gentlemen,
I like your freedome: I am now in haſte,
But waite for my return. I like the Raſcals,
They may be uſefull.
Seſ. We'l attend you Sir:
Roner. Doe; and be confident, of entertainment;
I hope ye will deſerve it. *Exit Roner. and Guard.*
Seſ. O, no doubt Sir:
Thus farre we are proſperous; we'l be his guard,
Till Tyranny and pride finde full reward: *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandulfo, and Juliana.

Pand. My bleſſing? no; a Fathers heavy curſe,
Purſue, and overtake him.
Jul. Gentle Sir.
Pand. My name, and Family; end in my ſelf
Rather then live in him.
Iul. Deare Sir forbeare,
A fathers curſes, hit far off, and kill too.

And like a murthering-piece aymes not at one,
But all that ſtand within the dangerous level.
Some bullet may return upon your ſelfe too,
Though againſt nature, if you ſtill go on
In this unnaturall courſe.
Pand. Thou art not made
Of that ſame ſtuffe as other women are:
Thy injuries would teach patience to blaſpheme;
Yet ſtill thou art a Dove.
Jul. I know not malice, but like an innocent, ſuffer.
Pand. More miraculous!
Ile have a woman Chronicled, and for goodneſſe,
Which is the greateſt wonder. Let me ſee,
I have no ſonne to inherit after me;
Him I diſclaime.
What then? Ile make thy vertues my ſole heire;
Thy ſtory Ile have written, and in Gold to;
In proſe and verſe, and by the ableſt doers:
A word or two of a kind ſtep-father
Ile have put in, good Kings and Queens ſhal buy it.
And if the actions of ill great women,
And of the modern times too, are remembred,
That have undone their husbands, and their families,
What will our ſtory do? It ſhal be ſo,
And I wil ſtreight about it. *Exit Pand.*

Enter Boy.

Jul. Such as love
Goodneſſe for glory, have it for reward;
I love mine for it ſelfe: let innocence
Be written on my Tomb, though ne're ſo humble,
Tis all I am ambitious of. But I
Forget my vows.
Boy. 'Fore me, you are not modeſt,
Nor is this Courtlike. Would you take it wel,
If ſhe ſhould rudely preſſe into your Cloſet,
When from your ſeveral Boxes you chooſe paint,
To make a this daies face with?
Jul. What's the matter?
Boy. Pray know her pleaſure firſt.
Jul. To whom ſpeak you Boy?
Boy. Your Ladiſhips pardon. That proud Lady theiſe,
That ſtole away my Lord from your embraces,
(Wrinckes at two and twenty on her cheekes for't,
Or *Mercury* unallayed, make bliſters on it)
Would force a viſit.
Jul. And dare you deny her,
Or any elſe that I call mine? No more,
Attend her with all reverence and reſpect;
The want in you of manners, my Lord may
Conſtrue in me for malice. I wil teach you
How to eſteem and love the beauty he dotes on;
Prepare a banquet. *Enter Martia and Boy.*
Madam, thus my duty
Stoops to the favour you vouchſafe your ſervant,
In honouring her houſe.
Mart. Is this in ſcorn?
Jul. No by the life of *Virolet*: give me leave
To ſweare by him, as by a Saint I worſhip,
But am to know no further, my heart ſpeaks that
My ſervants have been rude, and this boy (doting
Upon my ſorrows) hath forgot his duty:
In which, that you may think I have no ſhare,
Sirra, upon your knees, deſire her pardon.
Boy. I dare not diſobey you.
Mart. Prethee riſe,
My anger never looks ſo low: I thank you.
And wil deſerve it, If we may be private,
I came to ſee and ſpeak with you.
Jul. Be gone. *Exit Boy.*
Good Madam ſit.
Mart. I rob you of your place then.
Jul. You have deſerv'd a better, in my bed;
Make uſe of this too: Now your pleaſure Lady.
If in your breaſt there be a worthy pitty,
That brings you for my comfort, you do nobly:
But if you come to triumph in your conqueſt,
Or tread on my calamities, 'twil wrong
Your other excellencies. Let it ſuffice,
That you alone enjoy the beſt of men,
And that I am forſaken.
Mart. He the beſt?
The ſcum and ſhame of mankind.
Jul. *Virolet*, Lady?
Mart. Bleſt in him? I would my youth had choſen
Conſuming feavers, bed-rid age
For my companions, rather then a thing
To lay whoſe baſeneſſe open, would even poyſon
The tongue that ſpeaks it.
Jul. Certainly from you
At no part he deſerves this; and I tell you,
Durſt I pretend but the leaſt title to him,
I ſhould not hear this.
Mart. He's an impudent villaine,
Or a malicious wretch: to you ungratefull;
To me, beyond expreſſion barbarous.
I more then hate him; from you, he deſerves
A death moſt horrid: from me, to die for ever,
And know no end of torments. Would you have comfort?
Would you waſh off the ſtain that ſticks upon you,
In being refuſ'd? Would you redeem your fame,
Shipwrack'd in his baſe wrongs? if you deſire this,
It is not to be done with ſlaviſh ſuffering,
But by a Noble anger, making way
To a moſt brave revenge, we may call juſtice;
Our injuries are equal; joyn with me then,
And ſhare the honour.
Jul. I ſcarce underſtand you,
And know I ſhal be moſt unapt to learn
To hate the man I ſtil muſt love and honour.
Mar. This fooliſh dotage in ſoft-hearted women,
Makes proud men inſolent: but take your way,
Ile run another courſe.
Jul. As you are noble,
Deliver his offence.
Mart. He has denied
The rites due to a wife.
Jul. O me moſt happy,
How largely am I payd for all my ſufferings?
Moſt honeſt *Virolet*, thou juſt performer
Of all thy promiſes: I call to mind now,
When I was happy in thoſe joyes you ſpeak of,
In a chaſt bed, and warranted by Law too,
He oft would ſwear, that if he ſhould ſurvive me,
(Which then I knew he wiſht not) never woman
Should taſte of his imbraces; this one act
Makes me again his debtor.
Mart. And was this
The cauſe my youth and beauty were contemn'd?
If I ſit down here! wel ---
Jul. I dare thy worſt,
Plot what thou canſt, my piety ſhal guard him
Againſt thy malice. Leave my houſe and quickly,
Thou wilt infect theſe innocent walls. By vertue
I wil inform him of thy bloody purpoſe,
And turn it on thine own accurſed head;
Believ't I wil. *Exit Juliana.*

Mart. But tis not in thy power
To hinder what I have decreed againſt him.
Ile ſet my ſelfe to ſale, and live a ſtrumpet ;
Forget my birth, my father, and his honour,
Rather then want an inſtrument to help me
In my revenge. The Captain of the guard;
Enter Ronvere.
Bleſt opportunity courts me.
Ron. Sad and troubled ?
How brave her anger ſhews? how it ſets off
Her naturall beauty ? under what happy ſtar
Was *Virolet* born, to be belov'd and ſought to,
By two incomparable women ? Nobleſt Lady,
I have heard your wrongs and pity them : and if
The ſervice of my life could give me hope
To gain your favour, I ſhould be moſt proud
To be commanded.
Mart. Tis in you, my Lord,
To make me your glad ſervant.
Ron. Name the means.
Mar. Tis not preferment, Jewels, Gold, or Courtſhip.
He that deſires to reap the harveſt of
My youth and beauty, muſt begin in blood,
And right my wrongs.
Ron. I apprehend you Madam,
And reſt aſſur'd tis done ; I am provided
Of inſtruments to fit you : To the King,
Ile inſtantly preſent you ; if I faile,
He ſhal make good your aymes : he's leſſe then man,
That to atchieve your favour, would not doe
Deeds, friends would fear to put their agents to. *Exeunt.*

Enter Virolet Reading.

Vir. *Quod invitus facis, non eſt ſcelus.* Tis an axiome,
Now whether willingly I have departed
With that I lov'd : with that, above her life
Lov'd me again, crownd me a happy husband,
Was full of children : her afflictions
That I begot, that when our age muſt periſh,
And all our painted frailties turn to aſhes,
Then ſhal they ſtand and propagate our honors.
Whether this done, and taking to protection
A new ſtrange beauty, it was a uſeful one :
How to my luſt? if it be ſo, I am ſinful;
And guilty of that crime I would fling from me.
Was there not in it this fair courſe of vertue?
This pious courſe, to ſave my friends, my Countrey,
That even then had put on a mourning garment,
And wept the deſolation of her children ?
Her nobleſt children? Did not ſhe thruſt me on,
And to my duty clapt the ſpur of honour ?
Was there a way, without this woman, left me
To bring 'em off? the marrying of this woman?
If not, why am I ſtung thus ? why tormented ?
Or had there been a wild deſire joyn'd with it,
How eaſily, both theſe, and all their beauties
Might I have made mine own? why am I toucht thus,
Having perform'd the great redemption,
Both of my friends and family? fairly done it ?
Without baſe and laſcivious ends O Heaven,
Why am I ſtill at war thus? why this a miſchiefe,
That honeſty and honour had propounded,
I, and abſolv'd my tender wil, and chid me,
Nay then unwillingly flung me on.
Enter Juliana, and the Boy.
Boy He's here Madam ;
This is the melancholy walk he lives in,
And chooſes ever to encreaſe his ſadneſſe.
Jul. Stand by.
Vir. Tis ſhe : how I ſhake now and tremble?
The vertues of that mind are torments to me.
Jul. Sir, if my hated face ſhal ſtir your anger,
Or this forbidden path I tread in vex you;
My love, and faire obedience left behind me,
Your pardon asked, I ſhal return and bleſſe you.
Vir. Pray ſtay a little, I delight to ſee you;
May not we yet, though fortune have divided us,
And ſet an envious ſtop between our pleaſures,
Look thus one at another? ſigh and weep thus?
And read in one anothers eyes, the Legends,
And wonders of our old loves? be not fearful,
Though you be now a Saint, I may adore you :
May I not take this hand, and on it ſacrifice
The ſorrows of my heart? white ſeale of vertue.
Jul. My Lord, you wrong your wedlock.
Vir. Were ſhe here,
And with her all ſevere eyes to behold us,
We might do this ; I might name *Julian,*
And to the reverence of that name, bow thus :
I might ſigh *Juliana,* ſhe was mine once ;
But I too weak a guard for that great Treaſure--
And whilſt ſhe has a name, believe me Lady,
This broken heart ſhal never want a ſorrow.
Jul. Forget her ſir, your honour now commands you
You are anothers, keep thoſe griefes for her,
She richly can reward 'em, I would have ſpoken with you
Vir. What is your wil? for nothing you can aske,
So ful of goodneſſe are your words and meanings,
Muſt be denied : ſpeak boldly.
Jul. I thank you ſir. I come not
To beg, or flatter, onely to be believ'd,
That I deſire : for I ſhal tell a ſtory,
So far from ſeeming truth, yet a moſt true one ;
So horrible in nature, and ſo horrid ;
So beyond wickedneſſe, that when you heare it,
It muſt appeare the practice of another,
The caſt & malice of ſome one you have wrongd much;
And me, you may imagine me accus'd to,
Unleſſe you call to mind my daily ſufferings;
The infinite obedience I have born you,
That hates all name and nature of revenge.
My love, that nothing but my death can ſever,
Rather then hers I ſpeak of.
Vir. Juliana,
To make a doubt of what you ſhall deliver,
After my full experience of your vertues,
Were to diſtruſt a providence ; to think you can lie,
Or being wrong'd, ſeek after foule repairings,
To forge a Creed againſt my faith.
Jul. I muſt do ſo, for it concernes your life ſir ;
And if that word may ſtir you, heare and proſper :
I ſhould be dumb elſe, were not you at ſtake here.
Vir. What new friend have I found, that dares deliver
This loden Trunke from his afflictions?
What pitying hand, of all that feeles my miſeries,
Brings ſuch a benefit ?
Jul. Be wiſe and manly,
And with your honour fall, when Heaven ſhall call you,
Not by a Helliſh miſchiefe.
Vir. Speak my bleſt one,
How weak and poor I am, now ſhe is from me?
Jul. Your wife.
Viro. How's that ?
Jul. Your wife.
Vir. Be tender of her, I ſhal believe elſe --
Jul. I muſt be true : your eare, ſir;

For tis ſo horrible, if the ayre catch it,
Into a thouſand plagues, a thouſand monſters,
It will diſperſe it ſelfe, and fright reſiſtance,
Viro. She ſeeke my life with you? make you her agent?
Another love? O ſpeake but truth.
Jul. Be patient,
Deare as I love you, elſe I leave you wretehed.
Vir. Forward, tis well, it ſhal be welcome to me;
I have liv'd too long, numbred too many daies,
Yet never found the benefit of living;
Now when I come to reap it with my ſervice,
And hunt for that my youth and honour aimes at,
The Sunne ſets on my fortune red and bloody,
And everlaſting night begins to cloſe me,
Tis time to die. *Enter Martia and Ronvere.*
Jul. She comes her ſelfe.
Ron. Believe Lady,
And on this Angel hand, your ſervant ſeales it,
You ſhal be Miſtris of your whole deſires,
And what ye ſhal command.
Mart. Ha mynion,
My precious dame, are you there? nay go forward,
Make your complaints, and poure out your faind pities,
Slave, like to him you ſerve: I am the ſame ſtill,
And what I purpoſe, let the world take witneſſe,
Shal be ſo finiſht, and to ſuch example,
Spite of your poore preventions; my deare Gentleman,
My honourable man, are you there too?
You and your hot deſire? Your mercy ſir,
I had forgot your greatneſſe.
Jul. Tis not wel Lady.
Mart. Lord, how I hate this fellow now; how deſperately
My ſtomack ſtands againſt him, this baſe fellow,
This gelded foole!
Jul. Did you never heare of modeſty?
Mart. Yes, when I heard of you and ſo believ'd it,
Thou bloodleſſe, brainleſſe foole.
Vir. How?
Mart. Thou deſpiſ'd foole,
Thou onely ſign of man, how I contemn thee!
Thou woven worthy in a piece of Arras,
Fit onely to enjoy a wall; thou beaſt
Beaten to uſe; Have I preſerv'd a beauty,
A youth, a love, to have my wiſhes blaſted?
My dotings, and the joyes I came to offer,
Muſt they be loſt, and ſleighted by a dormouſe?
Jul. Uſe more reſpect; and woman, twil become you;
At leaſt, leſſe tongue.
Mart. Ile uſe all violence,
Let him look for't.
Jul. Dare you ſtaine thoſe beauties,
Thoſe Heavenly ſtamps, that raiſe men up to wonder,
With harſh and crooked motions? are you ſhe
That overdid all ages, with your honour;
And in a little houre dare loſe this triumph?
Is not this man your husband?
Mart. He's my halter;
Which (having ſued my pardon) I fling off thus,
And with him all I brought him, but my anger;
Which I wil nouriſh to the deſolation,
Not onely of his folly, but his friends,
And his whole name.
Vir. Tis wel, I have deſervd it.
And if I were a woman, I would raile too.
Mart. Nature nere promiſ'd thee a thing ſo Noble.
Take back your love, your vow, I give it freely;
I poorly ſcorn it; graze now where you pleaſe:
That that the dulneſſe of thy ſoule neglected,
Kings ſue for now. And mark me, *Virolet*;
Thou image of a man, obſerve my words well.
At ſuch a bloody rate Ile ſell this beauty,
This handſomneſſe thou ſcornſt, and flingſt away,
Thy proud ungrateful life ſhal ſhake at: take your houſe;
The petty things you left me give another;
And laſt, take home your trinket: fare you wel, ſir.
Ron. You have ſpoke like your ſelfe;
Y'are a brave Lady. *Exeunt Ronvere and Martia.*
Jul. Why do you ſmile, ſir?
Vir. O my *Juliana*,
The happineſſe this womans ſcorn has given me,
Makes me a man again; proclaimes it ſelfe,
In ſuch a generall joy, through all my miſeries,
That now methinks ---
Jul. Looke to your ſelfe deere ſir,
And trifle not with danger, that attends you;
Be joyfull when y'are free.
Vir. Did you not heare her?
She gave me back my vow, my love, my freedom;
I am free, free as aire; and though to morrow
Her bloody wil meet with my life, and ſink it,
And in her execution teare me peecemeale:
Yet have I time once more to meet my wiſhes,
Once more to embrace my beſt, my nobleſt, trueſt;
And time that's warranted.
Iul. Good ſir, forbeare it:
Though I confeſſe, equall with your deſires
My wiſhes riſe, as covetous of your love,
And to as warm alarams ſpur my wil to:
Yet pardon me, the Seal oth'Church dividing us,
And hanging like a threatning flame between us,
We muſt not meet, I dare not.
Vir. That poore disjoynting
That onely ſtrong neceſſity thruſt on you,
Not crime, nor ſtudied cauſe of mine: how ſweetly,
And nobly I wil bind again and cheriſh;
How I wil recompence one deare imbrace now,
One free affection! how I burn to meet it!
Looke now upon me.
Jul. I behold you willingly,
And willingly would yield, but for my credit.
The love you firſt had was preſerv'd with honour,
The laſt ſhal not cry whore; you ſhal not purchaſe
From me a pleaſure, that have equally
Lov'd your faire fame as you, at ſuch a rate:
Your honeſty and vertue muſt be banquerout,
If I had lov'd your luſt, and not your luſtre;
The glorious luſtre of your matchleſſe goodneſſe,
I would compel you now to be! --- forgive me,
Forgive me ſir; how fondly ſtil I love you!
Yet Nobly too; make the way ſtraight before me,
And let but holy *Hymen* once more guide me,
Under the Ax, upon the Rack again,
Even in the bed of all afflictions,
Where nothing ſings our Nuptials but dire ſorrows,
With all my youth and pleaſure Ile imbrace you,
Make tyranny and death ſtand ſtil affrighted,
And at our meeting ſoules amaze our miſchiefes;
Til when, high Heaven defend you, and peace guide you.
Be wiſe and manly, make your fate your own,
By being maſter of a providence,
That may controle it.
Vir. Stay a little with me,
My thoughts have chid themſelves: may I not kiſſe you?
Upon my truth I am honeſt.
Jul. I believe ye;
But yet what that may raiſe in both our fancies,

What iſſues ſuch warm parents breed.
Vir. I obey you,
And take my leave as from the Saint that keeps me.
I will be right again, and once more happy
In thy unimitable love.
Jul. Ile pray for ye,
And when you fall I have not long to follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Seſſe, Maſter, Boteſwaine, and Gunner, at one doore :
Martia and Ronvere, at another.

Seſ. Now we have got free credit with the Captaine.
Maſt. Soft, ſoft, he's here again : Is not that Lady --
Or have I loſt mine eyes ? a ſalt rhume ſeizes 'em ;
But I ſhould know that face.
Botſ. Make him not madder,
Let him forget the woman ; ſteere a lar boord.
Maſt. He wil not kill her.
Botſ. Any thing he meets;
He's like a Hornet now, he hums, and buzzes ;
Nothing but blood and horror.
Maſt. I would ſave the Lady,
For ſuch another Lady.
Botſ. There's the point ;
Aud you know there want women of her mettle.
Maſt. Tis true, they bring ſuch children now,
Such demilances,
Their fathers ſocks wil make them Chriſtning clothes.
Gun. No more, they view us.
Seſ. You ſhal play a while,
And ſun your ſelfe in this felicity,
You ſhal you glorious whore ; I know you ſtill.
But I ſhal pick an houre when moſt ſecurely ---
I ſay no more.
Ron. Do you ſee thoſe ? thoſe are they
Shall act your will; come hither my good fellows :
You are now the Kings. Are they not goodly fellows ?
Mart. They have bone enough, if they have ſtout heart
Maſt. Still the old wench. (to it.
Seſſ. Pray Captaine, let me aske you
What Noble Lady's that ? tis a rude queſtion,
But I deſire to know.
Ron. She is for the King, ſir ;
Let that ſuffice for anſwer.
Seſſ. Is ſhe ſo ſir ?
In good time may ſhe curſe it.
Muſt I breed hackneys for his grace ?
Ron. What wouldſt thou do
To merit ſuch a Ladies favour ?
Seſſ. Any thing.
Ron. That can ſupply thy wants, and raiſe thy fortuns?
Seſ. Let her command, and ſee what I dare execute.
I keep my conſcience here ; if any man
Oppoſe her wil, and ſhe would have him humbled,
Whole families between her and her wiſhes --
Maſt. We have ſeen bleeding throats ſir, Cities ſackt,
And infants ſtuck upon their Pikes.
Boteſ. Houſes a fire, and handſome mothers weeping.
Seſ. Which we have heaped upon the pile like ſacrifices.
Churches and Altars, Prieſts and all devotions,
Tumbled together into one rude Chaos.
Gun. We know no feare ſir, but want of imployment.
Seſſ. Nor other faith but what our purſes preach.
To gain our ends we can do any thing,
And turn our ſoules into a thouſand figures ;
But when we come to do ---
Mart. I like theſe fellowes.
Ron. Be ready and waite here within this houre
Ile ſhew you to the King, and he ſhall like ye :
And if you can deviſe ſome entertainment
To fill his mirth, ſuch as your Countrey uſes,
Preſent it, and Ile ſee it grac'd.
After this Comicke Scene we ſhall imploy you,
For one muſt die.
Seſſ. What is he ſir ? ſpeak boldly,
For we dare boldly do.
Ron. This Ladies husband ;
His name is *Virolet*.
Seſ. We ſhall diſpatch it. *Exit Martia, Ronvere.*
O damned, damned thing : a baſe whore firſt,
And then a murtherer ; Ile look to you.
Botſ. Can ſhe be grown ſo ſtrange ?
Seſ. She has an itch ;
Ile ſcratch you my deare daughter, Ile ſo claw you;
Ile curry your hot hide ; married and honour'd?
And turn thoſe holy bleſſings into brothels ?
Your beauty into blood ? Ile hunt your hotneſſe.
Ile hunt you like a traine.
Maſt. We did all pity her.
Seſ. Hang her, ſhe is not worth mans memory;
She's falſe and baſe, and let her fright all ſtories.
Wel, though thou beeſt mine enemy, Ile right thee,
And right thee Nobly.
Botſ. Faith ſir, ſince ſhe muſt goe,
Let's ſpare as few as may be.
Seſ. We'l take all,
And like a torrent ſweep the ſlaves before us.
You dare endure the worſt ?
Maſt. You know our hearts ſir,
And they ſhal bleed the laſt, erſt we ſtart from ye.
Gun. We can but die, and ere we come to that,
We ſhal pick out ſome few examples for us.
Seſ. Then wait the firſt occaſion, and like *Curtius*,
Ile leap the gulph before you, fearleſſe leap it :
Then follow me like men, and if our vertues
May boy our Countrey up, and ſet her ſhining
In her firſt ſtate ; our fair revenges taken,
We have our Noble ends, or elſe our aſhes. *Exeunt.*

Actus quintus, Scæna prima.

Enter Aſcanio and Martia above.

Mart. As you are Noble, keep me from diſcovery,
And let me onely run a ſtrangers fortune ;
For when the King ſhall find I am his daughter
He ever holds moſt ominous, and hates moſt :
With what eyes can he look, how entertain me,
But with his feares and cruelties ?
Aſc. I have found you,
Suſpect not. I am bound to what you like beſt,
What you intend. I dare not be ſo curious
To queſtion now ; and what you are, lies hid here.
Enter Ferand and Ronvere above.
The King comes, make your fortune, I ſhall joy in't.
Ron. All things are ready ſir to make you merry,
And ſuch a King you ſhall behold him now.
Fer. I long for't,
For I have need of mirth.
Ron. The Lady ſir.
Fer. Now as I am a King, a ſprightly beauty,
A goodly ſweet aſpect ! my thanks *Ronvere*,
My beſt thanks; on your lips I ſeale your wiſhes,
Be what you can; imagine mine, and happy.

And now ſit downe and ſmile; come my *Aſcanio*;
And let this Monarch enter. *Enter Seſſ. and Mr. Boriſw.*
Rover. Theſe are the Switzers . *Gunner, and Saylors.*
I told your grace of.
Fer. Goodly promiſing fellowes,
With faces to keep fooles in awe, I like 'em;
Goe guard the preſence well, and doe your duties,
To morrow I ſhall take a further view :
Seſſ. You ſhall Sir,
Or I ſhall looſe my will; how the whore's mounted?
How ſhe ſits thron'd? thou blaſing muddy meteor,
That frighteſt the underworld, with luſtfull flaſhes,
How I ſhall daſh thy flames? away,no word more :
Ex. Seſſ. and his company. Floriſh Cor.

Enter Villio, Caſtruchio, Doctor, and a guard.

Fer. Now,here he comes in glory;be merry Maſters, *meat*
A Banquet too? *conveyed away.*
Ron. O, he muſt ſit in State Sir!
Aſca. How rarely he is uſher'd? can he thinke now
He is a King indeed?
Ron. Mark but his countenance.
Caſt. Let me have pleaſures infinite, and to the height,
And women in abundance, many women, *Enter Ladies.*
I will diſport my grace,
Stand there and long for me.
What have ye brought me here? is this a Feaſt
Fit for a Prince? a mighty Prince? are theſe things,
Theſe preparations, ha?
Doct. May it pleaſe your grace? (Marchpanes,
Caſt. It does not pleaſe my grace : where are the
The Cuſtards double royall,and the ſubtleties?
Why,what weak things are you to ſerve a Prince thus?
Where be the delicates oth' earth and ayre?
The hidden ſecrets of the Sea? am I a Plow-man,
You pop me up with porridge? hang the Cooks.
Fer. O moſt Kingly :
What a majeſtique anger.
Caſt. Give me ſome wine.
Aſca. He cooles agen now.
Caſt. Foole, where are my Players?
Let me have all in pomp; let 'em play ſome love matter,
To make the Ladies itch, I'le be with you anon Ladies;
You black eyes, I'le be with you
Give me ſome wine I ſay,
And let me have a Maſque of Cuckolds enter :
Of mine own Cuckolds,
And let 'em come in, peeping and rejoycing
Juſt as I kiſſe their wives, and ſomewhat glorying.
Some wine I ſay, then for an excellent night-peece,
To ſhew my glory to my loves, and minions :
I will have ſome great Caſtle burnt.
Vil. Harke you brother :
If that be to pleaſe theſe Ladies, tenne to one
The fire firſt takes upon your own, look to that;
Then you may ſhew a night peece.
Caſt. Where's this wine?
Why ſhall I choak?doe yee long all to be tortur'd?
Doct. Here Sir.
Caſt. Why, what is this? why Doctor,
Wine and water Sir.
Doct. 'Tis Soveraign for your heat,you muſt endure it.
Vil. Moſt excellent to coole your nigh-peece Sir.
Doct. You are of a high and cholericke complexion,
And you muſt have allayes.
Caſt. Shall I have no ſheere wine then?
Doct. Not for a world :I tender your deare life Sir;
And he is no faithfull Subject----
Vil. No, by no meanes :
Of this you may drinke; and never hang, nor quarter,
Nor never whip the fool,this liquors mercifull.
Caſt. I will ſit down and eat then : Kings when th'are
May eat I hope. (hungry,
Doct. Yes, but they eat diſcreetly.
Caſt. Come, taſte this diſh, and cut me liberally;
I like ſauce well.
Doct. Fie 'tis too hot Sir :
Too deeply ſeaſon'd with the ſpice, away with 't,
You muſt acquaint your ſtomack with thoſe diets
Are temperately nouriſhing.
Caſt. But pray ſtay Doctor,
And let me have my meat agen.
Doct. By no meanes :
I have a charge concerns my life.
Caſt. No meat neither;
Doe Kings never eat Doctor?
Doct. Very little Sir.
And that too very choice.
Vil. Your King never ſleeps Brother,
He muſt not ſleep, his cares ſtill keep him waking.
Now he that eats and drinkes much, is a dormouſe;
The third part of a wafer, is a weeks diet.
Caſt. Appoint me ſomething then.
Doct. There.
Caſt. This I feel good,
But it melts too ſuddainly ;yet, how, that gone too!
Ye are not mad! I charge you: *take away.*
Doct. For your health Sir,
A little quickens nature, much depreſſes.
Caſt. Eat nothing for my health? that's a new dyet;
Let me have ſomething, ſomething has ſome ſavour.
Why thou uncourteous Doctor, ſhall I hang thee?
Doct. 'Tis better Sir then I ſhould let you ſurfet;
My death were nothing.
Vil. To looſe a King, were terrible. (monies.
Caſt. Nay, then I'le carve my ſelf, I'le ſtay no cere-
This is a Partridge Pye, I am ſure that's nouriſhing,
Or *Galen* is an Aſſe : 'tis rarely ſeaſon'd :
Ha Doctor have I hit right? a mark, a mark there?
Vil. What ailes thy grace?
Caſt. Retrive thoſe Partridges.
Or as I am a King---
Doct. Pray Sir be patient,
They are flowen too farre.
Vil. Theſe are breath'd pyes an't pleaſe you,
And your hawkes are ſuch Buzzards.
Caſt. A King and have nothing,
Nor can have nothing!
Vil. What think you of pudding?
A pudding Royall?
Caſt. To be royally ſtarv'd,
Whip me this foole to death; he is a blockhead. (King:
Vil. Let 'em think they whip me, as we think you a
'Twill be enough. (away,
Caſt. As for you dainty Doctor, the Table taken
All gone, all ſnatch'd away, and I unſatsfied,
Without my wits being a King and hungry?
Suffer but this thy treaſon? I tell thee Doctor,
I tell it thee, in earneſt, and in anger,
I am damnably hungry, my very grace is hungry.
Vil. A hungry grace is fitteſt to no meale Sir.
Doct. Some two houres hence, you ſhall ſee more: but
You muſt retaine a ſtrict and excellent dyet. (ſtill Sir,
Vil. It ſharpens you, and makes your wit ſo poynant,
Your very words will kill.

Doct. A bit of Marmalade
No bigger then a Peaſe.
Vil. And that well butter'd,
The ayre thrice purified, and three times ſpirited,
Becomes a King: your rare conſerve of nothing
Breeds no offence.
Caſt. Am I turn'd King Camelion,
And keep my Court ith' ayr?
Fer. They vex him cruelly.
Aſca. In two dayes more they'l ſtarve him.
Fer. Now the women, there's no food left but they.
Aſca. They'l prove ſmall nouriſhment.
Yet h'as another ſtomack and a great one,
I ſee by his eye.
Caſt. I'le have mine own power here;
Mine own Authority; I need no tutor.
Doctor this is no dyet.
Doct. It may be Sir
Vil. Birlady, it may turne to a dry dyet;
And how thy grace, will ward that--
Caſt. Stand off Doctor;
And talke to thoſe that want faith,
Fer. Hot and mighty.
Aſca. He will coole apace, no doubt.
Caſt. Faire, plump, and red,
A forehead high; an eye revives the dead;
A lip like ripeſt fruit, inviting ſtill.
Vil. But O, the ruſhy well, below the hill,
Take heed of that, for though it never faile
Take heed I ſay, for thereby hangs a taile.
Caſt. I'le get ye all with Childe.
Vil. With one Childe Brother,
So many men in a Blew Coat.
Caſt. Had I fed well.
And drunk good ſtore of wine, ye had been bleſt all,
Bleſt all with double Births; come kiſſe me greedily,
And think no more upon your fooliſh Husbands,
They are tranſitory things: a Kings fame meets you,
Doct. Vaniſh away. *Ex. Women.*
Caſt. How, they gone too? my guard there:
Take me this devill Doctor, and that foole there,
And ſow 'em in a ſack; bring back the women,
The lovely women, drown theſe rogues or hang 'em.
Aſca. He is in earneſt Sir.
Fer. In ſerious earneſt, *Enter Seſſ. Maſter,*
I muſt needs take him off. *Boatſw. Gunner*
Seſſ Now, now be free. *and Saylors.*
Now liberty, now Country-men, ſhake from ye
The Tyrants yoake.
All Liberty, liberty, liberty.
Guard. Treaſon, treaſon, treaſon.
Fer. We are betrayed, fly to the town, cry treaſon,
And raiſe our faithfull friends; O my *Aſcanio.*
Aſca. Make haſte, we have way enough.
Guard. Treaſon, treaſon. *Ex. Fer. Aſca and guard.*
Seſſ. Spare none, put all to th' ſword: a vengeance ſhake
Art thou turn'd King againe? (thee;
Caſt. I am a raſcall:
Spare me but this time, if ever I ſee King more,
Or once beleeve in King
Seſſ. The ports are ours.
The treaſure and the port, fight bravely Gentlemen;
Cry to the Town, cry liberty and honour;
Waken their perſecuted ſoules, cry loudly, *One of crying*
We'l ſhare the wealth among ye. *Liberty and*
Caſt. Doe you heare Captaine? *freedome.*
If ever you heare me, name a King.
Seſſ. You ſhall not.
Caſt. Or though I live under one, obey him.
Gun. This rogue againe.
Seſſ. Away with him good Gunner.
Caſt. Why look ye Sir? I'le put you to no charg;
I'le never eat.
Gun. I'le take a courſe, you ſhall not
Come, no more words. *Enter Boatſw.*
Caſt. Say nothing when you kill me.
Seſſ. He's taken to the Towers ſtrength;
Now ſtand ſure Gentlemen.
We have him in a pen, he cannot ſcape us,
The reſt oth' Caſtle's ours; liberty, liberty:
What is this City up?
Boatſw. They are up and glorious,
And rouling like a ſtorm they come; their Tents
Ring nothing but liberty and freedome.
The women are in Arms too.
Seſſ. Let 'em come all.
Honour and liberty.
All. Honour and liberty. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iuliana.

Jul. This womans threats, her eyes, even red with fu
Which like prodigious meteors, foretold
Aſſur'd deſtruction, are ſtill before me.
Beſides I know ſuch natures unacquainted
With any meane, or in their love, or hatred,
And ſhe that dar'd all dangers to poſſeſſe him,
Will check at nothing, to revenge the loſſe
Of what ſhe held ſo deare, I firſt diſcover'd
Her bloody purpoſes, which ſhe made good;
And openly profeſs'd 'em; that in me
Was but a cold affection; charity
Commands ſo much to all; for *Virolet*
Me thinks I ſhould forget my Sexes weakneſſe,
Riſe up, and dare beyond a womans ſtrength;
Then doe, not counſell: he is too ſecure,
And in my judgement, 'twere a greater ſervice
To free him from a deadly Enemy,
Then to get him a friend. I undertooke too,
To croſſe her plots, oppos'd my piety,
Againſt her malice; and ſhall vertue ſuffer?
No *Martia*, wer't thou here equally armed,
I have a cauſe, ſpite of thy maſculine breeding,
That would aſſure the victory: my angell
Direct and help me. *Enter Virolet, like Ro*
Vir. The State in Combuſtion,
Part of the Cittadell forc'd, the treaſure ſeiz'd on;
The guards corrupted, arme themſelves againſt
Their late protected Maſter; *Ferrant* fled too,
And with ſmall ſtrength, into the Caſtles Tower,
The onely Aventine, that now is left him?
And yet the undertakers, nay, performers,
Of ſuch a brave and glorious enterprize,
Are yet unknown: they did proceed like men,
I like a childe; and had I never truſted
So deep a practiſe unto ſhallow fools,
Beſides my ſoules peace, in my *Iuliana*,
The honour of this action had been mine,
In which, accurs'd, I now can claime no ſhare.
Iul. Ronvere! 'tis he, a thing, next to the devill
I moſt deteſt, and like him terrible;
Martia's right hand, the Inſtrument I feare too,
That is to put her bloody will into act.
Have I not will enough, and cauſe too mighty?
Weake womens fear, fly from me.

Vir. Sure this habit,
This likeneſſe to *Ronvere* which I have ſtudied,
Either admits me ſafe to my deſigne,
Which I too cowardly have halted after,
And ſuffer'd to be raviſh't from my glory;
Or ſincks me and my miſeries together;
Either concludes me happy.
Iul. He ſtands muſing.
Some miſchiefe is now hatching:
In the full meditation, of his wickneſſe,
I'le ſink his curſed ſoule: guid my hand heaven,
And to my tender arm give ſtrength and fortun,
That I may doe a pious deed all ages
Shall bleſſe my name for; all remembrance Crown me.
Vir. It ſhall be ſo.
Jul. It ſhall not, take that token,
And beare it the luſtfull Arms of *Martia*,
Tell her, for *Virolets* deare ſake, I ſent it.
vir. O I am happy, let me ſee thee,
That I may bleſſe the hand that gave me liberty,
O courteous hand, nay, thou haſt done moſt nobly,
And heaven has guided thee, 'twas their great juſtice;
O bleſſed wound, that I could come to kiſſe thee!
How beautifull, and ſweet thou ſheweſt!
Jul. Oh!
Vir. Sighe not,
Nor weep not Deare, ſhed not thoſe ſoveraign Balſoms
Into my blood; which muſt recover me;
Then I ſhall live again, to doe a miſchieſe,
Againſt the mightineſſe of love and vertue,
Some baſe unhallowed hand ſhall rob thy right off.
Help me, I faint: ſo;
Iul. O unhappy wench!
How has my zeale abus'd me¿ you that guard vertue,
Were ye aſleep? or doe you laugh at innocence?
You ſuffer'd this miſtake? O my deare *Virolet*!
An everlaſting curſe follow that forme
I ſtrook thee in his name ever blaſted;
For his accurſed ſhadow has betrayed
The ſweetneſſe of all youth, the nobleneſſe,
The honour, and the valor; wither'd for ever
The beauty and the bravery of all mankind:
O my dull, devils eyes.
Vir. I doe forgive you,
By this, and this I doe; I know you were cozend;
The ſhadow of *Ronvere*, I know you aym'd at,
And not at me; but 'twas moſt neceſſary,
I ſhould be ſtruk, ſome hand above directed you,
For *Juliana* could not ſhew her juſtice
Without depriving high heaven of his glory,
Or any ſubject fit for her, but *Virolet*;
Forgive me too, and take my laſt breath ſweet one,
This the new marriage of our ſoules together;
Thinke of me *Iuliana*, but not often,
For feare my faults ſhould burthen your affections,
Pray for me, for *I* faint.
Iul. O ſtay a little,
A little little Sir.
Vir. Fye *Iuliana*.
Iul. Shall *I* outlive the vertue, I have murderd?
Vir. Hold, or thou hateſt my peace: give me the dagger;
On your obedience, and your love, deliver it.
If you doe thus, we ſhall not meet in heaven ſweet;
No guilty blood comes there; kill your intentions,
And then you conquer: there where I am going,
Would you not meet me Deare?
Jul. Yes.
Vir. And ſtill love me?
Iul. And ſtill behold you.
Vir. Live then till heaven cals you,
Then ripe and full of ſweetneſſe you riſe Sainted.
Then I that went before you to prepare,
Shall meet and welcome you, and daily court you
With Hymnes of holy Love---- I goe out,
Give me your hand, farewell, in peace farewell,
Remember me, farewell. *dyes.*
Iul. Sleep you ſweet glaſſes,
An everlaſting ſlumber Crown thoſe Chriſtals,
All my delight adue, farewell, Deare *Virolet*,
Deare, Deare, moſt Deare; O I can weep no more,
My body now is fire, and all conſuming,
Here will I ſit, forget the world, and all things,
And onely waite what heaven ſhall turne me to,
For now me thinkes, I ſhould not live, *She ſits down.*

Enter Pandulfo.

Pand. O my ſweet daughter,
The worke is finiſht now, I promis'd thee:
Here are thy vertues ſhewed, here regiſter'd,
And here ſhall live for ever.
Iul. Blot it, burne it,
I have no vertue, hatefull I am as hell is.
Pand. Is not this *Virolet*?
Vir. Aske no more queſtions,
Miſtaking him, I kil'd him.
Pand. O my Sonne,
Nature turnes to my heart again, my deare Sonne,
Sonne of my age, would'ſt thou goe out ſo quickly?
So poorly take thy leave, and never ſee me?
Was this a kind ſtroake daughter? could you love him?
Honour his Father, and ſo deadly ſtrike him?
O wither'd timeleſſe youth, are all thy promiſes,
Thy goodly growth of Honors come to this?
Doe I halt ſtill ith' world, and trouble nature,
When her maine pieces founder, and faile daily?

Enter Boy, and three Servants.

Boy he does weep certain: what bodies that lies by him?
How doe you Sir?
Pand. O look there *Lucio*,
Thy Maſter, thy beſt Maſter.
Boy. Woe is me.
They have kill'd him, ſlaine him baſely, O my Maſter,
Pand. Well daughter well; what heart you had to do this;
I know he did you wrong; but 'twas his fortune,
And not his fault, for my ſake that have lov'd you,
But I ſee now, you ſcorne me too.
Boy. O Miſtriſſe?
Can you ſit there, and his cold body breathleſſe?
Baſely upon the earth?
Pand. Let her alone Boy,
She glories in his end.
Boy. You ſhall not ſit here,
And ſuffer him you loved- ha; good Sir come hither,
Come hither quickly, heave her up; O heaven Sir,
O God, my heart, ſhe's cold; cold and ſtiffe too.
Siffe as a ſtake, ſhe's dead.
Pand. She's gone, nere bend her.
I know her heart, ſhe could not want his company:
Bleſſing goe with thy ſoule, ſweet Angels ſhadow it;
O, that I were the third now, what a happineſſe?
But I muſt live, to ſee you layed in earth both,
Then build a Chapell to your memories,
Where all my wealth ſhall faſhion out your ſtoryes.

Then digge a little grave beſides, and all's done.
How ſweet ſhe looks, her eyes are open ſmiling,
I thought ſhe had been alive; you are my charge Sir,
And amongſt you, I'le ſee his goods diſtributed.
Take up the bodies, mourn in heart my friends,
Yon have loſt two Noble ſuccors; follow me,
And thou ſad Country, weepe this miſery. *Exeunt.*

Enter Seſſ. Boitſwaine, Maſter, Gunner, Citizens, and Souldiers, as many as may be.

Seſſ. Keep the Ports ſtrongly mand, and let none enter,
But ſuch as are known Patriots.
All. Liberty, liberty.
Seſſ. 'Tis a ſubſtantiall thing, and not a word
You men of *Naples*, which if once taken from us,
All other bleſſings leave us; 'tis a Jewell
Worth purchaſing, at the dear rate of life,
And ſo to be defended. O remember
What you have ſuffer'd, ſince you parted with it;
And if again you wiſh not to be ſlaves,
And properties to *Ferrands* pride and luſt,
Take noble courage, and make perfect what
Is happily begun.
1. *Cit*. Our great preſerver,
You have infranchis'd us, from wretched bondage.
2. *Cit.* And might be known, to whom we owe our freedome,
We to the death would follow him.
3. *Cit.* Make him King,
The Tyrant once remov'd.
Seſſ. That's not my end.
'Twas not ambition that brought me hither,
With theſe my faithfull friends, nor hope of ſpoile;
For when we did poſſeſſes, the Tyrants treaſure,
By force extorted from you, and employed
To load you with moſt miſerable thraldome,
We did not make it ours, but with it purchas'd
The help of theſe, to get you liberty,
That for the ſame price kept you in ſubjection.
Nor are we Switzers, worthy Country-men,
But Neapolitans; now eye me well:
And tho the reverend Emblems of mine age,
My Silver locks are ſhorne, my beard cut off,
Partaking yet of an adulterate Colour;
Tho 14. yeares you have not ſeen this face,
You may remember it, and call to mind,
There was a Duke of *Seſſ*, A much wrong'd Prince,
Wrong'd by this Tyrant *Ferrand.*
1. *Cit.* Now I know him.
2. *Cit.* 'Tis he, long live the Duke of *Seſſ.*
Seſſ. I thank you.
The injuries I receiv'd, I muſt confeſſe,
Made me forget the love I owed this Country,
For which I hope, I have given ſatisfaction,
In being the firſt that ſtir'd, to give it freedome;
And with your loves aud furtherance, will call back,
Long baniſht peace, and plenty, to this people;
2. *Cit.* Lead where you pleaſe, we'l follow.
1. *Cit.* Dare all dangers.

Enter Pandulf, the Bodies of Virolet, and Iuliana, upon a Hearſe.

Seſ. What ſolemne funeral's this?
Pand. There reſt a while,
And if't be poſſible there can be added
Wings to your ſwift deſire of juſt revenge,
Hear, (if my teares will give way to my words)
In briefe a moſt ſad ſtory.
Seſ. Speake, what are they?
I know thee well *Pandulfo.*
Pand. My beſt Lord?
As farre as ſorrow will give leave, moſt welcome;
This *Virolet* was, and but a Sonne of mine,
I might ſay, the moſt hopefull of our Gentry;
And though unfortunate, never Ignoble:
But I'le ſpeake him no further. Look on this,
This face, that in a Savage would move pitty,
The wonder of her Sex; and having ſaid
'Tis *Iuliana*, Eloquence will want words
To ſet out her deſervings; this bleſt Lady
That did indure the Rack, to ſave her Husband,
That Husband, who, in being forc'd to leave her,
Indur'd a thouſand tortures; By what practiſe,
I know not, (bur 'twas ſure a cunning one)
Are made, the laſt I hope, but ſad examples
Of *Ferrands* Tyranny. Convey the bodies hence.
Seſ. Expreſſe your ſorrow
In your revenge, not teares, my worthy Souldiers:
That fertile earth, that teem'd ſo many children,
To feed his cruelty, in her wounded wombe,
Can hardly now receive 'em.
Boatſw. We are cold,
Cold walls ſhall not keep him from us.
Gun. Were he cover'd with mountaines, and roome (onely for a
Bullet to be ſent levell at him, I would ſpeed him.
Mr. Let's ſcale this petty Towre; at Sea we are Falcons,
And fly unto the maine top in a moment.
What then can ſtop us here?
1 *Cit.* We'l teare him peece-meale.
2 *Cit.* Or eat a paſſage to him.
Seſ. Let diſcretion
Direct your anger; that's a victory,
Which is got with leaſt loſſe, let us make ours ſuch:
And therefore friends, while we hold parly here,
Raiſe your ſcalado, on the other ſide,
But enter'd weake, your ſuffrings. *Ex. Saylors and Souldiers.*
1 *Cit.* In our wrongs.
There was no meane.
2 *Cit.* Nor in our full revenge
Will we know any.
Seſſ. Be appeas'd good man,
No ſorrow can redeem them from deaths Priſon;
What his inevitable hand hath ſeiz'd on,
The world cannot recover. All the comfort
That I can give to you, is to ſee vengeance
Pour'd dreadfully upon the Authors head,
Of which their aſhes may be ſenſible,
That have falne by him. *ſound a parly.*

Enter Ferrand, Martia, Aſcanio, and Ronvere, above.

Pand. They appeare.
Fer. 'Tis not that we eſteme rebellious Traytors
Worthy an anſwer to their proudeſt Sommons
That we vouchſafe our preſence; or to exchange
One ſyllable with 'em: but to let ſuch know,
Though Circled round with treaſon, all points bent
As to their Center at my heart, 'tis free,
Free from feare villaines, and in this weake Tower
Ferrand commands as abſolute, as when
He trod upon your necks, and as much ſcornes you.
And when the Sunne of Majeſty ſhall breake through
The clouds of your rebellion, every beame
In-

Inſtead of comfortable heate, ſhall ſend
Conſuming plagues among you; and you call
That government which you term'd tyrannous
Hereafter, gentle.

Seſ. Flatter not thy ſelfe
With theſe deluding hopes, thou cruell beaſt,
Thou art ith' toyle, and the glad Huntſmam prouder,
By whom thou art taken, of his prey, then if
(Like thee) he ſhould command, and ſpoile his Forreſt.

Fer. What art thou?

Seſ. To thy horror, Duke of Seſſe.

Fer. The Divel.

Seſſ. Reſerv'd for thy damnation.

Fer. Why ſhakes my love?

Mart. O I am loſt for ever;
Mountains divide me from him; ſome kind hand
Prevent our fearfull meeting: Or lead me
To the ſteep rock, whoſe rugged brows are bent
Upon the ſwelling main; there let me hide me:
And as our bodies then ſhall be divided,
May our ſoules never meet.

Fer. Whence grows this, Sweeteſt?

Mar. There are a thouſand furies in his looks;
And in his deadly ſilence more loud horror,
Then when in Hell the tortur'd and tormentors
Contend whoſe ſhreeks are greater. Wretched me!
It is my father.

Seſ. Yes, and I wil own her, Sir,
Till my revenge. It is my daughter, *Ferrand*;
My daughter, thou haſt whor'd.

Fer. I triumph in it:
To know ſhe's thine, affords me more true pleaſure,
Then the act gave me, When even at the height,
I crack'd her Virgin zone. Her ſhame dwell on thee,
And all thy family; may they never know
A female iſſue, but a whore, *Aſcanio*.
Ronvere, look cheerfully; be thou a man too,
And learn of me to die. That we might fall,
And in our ruines ſwallow up this Kingdom,
Nay the whol world, and make a ſecond Chaos.
And if from thence a new beginning riſe,
Be it recorded this did end with us;
And from our duſt hath embryon.

Ron. I liv'd with you,
And wil die with you; your example makes me
Equally bold.

Aſc. And I reſolv'd to beare
What ere my fate appoints me.

Seſ. They are ours,
Now to the ſpoyle.

Botſ. Pity the Lady; to all elſe be deaft. *Exeunt.*

Within, Kill, kill, kill. *Alarum, Flo. Trumpets.*
Retreat.

*Enter Seſſe with Ferrands head, the Citizens, Maſter,
Boteſwain, Gunner, Souldiers, bringing in
Aſcanio and Martia.*

Seſ. Cruell beginnings meet with cruell ends;
And the beſt ſacrifice to Heaven for peace,
Is tyrants blood: and thoſe that ſtuck faſt to him,
Fleſh'd inſtruments in his commands to miſchiefe,
With him diſpatch'd.

Botſ. They are all cut off.

Seſ. Tis well.

All. Thanks to the Duke of Seſſe.

Seſ. Pay that to Heaven,
And for a generall joy, give generall thanks:
For bleſſings nere deſcend from Heaven, but when
A gratefull Sacrifice aſcends from men.
To your devotion; leave me; there's a Scene,
Which I would act alone; yet you may ſtay,
For wanting juſt ſpectators, twill be nothing.
The reſt forbeare me.

Citizens. Liberty liberty, liberty.

Mar. I would I were as far beneath the Centre,
As now I ſtand above it; how I tremble!
Thrice happy they that dyed; I dying live
To ſtand the whirlwind of a fathers fury.
Now it moves toward me.

Seſ. Thou, I want a name,
By which to ſtile thee: All articulate ſounds
That do expreſſe the miſchiefe of vile woman,
That are, or have been, or ſhall be, are weak
To ſpeak thee to the height. Witch, parricide,
For thou, in taking leave of modeſty,
Haſt kild thy father, and his honour loſt;
He's but a walking ſhadow, to torment thee.
To leave, and rob thy father; then ſet free
His foes, whoſe ſlavery he did prefer
Above all treaſure, was a ſtrong defeazance
To cut off, even the ſureſt bonds of mercy.
After all this, having given up thy ſelfe,
Like to a ſenſuall beaſt, a ſlave to luſt,
To play the whore, and then (high Heaven it racks me)
To finde out none to quench thy appetite,
But the moſt cruell King, whom next to Hell,
Thy father hated; and whoſe black imbraces
Thou ſhouldſt have fled from, as the whips of furies;
What canſt thou look for?

Enter Pandulph, and bodies borne on the Herſe.

Mart. Death; and tis not in you
To hurt me further: my old reſolution,
Take now the place of feare; in this I liv'd,
In this Ile die, your daughter.

Pand. Look but here;
You had, I know, a guilty hand in this;
Repent it Lady.

Mart. *Juliana* dead?
And *Virolet*?

Pand. by her unwilling hand.

Mart. Fates you are equall. What can now fall on me,
That I wil ſhrink at? now unmov'd I dare
Look on your anger, and not bend a knee
To aske your pardon: let your rage run higher
Then billows raiſ'd up by a violent Tempeſt,
And be as that is, deafe to all intreaties:
They are dead, and I prepar'd; for in their fall
All my deſires are ſum'd up.

Seſ. Impudent too?
Die in it wretch.

Botſ. Stay ſir. *Botſw. kils her.*

Seſ. How dar'ſt thou villaine,
Snatch from my ſword the honour of my juſtice?

Botſ. I never did you better ſervice ſir,
Yet have been ever faithfull. I confeſſe
That ſhe deſerv'd to die; but by whoſe hand?
Not by a fathers. Double all her guilt,
It could not make you innocent, had you done it.
In me tis murder, in you twere a crime
Heaven could not pardon. Witneſſe that I love you,
And in that love I did it.

Seſ. Thou art Noble,

I thank thee for't.; the thought of her die with her.

Aſcan. My turn is next: ſince ſhe could finde no mercy,
What am I to expect ?

Cit. With one voyce, ſir,
The Citizens ſalute you, with the ſtile
Of King of Naples.

Seſ. I muſt be excus'd,
The burden is too heavy for my ſhoulder,
Beſtow it where tis due. Stand forth *Aſcanio*,
It does belong to you ; live long and weare it,
And warn'd by the example of your Unkle,
Learn that you are to govern men, not beaſts:
And that it is a moſt improvident head,
That ſtrives to hurt the limbs that do ſupport it.
Give buriall to the dead ; for me, and mine,
We wil again to Sea, and never know,
The place, which in my birth firſt gave me woe. Exeunt.

Flor. Trumpets.

FINIS.

The

THE PILGRIM.

Actus Primus——*Scæna Prima.*

Enter Alphonſo, Curio, Seberto.

Curio.

SIgnor *Alphonſo*, ye are too rugged to her,
Believe too full of harſhneſſe.
Al. Yes, it ſeemes ſo.
Seb. A father of ſo ſweet a child, ſo happy,
(Fy Sir) ſo excellent in all endowments,
In bleſſedneſſe of beauty, ſuch a mirror.
Alp. She is a foole, away.
Seb. Can ye be angry?
Can any wind blow rough, upon a bloſſom
So faire, and tender? Can a Fathers nature,
A noble Fathers too?
Al. All this is but prating:
Let her be rul'd; let her obſerve my humor,
With my eyes let her ſee; with my eares liſten;
I am her Father: I begot her, bred her,
And I will make her.
Cur. No doubt ye may compell her,
But what a miſceivous, unhappy fortune
May wayt upon this wil of yours, as commonly
Such forcings ever end in hates, and ruines.
Al. Is't not a man I wiſh her to? a ſtrong man?
What can ſhe have? what could ſhe have? a Gentleman?
A yong man? and an able-man? a rich man?
A handſome man? a valiant man? do you marke me?
None of your peeced-companions, your pin'd-Gallants,
That fiie to fitters, with every flaw of weather:
None of your impt bravados: what can ſhe ask more?
Is not a mettal'd-man fit for a woman?
A ſtrong chindman? i'le not be foold, nor flurted.
Seb. I grant ye *Rodorgio* is all theſe
And a brave Gentleman: muſt it therefore follow
Upon neceſſity ſhe muſt doate upon him?
Will ye allow no liberty in chooſing?
Cur. Alas ſhe is tender yet.
Al. Enough enough, enough Sir:
She is malliable; ſhee'l endure the hammer,
And why not that ſtrong workeman that ſtrikes deepeſt?
Let me know that? ſhe is fifteen, with the vantage,
And if ſhe be not ready now for mannage——
Seb. You know he is a baniſh'd man: an out-Law;
And how he lives: his nature rough, and bloody
By cuſtomary rapines: now, her ſweet humor
That is as eaſy as a calme, and peacefull,
All her affections, like the dewes on Roſes,
Faire as the flowers themſelves: as ſweet, and gentle:
How would you have theſe meet?
Al. A bed, a bed ſir:
Let her be the faireſt Roſe, and the ſweeteſt,
Yet I know this faire roſe muſt have her prickles:
I grant ye *Redorigo* is an out-Law,
An eaſie compoſition cals him in again,
He is a valiant man, and he is a rich man,
And loves the foole: a little rough by cuſtome:
Shee'l like him ten times better. Shee'l doat upon him,
If ere they come to grapling, run mad for him;
But there is an other in the wind, ſome caſtrell
That hovers over her, and dares her dayly,
Some flickring ſlave.
Cur. I dare not think ſo poorely.
Al. Something there is, and muſt be: but I ſhall ſente it
And hunt it narrowly.
Seb. I never ſaw her yet
Make offer at the leaſt glance of affection,
But ſtill ſo modeſt, wiſe.
Al. They are wiſe to gull us,
There was a fellow, old *Ferandos* ſon,
I muſt confeſſe handſome, but my enemy,
And the whole family, I hate yong *Pedro*:
That fellow I have ſeen her gaze upon,
And turn, and gaze again, and make ſuch offers
As if ſhe would ſhoot her eyes like meteors at him:
But that cauſe ſtands removed.
Cur. You need not doubt him,
For long ſince as 'twas thought on a griev'd conſcience,
He left his father, and his friends: more pitty:
For truth reports he was a noble Gentleman.
Al. Let him be what he wil: he was a begger,
And there i'le leave him.
Seb. The more the Court muſt anſwer;
But certainly I think, though ſhe might favour him,
And love his goodneſſe, as he was an honeſt man:
She never with looſe eyes ſtuck on his perſon.
Al. She is ſo full of conſcience too, and charity,
And outward holineſſe, ſhe will undoe me:
Relieves more beggers, then an hoſpitall; *En. Alinda,*
And all poor rogues, that can but ſay their prayers, *and*
And tune their pipes to Lamentations, *Juletta.*
She thinks ſhe is bound to dance to: good morrow to you,
And that's as ye deſerve too: you know my mind,
And ſtuddy to obſerve it: doe it cheerfully,
And readily, and home.
Alin. I ſhall obey ye.
But noble ſir.
Al. Come, come, away with your flatteries,
And your fine phraſes,

Cur. Pray ye be gentle to her:
Al. I know 'em; and know your feates: if you will find
Noble and lóving, ſeek me in your duty, (me
You know I am too indulgent.
Seb. Alas poor Lady. (you
Al. To your devotions: I take no good thing from
Come Gentlemen; leave pittying, and moaning of her,
And prayſing of her vertues: and her whym-whams,
It makes her proud, and ſturdy:
Seb.Cur. Good houres wait on ye. *Exeunt*
Alin. I thank ye Gentlemen: I want ſuch comforts:
I would thank you too father: but your cruelty
Hath almoſt made me ſenſeleſſe of my duty,
Yet ſtill *I* muſt know: would *J* had known nothing;
What Poor attend my charity to day, wench?
Jul. Of all ſorte, Madam; your open handed bounty
Makes 'em flock every houre: ſome worth your pitty,
But others that have made a trade of begging.
Alin. Wench, if they ask it truly, *I* muſt give it:
It takes away the holy uſe of charity
To examine wants.
Jul. I would you would be merry:
A cheerfull-giving hand, as *I* think, Madam,
Requires a heart as cheerfull.
Alin. Alas *Iuletta*,
What is there to be merry at? what joy now,
Unleſſe we foole our own afflictions,
And make them ſhew ridiculous?
Jul. Sure Madam,
You could not ſeeme thus ſerious, if you were married,
Thus ſad, and full of thoughts.
Alin. Married? to whom, wench?
Thou thinkſt if there be a yong handſome fellow
As thoſe are plentifull, our cares are quenched then.
Iul. Madam, *I* think a luſty handſome fellow
If he be kind, and loving, and a right one,
Is even as good a pill, to purge this melancholy,
As ever *Galen* gave, *I* am ſure more naturall:
And merrier for the heart, then Wine and Saffron:
Madam, wantone youth is ſuch a Cataplaſme.
Alin. Who has bin thy tutor wench?
Jul. Even my own thoughts, Lady:
For though *J* be bard the liberty of talking,
Yet I can think unhappily, and as near the mark, Madam,
'Faith, marry, and be merry.
Alin. Who wil have me?
Who wil be troubled with a tettiſh Girle?
It may be proud, and to that vice expencefull?
Who can aſſure himſelfe, I ſhall live honeſt?
Jul. Let every man take his fortune:
Alin. And o' my conſcience
If once I grow to breeding, a whole Kingdome
Wil not containe my ſtock.
Jul. The more the merrier:
'Tis brave to be a mother of new Nations.
Alin. Why, I ſhould bury a hundred husbands.
Iul. Tis no matter:
As long as ye leave ſufficient men to ſtock ye.
Alm. Is this thy mirth? are theſe the joyes of marriage?
Away light-headed foole; are theſe contentments?
If I could finde a man.
Jul. You may a thouſand.
Alin. Meere men I know I may: and there a woman
Has liberty, (at leaſt ſhee'l venture for it,)
To be a monſter and become the time too;
But to enjoy a man, from whoſe example
(As from a compaſſe) we may ſteer our fortunes,
Our actions, and our age; and ſafe arive at
A memory that ſhall become our aſhes,
Such things are few, and far to ſeek: to finde one
That can but rightly mannage the wild beaſt, woman,
And ſweetly govern with her. But no more of this,
Tis not for thy diſcourſe: Lets in, and ſee (wench,
What poor afflicted wait our charity. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter a Porter, 4. Beggers, Pedro, and a Pilgrime.

Por. Stand off, and keep your Rancks: twenty foot fur-
There louſe your ſelves with reaſon, & diſcretion. (ther:
The Sun ſhines warm: the farther ſtill the better,
Your beaſts wil bolt anon, and then tis dangerous.
1. *Beg.* Heaven bleſſe our Miſtris.
Por. Does the crack go that way?
'Twil be o'th o'ther ſide anon.
2. Pray ye friend.
Por. Your friend? and why your friend? why, goodman
What doſt thou ſee within me, or without me, (turncoat
Or what itch doſt thou know upon me, tell me,
That I ſhould be thy friend? what do I look like
Any of thy acquaintance hoong in Gibbets?
Haſt thou any Friends, Kindred, or Alliance,
Or any higher ambition, then an almes-basket?
2. *Beg.* I would be your worſhips friend.
Por. So ye ſhall Sirra,
When I quarter the ſame louſe with ye.
3. Tis twelve o' clock.
Por. Tis ever ſo with thee, when thou haſt done ſcratch-
For that provokes thy ſtomach to ring noon; (ing,
O the infinite Seas of porridge thou haſt ſwallowd!
And yet thou lookſt as if they had bin but Gliſters;
Thou feedſt abundance; thou hadſt need of ſuſtenance;
Almes do you call it to relieve theſe Raſcals?
Nothing but a generall rot of ſheep can ſatisfie 'em.
Enter Alphonſo, Curio, Seberto.
Al. Did not I tel you, how ſhe would undo me?
What Marts of Rogues, and Beggers?
Seb. Tis charity
Methinks, you are bound to love her for——
Al. Yes, I warrant ye,
If men could ſale to heaven in porridge pots,
With maſts of Beef, and Mutton, what a voyage ſhould I
What are all theſe? (make?
1. Poore people, and 't like your worſhip.
2. Wretched poor people.
3. Very hungry people.
Al. And very Louſy.
4. Yes forſooth, ſo, ſo.
Por. I'le undertake five hundred head about 'em,
And that's no needy Graſier.
Al What are you?
Pil. Strangers that come to wonder at your charity,
Yet people poore enough to beg a bleſſing.
Cur. Uſe them with favour, ſir, their ſhews are reverent,
It ſeemes ye are holy *Pilgrimes*?
Pil. Ye gheſſe right ſir,
And bound far off, to offer our devotions.
Al. What make ye this way? we keep no Reliques here,
Nor holy Shrines.
Pil. The holieſt we ere heard of;
Ye keep a living monument of goodneſſe,
A Daughter of that pious excellence,
The very Shrines of Saints ſinck at her vertues,
And ſwear they cannot hold pace with her pieties,
We come to ſee this Lady: not with prophane eyes,
Nor wanton bloods, to doat upon her beauties,
But through our tedious wayes to beg her bleſſings.

Al. This is a new way of begging, and a neat one,
And this cries money for reward: good ſtore too;
Theſe commendations beg not with bag, and bottle;
Well, well, the ſainting of this woman (Gentlemen)
I know what it muſt come too: theſe women ſaints
Are plaguy heavy ſaints: they out-waigh a he-ſaint
Three thouſand thick; I know: I feele.
Seb. Ye are more afraid then hurt ſir.
Al. Have you your commendations ready too?
He bowes, and nods.
Cur. A handſome well built perſon.
Al. What Country-craver are you? nothing but motion?
A puppet-Pilgrim?
Pil. Hee's a ſtranger ſir;
This foure dayes I have traveld in his company,
But little of his buſines, or his Language
As yet, I have underſtood.
Seb. Both yong, and handſome,
Only the Sun has bin too ſaucy with him.
Al. Would ye have money ſir, or meat? what kind of bleſſing
Does your devotion looke for? Still more ducking?
Be there any ſaints, that underſtand by ſignes only?
More motion yet? this is the prettieſt Pilgrim,
The pinck of pilgrims: ile be for ye ſir;
Do ye diſcourſe with ſignes? ye'are hartly wel come:
A poor viaticum; very good gold ſir;
But holy men affect a better treaſure.
I kept it for your goodnes, but neertheleſſe
Since it can prove but burthenſome to your holines,
And you affect light prayer, fit for carriage,
I'le put this up againe.
Cur. Ye are too unreverent..
Al. Ye talk too broad; muſt I give way, and wealth too
To every toy, that carries a grave ſeeming?
Muſt my good angels wait on him? if the proud hilding
Would yeild but to my wil, and know her duty
I knew what I would ſuffer.
Seb. Good ſir, be patient,
The wrongs ye do theſe men, may light on you,
Too heavy too: and then you wil wiſh you had ſaid leſſe;
A comly and ſweet uſage becomes ſtrangers.
Al. We ſhall have half the Kingdom ſtrangers ſhortly,
And this fond prodigality be ſufferd;
But I muſt be an aſſe, ſee 'hem relieved, ſirah;
If I were yong again, I would ſooner get beare whelps,
And ſafer too, them any of theſe She-ſaints,
But I will break her,
Cur. Such a face for certain.
Seb. Me thinks I have ſeen it too: but we are cozend;
But fair befall thee Pilgrim, thou lookſt lovely. *Exit*
Por. Will ye troop up, ye porridge Regiment? *Enter*
Captain Poors quarter wil ye move? *Alinda*
Alin. Ye dull Knave, *Iuletta.*
Are not theſe wretches ſerved yet?
Beg. 'Bleſſe my Miſtris.
Alin. Do you make ſport ſir, with their miſeries?
Ye drouſie rogue.
Por. They are too high fed, Madam,
Their ſtomacks are a'ſleep yet.
Alin. Serve 'hem plentifully,
Or i'le ſerve you out next: even out o' dores, ſirah;
And ſerve 'em quickly too.
Beg. Heaven bleſſe the Lady.
Alin. Bleſſe the good end I meane it for.
Jul. I would I knew it:
If it be for any mans ſake, i'le cry amen too,
Well Madam, ye have even as pretty a port of pentioners.
Alin. Vain-glory would ſeek more, and handſomer. *Ex.*
But I appeale to vertue what my end is; *Beggers*
What men are theſe?
Jul. It ſeems they are holy Pilgrims:
That handſome youth ſhould ſuffer ſuch a pennance,
Would I were even the ſaint they make their vowes too,
How eaſily I would grant.
Pil. Heavens grace in-wheele ye:
And all good thoughts, and prayers dwell about ye,
Abundance be your friend; and holy charity
Be ever at your hand to crown ye glorious.
Alin. I thank ye ſir; peace guid your travels too,
And what you wiſh for moſt, end all your trobles;
Remember me by this: and in your prayers
When your ſtrong heart melts, mediate my poor fortunes.
Pil. All my devotions wait upon your ſervice.
Alin. Are ye of this Country, ſir?
Pil. Yes, worthieſt Lady,
But far off bred: my fortunes farther from me.
Alin. Gentle, I dare believe.
Pil. I have liv'd freer.
Alin. I am no inquiſitor, that were too curious:
What ever vow, or pennance puls ye on ſir;
Conſcience, or love, or ſtubborn diſobedience,
The ſaint ye kneel too, hear, and eaſe your travels.
Pil. Yours neer begin: and thus I ſeal my prayers. *Ex.*
Alin. How conſtantly this man looks? how he ſighes?
Some great affliction hatches his devotions,
Right holy ſir: how yong, and ſweet he ſuffers?
Iul. Would I might ſuffer with him.
Alin. He turns from us:
Alas he weeps too: ſomething preſſes him
He would reveale, but dare not; ſir, be comforted,
Ye come for that: and take it: if it be want, ſir,
To me yee appear ſo worthy of relieving,
I am your ſteward: ſpeak, and take: he's dumb ſtill:
Now as I have a faith this man ſo ſtirs me,
His modeſty makes me affraid I have treſpaſſed.
Iul. Would he would ſtir me too: I like his ſhape well.
Alin. May be he would ſpeak alone: go off *Iuletta,*
Afflicted hearts fear their own motions,
Be not far off.
Iul. Would I were neerer to him,
A yong ſmug handſome holines has no fellow. *Exit*
Alin. Why do you grieve? do you find your pennance ſharp?
Or are the vowes ye have made, too mighty for ye?
Do's not the world allure ye to look back
And ſorrow for the ſweet time ye have loſt?
Ye are yong, and fair; be not deluded, ſir;
A manly made up heart contemnes theſe ſhadows,
And yours appeares no leſſe: greifes for your fears,
For houres ill-ſpent, for wrongs don raſh, and rudely,
For fowle contempts for faiths ill violated,
Become fears well: I dare not task your Goodnes:
And then a ſorrow ſhewes in his true glory
VVhen the whole heart is excellently ſorry.
I pray ye be comforted.
Ped. I am, deer Lady,
And ſuch a comfort ye have caſt upon me,
That though I ſtruggle with mine own calamities
Too mighty, and too many for my mannage,
And though, like angry waves, they curld upon me
Contending proudly who ſhould firſt devour me,
Yet I would ſtem their danger.
Alin. He ſpeaks nobly:
What do ye want?
Ped. All that can make me happy:
I want my ſelfe.
Alin. Your ſelf? who rob'd ye Pilgrim?

Why

Why does he look ſo conſtantly upon me?
I want my ſelfe : indeed,you holy wounderers
Are ſaid to ſeek much : but to ſeek your ſelves.
*Ped.*I ſeek my ſelf;and am but my ſelfs-ſhadow:
Have loſt my ſelf; and now am not ſo noble.
*Alin.*I ſeek my ſelf: ſomething I yet remember
That bears that Motto ; 'tis not he : he is yonger,
And far more tender : for that ſelf-ſake (Pilgrim)
Be who it will, take this.
*Ped.*Your hand I dare take,
That be far from me,Lady, thus I kiſſe it,
And thus I bleſſe it too ; be conſtant fair ſtill :
Be good,and live to be a great example. *Exit.*
*Alin.*One word more(Pilgrim)has amazd me ſtrangly,
Be conſtant faire ſtill: tis the poſie here :
And here without,Be good : he wept to ſee me
Juletta :
Enter Iuletta
Iul. Madam.
*Alin.*Take this Key,and fetch me
The Marygold Jewell that lies in my little Cabinet :
I think tis that : what eyes had I,to miſſe him ?
O' me,what thoughts ? he had no beard then, and
As I remember well,he was more ruddy. *En Iuletta*
If this be he, he has a manly face yet
A goodly ſhape.
*Iul.*Here Madam?
Alin. Let me ſee it :
Tis ſo,too true : It muſt be he, or nothing,
He ſpak the words juſt as they ſtand engraved here :
I ſeek my ſelf,and am but my ſelfes-ſhadow :
Alas poor man : didſt thou not meet him,*Iuletta?*
The Pilgrim wench ?
*Iul.*He went by long ago, Madam.
Alin. I forgot to give him ſomething.
Iul.' Twas ill done Lady :
For, o' my troth, he is the handſomeſt man
I ſaw this many a day : would he had all my wea'th,
And me to boote : what ayles ſhe to grow ſullen ?
*Alin.*Come,I forgot : but I will recompence it.*Exeunt*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Alphonſo, Curio, Seberto , Iuletta, Porter, and ſervants.

*Al.*Can ſhe ſlip through a cat hole ?tell me that : reſolve me;
Can ſhe fly ith' ayre?is ſhe a thing inviſible?
Gon,and none know it ?
*Seb.*Ye amaz your ſervants.
*Al.*Some pelting rogue has watch'd her houre of itching,
And clawd her ; clawd her : do you mark me, clawd her;
Some that I foſter up.
Cur. They are all here,ſir.
*Al.*Let 'em be where they will,they are arrant raſcals,
And by this hand i'le hang 'em all.
Seb. Deale calmely :
You will not give 'em time to anſwer ye.
Al. I'le choak 'hem : famiſh 'em : what ſay you wagtaile ?
You knew her mind : you were of councell with her,
Tell me : and tell me true.
*Cur.*Aske with diſcretion.
*Al.*Diſcretion ? hang diſcretion,hang ye all :
Let me know where ſhe is.
*Iul.*Would you know o' me ſir ?
*Al.*O' thee ſir : I,o' thee ſir: what art thou ſir ?
*Iul.*Hir woman ſir,and't like your worſhip,ſir.
*Al.*Her band,her fidle-ſtick,
Her Lady-fayry, to oyl the dores o' nights,
That they may open with diſcretion,
Her Gin, her Nut-crack,
Iul. Tis very well ſir.
Al. Thou lieſt ; tis damnable ill, tis moſt abhominable:
Will ye confes(Thing)
Iul. Say I were gulty,ſir?
I would be hangd before I would confeſſe:
Is this a World to confeſſe in ?
Cur. Deale directly.
Iul Yes,if my matter lie direct before me :
But when I am forc'd, and ferryted.
Al. Tell me the truth,
And as I live,i'le give thee a new petticote.
*Jul.*And you would give me ten, I would not tell ye,
Truths bear a greater price, then you are aware of.
Seb. Deale modeſtly.
*Iul.*I doe not pluck my cloths up.
*Al.*What ſay you ſirha ? you ? or you?are ye dumb all?
Por. I ſaw her laſt night,and't ſhall like your worſhip
When I ſerv'd in her Livery.
*Al.*What's that, ſirha ?
*Por.*Her Chamber pot,and't pleaſe ye.
*Seb.*A new Livery.
*Al.*Where lay ſhe ? who lay with her ?
Por. In truth not I ſir :
I lay with my fellow *Fredrick*,in the flea-chamber
And't like your worſhip, we are almoſt worried.
*Iul.*I left her by her ſelf, in her own cloſet,
And there I thought ſhe had ſlept.
*Al.*Why lay you from her ?
*Iu.*It was her will I ſhould : ſhe is my Miſtris,
And my part is obedience.
Al. Were all the dores lockt ?
Por All mine.
*Ser.*And mine : ſhe could not get out thoſe wayes
Unles ſhe lept the wals : and thoſe are higher
Then any womans courage dare aſpire at.
*Al.*Come, you muſt know.
Cur. Conceale it not, but deale plaine.
*Iul.*If I did know, and her truſt lay upon me,
Not all your angers, nor your flatteries
Should make me ſpeak, but having no more intereſt
Then I may well deliver to the aire,
I'le tell ye what I know : and tell it liberally,
I think ſhe is gon, becauſe we cannot find her;
I think ſhe is weary of your tyranny,
And therefore gon : may be ſhe is in love :
May be in love,where you ſhow no great liking,
And therefore gon : May be,ſome point of conſcience,
Or vowd devotion.
*Al.*Theſe are nothing,minion ;
You that can aime at theſe, muſt know the truth too.
*Iul.*Any more truth then this if I know, hang me,
Or where to ſearch for it, if I make a lie
To gaine your love, and envy my beſt Miſtris,
Pin me againſt a wall, with my heel's upwards.
*Al.*Out of my dores.
Iul. That's all my poor petition :
For if your houſe were gold,and ſhe not in it,
Sir,I ſhould count it but a cage to whiſtle in.
Al. Whore,if ſhe be above ground,I wil have her.
Iul. I would live in a cole-pit, then, were I your daughter.
*Seb.*Certaine ſhe dos not know Sir.
Al. Hang her,hang her :
She knowes too much: ſearch all the houſe; all corners, and

And where tis poſſible ſhe may goe out, *Ex. ſervants.*
If I do finde your tricks.
Jul. Reward me for 'hem.
Or if I had ſuch tricks, you could diſcover
So weak, and ſleightly woven, you might look through,
All the young Girles ſhould hoot me out oth' Pariſh.
You are my Maſter, but ye owne an anger
Becomes a School-boy, that hath loſt his Apples;
Will ye force things into our knowledges?
Al. Come hither *Juletta*; thou didſt love me.
Jul. And do ſtill:
You are my Ladies father, and I reverence ye.
Al. Thou wouldſt have pleas'd my humor.
Jul. Any good way,
That carried not ſuſpition in't: or flattery,
Or faile of truſt.
Al. Come, come, thou wouldſt have.---
Jul. Stay ſir.
Al. And thou haſt felt my bounty for't, and ſhalt doe.
Doſt thou want Clothes or Money?
Jul. Both.
Al. Shalt have both.
Jul. But not this way: I had rather be an Adamite
And bring Fig-leaves into faſhion again.
If you were young ſir,
Handſome, and fitted to a womans appetite;
And I a giddy-headed girle, that car'd for nothing,
Much might be done; then you might fumble with me,
And thinke to grope out matters of ſome moment,
Which now you will put too ſhort for:
For what you have ſeen hitherto,
And know by me, has been but honeſt ſervice,
Which I dare pin ith' market-place to anſwer;
And let the world, the fleſh and divell examine it,
And come you in too, I dare ſtand your ſtricteſt.
And ſo much good may doe you, with your dreames of curteſie.
Al. This is moſt monſtrous.

Enter Porter and Servants.

Seb. Sure ſhe do's not know ſir:
She durſt not be ſo confident and guilty.
Al. How now; what newes? what hopes and ſteps diſcovered?
Speake any thing thats good, that tends to th' matter;
Doe you ſtand ſtaring ſtill?
1 Ser. We are no Gods ſir,
To ſay ſhe is here, or there: and what ſhe is doing;
But we have ſearch'd.
Por. I am ſure ſhe is not ith' Cellar;
For looke you ſir, if ſhe had been ith' Cellar--
Al. I am ſure thou haſt been there.
Por. As I carried the matter,
For I ſearch'd every piece of Wine; yes ſure ſir,
And every little Tereſſe that could but teſtifie:
And I drew hard to bolt her out.
Al. Away with him;
Fling him ith' Haymow, let him lie a mellowing;
He ſtinks of Muskadel like an Engliſh Chriſtmas:
Are theſe your cares? your ſervices?
2 Ser. Pray ye heare ſir,
We have found where ſhe went out; her very footing.
Al. Where, where? goe on.
Cur. Obſerve then wth more ſtaiedneſſe.
2 Ser. Searching the garden: at the little Poſterne
That opens to the Parke, we firſt diſcovered it.
Al. A little foot?
1 Ser. It muſt be hers, or none ſir.
Al. How far beyond that?
2 Ser. To the Parke it leads us,
But there the ground being hard, we could not marke it.
Al. She alwaies kept that Key: I was a coxcomb,
A foole, an aſſe, to give a girle that liberty:
Saddle my Horſes, rogues, ye drunken varlets:
Your precious diligence lies in Pint-pots,
Your brains in Butts, my horſes, ye pin-buttocks.
You'l beare me company?
Seb. We dare not leave ye,
Unleſſe we found a quieter ſoule within ye.
Cur. If we may do the Lady any ſervice,
Sweet, gentle ſoule.
Al. I ſay againe, my horſes:
Are ye ſo hot? have ye your private pilgrimages?
Muſt ye be Jumping-Jone? Ile wander with ye:
Ile jump ye, and Ile joggle ye: my horſes;
And keep me this young Lirry-poope within dores,
I will diſcover, dame.
Jul. 'Tis fit you ſhould ſir,
If ye knew what: Well Love, if thou bee'ſt with her,
Or what power elſe that armes her reſolution,
Conduct her faire, and keepe her from this mad man,
Direct her to her wiſhes: dwell about her
That no diſhonourable end ore-take her,
Danger, or want: and let me try my fortune.
Al. You know the place we meet in?
Seb. We ſhall hit it.
Al. And as ye are honeſt Gentlemen, endeavour.
Cur. We'l ſearch the beſt we can: if ſhe light in our hands.
Al. Tie her to th' horſe taile.
Seb. We know how to uſe her,
But not your way, for all your ſtate.
Al. Make haſte there:
And get you in, and looke to th' houſe. If you ſtir out, Damſell,
Or ſet o' foot any new motion this way,
When I come home, (which ſhall be ſuddenly)
You know my mind: if you doe play the raſcall,
I have my eyes and eares in ſundry places,
If ye doe praunce.
Jul. I ſhall doe that, that's fit, ſir:
And fit to croſſe your fooleries; Ile faile elſe.
And ſo Ile to my chamber. *Exit.*
Al. To your prayers,
And leave your ſtubborne tricks: She is not far yet,
She cannot be; and we dividing ſuddenly.
Cur. Keep her from thy hands, I beſeech.
Al. Our horſes;
Come cheerfully. Ile teach her to run gadding. *Exit.*

Scena ſecunda.

Enter Roderigo, and foure Out-lawes.

1 Out-l. Captaine, y'are not merry.
Rod. We get nothing,
We have no ſport; whoring, and drinking ſpoiles us,
We keep no guards.
2. There come no paſſengers,
Merchants, nor Gentlemen, nor whoſoever,
But we have Tribute.
Rod. And whilſt we ſpend that idlely,
We let thoſe paſſe that carry the beſt purchaſe.
Ile have all ſearch'd & brought in; Rogues, and Beggars,
Have got the tricke now to become Banck-maſters.
Ile have none ſcape: onely my friends, and neighbours,
That may deliver to the King my innocence;
Thoſe I would have regarded; tis policy.
But otherwiſe nor gravities, nor ſhadows,
Appeare they how they will, that may have purſes,
For they ſhall pay.
3. Ye ſpeake now like a Captaine.

And if we ſpare, flea us, and coyn our Caſſoks;
Will ye looke blith?
Rod. You heare no preparation
The King intends againſt us yet?
4. Not a word ſir.
Good man, he's troubled with matter of more moment,
Hummings of higher nature vex his braines, ſir;
Doe not we ſee his garriſons?
Rod. Who are out now? (ring
4. Good fellows ſir, that if there be any purchaſe ſtir-
Will ſtrike it dead; *Jaques* and *Loper*, Lads
That know their quarters, as they know their knapſaks;
And will not off.
Rod. Where is the boy ye brought me?
A pretty lad, and of a quicke capacity,
And bred up neatly.
1. He's within at meat, ſir,
The knave is hungry: yet he ſeaſons all
He eates or drinkes with many teares and ſighings,
The ſaddeſt appetite I ever look'd on;
The boy is young, tis feare and want of company
He knows and loves: uſe him not rough, nor harſhly,
He will be quickly bold; Ile entertaine him:
I want a pretty Boy to waite upon me,
And when I am ſad or ſleepy, to prate to me;
Beſides there's ſomething in his face, I like well.
And ſtill the more I looke, more like; let him want no-
And uſe him gently, all. (thing,
2. Here's a ſmall Box, ſir,
We tooke about him, which he griev'd to part with,
May be ſome wealth.
Rod. Alas, ſome little money
The poore knave carried to defray his lodgings,
Ile give it him againe, and adde unto it.
'Twere ſin to open ſuch a petty purchaſe.
Enter Loper and Jaques, with Pedro. (diers?
How now, who is this? what have you brought me Soul-
Lop. We know not wel what: a ſtrange ſtaving fellow,
Sullen enough I am ſure.
Rod. Where tooke ye him?
Jaq. Upon the skirt o'th wood, veiwing, and gaping,
And ſometime ſtanding ſtill, as if he had meant
To view the beſt acceſſes to our quarters;
Money he has enough: and when we threatned him,
He ſmil'd, and yeilded; but not one word utter'd.
Lop. His habit ſaies he's holy: if his heart
Keep that proportion too, 'tis beſt ye free him,
We keep his Wallet here: I am ſure tis heavy.
Rod. Pilgrime: come hither ſir; Are you a Pilgrime?
A piece of pretty holineſſe: doe you ſhrinke ſir?
A ſmug young Saint. What Countrey were you born in?
Ye have a Spaniſh face: In a dumb Province?
And had your mother too this excellent vertue?
No tongue do you ſay? ſure ſhe was a matchleſſe woman;
What a fine family is this man ſprung from!
Certaine he was begotten in a calme,
When all was huſht: the Midwife was dumb Midnight;
Are ye ſeal'd up? or doe you ſcorne to anſwer?
Ye are in my hands, and I have medicines for ye
Can make ye ſpeake: pull off his Bonnet, Souldiers;
Ye have a ſpeaking face.
Lop. I am ſure a handſome:
This Pilgrime cannot want She-Saints to pray to.
Rod. Stand neerer: ha?
Ped. Come, do your worſt; I am ready.
Rod. Is your tongue found? go off, and let me talk with
An keepe your watches round. (him;
All. We are ready Captaine.
Rod. So: now what are ye?
Ped. Am I?
My habit ſhewes me what I am.
Rod. Thy heart
A deſperate foole, and ſo thy fate ſhall tell thee;
What devill brought thee hither? for I know thee.
Ped. I know thou doſt: and ſince it is my fortune
To light into thy fingers; I muſt thinke too
The moſt malicious of all devils brought me,
Yet ſome men ſay thou art Noble.
Rod. Not to thee,
That were a benefit to mocke the giver:
Thy father hates my friends, and family,
And thou haſt been the heire of all this malice.
Can two ſuch ſtormes meet then, and part with kiſſing?
Ped. You have the mightier hand.
Rod And ſo Ile uſe it.
Ped. I cannot hinder ye: leſſe can I beg
Submiſſive at his knees that knows not honour;
That bears the ſtamp of man, and not his nature;
Ye may doe what ye pleaſe.
Rod. I will doe all. (ruine,
Ped. And when you have done all, which is my poore
(For farther your baſe malice cannot venture)
Diſhonours ſelfe will cry you out a coward.
Hadſt thou been brave, and noble and an Enemy,
Thou wouldſt have ſought me whilſt I carried Armes,
Whilſt my good Sword was my profeſſion,
And then have cried out *Pedro*, I defie thee;
Then ſtuck *Alphonſo's* quarrell on the point,
The mercenary anger thou ſerv'ſt under
To get his daughter. Then thou ſhouldſt have brav'd me,
And arm'd with all thy families hate upon me,
Done ſomething worthy feat: Now poore and baſely
Thou ſetſt Toyles to betray me; and like the Peſant,
That dares not meet the Lyon in the face,
Digſt crafty pit-fals: Thou ſham'ſt the Spaniſh honour:
Thou haſt neither poynt of man, nor conſcience in thee.
Rod. Sir, ſir, y'are brave; ye plead now in a Sanctuary;
You think your Pilgrimes bulwarke can defend ye:
You will not finde it ſo.
Ped. I looke not for't.
The more unhallowed ſoule haſt thou to offer it. (peſt,
Rod. When you were braveſt, ſir, and your Sword ſhar-
I durſt affront ye: when the Court Sunne guilded ye,
And every cry was the young hopefull *Pedro*,
Alonſos ſprightly ſonne; then durſt I meet ye,
When you were Maſter of this fame, and faſhion,
And all your glories in the full Meridian,
The Kings proof-favour buckled on your body;
Had we then come to competition,
Which I have often ſought.
Ped. And I deſired too. (ſleight it,
Rod. You ſhould have ſeen this Sword, how ere you
And felt it too; ſharper then ſorrow felt it,
In execution quicker then thy ſcornes;
Thou ſhouldſt have ſeen all this, and ſhrunke to ſee it.
Then like a Gentleman I would have us'd thee,
And given thee the faire fortune of thy being,
Then with a Souldiers Arme I had honour'd thee;
But ſince thou ſtealſt upon me like a Spie,
And thiefe-like thinkſt that holy caſe ſhall carry thee
Through all my purpoſes, and ſo betray me,
Baſe as you act, thy end be, and I forget thee.
Ped. What poore evaſions thou buildſt on, to abuſe me!
The goodneſſe of a man nere taught theſe principles.
I come a Spie? durſt any Noble ſpirit
Put on this habit, to become a Traitor?

Even in an Enemy ſhew me this antipathy
Where there is Chriſtian faith, and this not reverenced:
I come a Spie? no *Roderigo*, no,
A hater of thy perſon, a maligner?
So far from that, I brought no malice with me,
But rather when I meet thee, teares to ſoften thee;
When I put on this habit, I put off
All fires, all angers, all thoſe ſtarts of youth
That clapt too ranke a biaſſe to my being,
And drew me from the right marke all ſhould aime at;
In ſtead of ſtubborne ſteele, I put on prayers;
For raſh and haſty heats, a ſweet repentance:
Long weary ſteps, and vows, for my vain-glories.
O *Roderigo*.
Rod. If thy tongue could ſave thee,
Prating be thy baile, thou haſt a rare benefit.
Souldiers, come out, and bring a halter with ye;
Ile forgive your holy habit ſir, but Ile hang you.
Enter Outlaws, Loper, Jaques.
1 *Out-l.* Wherefore this halter Captaine?
Rod. For this traytor.
Go, put it on him, and then tie him up:
1. Do you want a Band ſir? this is a courſe wearing,
Twill ſit but ſcurvily upon this collar;
But patience is as good as a French Pickadell.
Lop. What's his fault, Captaine?
Rod. Tis my will he periſh,
And thats his fault.
Ped. A Captaine of good government.
Come Souldiers, come, ye are roughly bred, and bloody,
Shew your obedience, and the joy ye take
In executing impious commands;
Ye have a Captaine ſeales your liberall pardons,
Be no more Chriſtians, put religion by,
Twill make ye cowards: feele no tenderneſſe,
Nor let a thing call'd conſcience trouble ye;
Alaſſe, twill breed delay. Beare no reſpect
To what I ſeem: were I a Saint indeed,
Why ſhould that ſtagger ye? you know not holineſſe:
To be excellent in evill, is your goodneſſe;
And be ſo, twill become ye: have no hearts,
For feare you ſhould repent: that will be dangerous:
For if there be a knocking there, a pricking,
And that pulſe beate backe to your conſiderations,
How ye have laid a ſtiffe hand on Religion--
Rod. Truſſe him I ſay.
Ped. And violated faith,
Rod. heare him not prate.
Ped. Why, what a thing will this be?
What ſtrange confuſion then will breed among ye?
Rod. Will none of ye obey?
Ped. What devils vex ye?
The feares ye live in and the hourely dangers
Will be delights to theſe: thoſe have their ends,
But theſe outlive all time, and all repentance:
And if it creep into your conſcience once,
Be ſure ye locke that cloſe.
Rod. Why ſtand ye gazing?
Ped. Farewell ſleep, peace, all that are humane comforts,
Better ye had been Trees, or Stones, and happier;
For thoſe die here, and ſeeke no further being,
Nor hopes, nor puniſhments.
Rod. Rots take ye Raſcals.
Jaq. What would you have us do?
Rod. Diſpatch the prater.
Jaq. And have religious blood hang on our conſciences?
We are bad enough already: ſins enough
To make our graves even loath us.
Rod. No man love me?
Lop. Although I be a thiefe, I am no hangman;
They are two mens trades, and let another execute.
Lay violent hands on holy things?
Rod. Baſe Cowards,
Put to your powers, ye Raſcals, I command ye.
Holy, or unholy, if I ſay it,
Ile have it done.
1 *Out-l.* If I do't, let me ſtarve for't.
2. Or I.
3. Or I: we will obey things handſome,
And bad enough, and over doe obedience:
But to be made ſuch inſtruments of miſchiefe.
Jaq. I have done as many villanies as another,
And with as little reluctation,
Let me come cleare of theſe, and wipe that ſcore off.
Put me upon a felt and known perdition?
Rod. Have ye conſpir'd, ye ſlaves?
Ped How vildly this ſhowes,
In one that would command anothers temper,
And beare no bound in's own?
Rod. Am I thus jaded?
Ped. Is it my life thou long'ſt for *Roderigo*?
And can no ſacrifice appeaſe thy malice,
But my blood ſpilt? doe it thy ſelfe, diſpatch it;
And as thou takſt the whole revenge unto thee,
Take the whole ſin upon thee; and be mighty,
Mighty in evill, as thou art in anger:
And let not theſe poore wretches houle for thy ſake.
Thoſe things that in thine owne glaſſe ſeeme moſt monſtrous,
Wouldſt thou abuſe their weak ſights with, for amiable?
Is it, thou thinkſt to feare me with thy terrors,
And into weake condition draw my vertue?
If I were now to learn to die I would ſue to thee:
Or did I feare death, then I would make thee glorious.
But knowing what, and how far I can ſuffer;
And all my whole life being but deaths preface,
My ſleep but at next doore.
Rod. Are ye ſo valiant?
Ile make ye feele: Ile make ye know, and feele too;
Aud Raſcals, you ſhall tremble. Keepe him here,
And keep him ſafe too: if he ſcape your guards--
Ped. Feare not, I will not.
Rod. As I live, ye die for't;
I will not be thus baffled. *Exit.*
Ja. What a divel have ye done, Pilgrim? or what miſchief
Have you conſpir'd, that he ſhould rage and rave thus?
Have you kild his father, or his mother? or ſtrangled any of his kindred?
Lop. Has he no ſiſters? have you not been bouncing
About their belly-pieces?
Jaq. Why ſhould that be dangerous
Or any way deſerve death? is it not naturall?
Bar us the Chriſtian liberty of women,
And build us up with brick, take away our free-ſtone.
1 *Outl.* Becauſe thou art holier then he, upon my conſcience
He dos not envy thee: that's not his quarrell;
For, look you, that might be cõpounded without praiers.
Lop. Nor that thou ſeemſt an honeſter man: for here
We have no trading with ſuch Tinſell-ſtuffe;
To be an excellent thiefe, is all we aime at.
Wilt thou take a ſpit and ſtride, and ſee if thou canſt out-run us?
Ped. I ſcorn to ſhift his fury, keepe your obedience;
For though your governmennt admit no preſident,
Keep your ſelves carefull in't.
Jaq. Thou will be hang'd then.
Ped. I cannot die with fewer faults upon me.

2 *Out-l.* Tis ten to one he wil ſhoot him: for the devil's in him
If he hang him himſelfe.
Lop. He has too proud a nature:
He will compell ſome one.
Jaq. I am confident.
Lop. And ſo are all I thinke.
Ped. Be not moleſted,
If I muſt die, let it not trouble you;
It ſtirs not me: It is the end I was born for.
Onely this honeſt office I deſire ye,
(If there be curteſie in men of your breed)
To ſee me buried; not to let his fury
Expoſe my body to the open violence
Of beaſts, and fowles: ſo far I urge humanity.
Enter Roderigo, Alinda.
Jaq. He ſhall not deny us that: we'l ſee ye under ground
And give ye a volley of as good cups of Sacke,
For that's our Diſcipline.
Lop. He comes againe,
As high in rage as ever; the boy with him.
1 *Out-l.* Will he compell the child?
Lop. He is bent to doe it,
And muſt have ſome body.
Rod. If thou lov'ſt me doe it:
Love me, or love me not, I ſay thou ſhalt doe it:
Stare not, nor ſtagger, ſirra; if ye deny me,
Doe you ſee this Rogue?
Alin. What would ye have me doe ſir?
Heavens goodneſſe bleſſe me.
Rod. Doe? why hang a Raſcall,
That would hang me.
Alin. I am a boy, and weake, ſir.
Rod. Thou art ſtrong enough to tie him to a Bough,
And turn him off: come, thou ſhalt be my Jewell,
And Ile allow thee horſe, and all thy pleaſures,
And twenty gallant things: Ile teach thee armes too;
Make thee mine heire.
Alin. Let me inherit death firſt.
Rod. Make me not angry, ſirha.
Alin. Which is the man, ſir?
Ile pluck up the beſt heart I can yet.
Rod. Feare not,
It is my will: That in the Pilgrimes coate there,
That devill in the Saints skin.
Alin. Guard me goodneſſe.
Rod. Diſpatch him preſently.
Ped. I wait your worſt, ſir.
Jaq. will the boy doe it? is the rogue ſo confident?
So young, ſo deep in blood?
Lop. He ſhakes, and trembles.
Ped. Doſt thou ſeeke more coles ſtill to ſear thy conſcience,
Worke ſacred innocence, to be a devill?
Doe it thy ſelfe for ſhame, thou beſt becomſt it.
Rod. Sirha, I ſcorn my finger ſhould be filde with thee;
And yet Ile have it done: this child ſhall ſtrangle thee,
A crying Girle, if ſhe were here ſhould maſter thee.
Ali. How ſhould I ſave him? how my ſelf from violence?
Ped. Leave your tongue-valour, & diſpatch your hate, ſir;
The patience of my death, ſhall more torment thee,
(Thou painted honour, thou baſe man made backward)
Then all my life has fear'd thee.
Rod. Gag him, ſirha.
Jaq. The Boy looks cheerfully now: ſure he will do it.
Lop. He will mall him elſe.
Alin. Are ye prepar'd to die, ſir?
Ped. Yes boy, and ready; prethee to thy buſineſſe.
Alin. Why are ye then ſo angry? ſo perplext, ſir?
Patience wins Heaven, and not the heat of paſſion.
Why doe you rayle?
Lop. The boy's a pretty Prieſt.
Ped. I thank ye gentle child, you teach me truely.
Alin. You ſeem to feare too.
Ped. Thou ſeeſt more, then I feel, boy.
Alin. You tremble ſure.
Ped. No ſure boy, tis thy tenderneſſe:
Prethee make haſte, and let that gulph be ſatisfied.
Alin. Are ye ſo willing to goe to it?
Ped. Moſt willing:
I would not borrow from his curteſie
One houre of life, to gaine an age of glory.
Alin. And is your reckoning ſtraight ſir?
Ped. As ſtraight as truth, boy:
I cannot go more joyfully to a wedding.
Alin. Then to your prayers: Ile diſpatch ye preſently.
Now guid my tongue, thou bleſſedneſſe.
Rod. A good boy.
Alin. But harke ye ſir, one word; and pray ye reſolve me.
Let me ſpeake privately.
Rod. What wouldſt thou have child?
Alin. Shall this man die?
Rod. Why doſt thou make that queſtion?
Alin. Pray ye be not angry: if he muſt, Ile doe it.
But muſt he now?
Rod. What elſe? who dare reprieve him?
Alin. Pray ye thinke againe; and as your injuries
Are great, and full, you ſuffer from this fellow,
Doe not ye purpoſe ſo to ſuit your vengeance?
Rod. I doe, and muſt.
Alin. You cannot if he die now.
Rod. Cannot?
Alin. No, cannot: be not vext, you'l finde it:
I have conſidered, and I know it certaine,
Ye ſuffer below him: loſe all your angers.
Rod. Why my beſt boy?
Alin. I love, and tender ye,
I would not tell ye elſe. Is that revenge,
To ſleight your cauſe, and Saint your enemy,
Clap the Doves wings of downy peace unto him,
And let him ſoare to Heaven, whilſt you are fighing?
Is this revenge?
Rod. I would have him die.
Alin. Prepar'd thus?
The bleſſing of a father never reach'd it:
His contemplation now ſcornes ye, contemnes ye,
And all the tortors ye can uſe. Let him die thus;
And theſe that know and love revenge will laugh at ye:
Here lies the honour of a wel-bred anger,
To make his enemy ſhake and tremble under him;
Doubt: nay, almoſt deſpaire, and then confound him.
This man ye rocke aſleep, and all your rages
Are Requiems to his parting ſoule, meere Anthems.
Rod. Indeed he is ſtrongly built.
Alin. You cannot ſhake him;
And the more waight ye put on his foundation,
Now as he ſtands, ye fixe him ſtill the ſtronger;
If ye love him, honour him, would heape upon him
Friendſhips and benefits beyond example,
Hope him a Star in Heaven, and there would ſtick him,
Now take his life.
Rod. I had rather take mine own, Boy.
Alin. Ile eaſe him preſently.
Rod. Stay, be not haſty.
Alin. Bleſſe my tongue ſtill.
Lop. What has the boy done to him?
How dull, and ſtill he lookes?
Alin. You are a wiſe man.

And long have buckled with the worlds extremities,
A valiant man, and no doubt know both fortunes,
And would ye work your Maſter-peece thus madly,
Take the bare name of honour, that will pitty ye (grim?
When the world knows ye have prey'd on a poor Pil-
Rod. The Boy has ſtaggard me: what would'ſt thou have
Alin. Have ye? do you not feel Sir? do's it not ſtir ye? (me?
Doe you aske a child? I would have ye do moſt bravely,
Becauſe I moſt affect ye: like your ſelfe Sir,
Scorn him, and let him goe; ſeem to contemne him,
And now ye have made him ſhake, ſeale him his pardon,
When he appears a ſubject fit for Anger,
And fit for you, his pious Armour off,
His hopes no higher then your ſword may reach at
Then ſtrike, and then ye know revenge; then take it.
I hope I have turn'd his mind.
Rod. Let the foole goe there,
I ſcorn to let looſe ſo baſe an anger
May light on thee: See me no more, but quit me;
And when we meet again.
Ped. I'le thank ye Captaine. *Exit.*
Alin. Why this was like your ſelfe: but which way
Shall we ne're happy meet? (goes he?
Rod. I am drowſie; Boy,
Goe with me, and diſcourſe: I like thy company
O Child! I love thy Tongue.
Alin. I ſhall waite on ye. *Exit.*
Lo. The Boy has don't: a Plaguey witty Raſcall.
And I ſhall love him terribly.
Iaq. 'Twas he moſt certaine,
For if ye marke, how earneſt he was with him,
And how he labour'd him.
Lop. A cuning villaine,
But a good Rogue; 'This Boy will make's all honeſt.
1. *Outl.* I ſcarce beleeve that: but I like the Boy well
Come, let's to Supper; then upou our watches.
Lop. This Pilgrim ſcap'd a joyfull one.
Iaq. Let's Drink round,
To the Boyes health, and then about our buſineſſe.
Exeunt

Actus Tertius. Scæna prima.

Enter Roderigo, Iaques, Loper, and three Out-Lawes.

Rod. None of you know her?
Iaq. Alas Sir, we never ſaw her:
Nor ever heard of her, but from your report.
Rod. No happy eye?
Lop. I doe not think 'tis ſhe, Sir,
Methinks a woman dares not.
Rod. Thou ſpeak'ſt poorely,
What dares not woman, when ſhe is provok'd?
Or what ſeemes dangerous to Love, or fury?
That it is ſhe, this has confirm'd me certain,
Theſe Jewels here, a part of which I ſent her,
And though unwilling, yet her Father wrought her
To take, and weare.
Lop. A wench, and we not know it?
And among us? where were our underſtandings?
I could have gheſſ'd unhappily: have had ſome feeling
In ſuch a matter: Here are as pretty fellowes,
At the diſcovery of ſuch a Jigambob:
A handſome wench too? ſure we have loſt our faculties,
We have no motions: what ſhould ſhe doe here, Sir?
Rod. That's it that troubles me: O that baſe Raſcall!
There lies the miſery: how cunningly ſhe quit him,
And how ſhe urg'd? had ye been conſtant to me,
I ne're had ſuffer'd this.
1. *Outl.* Ye might have hang'd him:
And would he had been hang'd, that's all we care for't:
So our hands had not don't.
Rod She is gone again too, (me;
And what care have ye for that? gone, and contemn'd
Maſter'd my will, and power, and now laughs at me.
Lop. The devill that brought her hither, Sir I thinke
Has carryed her back again inviſible,
For we ne're knew, nor heard of her departure.
Iaq. No living thing came this night through our
She went with you: (watches
Rod. Was by me till I ſlept,
But when I wak'd, and call'd: O my dull pate here;
If I had open'd this when it was given me,
This Roguy Box. *Enter Al-*
Lop. We could but give it ye. *phonſo, and 2 Outlaw.*
Rod Pilgrime? a Pox O Pilgrimes there the game goes,
There's all my fortune fled; I know it, I feele it.
Al. Bring me unto thy Captain: where's thy Captain?
I am founder'd, melted, ſome fairy thing or other
Has led me dauncing; the devill has haunted me
Ith' likeneſſe of a voyce: give me thy Captaine.
2. *Outl.* He's here Sir, there he ſtands.
Al. How do'ſt thou Captain?
I have been fool'd and jaded, made a dogge bolt.
My daughters runne away: I have been haunted too,
I have loſt my horſe; I am hungry, & out of my wits alſo.
Rod. Come in; I'le tell you what I know: ſtrange things
And take your eaſe; I'le follow her recovery,
Theſe ſhall be yours the whil'ſt, and do ye ſervice. (too.
Al. Let me have drinke enough: I am almoſt choak'd
Rod. You ſhall have any thing; what think you now,
Jaq. I think a woman, is a woman that's (Souldiers?
any thing.
The next we take, we'l ſearch a little neerer,
We'l not be boyed again with a paire of breeches. *Exeunt.*

Scæna ſecunda.

Enter Iuletta.

Iul. He's gone in here: This is *Roderigo's* quarter,
And i'le be with him ſoone: I'le ſtartle him,
A little better then I have done: All this long night
I have led him out o'th way, to try his patience, (againe,
And made him ſweare, and curſe; and pray, and ſweare
And cry for anger; I made him leave his horſe too,
Where he can never find him more; whiſtled to him,
And then he would run through thick & thin, to reach
And down in this ditch; up again, and ſhake him (me,
And ſwear ſome certaine bleſſings; then into that buſh
Pop goes his pate, and all his face is comb'd over,
And I ſit laughing: a hundred tricks, I have ſerv'd him:
And I will double em, before I leave him;
I'le teach his anger to diſpute with women,
But all this time, I cannot meet my Miſtreſſe,
I cannot come to comfort her; that grieves me,
For ſure ſhe is much afflicted: till I doe,
I'le haunt thy Ghoſt *Alphonſo*; I'le keep thee waking,
Yes, I muſt get a Drum: I am villanous weary,
And yet i'le trot about theſe villages
Till I have got my will, and then have at ye.
I'le make your anger drop out at your elbowes ere I leave
(ye. *Exit.*

Scæna

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Seberto, aud Curio.

Seb. 'Tis ſtrange, in all the circuit we have ridden,
We cannot croſſe her : no way light upon her:
Cur. I doe not think ſhe is gone thus far, or this way,
For certain if ſhe had, we ſhould have reach'd her(thing.
Made ſome diſcovery: heard ſome news; we have ſeen no-
Seb. Nor paſſe by any body that could premiſe any
She is certainly diſguiſ'd, her modeſty (thing.
Durſt never venture elſe.
Cur. Let her take any ſhape,
And let me ſee it once, I can diſtinguiſh it.
Seb. So ſhould I think too: has not her father found her?
Cur. No, i'le be hang'd then; he has no patience
Unleſſe ſhe light in's teeth, to looke about him.
He gueſſes now, and chafes and frets like Tinſell.
Seb. Let him goe on, he cannot live without it.
But keep her from him, heaven : where are we *Curio ?*
Cur. In a wood I think, hang me if I know elſe.
And yet I have ridden all theſe Coaſts, at all houres,
And had and aime.
Seb. I would we had a guid,
Cur. And if I be not much awry *Seberto,*
Not far off ſhould be *Rodorigo's* quarter,
For in this Faſtwes if I be not cozen'd,
He and his Out-laws live.
Seb. This is the place then *Enter Alinda.*
We appointed him to meet in.
Cur. Yes, I thinke ſo : (that there?
Seb. Would we could meet ſome living thing : what's
Cur. A Boy, I think, ſtay; why may not he direct us.
Alin. I am hungry, and I am weary, and I cannot find
Keep my wits heaven, I feele 'em wavering, (him.
O God my head.
Seb. Boy, doſt thou heare, thou ſtripling?
Alin. Now they will teare me, torture me, now *Ro-*
Will hang him without mercy; ha : (*derigo*
Cur. Come hither.
A very pretty Boy: what place is this, child?
And whether doſt thou travell? how he ſtares!
Some ſtubborn Maſter has abu'd the Boy,
And beaten him : how he complaines! whether goeſt
Alin. I goe to *Segonia* Sir, to my ſick Mother, (thou?
I have been taken here by drunken theeves,
And (O my bones;) I have been beaten Sir,
Miſ-us'd, & rob'd : extreamly beaten Gentlemen,
O God, my ſide!
Seb. What beaſts would uſe a Boy thus?
Look up, and be of good cheer:
Alin. O, I cannot.
My back, my back, my back.
Cur. What theeves?
Alin. I know not.
But they call the Captaine *Roderigo.*
Cur. Look ye,
I know we were there abouts;
Seb. Do'ſt thou want any thing?
Alin. Nothing but eaſe, but eaſe, Sir.
Cur. There's ſome mony,
And get thee to thy Mother.
Alin. I thank ye Gentlemen:
Seb. This was extreamely foule, to vex a Child thus.
Come, let's along, we cannot looſe our way now. *Ex.*
Alin. Though ye are honeſt men, I feare your fingers,
And glad I am got off; O how I tremble!
Send me but once within his armes dear Fortune,
And then come all the world : what ſhall I do now?
'Tis almoſt night again, and where to lodge me, *Enter*
Or get me meat, or any thing, I know not. *Iuletta.*
Theſe wild woods, and the fancies I have in me,
Will run me mad.
Iul. Boy, Boy:
Alin. More ſet to take me?
Iul. Do'ſt thou heare Boy; thou pointer.
Alin. 'Tis a Boy too,
A Lacky Boy : I need not feare his feirceneſſe.
Jul. Canſt thou beat a Drum?
Alin. A Drum?
Iul. This thing, a drum here. (grumble?
Didſt thou never ſee a Drum : Canſt thou make this
Alin. *Iulettas* face, and tongue; Is ſhe run mad too?
Here may be double craft : I have no skill in't.
Iul. I'le give thee a Royall but to goe along with me.
Alin. I care not for thy Royall, I have other buſineſſe,
Drum to thy ſelfe, and daunce to it.
Iul. Sirha, Sirha. (heare me?
Thou ſcurvy Sitha; thou ſnotty-nos'd ſcab, do'ſt thou
If I lay downe my Drum. *Enter Rodorigo,*
Alin. Here comes more Company, *and two Outlaw.*
I feare a plot, heaven ſend me fairely from it. *Exit.*
Iul. Baſto; who's here?
Lop. Captain, do you need me Father? (now.
Rod. No not a foot : give me the gowne: the ſword
Iul. This is the devill theef, and if he take me,
Woe be to my Gally-gaskins.
Lop. Certaine Sir,
She will take her patches of, and change her habit.
Rod. Let her do what ſhe pleaſe : No, no *Alinda*
You cannot cozen me againe in a Boyes figure,
Nor hide the beauty of that face in patches,
But I ſhall know it.
Iul. A Boy his face in patches? (Anger;
Rod. Nor ſhall your tongue againe bewitch mine
If ſhe be found ith' woods, ſend me word preſently,
And i'le returne; ſhe cannot be farre gone yet,
If ſhe be not, expect me, when ye ſee me,
Uſe all your ſervice to my friend *Alphonſo,*
And have a care to your buſineſſe : farewell,
No more, farewell. *Exeunt.*
Iul. I am heartily glad thou art gone yet.
This Boy in patches, was the Boy came by me,
The very ſame, how haſtily it ſhifted?
What a mopp'-eyed aſſe was I, I could not know her,
This muſt be ſhe, this is ſhe, now I remember her,
How loth ſhe was to talk too, how ſhe fear'd me?
I could now piſſe mine eyes out for meer anger:
I'le follow her, but who ſhall vex her father then?
One flurt at him, and then I am for the voyage,
If I can croſſe the Captain too : Come Tabor. *Exit.*

Scæna quarta.

Enter Iaques, and 1 Out-Law.

Iaq. Are they all ſet?
1 *Outl.* All, and each quarter quiet.
Iaq. Is the old man aſleep?
1 *Outl.* An houre agoe Sir.
Iaq. We muſt be very carefull in his abſence,
And very watchfull.
1 *Outl.* It concerns us neerely,
He will not be long from us.
Jaq. No, he cannot,

1 *Out-l.* A little heate of love, which he muſt wander out. *Drum a far off.*
And then again : harke.
Jaq. What?
1 *Out-l.* Tis not the wind ſure :
That's ſtill and calme, no noyſe, nor flux of waters.
Jaq. I heare a Drum, I thinke.
1 *Out-l.* That that ;
It beats againe now.
Jaq. Now it comes neerer: ſure we are ſurprized, ſir ;
Some from the Kings command : we are loſt, we are dead all.
1 *Out-l.* Hark, hark, a charge now : my Captaine has betray'd us.
And left us to this ruine, run away from us..

Enter two Out-lawes.

Lop. Another beates o'that ſide.
2 *Out-l.* Fly, flie, *Jaques,*
We are taken in a toyle : ſnapt in a pitfall ;
Methinks I feele a Sword already ſhave me.
3 *Out-l* A thouſand horſe and foot, a thouſand pioners,
If we get underground, to fetch us out againe ;
And every one an Axe to cut the woods downe.
Lop. This is the diſmalſt night--- *Exit.*

Enter Alphonſo.

Alp. Where's my nag now?
And what make I here to be hang'd? What devill
brought me into this danger? Is there nere a hole?
That I may creep in deep enough, and die quickly?
Nere an old ditch to choke in? I ſhall be taken
For their Commander now, their Generall,
And have a commanding Gallows ſet up for me
As high as a May-pole ; and naſty Songs made on me,
Be printed with a Pint-pot and a dagger.
They are all kill'd by this time : Can I pray?
Let me ſee that firſt: I have too much feare to be faithfull.
Where's all my State now? I muſt go hunt for daughters;
Daughters, and damſels of the Lake, damned daughters.
A hundred Crownes for a good tod of Hay,
Or a fine hollow Tree, that would containe me;
I heare 'em comming : I feele the nooze about me.

Enter Seberto, Curio, Outlaws, Jaques.

Seb. Why do you fear, and fly? here are no Souldiers;
None from the King to vex ye.
1 *Outl.* The Drum, the Drum, ſir.
Cur. I never ſaw ſuch Pigeon-hearted people :
What Drum? what danger? who's that that ſhakes behind there :
Mercy upon me ſir, why are ye fear'd thus?
Alp. Are we all kill'd, no mercy to be hoped for?
Am I not ſhot do you think?
Seb. You are ſtrangely frighted,
Shot with a fiddle ſtick: who's here to ſhoot ye?
A Drum we ſaw indeed, a boy was beating it,
And hunting Squirrels by Moon-light.
Lop. Nothing elſe, ſir?
Cur. Not any thing : no other perſon ſtirring.
Alp. O that I had that boy: this is that Devill,
That fairy rogue, that haunted me laſt night;
H'as ſleeves like Dragons wings.
Seb. A little Foot-boy.
Alp. Come, let's go in, and let me get my clothes on ;
Here I ſtay here more to be thus martyr'd -
Did ye not meet the wench?
Seb. No ſure, we met her not.
Alp. She has been here in boyes apparrell, Gentlemen,
A gallant thing, and famous for a Gentlewoman,
And all her face patcht over for diſcovery :
A pilgrime too, and thereby hangs a circumſtance,
That ſhe hath playd her maſter-prize, a rare one.
I came too ſhort.
Cur. Such a young boy we met ſir.
Alp. In a gray hat.
Cur. The ſame : his face all patcht too.
Alp. Twas ſhe, a rot run with her ; ſhe: that ranck ſhe ;
Walk in, Ile tell ye all : and then we'l part again,
But get ſome ſtore of Wine: this fright ſits here yet. *Ex.*

Enter Juletta.

Jul. What a fright I have put 'em in; what a brave hurry.
If this doe bolt him, Ile be with him againe
With a new part, was never play'd ; Ile ferk him.
As he hunts her, ſo ile hunt him : Ile claw him.
Now will I ſee if I can croſſe her footing :
Yet ſtill ile watch his water, he ſhall pay for't ;
And when he thinks moſt malice, and meanes worſe,
Ile make him know the Mare's the better Horſe. *Exit.*

Scena quinta.

Enter Pedro, and a Gentleman.

Gent. Ye are a ſtranger ſir, and for humanity,
Being come within our walls, I would ſhew you ſomething.
Ye have ſeen the Caſtle?
Ped. Yes ſir, tis a ſtrong one,
And well maintain'd,
Gent. Why are you ſtill thus ſad, ſir?
How doe ye like the walkes?
Ped. They are very pleaſant ;
Your Town ſtands coole and ſweet.
Gent. But that I would not
Affect you with more ſadneſſe, I could ſhew ye
A place worth view.
Ped. Showes ſeldome alter me ſir ;
Pray ye ſpeake it, and then ſhew it.
Gen. Tis a houſe here
Where people of all ſorts, that have been viſited
With lunacies and follies waite their cures,
Their's fancies of a thouſand ſtamps and faſhions,
Like flies in ſeverall ſhapes buze round about ye,
And twice as many geſtures ; ſome of pitty,
That it would make ye melt to ſee their paſſions :
And ſome as light againe, that would content ye.
But I ſee ſir, your temper is too modeſt,
Too much inclin'd to contemplation,
To meet with theſe?
Ped You could not pleaſe me better;
And I beſeech you ſir, doe me the honour
To let me waite upon ye.
Gent. Since ye are willing,
To me it ſhall be a pleaſure to conduct ye.
Ped. I never had ſuch a mind yet to ſee miſery. *Exeunt.*

Scena ſexta.

Enter two Keepers.

1 *Keep.* Carry mad *Beſſe* ſome meat, ſhe rores like Thunder ;
And tie the Parſon ſhort, the Moone's ith full,
H'as a thouſand Pigs in's braines : Who lookes to the Prentize?
Keep him from women, he thinks h'as loſt his Miſtris,
And talke of no ſilke ſtuffes, 'twill runne him horn mad.
2 *Keep.* The Juſtice keeps ſuch a ſtirre yonder with his Charges,
And ſuch a coyle with warrants,

1 *K.* Take away his Statutes;
The divell has poſſeſt him in the likeneſſe
Of penall Lawes: keep him from Aquavite,
For if that ſpirit creep into his corum,
He will commit us all: how is it with the Scholler?
2 *K.* For any thing I ſee, he's in his right wits.
1 *K.* Thou art an aſſe; in's right wits, goodman coxcomb?
As though any man durſt be in's right wits, and be here.
It is as much as we dare be that keep 'em.

Enter Engliſh madman.

Engl. Give me ſome drink.
1 *K.* O, there's the Engliſh man.
Engl. Fill me a thouſand pots, and froth 'em, froth 'em.
Down o' your knees, ye rogues, and pledge me roundly;
One, two, three, and foure; we ſhall be all merry within this houre.
To the great Turke.
1 *K.* Peace, peace, thou Heathen drunkard;
Theſe Engliſh are ſo Malt-mad, there's no medling with 'em;
When they have a fruitfull yeere of Barly there,
All the whole Iſland's thus.
Engl. A Snuff, a ſnuff, a ſnuff.
A lewd notorious ſnuff: giv't him againe, boy.

Enter Shee-foole.

Fool. God-ye-good even, Goffer.
2 *K.* Who let the Foole looſe?
1 *K.* If any of the mad-men take her, ſhe is pepper'd,
They'l bounce her loynes.
Foole. Will ye walke into the cole houſe?
1 *K.* She is as leacherous too as a ſhe-ferret.
2 *K.* Who a vengeance looks to her? go in *Kate*,
Ile give thee a fine Apple.
Foole. Will ye buſſe me?
And tickle me, and make me laugh?
1 *K.* Ile whip ye.
Engl. Foole, foole, come up to me foole.
Foole. Are ye peeping?
Engl. Ile get thee with five fooles.
Foole. O fine, O dainty.
Eng. And thou ſhalt lie in in a horſe-cloth, like a Lady
Foole. And ſhall I have a Coach?
Engl. Drawn with foure Turkeys,
And they ſhall tread thee too.
Foole. We ſhall have egges then;
And ſhall I ſit upon 'em?
Engl. I, I, and they ſhall be all addle,
And make an admirable Tanzey for the divell.
Come come away, I am taken with thy love foole,
And will mightily belabour thee.
1 *K.* How the foole bridles? how ſhe twitters at him?
Theſe Engliſhmen would ſtagger a wiſe-woman.
If we ſhould ſuffer her to have her will now,
We ſhould have all the women in Spaine as mad as ſhe here,
2 *K.* They would ſtrive who ſhould be moſt fool: away with her.

Enter Maſter, three Gentlemen, a mad Scholler, and Pedro.

Foole. Pray ye ſtay a little: lets heare him ſing, h'as a fine breaſt.
1 *K.* Here comes my Maſter; to the ſpit ye whore,
And ſtir no more abroad, but tend your buſineſſe;
Your ſhall have no more ſops ith' pan elſe, nor no porrige:
Beſides, Ile whip your breech.
Foole. Ile goe in preſently.
1 *Gent.* Ile aſſure ye ſir, the Cardinal's angry with ye
For keeping this young man.
Maſt. I am heartily ſorry.
If ye allow him ſound, pray ye take him with ye.
1 *Gent.* This is the place, and now obſerve their humors:
2 *Gent.* We can find nothing in him light, nor tainted;
No ſtartings, nor no rubs, in all his anſwers,
In all his Letters nothing but diſcretion,
Learning, and handſome ſtile.
Maſt. Be not deceived ſir,
Marke but his looke.
1 *Gent.* His griefe, and his impriſonment
May ſtamp that there.
Maſt. Pray talke with him again then.
2 *Gent.* That will be needleſſe, we have tride him long enough,
And if he had a taint we ſhould have met with't.
Yet to diſcharge your care ---
Ped. A ſober youth:
Pity ſo heavy a croſſe ſhould light upon him.
2 *Gent.* You finde no ſickneſſe?
Schol. None ſir, I thank Heaven,
Nor nothing that diverts my underſtanding.
1 *Gent.* Doe you ſleep a nights?
Schol. As ſound, and ſweet, as any man:
2 *Gent.* Have ye no fearfull dreams?
Schol. Sometimes, as all have
That go to bed with raw and windy ſtomacks;
Elſe, I am all one piece.
1 *Gent.* Is there no unkindneſſe
You have conceiv'd from any friend or parent?
Or ſcorne from what ye lov'd?
Schol. No, truely ſir:
I never yet was maſter of a faith
So poore, and weake, to doubt my friend or kindred,
And what love is, unleſſe it lie in learning
I thinke I am ignorant.
1 *Gent.* This man is perfect,
A civiller diſcourſer I nere talk'd with.
Maſt. You'l finde it otherwiſe.
2 *Gent.* I muſt tell ye true ſir,
I thinke ye keep him here to teach him madneſſe.
Here's his diſcharge from my Lord Cardinall;
And come ſir, goe with us.
Schol. I am bound unto ye,
And farewell Maſter.
Maſt. Farewell *Stephano*,
Alas poore man.
1 *Gent.* What flaws, and whirles of weather,
Or rather ſtorms have been aloft theſe three daies;
How darke, and hot, and full of mutiny!
And ſtill grows lowder.
Maſt. It has been ſtubborn weather.
2 *Gent.* Strange work at Sea, I fear me there's old tumbling.
1 *Gent.* Bleſſe my old unkles Barke, I have a venture.
2 *Gent.* And I more then I would wiſh to loſe.
Scho. Doe you feare?
2 *Gent.* Ha! how he lookes?
Maſt. Nay, marke him better Gentlemen.
2 *Gent.* Mercy upon me: how his eyes are altered?
Maſt. Now tell me how ye like him: whether now
He be that perfect man ye credited?
Scho. Doe's the Sea ſtaggger ye?
Maſt. Now ye have hit the nick.
Scho. Doe ye feare the billowes?
1 *Gent.* What ailes him? who has ſtir'd him?
Scho. Be not ſhaken,
Nor let the ſinging of the ſtorm ſhoot through ye,
Let it blow on, blow on: let the clouds wraſtle,
And let the vapours of the earth turn mutinous,
The Sea in hideous mountaines riſe and tumble
Upon a Dolphins back, Ile make all tremble,
For I am *Neptune.*

Maſt. Now what think ye of him?
2 Gent. Alas poore man.
Scho. Your Barke ſhall plough through all,
And not a Surge ſo ſaucy to diſturbe her.
Ile ſee her ſafe, my power ſhall ſaile before her.

Down ye angry waters all,
Ye loud whiſtling whirlwinds fall;
Down ye proud Waves, ye ſtormes ceaſe;
I command ye, be at peace.
Fright not with your churliſh Notes,
Nor bruiſe the Keele of Bark, that flotes:
No devouring Fiſh come nigh,
Nor Monſter in my Empery,
Once ſhew his head, or terror bring;
But let the weary Saylor ſing:
Amphitrite with white armes
Srike my Lute, Ile ſing Charmes.

Maſt. He muſt have Muſicke now: I muſt obſerve him.
His fit will grow to full elſe. *Muſick, Song.*
2 Gent. I muſt pitty him.
Maſt. Now he will in himſelfe moſt quietly,
And clean forget all, as he had done nothing.
1 Gent. We are ſorry, ſir: and we have ſeen a wonder;
From this houre we'l believe, and ſo we'l leave ye. *Exit.*
Ped. This was a ſtrange fit.
Maſt. Did ye marke him ſir?
Ped. He might have cozen'd me with his behaviour.
Maſt. Many have ſworn him right, and I have thought
Yet on a ſudden, from ſome word, or other, (ſo:
When no man could expect a fit, he has flown out:
I dare not give him will.
Enter Alinda.
Ped. Pray Heaven recover him.
Alin. Muſt I come in too?
Maſt. No, my pretty Lad;
Keep in thy chamber Boy: 'ſhalt have thy ſupper.
Ped. I pray ye what is he ſir?
Maſt. A ſtrange boy, that laſt night
Was found i'th' Town, a little craz'd, diſtracted,
And ſo ſent hither.
Ped. How the pretty knave looks,
And playes, and peepes upon me! ſure ſuch eyes
I have ſeen, and lov'd: what fair hands? certainly--
Maſt. Good ſir, you'l make him worſe.
Ped. I pray believe not.
Alas, why ſhould I hurt him? how he ſmiles?
The very ſhape, and ſweetneſſe of *Alinda*:
Let me look once againe: were it in ſuch clothes
As when I ſaw her laſt; this muſt be ſhe.
How tenderly it ſtroakes me?
Maſt. Pray ye be mild ſir;
I muſt attend elſewhere. *Exit.*
Ped. Pray ye be ſecure ſir,
What would ye ſay? how my heart beates and trembles?
He holds me hard by th' hand; O my life, her fleſh too!
I know not what to think: her teares, her true ones;
Pure orient teares: Hark, doe you know me little one?
Alin. O *Pedro Pedro!*
Ped. O my ſoule!
Gent. What fit's this?
The Pilgrimes off the hooks too.
Alin. Let me hold thee,
And now come all the world, and all that hate me.
Ped. Be wiſe, and not diſcovered: O how I love ye!
How doe ye now?
Alin. I have been miſerable;
But your moſt vertuous eyes have cur'd me, *Pedro*:
Pray ye thinke it no immodeſty, I kiſſe ye,
My head's wild ſtill.
Ped. Be not ſo full of paſſion,
Nor do not hang ſo greedily upon me;
Twill be ill taken.
Alin. Are ye weary of me?
I will hang here eternally, kiſſe ever,
And weep away for joy.
Enter Maſter.
Maſt. I told ye ſir,
What ye would doe: for ſhame doe not afflict him;
You have drawn his fit upon him fearfully:
Either depart, and preſently; Ile force ye elſe.
Who waits within?
Enter two Keepers to fetch 'em off.
Ped. Alas good ſir.
This is the way never to hope recovery. (nour.
Stay but one minute more, Ile complaine to the Gover-
Bring in the boy: doe you ſee how he ſwels, and teares
himſelfe?
Is this your cure? Be gon; if the boy miſcarry
Let me nere find you more, for ile ſo hamper ye--
Gent. You were too blame: too raſh.
Ped. Farewell for ever. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus, Scæna prima.

Enter Alphonſo, Gent. Juletta.

Gent. You are now within a mile oth' Towne ſir: if
my buſineſſe
Would give me leave, I would turne and waite upon ye;
But for ſuch Gentlemen as you enquire of,
Certaine, I ſaw none ſuch: But for the boy ye ſpoke of,
I will not ſay tis he, but ſuch a one;
Juſt of that height.
Alph. In ſuch clothes?
Gent. I much miſtake elſe,
Was ſent in th'other night, a little maddiſh,
And where ſuch people waite their cures.
Alp. I underſtand ye.
Gent. There you may quickly know.
Alp. I thanke ye ſir.
Jul. So doe I to: and if there be ſuch a place,
I aske no more; but you ſhall heare more of me.
She may be there, and you may play the tyrant;
Ile ſee what I can doe: I am almoſt foundred
In following him; and yet Ile never leave him,
Ile crawle of all foure firſt; my cauſe is meritorious,
And come what can come.
Gent. All you have told me is certaine;
Complexion, and all elſe.
Alph. It may be ſhe then;
And ile ſo fumble her: Is ſhe growne mad now?
Is her blood ſet ſo high? ile have her madded,
Ile have her worm'd.
Jul. Marke but the end, old Maſter,
If thou beeſt not ſicke oth' Bots within theſe five hours,
And kickſt and roar'ſt; Ile make ye fart fire, Signior,
Enter Alinda, as a foole.
Gent. Here's one oth' houſe, a foole, an idiot ſir;
May be ſhe is going home; ſhe'l be a guide to ye:
And ſo I kiſſe your hand. *Exit.*
Alph. I am your ſervant.
Alin. O now I am loſt, loſt, loſt, Lord, how I tremble!

My father, arm'd in all his hates and angers;
This is more miſery then I have ſcap'd yet.
Alp. Foole, foole.
Alin. He knows me not; will ye give me two-pence?
And gaffer,here's a Crow-flower,and a Dazie;
I have ſome pie in my pocket too.
Alp. This is an arrant foole,
An ignorant thing.
Alin. Believe ſo,and I am happy.
Alp. Doſt thou dwell in Sigonia, foole?
Alin. No no,I dwell in Heaven.
And I have a fine little houſe,made of Marmalad.
And I am a lone woman, and I ſpin for Saint *Peter*;
I have a hundred little children, and they ſing Pſalmes with me.
Alp. Tis pity this pretty thing ſhould want underſtanding.
But why doe I ſtand talking with a coxcombe?
If I doe finde her, if I light upon her,
Ile ſay no more.Is this the way to th'Town,foole?
Alin. You muſt goe over the top of that high ſteeple,
Alp. A plague o' your fooles face. (Gaffer.
Jul. No,take her counſell. (over,
Alin. And then you ſhall come to a River twenty mile
And twenty mile & ten:and then you muſt pray,Gaffer;
And ſtill you muſt pray,and pray.
Alp. Pray Heaven deliver me
From ſuch an aſſe, as thou art.
Alin. Amen,ſweet Gaffer.
And fling a ſop of Suger-cake into it;
And then you muſt leap in naked.
Jul. Would he would believe her.
Alin. And ſink ſeven daies together;can ye ſinck gaffer?
Alp. Yes coxcombe, yes; prethee farewell: a pox on
A plague o' that foole too,that ſet me upon thee. (thee.
Alin. And then Ile bring you a ſup of Milke ſhal ſarve
I am going to get Apples. (ye:
Alp. Go to th' devill:
Was ever man tormented with a puppy thus?
Thou tell me news? thou be a guide?
Alin. And then Nunkle---
Alp. Prethee keepe on thy way (good Naunt)I could rayle now
Theſe ten houres at mine owne improvidence:
Get Apples,and be choak'd: farewell. *Exit.*
Alin. Farewell Nuncle.
Jul. I rejoyce in any thing that vexes him;
And I ſhall love this foole extreamly for't:
Could I but ſee my Miſtris now, to tell her
How I have truely,honeſtly wrought for her,
How I have worne my ſelfe away,to ſerve her.
Foole,there's a Royall for the ſport thou mad'ſt me,
In croſſing that old foole, that parted from thee.
Alin. Thou art honeſt ſure; but yet thou muſt not ſee
I thanke ye little Gentleman: Heaven bleſſe ye (me:
And ile pray for ye too: pray ye keep this Nutmeg,
Twas ſent me from the Lady of the Mountaine.
A golden Lady.
Jul. How prettily it prattles.
Alin. Tis very good to rub your underſtanding:
And ſo good night: the Moone's up.
Jul. Pretty innocent.
Alin. Now fortune,if thou dar'ſt do good,protect me.
Exit.
Jul. Ile follow him to yond Towne: he ſhall not ſcape me:
Stay, I muſt counterfeit a Letter by the way firſt, (elſe,
And one that muſt carry ſome credit with it: I am wide
And all this to no purpoſe that I ayme at.
A Letter muſt be had,and neatly handled:
And then if Goodwife fortune doe not faile me,
Have at his skirts: I ſhall worſe anger him
Then ever I have done,and worſe torment him.
It do's me good to thinke how I ſhall conjure him.
And crucifie his crabbedneſſe: he's my Maſter,
But that's all one: Ile lay that on the left hand.
He would now perſecute my harmleſſe Miſtris,
A fault without forgiveneſſe,as I take it;
And under that bold banner flies my vengeance,
A meritorious war,and ſo Ile make it.
I'th' name of Innocence, what's this the foole gave me?
She ſaid twas good to rub my underſtanding.
What ſtrange concealment? Bread or Cheeſe, or a Cheſ-
Ha! tis a Ring: a pretty Ring,a right one: (nut?
A ring I know too! the very ſame Ring:
O admirable Blockhead! O baſe eyes!
A Ring my Miſtris tooke from me, and wore it;
I know it by the Poſie: *Prick me, and heale me.*
None could deliver this, but ſhe her ſelfe too:
Am I twice ſand-blind? twice ſo neer the bleſſing
I would arive at? and block-like never know it?
I am veng'ance angry,but that ſhal light on thee,
And heavily, and quickly,I pronounce it:
There are ſo many croſſe waies,there's no following her:
And yet I muſt not now: I hope ſhe is right ſtill,
For all her outward ſhew, for ſure ſhe knew me;
And in that hope,ſome few houres Ile forget her. *Exit.*

Scena ſecunda.

Enter Roderigo.

Rod. She is not to be recovered, which I vex at;
And he beyond my veng'ance, which torments me:
O! I am fool'd and ſleighted, made a Raſcall;
My hopes are flatterd,as my preſent fortunes:
Why ſhould I wander thus and play the coxcomes?
Tire out my peace and pleaſure for a Girle?
A Girle that ſcorns me too? a thing that hates me?
And conſidered at the beſt,is but a ſhort breakfaſt
For a hot appetite: why ſhould I walke, and walke thus,
And fret my ſelfe,and travell like a Carrier, (me,
And peep,and watch? want Meat, and Wine, to cheriſh
When thouſand women may be had,ten thouſand,
And thank me too, and I ſit ſtill: well,trim Beauty
And Chaſtity,and all that ſeem to ruin me,
Let me not take ye; let me not come neer ye,
For Ile ſo trim ye: Ile ſo buſſell with ye;
Tis not the name of Virgin ſhall redeem ye,
Ile change that property: nor teares, nor angers:
I beare a hate about me ſcorns thoſe follies.
To finde this villaine too, for there's my main prize;
And if he ſnap me then.

Enter Alinda.

Alin. Is not that *Pedro*?
Tis he, tis he: O!
Rod. What art thou?
Alin. Ha? now,now,now,
O now moſt miſerable.
Rod. What a' devill art thou?
Alin. No end of my miſ-fortunes,Heaven?
Rod. What Anticke?
Speake Puppet, ſpeake.
Alin. That habit to betray me?
Ye holy Saints,can ye ſee this?

Rod. It danceth :
The devill in a fooles Coat,is he turn'd Innocent?
What mops,and mowes it makes:heigh,how it frisketh,
Is't it not a Faiery? or ſome ſmall hobgoblin ?
It has a mortall face, and I have a great mind to.it,
But if it ſhould prove the devill then.
Alin. Come hither.
Rod. I think 'twill raviſh me,
It is a handſome thing, but horribly Sun-burnt,
What's that it points at ?
Alin, Do'ſt thou ſee that Starre there,
That, juſt above the Sunne;
Prethe goe thither, and light me this Tobacco,
And ſtop it with the hornes o'th' Moone.
Rod. The thing's mad,
Abhominably mad, her braines are butter'd,
Goe ſleep, foole, ſleep.
Alin. Thou canſt not ſleep ſo ſweetly :
For ſo I can ſay my Prayers, and then ſlumber.
I am not proud, nor full of wine,
This little Flowre will make me fine:
Cruell in heart, for I ſhall crie,
If I ſee a Sparrow dye:
I am not watchfull to doe ill,
Nor glorious to purſue it ſtill :
Nor pittileſſe to thoſe that weepe;
Such as are, bid them goe ſleep.
Doe, doe, do, and ſee if they can.
Rod. It ſaid true,
I feele it ſinke into me forcibly.
Sure 'tis a kind of Sibill, ſome mad Prophet.
I feel my wildneſſe bound, and fetter'd in me.
Alin. Give me your hand, and i'le tell you what's
Rod. Here : prethee ſpeake. (your fortune.
Alin. Fie,fie,fie,fie,fie.
Waſh your hands, and pare your Nailes,and look finely
You ſhall never kiſſe the Kings daughter elſe.
Rod. I waſh 'em daily.
Alin. But ſtill you fowle 'em faſter.
Rod. This goes neerer.
Alin. You'll have two wives.
Rod. Two wives?
Alin. I two fine gentle-women.
Make much of 'em:for they'l ſtick cloſe to you Sir.
And theſe two, in two dayes.
Rod. That's a fine Riddle.
Alin. To day you ſhall wed ſorrow,
And repentance will come to morrow.
Rod. Sure ſhe's inſpired.
Alin. I'le ſing ye a fine Song Sir.
He call,d down his merry men all
By one, by two, by three,
William *would faine have been the firſt,*
But now the laſt is he.
Rod. This the meer Chronicle of my miſ-haps. (yonder,
Alin. I'le bid you good ev'n: for my Boat ſtaies for me
And I muſt Sup with the Moone to night in the Mediterraneum. *Exit.*
Rod. When fools, and mad-folks ſhall be tutors to me,
And feele my ſores, yet I unſenſible ;
Sure it was ſet by Providence upon me
To ſteer my heart right : I am wondrous weary.
My thoughts too, which adde more burthen to me :
I have been ill, and(which is worſe) purſu'd it,
And ſtill runne on : I muſt thinke better, nobler,
And be another thing, or not at all. (*Enter foure*
Still I grow heavier, heavier heaven defend me : *Peſants.*
I'le lye down, and take reſt : and goodnes guard me.

Peſ. 1 We have ſcap'd to day well:certain,if the Out-laws
Had known we had been ſtirring, we had paid for't,
2 Plague on 'em, they have rob'd me thrice,
3 And me five times :
Beſide they made my daughter one of us too
An arrant Drum : O, they are the lewdeſt Raſcals,
The Captaine ſuch a damn'd peece of iniquitie:
But we are farre enough of on 'em, that's the beſt on't,
They cannot heare.
4 They'le come to me familiarly
And eat up all I have : drinke up my wine too,
And if there be a Servant that content 'em,
Let her keele hold, they'll give her Stowage enough :
We have no Children now,but Theeves,and Outlawes:
The very Brats in their Mothers bellies have their
They'll ſteale into the world. (qualities:
1 Would we had ſome of 'em here,
2 I, O' that condition we could Maſter 'em,
They are ſturdy knaves.
3 A devill take their ſturdineſſe, (our States,
We can neither keep our wives from 'em, nor
We pay the Rent, and they poſſeſſe the benefit.
1 What's this lies here? is it drunk, or ſober?
It ſleeps, and ſoundly too.
2 'Tis an old woman
That keepes ſheepe here abouts : it turns, and ſtretches.
4 Do's ſhe keep ſheep with a ſword?
3 It has a Beard too.
[illegible] Peace, peace : It is the devill *Roderigo*,
Peace of all hands, and looke.
2 'Tis he
3 Speake ſoftly,
4 Now we may fit him.
3 Stay, ſtay : let's be provident.
1 Kill him, and wake him then.
4 Let me come to him,
Ev'n one blow at his pate, if ere he wake more.
3 So, ſo,ſo, lay that by.
2 I muſt needs kill him.
It ſtands with my reputation
3 Stand off, I ſay :
And let us ſome way make him ſure ; then torture him.
To kill him preſently, has no pleaſure in't.
Has been tormented of us, at leaſt this twelve moneth.
Rod. Oh me!
All. He comes : he comes.
4 Has he no Guns about him?
3 Softly again : no, no : take that hand eaſily,
And tye it faſt there: that to th' other bough there.
Faſt, faſt, and eaſie leaſt he wake.
2 Have we got ye?
This was a benefit we never aym'd at.
3 Out with your knives, and let's carve this Cock-
Daintily carve him. (theefe,
1 I would he had been uſed thus
Ten year agoe;we might have thought we had children.
3 O, that Sir *Nicholas* now our Prieſt were here.
What a ſweet Homily would he ſay over him,
For ringing all in, with his wife in the Bell-frey?
He would ſtand up ſtiffe girt :Now pounce him lightly,
And as he rores, and rages, let's goe deeper :
Come neere: you are dym ey'd : on with your ſpectacles.
Rod. O, what torments me thus? what ſlaves, what
O ſpare me, doe not murther me. (villaines?
3 We'll but tickle ye,
You have tickled us at all points.
4 Where are his Emblemes? *Enter Pedro*
Rod. As ye are men, and Chriſtians

2. Yes we hear ye,
And you ſhall here of us too.
Rod. Oh no mercy.
Ped. What noyſe is this? what rore? I cannot find her,
She is got free again: but where, or which way?
Rod. O' villains, beaſts.
Pedro. Murdring a man, ye raſcals?
Ye inhumane ſlaves, off, off, and leave this cruelty,
Or as I am a Gentleman: do ye brave me?
Then have among ye all, ye ſlaves, ye cowards,
Take up that ſword, and ſtand: ſtay ye baſe raſcals,
Ye cut-throate rogues.
All. Away, away. *Exeunt Peſ.*
Ped. Ye dog-whelps:
Rod. O' I am now more wretched far, then ever.
Ped. A violence to that habit? ha? *Roderigo,*
What makes he here, thus lad? is it repentance,
Or only a fair ſhew to guid his miſchiefes?
Rod. This benefit has made me ſhame to ſee him,
To know him, bluſh?
Ped You are not much hurt?
Rod. No Sir;
All I can call a hurt, ſticks in my conſcience,
That pricks, and tortuers me.
Ped. Have ye conſiderd
The nature of theſe men, and how they us'd ye?
Was it fair play? did it appear to you handſom?
Rod. I dare not ſpeak: or if I do, tis nothing
Can bring me off, or juſtifie me.
Ped. Was it noble
To be o're-layd with odds, and violence?
Manly, or brave in theſe thus to oppreſſe ye?
Do you bluſh at this, in ſuch as are meer rudenes,
That have ſtopt ſoules, that never knew things gentle?
And dare you glorifie worſe in your ſelf ſir?
Ye uſ'd me with much honour, and I thank ye,
In this I have requited ſome: ye know me:
Come turne not back, ye muſt, and ye ſhall know me;
Had I bin over ſeaſond with baſe anger,
And ſuited all occaſions to my miſchiefes,
Bore no reſpect to Honeſty, Religion,
No faith, no common tie of man, humanity,
Had I had in me, but given reines, and licence
To a tempeſtuous will, as wild as winter,
This day, know *Roderigo,* I had ſet
As ſmall a price upon thy life, and fortunes,
As thou didſt lately on mine innocence;
But I reſerve thee to a nobler ſervice.
Rod. I thank ye, and i'le ſtuddy more to honour ye:
You have the nobler ſoule, I muſt confeſſe it,
And are the greater maſter of your goodnes.
Though it be impoſſible I ſhould now recover,
And my rude will grow handſome in an inſtant,
Yet touching but the purenes of your mettle,
Something ſhall ſhew like gold, at leaſt ſhall gliſter,
That men may hope, although the mine be rugged,
Stony, and hard to work: yet time, and honour
Shall find and bring forth that, that's rich and worthy.
Ped. I'le trie that: and to 'th purpoſe: ye told me ſir
In noble emulation, ſo I take it;
I'le put your hatred far off, and forget it,
You had a faire deſire to try my valour:
Your ſeemd to court me to it; you have found a time,
A weapon in your hand, an equall enemy,
That, as he puts this off, puts of all injuries,
And only now for honors ſake defies ye:
Now, as you are a man, I know you are valiant,
As you are gentle bred, a ſouldier faſhioned.
Rod. His vertue ſtartles me. I dare fight *Pedro.*
Ped. And as you have a Miſtris that you honor,
Mark me, a Miſtris.
Rod. Ha?
Ped. A handſome Miſtris,
As you dare hold your ſelf deſerving of her.
Rod. Deſerving? what a word was that to fire me?
Ped. I could compell ye now without this circumſtance,
But i'le deale free, and fairely, like a Gentleman:
As ye are worthy of the name ye carry,
A daring man.
Rod. O that I durſt not ſuffer:
For all I dare do now, implies but pennance.
Ped. Now do me noble right.
Rod. I'le ſatisfy ye:
Sword But not by th'word: pray ye hear me, and allow me;
I have bin rude: but ſhall I be a monſter,
And teach my ſword to hurt that that preſerved me?
Though I be rough by nature, ſhall my name
Inherit that eternall ſtaine of barbarous?
Give me an enemy, a thing that hates ye,
That never heard of yet, nor felt your goodnes,
That is one main antipathy to ſweetnes;
And ſet me on, you cannot hold me coward:
If I have ever err'd, 'th as in hazard:
The temper of my ſword ſtarts at your vertue,
And will flie off, nay it will weep to light ye;
Things excellently mingled, and of pure nature,
Hold ſacred love, and peace with one another.
See how it turnes.
Ped This is a ſtrange converſion:
And can ye faile your Miſtris? can ye grow cold
In ſuch a caſe?
Rod. Thoſe heats that they adde to us,
(O noble *Pedro*) let us feele 'em rightly,
And rightly but conſider how they move us.
Ped. Is not their honour ours?
Rod. If they be vertuous;
And then the ſword ads nothing to their luſtre,
But rather cals in queſtion what's not doubted:
If they be not: the beſt ſwords, and beſt valours
Can never fight 'em up to fame again:
No, not a Chriſtian war, and that's held pious.
Ped. How bravely now he is tempered? I muſt fight,
And rather make it honorable, then angry,
I would not taske thoſe ſins to me committed.
Rod. You cannot ſir: you have caſt thoſe by; decarded 'em,
And in a noble mind, ſo low and looſely
To look back, and collect ſuch lumps, and lick 'em
Into new horrid formes agen.
Ped Still braver.
Rod. To fight, becauſe I dare, were worſe, and weaker
Then if I had a woman in my cauſe, ſir,
And more proclaim'd me foole; yet I muſt confeſſe
I have bin covetous of all occaſions,
And this I have taken upon truſt, for noble,
The more ſhame mine; deviſe a way to fight thus,
That like the wounded aire no blood may iſſue,
Nor where this ſword ſhall enter, no loſt ſpirit,
And ſet me on: I would not ſcar that body,
That vertuous, valiant body, nor deface it
To make the Kingdom mine: if one muſt bleed,
Let me be both the ſacrifice, and altar,
And you the Prieſt: I have deſerv'd to ſuffer.
Ped. The noble *Roderigo,* now I call ye,
And thus my love ſhall ever count, and hold ye,
Rod :I am your ſervant ſir: and now this habit,
Devotion, not diſtruſt ſhall put upon me,

I'le wait upon your fortunes, that's my way now,
And where you grieve, or joy, i'le be a partner.
Ped. I thank ye ſir, I ſhall be too proud of ye,
O I could tell ye ſtrange things.
Rod. I gheſſe at 'em,
And I could curſe my ſelf, I made 'em ſtranger ;
Yet my mind ſayes, you are not far from happines.
Ped. It ſhall be welcome ; come, lets keep us thus ſtill,
And be as we appear: Heavens hand may bleſſe us. *Exeunt*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Alphonſo, Maſter and Keepers.

Maſt. Yes ſir, here be ſuch people : but how pleaſing,
They will appear to you.
Alp. Pray let me ſee'm,
I come to that end : pray let me ſee'em all. (ward
Maſt. They will confound ye ſir, like bels rung back-
They are nothing but confuſion, and meer noyſes.
Alp. May be I love a noyſe : but hark ye ſir,
Have ye no boyes, handſome yong boyes ?
Maſt. Yes one ſir,
A very handſome boy.
Alp Long here ?
Maſt. But two dayes ;
A little crazed : but much hope of recovery.
Alp. I that boy, let me ſee : may be I know him;
That boy, I ſay : this is the boy he told me of,
And it muſt needs be ſhe : that boy *I* beſeech ye ſir,
That boy I come to ſee.
Maſt. And ye ſhall ſee him :
Or any els, but pray be not too violent.
Alp. I know what to do, I warrant ye: I am for all fan-
I can talk to'em, and diſpute. (cies :
1 *Keep.* As madly :
For they be very madde ſir.
Alp. Let'em be horne mad.
1. *Keep.* We have few Citizens : they have bedlames of
And are mad at their own charges. (their own ſir,
Alp. Who lies here ?
Maſt. Pray ye do not diſturb'em ſir, here lie ſuch youths
Will make you ſtart if they but dance their trenchmores.
Fetch out the boy, ſirha : hark. *Shake Irons within.*
Alp. Heigh boyes. *Engl. mad-m.*
Eng. Bownce, *Scholler, Parſon.*
Clap her o'th Star-bord : bounce : top the can, *Jenkin.*
Scho. Dead ye dog, dead: do ye quarrell in my Kingdom?
Give me my trident.
Eng. Bownce, 'twixt wind and water,
Loaden with Mackrels : O brave meat.
Scho. My Sea horſes.
I'le charge the Northern wind, and break his bladder.
Par. I'le ſell my bels, before I be out-brav'd thus.
Alp. What's he ? what's he ?
Maſt. A parſon ſir, a parſon,
That run madde for tythe Goſlings.
Alp. Green ſawce cure him.
Parſ. I'le curſe ye all, i'le excommunicate ye:
Thou Engliſh heretique, give me the tenth por.
Eng. Sue me, i'le drink up all, bownce I ſay once more,
O, have I ſplit your mizen ? blow, blow thou Weſt wind,
Blow till thou rive, and make the Sea run roaring.
I'le hiſſe it down againe with a bottle of Ale.
Scho. Triton, why Triton.
Eng. Tritons drunk with metheglin.
Sch. Strike, ſtrike the ſurges, ſtrike.
Eng. Drink, drink, tis day light ;
Drink, didle, didle, didle, drink, *Parſon*, proud *Parſon*:
A pigs tayle in thy teeth, and I defie thee.
Par. Give me ſome porridge, or i'le damne thee Engliſh.
Alp. How comes this Engliſh madde man here ?
Maſt. Alas thats no queſtion :
They are mad every where ſir ;
Their fits are coole now : let 'em reſt. *Ener Keepers*
Alp. Madde Gallants : *and ſhee-foole.*
Moſt admirable mad : I love their faces.
1. *K.* Ye ſtinking whore: who knew of this? who lookd
Pox take him, he was ſleepy when I left him, (to him ?
2. *K.* Certain he made the foole drunk.
Maſt. How now who's this here ?
Where is the boy ?
1. *Keep.* The boy ſir ?
Maſt. I the boy, ſir.
1. *K.* Here's all the boyes we founde.
Maſt. Theſe are his cloths.
But wher's the boy?
She-f. The boy is gone a maying,
Hee'l bring me home a Cuckowes neſt; do ye hear *Ma-*
I put my cloths off, and I dizend him, (*ſter*
And pind a plumb in's forehead, and a feather,
And buſs'd him twice, and bid him go ſeek his fortune :
He gave me this fine money, and fine wine too,
And bid me ſop : and gave me theſe trim cloths too,
And put 'em on.
Alp. Is this the boy you would ſhew ?
She-f. I'le give you two pence Maſter.
Alp. Am I foold of all ſidies ?
I met a foole i'th woods, they ſaid ſhe dwelt here,
In a long pied coat.
Maſt. That was the very boy, ſir.
She.f. I, I, I, I gave him leave to play forſooth,
Hee'l come again to morrow, and bring peſcods.
Maſt. I'le bring your bones.
Alp. Pox o' your fooles, and bedlams,
Plague o' your owls and apes.
Maſt. Pray ye ſir, be tamer,
We cannot help this preſently: but we ſhal know;
I'le recompence your cares too.
Alp. Know me a pudding.
You juggle, and ye fidle : fart upon ye :
I am abuſed.
Maſt. Pray ye ſir. *Welch mad-*
Alp. And I will be abuſed ſir, *man.*
And you ſhall know I am abuſed.
Wel. Whaw, Mr. Keeper.
Alp. Pox o' thy whawes, and thy whyms,
Pox o' thy urſhip.
Wel. Give me ſome Ceeze, and Onions : give me ſome
I have — in my bellies: give me abundance, (waſh-brew,
Pendragon was a Shentleman, marg you ſir,
And the Organs at Rixum were made by revelations,
There is a ſpirit blowes, and blowes the bellowes,
And then they ſing.
Alp. What Moon-calf's this ? what dreame?
Maſt. Pray ye ſir obſerve him,
He is a mountaineere, a man of Goteland.
Wel. I will beate thy face as black as a blew-clout,
I will leave no more ſheet in thine eyes.
Maſt. He will not hurt ye.
Wel. Give me a great deale of guns: thou art the devils,
I know thee by thy tayles : poor *Owen's* hungry,
I will pig thy bums full of bullets.
Alp. This is the rareſt raſcall,
He ſpeakes as if he had butter-milk in's mouth,
Is this any thing a kin to th' Engliſh ?

Maſt. The elder brother, ſir,
He run mad becauſe a rat eate up's cheeſe.
Alp H'ad a great deale of reaſon ſir.
Wel.Baſilus manus, is for an old codpice, mark ye,
I will borrow thy urſhips whore, to ſeale a Letter.
Maſt Now he growes villanous.
Alp. Me thinks he's beſt now.
Maſt. Away with him.
Alp. He ſhall not.
Maſt. Sir, he muſt.
Wel. I will ſing, and dance:
Do any thing.
Alp. Wilt thou declaime in greek?
Maſt. Away with the foole,
And whip her ſoundly ſirah.
She-f. I'le tell no more tales. *Exit*
Alp. Or wilt thou fly i'th ayre?
Eng Do, and i'le catch thee,
And like a wiſp of hay, i'le whirle, and whirle thee,
And puffe thee up: and puff thee up.
Sch. I'le ſave thee,
And thou ſhalt fall into the Sea, ſoft, ſoftly.
Wel. I'le get upon a mountaine and call my Country- (men.
Maſt. They all grow wild: away with him for heaven (ſake,
Sir, ye are much too blame.
Alp. No, no, tis brave ſir,
Ye have cozend me; i'le make you madde.
Maſt. In with him,
And lock him faſt.
Alp. I'le ſee him in his lodging. *Exit*
Maſt. What meanes this Gentleman? *En. Julletta*
Jul. He's in: have at him,
Are you the Maſter, ſir?
Maſt. What would you with him?
Iul. I have a buſines from the Duke of Medina,
Is there not an old Gentleman come lately in?
Maſt. Yes, and a wild one too; But not a priſoner.
Iul. Did you obſerve him well? tis like he may be.
Maſt. I have ſeen younger men of better temper.
Jul. You have hit the cauſe I come for: ther's a letter
Pray ye peruſe it well: I ſhall be wi' ye;
And ſodainly, I fear not: finley, daintely,
I ſhall ſo feed your fierce vexation,
And raiſe your worſhips ſtormes: J ſhall ſo niggle ye,
And juggle ye, and fiddle ye, and firck ye:
I'le make ye curſe the houre yet vext a woman;
I'le make ye ſhake, when our ſex, are but ſounded:
For the Lords ſake, we ſhall have him at; I long to ſee it
As much as for my wedding night: *I* gape after it.
Maſt. This Letter ſayes the Gentleman is lunatique
I half ſuſpected it.
Iul. Tis very true ſir,
And ſuch prancks he has plaid.
Maſt. He's ſome great man,
The Duke commands me with ſuch care to look to him,
And if he grow too violent, to correct him,
To uſe the ſpeediest meanes for his recovery,
And thoſe he muſt finde ſharpe.
Iul. The better for him:
Maſt. How got ye him hither?
Iul. With a train, I told him:
He's in love with a boy, there lies his mellancholly.
Maſt. Hither he came to ſeek one.
Iul. Yes, J ſent him,
Now had we dealt by force, we had never brought him.
Maſt. Here was a boy.
Iul. He ſaw him not?
Maſt. He was gon firſt.
Jul. It is the better; looke you to your charge well:
Ile ſee him lodged, for ſo the duke commanded me
He will be very rough.
Maſt. We are uſd to that ſir,
And we as rough as he, if he give occaſion.
Iul. You will find him gainfull, but be ſure ye curb him,
And get him if ye can fairely to his lodging,
I am afraid ye will not. *Enter Alphonſo*
Maſt. We muſt ſweat then.
Alp. What doſt thou talk to me of noyſes? i'le have more
I'le have all looſe, and all ſhall play their prizes; (noyſe
Thy Maſter has let looſe the boy I lookt for
Baſely convaid him hence.
Keep. Will ye go out ſir?
Alp. I will not out: I will have all out with'me, *Shake Irons*
I'le have thy Maſter in; he's only madde here.
And rogues, ile have ye all whipt: heigh mad boyes, mad
Iul. Do you perceive him now? (boyes.
Maſt. Tis too apparant.
Iul. I am glad ſhe is gon: he raves thus.
Maſt. Do you hear ſir,
Pray will ye make leſſe ſtir, and ſee your chamber,
Call in more help; and make the cloſſet ready. (at ye.
Keep. I thought he was mad: ile have one long laſh
Alp My chamber? where my chamber? why my chamber
Wher's the young boy?
Maſt. Nay pray ye ſir be more modeſt
For your own credit ſake: the people ſee ye,
And I would uſe ye with the beſt.
Alp. Beſt, hang ye
What doſt thou think me madde?
Maſt. Pray, and be civill,
Heaven may deliver ye.
Alp. Into a rogues hands.
Maſt. You do but draw more miſery upon ye,
And adde to your diſeaſe.
Alp. Get from me.
Maſt. No ſir,
You muſt not be left ſo: bear your ſelf civilly,
And twill be better for ye: ſwell not, nor chafe not.
Alp. I am a Gentleman, and a neighbour, raſcall.
Maſt. A great deale the more pity: *I* have heard of ye.
Iul. Excellent Maſter.
Maſt. The Duke is very tender too.
Alp. Am I lunatique? am *I* run madde?
What doſt thou talk to me of Dukes, and Devils,
Why do the people gape ſo?
Maſt. Do not anger 'em,
But go in quietly, and ſlip in ſoftly
They will ſo tew ye, els, *I* am commanded ſir.
Alp. Why, prethee why?
Maſt. Ye are dog-mad: you perceive it not
Very far madde: and whips wil ſcant recover ye.
Alp. Ha! whips?
Maſt. I whips, and ſore whips, and ye were a Lord ſir,
If ye be ſtubborne here:
Alp. Whips? what am *I* grown.
Iul. O *I* could burſt: hold, hold, hold, hold o'both ends,
How he lookes, pray heaven, he be not madde indeed.
Alp. I do not perceive *I* am ſo; but if you think it,
Nor I'le be hangd if't be ſo.
Maſt. Do you ſee this ſir? *Irons brought in*
Down with that devill in ye.
Alp. Indeed *I* am angry,
But ile containe my ſelfe: O *I* could burſt now,
And teare my ſelfe, but theſe rogues will torment me,
Madde in mine old dayes? make mine owne afflicti-
ons?

Maſt. What doe you mutter ſir?
Alph. Nothing, ſir, nothing;
I will goe in, and quietly, moſt civilly:
And good ſir, let none of your tormentors come about
You have a gentle face; they look like Dragons. (me,
Maſt. Be civill and be ſafe: come, for theſe two daies
Ye muſt eate nothing neither: twill eaſe your fits ſir.
Alph. Twill ſtarve me ſir; but I muſt beare it joyfully.
I may ſleepe?
Maſt. Yes, a little: go in with theſe men.
Alph. O miſerable me! *Exit.*
Maſt. Ile follow preſently.
You ſee tis done ſir.
Jul. Ye have done it handſomely,
And ile inform the Duke ſo: Pray ye attend him,
Let him want nothing, but his will.
Maſt. He ſhall not,
And if he be rebellious ---
Jul. Never ſpare him:
H'as fleſh, and hide enough, he loves a whipping.
Maſt. My ſervice to his Grace. *Exit.*
Jul. I ſhall commend it.
So, thou art faſt: I muſt goe get ſome freſh roome
To laugh, and caper in: O how it tickles me!
O how it tumbles me with joy! thy mouths ſtopt:
Now if I can doe my Miſtris good, I am Sainted. *Exit.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna prima.

Enter Seberto, Curio

Seb. Now, o' my conſcience, we have loſt him utterly,
He's not gon home: we heard from thence this morning,
And ſince our parting laſt at *Rodorigo's*,
You know what ground we have travel'd.
Cur. He's aſleep ſure:
For if he had been awake, we ſhould have met with him:
'Faith let's turn back, we have but a fruitleſſe journey;
And to hope further of *Alindas* recovery,
(For ſure ſhe'l rather periſh then returne)
Is but to ſeeke a Moth i'th Sunne.
Seb. We'l on ſure;
Something we'l know, ſome cauſe of all this fooling,
Make ſome diſcovery.
Cur. Which way ſhall we caſt then,
For all the Champion Country, and the villages,
And all thoſe ſides?
Seb. We'l croſſe theſe woods awhile then:
Here if we faile, we'l gallop to *Segonia*.
And if we light of no news there, heare nothing;
We'l even turn fairly home, and coaſt the other ſide.
Cur. He may be ſicke, or faln into ſome danger;
He has no guide, nor no man to attend him.
Seb. He's well enough, he has a travel'd body,
And though he be old, he's tough, and will endure well;
But he is ſo violent to finde her out,
That his anger leads him a thouſand wild-gooſe chaſes:
Ile warrant he is well.
Cur. Shall we part company?
Seb. By no means, no: that were a ſullen buſineſſe:
No pleaſure in our journey: Come, let's croſſe here firſt,
And where we finde the paths, let them direct us. *Exeunt.*

Scæna ſecunda.

Enteo Juletta, Alinda.

Jul. Why are you ſtill ſo fearfull of me, Lady?
So doubtfull of my faith, and honeſt ſervice?
To hide your ſelfe from me, to fly my company?
Am I not yours? all yours? by this light you ſhake
ſtill;
Do ye ſuſpect me falſe? did I ever faile ye?
Doe you think I am corrupted? baſe? and treacherous?
Lord, how ye look! Is not my life tyde to ye?
And all the power I have to ſerve, and honour ye?
Still do ye doubt? ſtill am I terrible?
I will not trouble ye: good Heaven preſerve ye,
And ſend ye what ye wiſh: I will not ſee ye,
Nor once remember I had ſuch a Miſtris.
I will not ſpeak of ye, nor name *Alinda*,
For feare you ſhould ſuſpect I would betray ye:
Goodneſſe and peace conduct ye.
Alin. Prethee pardon me,
I know thou art truly faithfull: and thou art welcome,
A welcome partner to my miſeries;
Thou knowſt I love thee too.
Jul. I have thought ſo, Lady.
Alin. Alas, my feares have ſo diſtracted me
I durſt not truſt my ſelfe.
Jul. Come, pray ye think better,
And caſt thoſe by: at leaſt conſider, Lady,
How to prevent 'em: pray ye put off this fooles coate;
Though it have kept ye ſecret for a ſeaſon,
Tis known now, and will betray ye; your arch enemy
Roderigo is abroad: many are looking for ye.
Alin. I know it: and thoſe many I have cozen'd:
Jul. You cannot ſtill thus.
Alin. I have no meanes to ſhift it.
Jul. I have: and ſhift you too. I lay laſt night
At a poore widows houſe here in the Thicket,
Whether I will conduct ye, and new ſhape ye,
My ſelfe too to attend ye.
Alin. What meanes haſt thou?
For mine are gone.
Jul. Feare not, enough to ſerve ye;
I came not out ſo empty.
Alin. Prethee tell me,
(For thou haſt ſtroke a kind of comfort through me.)
When ſaw'ſt thou *Roderigo*?
Jul. Even this morning,
And in theſe woods: take heed, h'as got a new ſhape.
Alin. The habit of a Pilgrime? yes, I know it,
And I hope ſhall prevent it; was he alone?
Jul. No Madam, and which made me wonder mightily,
He was in company with that handſome Pilgrime,
That ſad ſweet man.
Alin. That I forgot to give to?
Jul. The ſame, the very ſame, that you ſo pittied,
A man as fit to ſuit his villanies.
Alin. And did they walke together?
Jul. Wondrous civilly.
Alin. Talke, and diſcourſe?
Jul. I thinke ſo, for I ſee 'em
Make many ſtands, and then embrace each other.
Alin. The Pilgrime is betraid, a *Judas* dwels with him,
A *Simon*, that will ſeem a Saint to choake him.
Canſt thou but ſhew me this?
Jul. Lord how ſhe trembles!
Not thus, for all the world, ye are undone then;
But let's retire, and alter, then we'l walke free;
And then ile ſhew ye any thing.
Alin. Come, good wench,
And ſpeedily: for I have ſtrang faiths working,
As ſtrange feares too, ile tell thee all my life then.
Jul. Come quick, ile conduct ye, and ſtill ſerve ye,

And doe not feare; hang feare, it ſpoiles all projects.
This way; Ile be your guide. *Exeunt.*

Scena tertia.

Enter Governour, Verdugo, Citizens.

Gov. Uſe all your ſports,
All your ſolemnities; tis the Kings day to morrow.
His birth day, and his marriage, a glad day,
A day we ought to honour, all.
1 Cit. We will ſir,
And make Segonia ring with our rejoycings.
Gov. Be ſumptuous, but not riotous; be bounteous,
But not in drunken Bacchanals: free to all ſtrangers,
Eaſie, and ſweet in all your entertainments,
For tis a Royall day admits no rudeneſſe.
2 Cit. Your Lordſhip will do us the honour to be here your ſelfe,
And grace the day?
Gov. Tis a maine part of my ſervice.
3 Cit. I hope your honour has taken into your conſideration
The miſeries we have ſuffered by theſe Out-laws,
The loſſes, howrly feares; the rude abuſes
Strangers that travell to us are daily loaden with
Our daughters, and our wives complaints.
Gov. I am ſorry for't,
And have Commiſſion from the King to eaſe it:
You ſhall not be long vext.
1 Cit. Had we not wals, ſir,
And thoſe continually man'd too with our watches,
We ſhould not have a bit of meat to feed us.
And yet they are our friends, and we muſt think ſo,
And entertaine 'em ſo ſometimes, and feaſt 'em,
And ſend 'em loden home too, we are loſt elſe.
2 Cit. They'l come to Church amongſt us, as we hope Chriſtians,
When all their zeale is but to ſteale the Chalices;
At this good time now, if your Lordſhip were not here,
To awe their violence with your authority,
They would play ſuch gambals.
Gov. Are they grown ſo heady?
2 Cit. They would drink up all our Wine, piſſe out our Bonfires;
Then, like the drunken Centaures, have at the faireſt,
Nay, have at all: fourſcore and ten's a Goddeſſe,
Whilſt we, like fooles, ſtand ſhaking in our cellars.
Gov. Are they ſo fierce upon ſo little ſufferance?
Ile give 'em ſuch a purge, and ſuddenly.
Verdugo, after this ſolemnity is over
Call on me for a charge of men, of good men,
To ſee what houſe theſe knaves keep: of good ſouldiers,
As ſturdy as themſelves: that dare diſpute with 'em,
Dare walk the woods as well as they, as fearleſſe,
But with a better faith belabour 'em;
Ile know what claim they have to their poſſeſſion.
Tis pity of their Captaine *Roderigo*,
A wel-bred Gentleman, and a good ſouldier,
And one, his Majeſty has ſome little reaſon
To thank, for ſundry ſervices, and faire ones;
That long neglect bred this, I am ſorry for him.
Ver. The hops of his eſtate keeps backe his pardon,
There's divers waſpes, that buz about that honey-box,
And long to lick themſelves full.
Gov. True *Verdugo*,
Would he had but the patience to diſcerne it,
And policy to wipe their lips.
Verd. To fetch him in ſir,
By violence, he being now no infant,
Will aske ſome bloody crowns. I know his people.
Are of his owne choice men, that will not totter,
Nor blench much at a Bullet; I know his order,
And though he have no multitude, h'as manhood;
The elder-twin to that too, ſtaid experience.
But if he muſt be forced, ſir,---
Gov. There's no remedy,
Unleſſe he come himſelfe.
Ver. That will be doubtfull.
Did you never hear yet of the Noble *Pedro?*
Gov. I cannot by no means; I think he's dead ſure;
The Court bewailes much his untimely loſſe:
The King himſelfe laments him.
Verd. He was ſunke;
And if he be dead, he died happily,
He buried all he had in the Kings ſervice,
And loſt himſelfe.
Gov. Well: if he be alive, Captaine,
(As hope ſtill ſpeaks the beſt) I know the Kings mind
So inwardly and full, he will be happy.
Come, to this preparation; when that's done,
The Outlaws expedition is begun.
Cit. We'l contribute all to that, and help our ſelves too.
Exeunt.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Rodorigo, Pedro.

Rod. How ſweet theſe ſolitary places are? how wantonly
The wind blowes through the leafes, and courts, and playes with 'em?
Will ye ſit down, and ſleep? the heat invites ye.
Harke how yond purling ſtream dances, and murmurs,
The Birds ſing ſoftly too: pray take ſome reſt, ſir.
I would faine wooe his fancie to a peace,
It labours high and haſtily upon him;
Pray ye ſit, and Ile ſit by.
Ped. I cannot ſleep friend,
I have thoſe watches here admit no ſlumbers.
Saw ye none yet?
Rod. No creature.
Ped. What ſtrange Muſicke
Was that we heard afar off?
Rod. I cannot gueſſe;
Twas loud, and ſhrill: ſometimes it ſhew'd hard by us,
And by and by the ſound fled as the wind does;
Here's no inhabitants.
Ped. It much delighted me.
Rod. They talke of Faeries, and ſuch demi-devils,
This is as fine a place to dance their gambols.---
Ped. Me thought I heard a voyce. *Muſick & Birds.*
Rod. They can ſing admirably,
They never loſe their maiden-heads: I would foole any away
To make him merry now: methinks yond rocks yonder
Shew like inchanted Cels, where they inhabit.
Muſick afar off. Put Birds.
Ped. Tis here againe, harke gentle *Roderigo*,
Hark, hark: O ſweet, ſweet, how the Birds record too!
Marke how it flies now every way. O love,
In ſuch a harmony art thou begotten,
In ſuch ſoft Ayre, ſo gentle, lul'd and nouriſh'd.
O my beſt Miſtris!
Rod. How he weeps! deere Heaven
Give him his hearts content, and me forgive too,
I muſt melt too.
Ped. The Birds ſing lowder, ſweeter,
And every note they emulate one another?
Lie ſtill and heare: Theſe when they have done their labours,
Enter Alinda and Juletta, like old women.
Their pretty ayres, fall to their reſts, enjoy 'em.

Nothing rocks Love aſleeep, but death.
Rod. Who are theſe?
Ped. What.
Rod. Thoſe there, thoſe, thoſe things that come upon us,
Thoſe grandame things, thoſe ſtrange antiquities.
Did not I ſay theſe words begot ſtrange wonders?
Iul. Now ye may view 'em.
Alin. Ha?
Iul. The men ye long'd for,
Here they are both: now ye may boldy talke with 'em,
And never be gheſſ'd at: be not afraid, nor faint not;
They wond r at us; let's maintaine that wonder;
Shake not, but what ye purpoſe doe diſcreetly,
And from your tongue i'le take my part.
Alin. Ha? (Miſtreſſe,
Iul. There: before ye, there, doe not turne coward
If ye doe love, carry your Love out handſomely.
Alin. 'Tis he and *Roderigo*; what a peace
Dwels in their faces, what a friendly calme
Crownes both their ſoules?
Rod. They ſhow as if they were mortall,
They come upon us ſtill.
Alin. Be not afraid, man,
Let 'em be what they wil, they cannot hurt us,
Rod. That thing ith' Button'd-Cap lookes terribly.
She has Guns in her eyes, the devils Ingeneer.
Ped. Come, ſtand, and let's goe meet 'em.
Rod. Goe you firſt.
I have leſſe faith: when I have ſaid my Prayers---
Ped. There needs no feare, haile reveren'd dames.
Alin. Good ev'en.
What doe ye ſeeke?
Ped. We would ſeek happier fortunes.
Rod. That little devill has maine need of a Barber,
What a trim beard ſhe has?
Alin. Seek 'em, and make 'em,
Lie not ſtill, nor longer here,
Here inhabits naught but feare.
Be conſtant good, in faith be clear,
Fortune will waite ye every where.
Ped. Whether ſhould we goe? for we beleeve thy Re-
And next obey. (verence,
Alin. Goe to *Segonia*.
And there before the Altar pay thy vowes,
Thy gifts, and Prayers: unload thy heavines,
To morrow ſhed thy teares, and gaine thy ſuit,
Such honeſt noble ſhowres, ne're wanted fruit.
Iul. Stand you out too.
Rod. I ſhall be hang'd, or whipt now:
Theſe know, and theſe have power.
Iul. See how he ſhakes.
A ſecure conſcience never quakes,
Thou haſt been ill; be ſo no more,
A good retreat is a great ſtore.
Thou haſt commanded men of might,
Command thy ſelfe, and then thou art right,
Alin. Command thy will: thy foule deſires.
ut out and quench thy unhallowed fires:
Command thy mind, aud make that pure;
Thou art wiſe then, valiant, and ſecure.
A bleſſing then thou maiſt beget.
Iul. A curſe elſe that ſhall never ſet
Will light upon thee: Say thy Prayers,
Thou haſt as many ſins, as haires.
Thou art a Captain, let thy men
e honeſt, and good thoughts, and then
Thou maiſt command, and lead in chiefe,
et thou art bloody, and a theife.
Rod. What ſhall I doe? I doe confeſſe.
Alin. Retire,
And purge thee perfect in his fire:
His life obſerve; live in his Schoole,
And then thou ſhalt put off the foole.
Iul. Pray at *Segonia* too, and give
Thy Offrings up, repent, and live. (*Muſicke*
Alin. Away, away: enquire no more, *within*
Doe this, ye are rich, elſe fooles, and poore;
What Muſick's this?
Iul. Retire? 'tis ſome neat Joy,
In honour of the Kings great day: they wonder,
This comes in right to confirme their reverence.
Away, away, let them admire, it makes
For our advantage: how the Captaine ſhakes? *Exit.*
Ped. This was the Muſick.
Rod. Yes, yes, how I ſweat!
I was never ſo deſerted; ſure theſe woods
Are onely inhabited with rare dreames, and wonders;
I would not be a knave againe, a villaine:
Lord, how I loath it now: for theſe know all Sir,
And they would finde me out.
Ped. They are excellent women,
Deepe in their knowledge, friend.
Rod. I would not be traytor,
And have theſe of my Jury; how light I am,
And how my heart laughes now me thinkes within me?
Now I am Catechiz'd, I would ever dwell here,
For there is a kinde of Court of Reformation;
Had I beene ſtubborn friend.
Ped. They would have found it. (way,
Rod. And then they would have handled me a new
The devils dump had been danced then.
Ped. Let's away (ly:
And doe their great Commands, and do 'em handſome-
Contrite, and true, for I beleeve *Roderigo*,
And conſtantly beleeve, we ſhall be happy.
Rod. So you doe well; fall edge or flat O my ſide;
All I can ſtagger at is the Kings Anger,
Which if it come, I am prepar'd to meet it.
Ped. The King has mercy, friend, as well as Juſtice:
And when you fall: no more.
Rod. I hope the faireſt. *Exeunt.*

Scæna quinta.

Enter Maſter, Seberto: Curio.

(ſought him:
Cur. We have told ye what he is: what time we have
His nature, and his name: the ſeeming Boy too,
Ye had here, how, and what by your own relation, (him
All circumſtances we have cleer'd: That the Duke ſent
We told ye how impoſſible; he knowes him not;
That he is mad himſelfe, and therefore fit
To be your Priſoner, we dare ſwear againſt it. (him;
Seb. Take heed Sir, be not madder then you would make
Though he be raſh, and ſuddain (which is all his wilde-
Take heed ye wrong him not: he is a Gentleman, (nes)
And ſo muſt be reſtor'd and cleer'd in all points;
The King ſhall be a Judge elſe.
Cur. 'Twas ſome trick (feit,
That brought him hither: the Boy, and letter counter-
Which ſhall appear, if ye dare now detain him.
Maſt. I dare not Sir; nor will not: I beleeve ye,
And will reſtore him up: had I known ſooner
H'ad been a neighbour, and the man you ſpeak him,
(Though as I live, he carried a wild ſeeming)
My Service, and my ſelfe had both attended him

How I have us'd him, let him ſpeake.
Seb. Let's in, and viſit him:
Then to the holy Temple: there pay our duties,
And ſo wee'le take our leaves.
Maſt. I'le waite upon ye. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Sexta.

An Altar prepar'd: Solemne Muſick.

Enter Governour, Verdugo, Courtiers, Ladies, &c.

Gov. *This to devotion ſacred be,*
This to the Kings proſperity,
This to the Queen, and Chaſtity. Muſick.
Ver. *Theſe Oblations firſt we bring*
To purge our ſelves: Theſe to the King.
To love, and beautie theſe: now ſing. Muſick.
Ladies. *Holy Altar, daigne to take*
Theſe for our ſelves: For the Kings ſake
And honour theſe: Theſe ſacred lye
To Vertue, Love, and Modeſty
Our wiſhes to Eternity. Muſick. Enter Pedro and Roderigo.
Ped. For our ſelves firſt, thus we bend
Forgive us heaven, and be our friend:
Rod. *And happy fortune to us ſend.*
Ped. *To the King, honour, and all Ioy,*
Long, and happy from annoy.
Rod. *Proſperous be all his dayes*
Every new houre, a new praiſe.
Ped. *Every minute thus be ſeene,*
Both. *And thouſand honours Crowne the Queene.* Muſick.
Seb. Come to the Altar: let us do our duties. Enter Alphonſo, Curio, Seberto.
Alph. I have almoſt forgot a Church.
Cur. Kneele reverently.
Alph. *For my loſt wits (let me ſee)*
Firſt I pray: and ſecondly
To be at home againe, and free,
And if I travell more, hang me,
For the King, and for the Queene,
That they may be wiſe, and ſeene
Never in the Mad-mans Inne.
For my daughter, I would pray
But ſhe has made a holly-day,
And needs not my devotion now
Let her take her own courſe (heaven,)
Whether it be od, or even. Muſick. *Enter Alinda, & Iuletta like Shepheards.*
And if that pleaſe not, take her you.
Seb. A ſhort, and ſweet Meditation: what are theſe here?
Alin. Haile to this ſacred place,
Iul. They are all here, Madam:
No violence dare touch here; be ſecure:
My Bilbo Maſter too: how got he looſe againe?
How lamentably he lookes: he has had diſcipline.
I dare not let him know my prancks.
Seb. 'Tis ſhe ſure.
Cur. 'Tis certainly.
Ped. Ha! doe I dazell?
Rod. 'Tis the faire *Alinda.*
Gov. What wonder ſtand theſe ſtrangers in?
Rod. Her woman by her,
The ſame Sir, as I live,
Alph. I had a daughter,
With ſuch a face once: ſuch eyes and noſe too,
Ha, let me ſee, 'tis wondrous like *Alinda,*
Their devotion ended, I'le marke 'em and neerer.
And ſhe had a Filly that waited on her:
Juſt with ſuch a favour,
Doe they keepe Goats now?
Alin. *Thus we kneele, and thus we pray*
A happy honour, to this day,
Thus our Sacrifice we bring
Ever happy to the King.
Jul. *Theſe of Purple, Damask greene*
Sacred to the vertuous Queene
Here we hang.
Alin. *As theſe are now*
Her glories ever ſpring, and ſhow,
Theſe for our ſelves: our hopes, and loves,
Full of pincks, and Ladies gloves,
Of hartes-eaſe too, which we would faine
As we labour for, attaine;
Heare me heaven, and as I bend,
Full of hope: ſome comfort ſend.
Jul. Heare her: heare her: if there be
A ſpotles Sweetnes, this is ſhe. Muſick.
Ped. Now *Roderigo* ſtand.
Rod. He that devides ye
Devides my life too.
Gov. *Pedro*, Noble *Pedro.*
Doe not you know your friend?
Ped I know, and honour ye.
Gov. Lady this leave i'le crave, pray be not angry,
I will not long devide you: how happy *Pedro,*
Would all the Court be now, might they behold thee?
Might they but ſee you thus, and thus embrace you?
The King will be a joyfull man beleeve it
Moſt joyfull *Pedro.*
Ped. I am his humble Servant.
Nay, good Sir, ſpeake your will, I ſee you wonder, one
eaſie word from you---
Alph. I dare ſay nothing
My tongue's a new tongue Sir, and knowes his tither,
Let her doe what ſhe pleaſe, I dare doe nothing,
I have been damn'd for doing, will the King know him?
That fellow there, will he reſpect and honour him?
He has been look'd upon they ſay: will he own him?
Gov. Yes certainly and grace him, ever honour him,
Reſtore him every way, he has much lamented him.
Alp. Is't your will too? this is the laſt time of asking.
Rod. I am ſure, none elſe ſhall touch her, none elſe enjoy her.
If this, and this hold.
Alp. You had beſt begin the game then, I have no title
in her,
Pray take her, and diſpatch her, and commend me to her,
And let me get me home, and hope I am ſober:
Kiſſe, kiſſe, it muſt be thus: ſtand up *Alinda,*
I am the more Childe, and more need of bleſſing.
Ye had a waiting woman, one *Iuletta,*
A pretty deſperate thing, juſt ſuch another
As this ſweet Lady; we call'd her nimble chaps.
I pray is this the party?
Jul. No indeed Sir,
She is at home; I am a little Foot-Boy,
That walke a nights, and fright old Gentlemen;
Make 'em looſe Hats and Cloakes.
Alph. And Horſes too.
Iul. Sometimes I doe Sir, teach 'em the way through ditches;
And how to breake their worſhips ſhins, and noſes
Againſt old broken Stiles, and Stumps.
Alph. A fine art.
I feele it in my bones yet.
Iul. I am a Drum Sir,
A Drum at mid-night, ran tan tan tan tan Sir,
Do you take me for *Iuletta*? I am a Page Sir,
That brought a letter from the Duke of *Medina*

To have one ſenior *Alphonſo*, juſt ſuch another
As your old worſhip worm'd for running mad Sir.
Alas, you are miſtaken.
Alph. Thou art the devill,
And ſo thou haſt uſed me,
Iul. I am any thing,
An old woman, that tels fortunes.
Rodo. Ha.
Iul. And frights good people,
And ſends them to *Segonia* for their fortunes:
I am ſtrange ayers, and excellent ſweet voyces.
I am any thing, to doe her good beleeve me;
She now recovered, and her wiſhes crown'd
I am *Iuletta* againe, pray ſir forgive me.
Alph. I dare not doe otherwiſe, for fear thou ſhould'ſt
ſtill follow me,
Prethee be forgiven, and I prethee forgive me too:
And if any of you, will marry her.
Iul. No I beſeech you Sir;
My Miſtreſſe is my husband, with her I'le dwell ſtill,
And when you play any more prancks you know where
to have me.
Pedro. You know him Sir.
Gov. Know him, and much lament him:
The Kings incens'd much, much Sir, I can aſſure you.
Ped. Noble Governour.
Gov. But ſince he is your friend, and now appeares,
In honour of this day, and love to you ſir:
I'le try the power I have, to the pinch i'le put it;
Here's my hand *Roderigo*, I'le ſet you faire again.
Rod. And here's mine, to be true, and full of Service.
Gov. Your people too, ſhall have their generall par-
We'll have all peace and love. (dons,
Rod. All ſhall pray for you. (worths;
Gov. To my houſe now, and ſuite you to your
Off with theſe weeds, and appeare glorious:
Then to the Prieſt, that ſhall attend us here,
And this be ſtil'd Loves new and happy yeare.
Rod. The Kings and Queenes, two noble honors meet,
To grace this day, two true loves at their feet (wooing,
Alph. Well well, ſince wedding will come after
Give me ſome Roſe-Mary, and let's be going.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

The Knight of Malta.

Actus Primus——Scæna Prima.

Enter Mountferrat.

Mount.

DAres ſhe deſpiſe me thus?me that with ſpoile
And hazardous exploits, full ſixteene yeeres
Have led (as hand-maides)Fortune, Victory
Whom the *Maltezi* call my ſervitors?
Tempeſts I have ſubdude, and fought 'em calme,
Out-lightened lightning in my Chilvalry;
Rid(tame as patience)billowes that kick'd heaven,
Whilſt I'd enraged *Boreas* till his guſts
Were growne ſo gentle, that he ſeem'd to ſigh,
Becauſe he could not ſhow the ayr my keele,
And yet I cannot conquer her bright eyes,
Which though they blaze both comfort, and invite
Neither by force, nor fraud paſſe through her eare
(Whoſe guard is onely bluſhing Innocence)
To take the leaſt poſſeſſion of her heart,
Did I attempt her with a thred-bare name--unnapt with
meritorious actions,
She might with colour diſ-allow my ſuit:
But by the honour of this Chriſtian croſſe
(In blood of Infidels ſo often dyde)
Which mine own ſoul and ſword hath fixed here
And neither favour, nor births priviledge
Oriana ſhall confeſſe, although ſhe be
Valettas Siſter our Grand-Maſter, here
The wages of ſcorn'd Love is banefull hate,
And if I rule not her, i'le rule her fate.

Enter Rocca.

Rocca, my truſty Servant, welcome.

Rocca. Sir,
I wiſh my newes deſerv'd it: hapleſſe I
That being lov'd, and truſted, faile to bring
The loving anſwer that you doe expect.

Mount. Why ſpeak'ſt thou from me:thy pleas'd eyes
Beames brighter then the ſtar that uſhers day,(ſend forth
Thy ſmiles, reſtore ſick expectation.

Roc. I bring you Sir, her ſmiles, not mine.

Mount. Her ſmiles?
Why they are preſents for Kings eldeſt Sonnes,
Great *Solyman* that wearies his hot eyes,
But to peruſe his deck'd *Ceraglio*,
When from the number of his Concubines,
He chooſeth one for that night, in his pride
Of them, wives, wealth, is not ſo rich as I
In this one ſmile, from *Oriana* ſent.

Roc. Sir, fare ye well.

Mount. Oh *Rocca*! thou art wiſe,
And would'ſt not have the torrent of my joy
Ruin me headlong; aptly thou conceiv'ſt
If one reviving ſmile can raiſe me thus,
What trances will the ſweet words which thou bring'ſt
Caſt me into? I felt (my deareſt friend,
No more my Servant) when I employ'd thee
That knew'ſt to look, and ſpeak as Lovers ſhould,
And carry faithfully thy Maſters ſighes,
That it muſt worke ſome heat in her cold heart,
And all my labours now come fraughted home
With ten fold prize.

Roc. Will you yet heare me?

Mount. Yes,
But take heed (gentle *Rocca*,) that thou do'ſt
Tenderly by degrees aſſault mine eares
With her conſent, now to embrace my love,
For thou well know'ſt I have been ſo plundg'd, ſo torne
With her reſolv'd reject, and neglect:
That to report her ſoft acceptance now,
Will ſtupifie ſence in me, if not kill:
Why ſhew'ſt thou this diſtemper?

Roc. Draw your ſword,
And when I with my breath have blaſted you,
Kill me with it:
I bring you ſmiles of pitty, not affection:
For ſuch ſhe ſent.

Mount. Oh! can ſhe pitty me?
Of all the pathes lead to a womans love,
Pittie's the ſtreighteſt.

Roc. Waken Sir, and know
That her contempt (if you can name it ſo)
Continues ſtill: ſhe bids you throw your Pearle
Into ſtrong ſtreames, and hope to turn them ſo,
Ere her to foule diſhonour; write your plaints
In rocks of Corall grow'n above the Sea,
Them hope to ſoften to compaſſion,
Or change their modeſt bluſh to love ſick pale,
Ere worke her to your impious requeſts;
All your looſe thoughts ſhe chides you home againe,
But with ſuch calme behaviour, and milde lookes,
She gentlier denies then others grant,
For juſt as others love, ſo doth ſhe hate:
She ſayes, that by your order you are bound
From marrying ever, and much marvels then
You would thus violate her and your own faith,
That being the virgin you ſhould now protect,
Hitherto ſhe profeſſes ſhe has conceal'd
Your luſtfull Batteries, but the next ſhe vowes,
(In open Hall, before the honour'd croſſe
And her great brother) ſhe will quite diſcloſe
Calling for juſtice, to your utter ſhame.

Mount. Hence find the Blackamore that waits upon her,

Bring her unto me, ſhe doth love me yet,
And I muſt her now, at leaſt ſeeme to do:
Cupid, thy brands that glow thus in my veines,
I will with blood extinguiſh--ar't not gone?
Shall my deſires, like beggars, waite at dore
Whil'ſt any others revell in her breaſt?
Sweat on my ſpirits: know thou trickt up toy,
My love's a violent flood, where thou art falne,
Playing with which tide thou'dſt bin gently toſſ'd,
But croſſing it, thou art o're whelm'd, and loſt.
Enter Aſtorius and Caſtriot.
Caſt. Mounſieur, good day.
Aſt. Good morrow valiant Knight,
What, are you for this great ſolemnity
This morne intended?
Mount. What ſolemnity?
Aſt. The inveſting of the Martiall Spaniard,
Peter Gomera, with our Chriſtian Badge.
Caſt. And young *Miranda*, the Italian,
Both which with wondrous proweſſe, and great luck
Have dar'd and done for *Malta*, ſuch high feats,
That not one Fort in it, but rings their names
As loud as any mans.
Mount. As any mans?
Why, we have fought for *Malta*.
Aſt. Yes *Mountferrat*.
No bold Knight ever paſt you: but we weare
The dignity of Chriſtians on our breaſts,
And have a long time triumph'd for our conqueſts;
Theſe conquer'd a long time, not triumph'd yet;
Mount. *Aſtorius*, you are a moſt indulgent Knight,
Detracting from your ſelfe, to adde to others,
You know this title is the period
To all our labours, the extremity
Of that tall pyramid, where honour hangs,
Which we with ſweat and agony have reach'd,
And ſhould not then ſo eaſily impart
So bright a wreath to every cheap deſert.
Caſt. How is this French man chang'd *Aſtorius*?
Some ſullen diſcontent poſſeſſes him,
That makes him envy, what he heretofore
Did moſt ingenuouſly but emulate.
Mount. Oh furious deſire, how like a whirle-wind
Thou hurrieſt me beyond mine honours point?
Out of my heart, baſe luſt, or heart, I vow
Thoſe flames that heat thee thus, I'le burne thee in.
Aſt. Do' ye obſerve him?
Mount. What newes of the Dane,
That valiant Captain *Norandine*?
Caſt. He fights ſtill,
In view oth' Town; he playes the devill with 'em,
And they the Turkes with him.
Mount. They'r well met then, twere ſin to ſever'em.
Piſh----woman. ----Memorie ----
Would one of ye would leave me:
Aſt. Six freſh Gallies
I in St. *Angelo* from the promontory
This morne diſcride, making a Girdle for him,
But our great Maſter doth intend reliefe
This preſent meeting: will you walke along?
Mount. Hunch---I have read Ladyes enjoy'd, have by
The gulphes of worthieſt men, buried their names,
Their former valour, bountie, beauty, vertue,
And ſent'em ſtinking to untimely graves.
I that cannot enjoy, by her diſdaine,
Am like to prove as wretched; woman then
Checking or granting, is the grave of men.
Aſt. He's ſaying of his Prayers ſure.
Caſt. Will you goe Sir?
Mount. I cry you mercy: I am ſo tranſported
(Your pardon, noble Brothers) with a buſines
That doth concerne all *Malta*, that I am
(Anon you'll heare't) almoſt blind, and deafe.
Luſt neither ſees nor heares ought but it ſelfe:
But I will follow inſtantly: your croſſe.
Aſt. Not mine.
Caſt. Nor mine: 'tis yours.
Aſt. *Caſt.* Good morrow brother.
Exeunt.
Mount. White innocent ſigne, that do'ſt abhorre to dwell
So neer the dim thoughts of this troubled breaſt,
And grace theſe graceleſſe projects of my heart.
Yet I muſt weare thee to protect my crimes,
If not for conſcience, for hypocriſie,
Some Churchmen ſo wear Caſſoks: Oh my *Zan.*
My Pearle, that ſcornes a ſtaine! I much repent
Enter Zanthia alias Abdella. with 2 Letters.
All my neglects: Let me *Ixion* like,
Embrace my black cloud, ſince my *Iuno* is
So wrathfull, and averſe; thou art more ſoft
And full of dalliance then the faireſt fleſh,
And farre more loving.
Zan. I, you ſay ſo now,
But like a property, when I have ſerv'd
Your turnes, You'll, caſt me off, or hang me up
For a ſigne, ſomewhere.
Mount. May my life then forſake me
Of my expected bliſſe, be caſt to hell.
Zan. My tongue Sir, cannot liſpe to meet you ſo,
Nor my black Cheeke put on a feigned bluſh,
To make me ſeeme more modeſt then I am.
This ground-worke, will not beare adulterate red,
Nor artificiall white, to cozen love.
Theſe dark locks, are not purchas'd, nor theſe teeth,!
For every night, they are my bed-fellows;
No bath, no blanching water, ſmoothing oyles,
Doth mend me up; and yet *Mountferrat*, know,
I am as full of pleaſure in the touch
As ere a white fac'd puppet of 'em all,
Juicy, and firme; unfledge 'em of their tyres,
Their wyres, their partlets, pins, and perriwigs,
And they appeare like bald cootes, in the neſt;
I can as blithly work in my loves bed,
And deck thy faire neck, with theſe Jetty chains,
Sing thee aſleep, being wearied, and refreſh'd,
With the ſame organ, ſteale ſleep off againe.
Mount. Oh my black ſwan, ſilkner then Signets pluſh,
Sweeter then is the ſweet of Pomander,
Breath'd like curl'd *Zephyrus*, cooling Lymon-trees,
Straight as young pines, or Cedars in the grove,
Quickly diſcend lovers beſt Canopie,
Still night, for *Zanthia* doth enamour me
Beyond all continuance; perpetrate (deere wench)
What thou haſt promis'd, and I vow by heaven
Malta, I'le leave in it, my honours here,
And in ſome other Country (*Zanthia*) make
My wife, and my beſt fortune.
Zan. From this hope,
Here is an anſwer to that Letter, which
I lately ſhew'd you ſent from *Tripoly*,
By the great Baſha, which importunes her
Love unto him, and treachery to the Iſland,
Which will ſhe undertake, by Mahomet
The Turke there vowes, on his bleſt *Alcharon*,
Marriage unto her: this the Maſter knowes,
But is reſolv'd of her integrity
(As well he may) ſweet Lady yet for love,
For love of thee *Mountferrat*, (Oh! what Chaines
Of deity, or duty can hold love?)

I have this anſwer fram'd, ſo like her hand
As if it had bin moulded of : returning
The Baſhas Letter ſafe into her pocket ;
What you will do with it,your ſelf beſt knowes,
Farwell,keep my true heart,keep true your vowes. *Exit*
*Mount.*Till I be duſt,my *Zanthia*; be confirmd. *Zan.*
Sparrowes, and Doves, ſit coupling twixt thy Lips,
It is not love,but ſtrong *Libidinous* will
That triumphs o're me, and to ſatiat that,
What difference twixt this Moore, and her faire Dame ?
Night makes their hews alike,their uſe is ſo,
Whoſe hand ſo ſubtile,he can colours name,
If he do winck, and touch 'em : luſt being blind,
Never in women did diſtinction find. *Exit*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter two Gentlewomen.

1. But yfaith doſt thou think my Lady was never in love?

2.I rather think ſhe was ever in love:in perfect charity.

1.I meane, with all the world.

2.A moſt chriſtian anſwer I promiſe you:but I meane (in
Love with a man.

2.With a man?what els?wouldſt have her in love with (a beaſt?

1.You are ſomewhat quick: but if ſhe were,it were no President:did,you never read of *Europa* the fair,that leapt A bull, that lept the Sea, that ſwoom to land,and then (leapt her?

2.Oh heavens,a bull ?

1.Yes,a white bull.

2.Lord,how could ſhe ſit him?where did ſhe hold?

1.Why,by the horn:ſince which time,no woman(almoſt) is Contented, till ſhe have a horne of her own,to hold by.

2.Thou art very knaviſh.

1 And thou very fooliſh:but ſirah,why doſt not thou (marry?

2.Becauſe I would be no mans looking-glaſſe?

1.As how? *Oriana ready above*

2. As thus, there is no Wife,if ſhe be good,and true, will honour, and obey, but muſt reflect the true countenance of her husband upon him ; if he looke ſad upon her, ſhee muſt not looke merrily upon him : if he looke merrily, ſhee muſt not ſorrowfully, elſe ſhe is a falſe glaſſe, and fit for nothing but breaking ; his anger muſt be her diſcontent ; his pleaſure, her delight : if he weep, ſhe muſt cry : if he laugh,ſhe muſt ſhow her teeth; if hee bee ſick, ſhee muſt not bee in health ; if hee eate Cawdles,ſhe muſt eate pottage, ſhee muſt have no proper paſſion of her owne ; and is not this a tyranny?

1.Yes, yfaith, Marriage may well be called a yoak ; Wives then are but like ſuperficiall lines in Geometry, that have no proper motion of their own, but as their bodies their husbands move; yet I know ſome Wives, that are never freely merry,nor truly pleaſed, but when they are fartheſt of their husbands.

2.That's becauſe the Moon governes 'em which hath moſt light and ſhines brighteſt, the more remote it is from the Sun ; and contrary is more ſullen, dim, and ſhowes leaſt ſplendor,when it is neereſt.

1. But if I were to marry I would marry a faire effeminate foole.

2. Why?

1. Becauſe I would lead the blind whether I liſt.

2.And I the wiſeſt man I could get for money,becauſe (I had rather follow the cleer-ſighted:bleſſe me from a husband That ſales by his Wives compaſſe ?

1. Why?

2. Why, tis ten to one but ſhe breaks his head in her youth, and when ſhe is old ſhee'l never leave till ſhe has broke his back too —
But what ſcurvy Knight have you here in Malta, &c.

Zan. Hiſt,wenches : my Lady cals,ſhe's entring
The Tarraſſe,to ſee the ſhow.

1.Oh black pudding.

2.My little labour in vaine.

1.But what ſcurvy Knights have we here in Malta,that when they are dubd take their oath of allegeance to live poore, and chaſtly ever after?

2. 'Faith many Knights in other Nations (I have heard) are as poore as ours : marry where one of 'em has taken the Oath of chaſtity,we want a new *Columbus* to find out.

Exeunt.

Scœna Tertia.

Enter(above) Oriana, Zanchia, two Gentlewomen,
(beneath) Valetta , Mountferrat , Aſtorius,
Caſtorot,Gomera,Miranda, Attendants
of Knights , &c.

Mount. Are you there Lady ?
*Ori.*Thou art a naughty man,
Heaven mend thee.
*Val.*Our great meeting princely brothers,
Ye holy ſouldiers of the Chriſtian Croſſe,
Is to relieve our Captaine *Norandine*,
Now fighting for *Valetta*, with the Turke,
A valiant Gentleman, a noble Dane
As ere the Country bred, endangerd now
By freſh ſupply of head-bound Infidels.
Much means,much blood this warlike Dane hath ſpent
To advance our flag, above their horned moones,
And oft hath brought in profitable conqueſt :
We muſt not ſee him periſh in our view :
How far off fight they ?
*Mr.*Sir, within a League.
*Val.*Tis well :our next occaſion of conventing
Are theſe too gentlemen, ſtanding in your ſight.
(Ye noble props of Malta) royally
Deſcended are they both, valiant as war,
Miranda,and *Gomera*, full ten years
They have ſerv'd this Iſland, perfected exploits
Matchles,and infinite, they are honeſt, wiſe,
Not empty of one ornament of man :
Moſt eminent agents were they in that ſlaughter
That great marvelous ſlaughter of the Turks,
Before St.*Elme*, where five and twenty thouſand
Fell,for five thouſand of our Chriſtians :
Theſe ripe conſiderations moving us
(Having had your allowance on their worthies)
Here we would call 'em to our Brotherhood ;
If any therefore can their manners tax,
Their faith,their chaſtity, any part of life,
Let 'em ſpeak now.
Aſt. None do's.
All. None can,great Maſter.
*Val.*The dignity then dignifie,by them
Is their reward : tender *Miranda* firſt
(Becauſe he is to ſuccour *Norandine*)
Our ſacred Robe of Knight-hood, our white Croſſe,

The holy cognizance of him we ſerve,
The ſword, the ſpurrs.
Mir. Grave,and moſt honord Maſter,
With humble duty,and my ſoules beſt thanks
To you, and all this famous Conventicle,
Let me,with modeſty refuſe acceptance
Of this high order: I (alas) am yet
Unworthy,and uncapable of ſuch honour,
That merit,which with favour you enlarge
Is far,far ſhort, of this propos'd reward.
Who take upon him ſuch a charge as this,
Muſt come with pure thoughts, and a gatherd minde
That time,nor all occaſions ever may
After diſperſe, or ſtaine; did this title here
Of Knighthood,aske no other ornaments
Then other countries glittring ſhow,poor pride,
A gingling ſpur,a feather,a white hand,
A frizled hayre, powder'd,perfumes,and luſt,
Drinking ſweet wines,ſurfeits, and ignorance,
Raſhly, and eaſily ſhould I venture on't,
But this requires an other kind of man.
Mount A ſtaid, and mature judgement; ſpeake on ſir.
Mir. May it pleaſe you then to allow me ſome ſmall
To rectifie my ſelfe,for that high ſeate, (time
Or give my reaſons to the contrary.
Ith meane ſpace,to diſmiſſe me to the aid
Of *Norandine*: my Ships ride in the bay
Ready to diſembogue, tackel'd, and mand
Even to my wiſhes.
Mount. His requeſt
Is faire,and honeſt.
Val. At your pleaſure go.
Mir. I humbly take my leave of all: of you
My noble friend *Mountferrat*; gratious Miſtris,
Oh that auſpitious ſmile doth arme your ſouldier,
Who fights for thoſe eyes,and this ſacred Croſſe,
Can neither meete ſad accident,nor loſſe. *Exit*
Ori. The mighty Maſter of that Livory,
Conduct thee ſafely to theſe eyes againe.
Mount. Blowes the wind that way?
Val. Equally belov'd,
Equally meriting, *Gomera*, you
Without excuſe receive that dignity:
Which our provinciall chapter hath decreed you.
Gom. Great Maſter of *Jeruſalems* Hoſpitall,
From whence to Rhodes this bleſt Fraternity
Was driven,but now among the Maltois ſtands,
Long may it flouriſh,whileſt *Gomera* ſerves it,
But dares not enter farther.
All. This is ſtrange.
Val. What do ye object?
Gom. Nothing againſt it,but my ſelf (faire Knights)
I may not wear this Roabe.
Val. Expreſſe your reaſons;
Doth any hid ſin goare your conſcience?
Aſt. Are you unſteadfaſt in Religion?
Caſt. Or do ye intend to forſake Malta now,
And viſit your own Country, fruitfull Spaine.
Gom. Never good ſir.
Val. Then explicate your thoughts.
Gom. This then: I ſhould be perjurd to receive it,
Once in *Malita*, your next City here,
When I was younger,read I the decrees
Touching this point, being ambitious then
To approach it once, none but a Gentleman
Can be admitted.
Val. Thats no obſtacle
In you.
Gom. I ſhould be ſorry,that were it
No married man.
Mount. You never felt that yoake.
Gom. None, that hath bin contracted.
Caſt. Were you ever?
Gom. Nor married, nor contracted, none that ever
Hath vowd his love to any woman kinde,
Or findes that ſecret fire within his thoughts:
Here I am caſt, this Article my heart
Objects againſt the title of my fame,
I am in love; laugh not: though time hath ſet
Some wrinkles in this face,and theſe curld locks
Will ſhortly die into an other hew,
Yet,yet I am in love: (yfaith you ſmile)
What age, what ſex, or what profeſſion
Divine, or humane, from the man that cries
For armes in the high way, to him that ſings
At the high Altar,and doth ſacrifice,
Can truly ſay he knowes not what is Love?
Val. Tis honeſtly profeſt; with whom *Gomera*?
Name the Lady, that with all advantage
We may advance your ſuit.
Gom. But will you ſir?
Val. Now by our holy rock were it our ſiſter:
Spaniard, I hold thee worthy, freely name her.
Gom. Be maſter of your word: it is ſhe ſir,
The matchleſſe *Oriana.*
Val. Come down Lady,
You have made her bluſh, let her conſent, I wil
Make good my oath.
Mount. Is't ſo? ſtay: I do love
So tenderly *Gomera*, your bright flame,
As not to ſuffer your perdition.
Gom. What meanes *Mountferrat*?
Mount. This whole auberge hath *En. Guard*
(A Guard upon this Lady) wonder not,
'Tane publique notice of the Baſſaes love
Of Tripoli unto her, and conſented
Shee ſhould returne this anſwer, as he writ
For her converſion,and betraying Malta,
She ſhould adviſe him betray Tripoli,
And turning Chriſtian, he ſhould marry her.
All. All this was ſo.
Mount. How weakly do's this court then
Send Veſſels forth to Sea,to guard the Land
Taking ſuch ſpeciall care to ſave one Bark,
Or ſtrive to adde fam'd men unto our cloak,
When they lurke in our boſomes would ſubvert
This State,and us, preſuming on their blood,
And partiall indulgence to their ſex?
Val. Who can this be?
Mount. Your Siſter, great *Valetta*,
Which thus I prove: demand the Baſſa's Letter.
Ori. Tis here,nor from this pocket hath bin mov'd
Nor anſwerd, nor perus'd by——
Mount. Do not ſwear
Caſt not away your faire ſoule,to your treaſon
Adde not foule perjury: is this your hand?
Ori. Tis very like it.
Mount. May it pleaſe the Maſter,
Confer theſe Letters, and then read her Anſwer,
Which I have intercepted; pardon me
Reverend *Valetta*, that am made the meanes
To puniſh this moſt beauteous Treachery,
Even in your Siſter, ſince in it I ſave
Malta from ruin: I am bolder in't,
Becauſe it is ſo palpable, and withall
Know our great Maſter to this Country firme.

As was the Roman Marcus, who ſpar'd not
As deere a ſiſter in the publique cauſe.
Val. I am amazd; attend me.

Reades the Letter.

*Let you forces by the next even be ready, my brother feaſts, then; put in at St.*Michaels, *the aſcent at that Port is eaſieſt; the Keyes of the Caſtle, you ſhall receive at my hands: that poſſeſt, you are Lord of* Malta, *and may ſoone deſtroy all by fire, then which I am hotter, till I embrace you, Farwell,* Your VVife,
ORIANA.

From this time let me never read againe.
Gent.w. Tis certaine her hand.
Val. This Letter too
So cloſe kept by her ſelf, could not be anſwered
To every period thus, but by her ſelfe.
Ori. Sir, heare me.
Val. Peace, thou faire ſweet banke of flowers,
Under whoſe beauty Scorpions lie, and kill;
VVert thou a kin to me, in ſome new name
Deerer then ſiſter, mother, or all blood,
I would not hear thee ſpeak: beare her to priſon,
So groſſe is this, it needs no formall courſe,
Prepare thy ſelfe, to morrow thou ſhalt die.
Ori. I die a martyr then, and a poor maid,
Almoſt yfaith as inocent as borne,
Thou knowſt thou art wicked, Frenchman, heaven for-
All. This ſcene is ſtrangly turnd. (give thee. *Ex.*
Val. Yet can nature be
So dead in me? I would my charge were off,
Mountferrat ſhould perceive my ſiſter had
A brother would not live to ſee her dye
Unfought for; ſince the ſtatutes of our ſtate
Allow (in caſe of accuſations)
A Champion to defend a Ladies truth.
Peter Gomera, thou haſt loſt thy wife,
Death pleads a precontract.
Gom. I have loſt my Tongue,
My ſence, my heart, and every faculty:
Mountferrat, go not up: with reverence
To our great maſter, and this conſiſtory
(I have conſidered it, it cannot be)
Thou art a villaine, and a forger,
A blood-ſucker of innocence, an hypocrite,
A moſt unworthy wearer of our Croſſe;
To make which good take (if thou darſt) that gage,
And armd at all points like a Gentleman
Meet me to morrow morning, where the maſter,
And this fraternity ſhall deſigne, where I
VVill cram this ſlander back into thy throat,
And with my ſwords point thruſt it to thy heart,
The very neſt where luſt and ſlander breedes.
Pardon my paſſion: I will teare thoſe ſpurrs
Off from thy heels, and ſtik'em in thy front
As a mark'd villain.
Mount. This I lookd not for:
Ten times more villany, I return my gage,
And crave the Law of Armes.
Gom. Tis that I crave.
All. It cannot be denide.
Gom. Do not I know
VVith thouſand gifts, and importunacies
Thou often haſt ſollicited this Lady
(Contrary to thy oath of chaſtity)
VVho nere diſcloſing this thy hot reignd luſt,
Yet tender to prevent a publique ſcandall,
That Christendom might juſtly have impos'd
Upon this holy inſtitution.
Thou now haſt drawn this practiſe 'gainſt her life
To quit her charity.
Mount. Spaniard, thou lieſt.
Aſt. No more *Gomara*, thou art granted combat,
And you *Mountferrat* muſt prepare againſt
To morrow morning in the vally here
Adjoyning to St. *Georges* Port: a Lady
In caſe of life 'gainſt whom one witneſſe comes
May have her champion.
Val. And who hath moſt right *Floriſh.*
VVith, or againſt our ſiſter, ſpeed in fight. *Exit*

Enter Rocca.

Mount. Rocca, the firſt news of *Mirandas* ſervice
Let me have notice of.
R c You ſhall: The Moore
VVaytes you without.
Mount. Admit her, ha, ha, ha.
Oh, how my fancies run at tilt! *Gomera*
Loves *Oriana*; ſhe, as I ſhould gheſſe,
Affects *Miranda*; theſe are two deer friends,
As firme, and full of fire, as ſteele and flint.
To make 'em ſo now, one againſt the other: *En. Zanthia*
Stay, let me like it better, *Zanthia*;
Firſt tell me this, did *Don Gomera* uſe
To give his viſits to your Miſtris?
Zan. Yes, and *Miranda* too: but ſeverally.
Mount. VVhich did ſhe moſt apply to?
Zan. Faith to neither:
Yet infinitely I have heard her praiſe 'em both,
And in that manner, that were both one man
I thinke ſhe was in love with't.
Mount. Zanthia,
Another Letter you muſt frame for me
Inſtantly, in your Ladies Character,
To ſuch a purpoſe as I'le tell thee ſtrait,
Go in, and ſtay me: go my Tinder-box,
Croſſe lines i'le croſſe; ſo, ſo: my after-game
I muſt play better: woman, I will ſpread
My vengeance over Malta, for thy ſake:
Spaniard, Italian, like my ſteele and ſtone,
I'le knock you thus together, were ye out
To light my dark deeds, whilſt I ſeeme preciſe,
And winck to ſave the ſparcles from mine eyes.
Exeunt

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

A Sea fight within, alarum.

Enter Norandine, Miranda, and Souldiers and Gentlemen.

Mir. How is it Sir?
Nor. Pray ſet me down; I coole,
And my wounds ſmart.
Mir. I hope yet
Though there be many, ther's none dangerous.
Nor. I know not, nor I care not much, I got 'em
Like a too forward foole; but I hope the Surgeons
Will take an order I ſhall not leave 'em ſo
I make the rogues more work then all the Iſland,
And yet they give me the hardeſt words for my money.
Mir. I am glad ye are ſo ſprightly: ye fought bravely
Go call the Surgeons Souldiers: wondrous nobly
Upon my life, I have not ſeen ſuch valour,
Maintained ſo long, and to ſo large a ruin,

The oddes ſo ſtrong againſt ye.
Nor. I thank ye,
And thank ye for your help, your timely ſuccour.
By th' mas, it came ith' nick ſir,and well handled;
Stoutly,and ſtrongly handled: we had duckt elſe,
My Turke had Turk'd me elſe: but he has wel paid for't.
Why what a Signe for an Almanack h'as made me?

Enter Aſtorius.

Aſt. I am glad to finde ye here ſir, of neceſſity
I muſt have come aboard elſe; and brave Captain
We all joy much in your faire victory,
And all the Iſland ſpeaks your valour nobly.
Have ye brought the Turke in that ye took?
Mir. He rides there.
Nor. If he were out again,the devill ſhould bring him.
H'as truely circumcis'd me.
Aſt. I have a buſineſſe
Which much concernes ye, preſently concernes ye;
But not this place nor people: pray ye draw off ſir,
For tis of that weight to ye.
Mir. Ile wait on ye,
I muſt crave leave a while:my care dwels with ye,
And I muſt wait my ſelfe.
Nor. Your ſervant ſir.
Mir. Believe I ſhall,and what my love can miniſter;
Keep your ſtout heart ſtill.
Nor. That's my beſt Phyſitian.
Mir. And I ſhall keepe your fame faire. *Exit.*
Nor. Ye are too Noble.
A brave young fellow,of a matchleſſe ſpirit;
He brought me off like thunder,charg'd,and boorded,
As if he had been ſhot to ſave mine honour:
And when my fainting men tyr'd with their labour,
And lacke of blood gave to the Turke aſſurance
The day was his; when I was cut in ſhreds thus,
And not a corn of Powder left to bleſſe us,
Then flew his Sword in,then his Cannon roard,
And let flie blood and death in ſtorms amongſt em.
Then might I heare their ſleepy Prophet howl'd too,
And all their ſilver Creſcents then I ſaw
Like falling Meteors ſpent, and ſet for ever
Under the Croſſe of Malta; death ſo wanton
I never lookt upon, ſo full of revell. *Enter Surgeon*
I will not be dreſt yet: Me thought that fellow
Was fit for no converſation,nor no Chriſtian
That had not halfe his brains knockt out, no Souldier.
Oh valiant young man,how I love thy vertue.
1 *Soul.* Pray ye ſir be dreſt, alaſſe ye bleed apace yet.
Nor. Tis but the ſweat of honour(alas)thou milkſop,
Thou man of March-paine,canſt thou feare to ſee
A few light hurts,that bluſh they are no bigger,
A few ſmall ſcratches? get ye a Cawdle ſirha,
Your finger akes:and let the old wives watch thee:
Bring in the booty, and the priſoners;
By Heaven Ile ſee 'em,and diſpoſe 'em firſt,
Before I have a drop of blood wipt from me; goe. *Exeunt Souldiers.*
Surg. You'l faint ſir.
Nor. No, ye lie ſir, like an Aſſe, ſir;
I have no ſuch pigs hurt in my belly.
Sur. By my life Captaine
Theſe hurts are not to be jeſted with.
Nor. If thou hadſt 'em:
They are my companions foole,my family;
I cannot eate nor ſleepe without their company.
Doſt take me for St *Davy*, that fell dead
With ſeeing of his noſe bleed? *Enter Souldiers with booty.*
Sur. Here they come ſir:
But would you would be dreſt.
Nor. Pox: dreſſe thy ſelfe firſt,
Thou faintſt a great deale faſter: whats all this?
1 *Sould.* The money and the merchandize ye took ſir.
Nor. A goodly purchaſe: Is it for this we venture
Our liberties and lives? what can all this doe?
Get me ſome dozen ſurfeits, ſome ſeven freſh whores,
And twenty pot-alleys and to: and then I am vertuous.
Lay the Knights part by, and that to pay the Souldier:
This is mine own, I think I have deſerv'd it:
Come, now looke to me,and grope me like a chamber-maid,
Ile neither ſtart,nor ſpeake; what's that i'th truſſe there?
2 *Soul.* Tis cloth of Tiſſew ſir,and this is Scarlet.
Nor. I ſhall looke redder ſhortly then,I feare me,
And as a Captaine ought,a great deale prowder.
Can ye cure me of that crack, Surgeon?
Sur. Yes, when your Suit's at pawn, ſir.
Nor. There's for your playſter.
A very learned Surgeon: what's in that pack there?
1 *Soul.* Tis Engliſh Cloth.
Nor. That's a good weare indeed,
Both ſtrong, and rich: but it has a vertue
A twang of the own Country,that ſpoiles all:
A man ſhall nere be ſober in't: Where are the Gentlemen
That ventur'd with me, both their lives and fortunes?
Come forward my faire ſpirits; *Norandine*
Forgets his worth,when he forgets your valours.
You have loſt an eye,I ſaw ye face all hazards:
You have one left yet, to chooſe your Miſtris.
You have your leg broke with a ſhot; yet ſitting,
I ſaw you make the place good with your Pike ſtill.
And your hand's gone; a good heart wants no inſtruments;
Share that amongſt ye: there's an eye,an arme,
And that wil beare you up,when your legs cannot.
Oh where's the honeſt Saylor? that poore fellow,
Indeed that bold brave fellow, that with his Musket
Taught them new waies how to put their caps off;
That ſtood the fire of all the fight, twice blowne,
And twice I gave him drownd: welcome aſhore knave;
Give me thy hand, if they be not both loſt: faith thou art welcome,
My tough knave welcom: thou wilt not ſhrink ith'waſhing,
Hold,there's a piece of Scarlet,get thee hanſome.
And this to buy thee Buttons.
Sayl. Thank ye Captaine,
Command my life at all houres.
Nor. Thou durſt give it.
You have deſerv'd too.
3 *Soul.* We have ſeen the fight ſir.
Nor. Yes: coyld up in a Cable, like ſalt Eeles;
Or buried low ith'ballaſſe: do you call that fighting?
Where be your wounds? your knocks? your want of limbs rogues?
Art not thou he that ask'd the Maſter-gunner
Where thou mightſt lie ſafeſt? and he ſtrait anſwered,
Put thy head in that hole new bor'd with a Cannon,
For twas a hundred to one,another ſhot would not hit there:
Your wages you ſhall have, but for rewards
Take your owne waies: and get ye to the Tavernes;
There, when ye are hot with Wine 'mongſt your admirers,
Take Ships,and Towns, and Caſtles at your pleaſures,
And make the great Turk ſhake at your valours.
Bring in the priſoners now my brave Muſulmans,

Enter Priſoners, and Luſcinda.

You that are Lords oth' Sea, and ſcorn us Chriſtians,
Which of your mangy lives is worth this hurt here?
Away to priſon with 'em, ſee 'em ſafe;
You ſhall finde we have Gallies too, and ſlaves too.

1 *Soul.* What ſhall be done with this woman ſir?
Nor. Pox take her,
Twas ſhe that ſet me on to fight with theſe rogues,
That Ring-worme rot it: what can you doe now
With all your paintings, and your pouncings Lady,
To reſtore my blood again? you, and your *Cupid*
That have made a Carbinado of me; 'plague take ye,
Ye are too deep ye rogue, this is thy worke woman,
Thou louſie woman; 'death, you go too deep ſtill.
The ſeeing of your ſimpring ſweetneſſe: —— ye Filly,
Ye Tit, ye Tomboy, what can one nights gingling,
Or two, or ten, ſweet heart, and oh my deare chicken,
Scratching my head, or fumbling with my fore-maſt,
Doe me good now? ye have powder'd me for one yeere,
I am in ſowce I thank ye; thanke your beauty,
Your moſt ſweet beauty: pox upon thoſe goggles.
We cannot fight like honeſt men, for honour,
And quietly kill one another as we ought,
But in ſteps one of you; the devils holineſſe
And you muſt have a daunce: away with her,
She ſtinks to me now.
1 *Soul.* Shall I have her Captaine?
2 *Soul.* Or I?
3 *Soul.* Ile marry her.
4 *Soul.* Good Captaine, I. (her;
3 *Soul.* And make her a good Chriſtian; lay hands on
I know ſhe's mine.
2 *Soul.* Ile give my full ſhare for her: have ye no man-
To thruſt the woman ſo? (ners
Nor. Share her among ye;
And may ſhe give ye as many hurts as I have,
And twice as many aches.
Luſc. Noble Captaine,
Be pleas'd to free me from theſe Souldiers wildneſſe,
Till I but ſpeake two words.
Nor. Now for your maidenhead,
You have your booke, proceed.
Luſc. Victorious ſir,
Tis ſeldome ſeen in men ſo valiant,
Minds ſo devoyd of vertue: he that can conquer,
Should ever know how to preſerve his conqueſt,
Tis but a baſe theft elſe. Valour's a vertue,
Crown of mens actions here; yours as you make it.
And can you put ſo rough a foyle as violence,
As wronging of weake woman to your triumph?
Nor. Let her alone.
Luſc. I have loſt my husband, ſir;
You feel not that: him that I love; you care not:
When fortune fals on you thus, you may grieve too;
My liberty, I kneele not for; mine honour,
(if ever vertuous honour toucht your heart yet)
Make deere, and precious, ſir: you had a mother.
Nor. The rougy thing ſpeaks finely, neat: who took ye?
For he muſt be your guard.
Luſc. I wiſh no better,
A Noble Gentleman, and Nobly us'd me,
They cal'd his name *Miranda.*
Nor. You are his then:
Ye have light upon a young man worth your ſervice,
I free ye from all the reſt: and from all violence;
He that doth offer't, by my head he hangs for't:
Go ſee her ſafe kept, till the Noble Gentleman
Be ready to diſpoſe her: thank your tongue,
You have a good one, and preſerve it good ſtill:
Souldiers, come wait on me, Ile ſee ye paid all. *Exeunt.*

Scena ſecunda.

Enter Miranda and Aſtorius.

Aſt. I knew ye lov'd her, vertuouſly ye lov'd her,
Which made me make that haſt: I knew ye priz'd her
As all fair minds do goodneſſe.
Mir. Good *Aſtorius,*
I muſt confeſſe I do much honour her,
And worthily I hope ſtill.
Aſt. Tis no doubt ſir,
For on my life ſhe is much wrong'd.
Mir. Very likely:
And I as much tormented I was abſent.
Aſt. You need not feare, *Peter Gomera's* Noble,
Of a tryd faith and valour.
Mir. This I know too:
But whilſt I was not there, and whilſt ſhe ſuffer'd;
Whilſt vertue ſuffer'd, friend, oh how it loads me!
Whilſt innocence and ſweetneſſe ſunke together,
How cold it ſits here? if my arme had fought her,
My truth, though naked, ſtood againſt all treaſons,
My Sword here graſped, love on the edge, and honour,
And but a ſignall from her eye to ſeale it,
If then ſhe had been loſt; I brag too late,
And too much I decline the Noble *Peter.*
Yet ſome poor ſervice I would do her ſweetneſſe,
Alas ſhe needs it, my *Aſtorius,*
The gentle Lady needs it.
Aſt. Noble ſpirit.
Mir. And what I can: prethee bear with this weaknes.
Often I do not uſe theſe womens weapons
But where true pitty is. I am much troubled,
And ſomething have to do, I cannot forme yet.
Aſt. Ile take my leave, ſir, I ſhall but diſturb ye.
Mir. And pleaſe you for a while: and pray to fortune
To ſmile upon this Lady.
Aſt. All my help ſir. *Exit.*
Mir. Gomera's old and ſtiffe: and he may loſe her,
The winter of his yeeres and wounds upon him:
And yet he has done bravely hithero;
Mountferrats fury, in his heat of ſummer,
The whiſtling of his Sword like angry ſtormes,
Renting up life by th' roots, I have ſeen him ſcale
As if a Falcon had run up a traine,
Claſhing his warlike pynions, his ſteel'd curaſſe,
And at his pitch inmew the Town below him.
I muſt do ſomething. *Enter Collonna.*
Col. Noble ſir, for Heaven ſake
Take pity of a poore afflicted Chriſtian
Redeem'd from one affliction to another.
Mir. Boldly you aske that, we are bound to give it.
From what affliction ſir?
Col. From cold, and hunger:
From nakedneſſe, and ſtripes.
Mir. A priſoner?
Col. A ſlave, ſir, in the Turkiſh prize, new taken;
That in the heat of fight, when your brave hand
Brought the Dane ſuccour, got my yrons off,
And put my ſelfe to mercy of the Ocean.
Mer. And ſwom to Land?
Col. I did ſir, Heaven was gracious;
But now a ſtranger, and my wants upon me,
Though willingly I would preſerve this life ſir,
With honeſty and truth; I am not look'd on;
The hand of pity, that ſhould give for Heaven ſake,
And charitable hearts are grown ſo cold, ſir,
Never remembring what their fortunes may be.
Mir. Thou ſayſt too true: of what profeſſion art thou?
Col. I have been better traind; and can ſerve truly,
Where truſt is laid upon me.
Mir. A hanſome fellow;
Haſt thou ere bore Armes?

Col. I have trod full many a march, ſir,
And ſome hurts have to ſhew : before me too,ſir.
Mir. Pity this thing ſhould ſtarve,or forced for want
'Come to a worſe end.I know not what thou mayſt be.
But if thou thinkſt it fit to be a ſervant,
Ile be a Maſter,and a good one to thee,
If ye deſerve, ſir.
Col. Elſe I aske no favour.
Mir. Then ſir,to try your truſt, becauſe I like you,
Go to the Dane, of him receive a woman,
A Turkiſh priſoner; for me receive her,
I heare ſhe is my prize : looke fairly to her,
For I would have her know,though now my priſoner,
The Chriſtians need no Schoolmaſters for honour.
Take this to buy thee clothes : this Ring, to help thee
Into the fellowſhip of my houſe : ye are a ſtranger,
And my ſervants will not know ye elſe ; there keep her,
And with all modeſty preſerve your ſervice.
Col. A foule example finde me elſe : Heaven thank ye.
Of Captaine *Norandine* ?
Mir. The ſame.
Col. Tis done ſir :
And may Heavens goodneſſe ever dwell about ye.
Mir. Wait there till I come home.
Col. I ſhall not faile,ſir. *Exeunt.*

Scena tertia.

Enter Mountferrat with a Letter,and Abdella.

Abd. Tis ſtrange it ſhould be ſo,that your high mettle
ſhould check thus poorly : dully ; moſt un-manly.
Mount. Let me alone.
Abd. Thus leadenly ?
Mont.——take ye.
Abd. At every childiſh feare?at every ſhadow ?
Are you *Mountferrat*,that have done ſuch deeds?
Wrought through ſuch bloody fields,men ſhake to ſpeak (of?
Can ye go back?is there a ſafety left yet
But fore-right? is not ruine round about ye ?
Have ye not ſtil theſe armes,that Sword,that heart whol?
Is't not a man ye fight with,and an old man,
A man halfe kil'd already? Am not I here
As lovely in my blacke to entertaine thee,
As high,and full of heat,to meet thy pleaſures?
Mount. I wil be alone.
Abd. Ye ſhall : farewell ſir ;
And doe it bravely,never think of conſcience :
There is none to a man reſolved; be happy. *Exit.*

Enter Miranda.

Mount. No,moſt unhappy wretch, as thou haſt made (me
More devil then thy ſelfe,I am.
Mir. Alone,
And troubled too,I take it : how he ſtarts ?
All is not hanſome in thy heart *Mountferrat.*
God ſpeed ye ſir,I have been ſeeking of ye :
They ſay you are to fight to day.
Mount. What: then ?
Mir. Nay nothing but good fortune to your Sword,ſir.
Ye have a cauſe requires it, the Iſlands ſafety,
The orders,and your honours.
Mount. And do you make a queſtion
I wil not fight it Nobly ?
Mir. Ye dare fight,
Ye have, and with as great a confidence as juſtice,
I have ſeen ye ſtrike as home, and hit as deadly.
Mount. Why are theſe queſtions then ?
Mir. Ile tell ye quickly.
Ye have a Lady in your cauſe, a faire one,
A gentler never trod on ground,a Nobler.
Mount. Do ye come on ſo faſt?I have it for ye.
Mir. The Sunne nere ſaw a ſweeter.
Mount. Theſe I grant ye :
Nor dare I againſt beauty heave my hand up,
It were unmanly,ſir ; too much unmanly :
But when theſe excellencies turn to ruine,
To ruine of themſelves,and thoſe protect 'em ;
When vertue's loſt luſt,and diſhonour enter'd,
Loſſe of our ſelves,and ſouls baſely projected---
Mir. Do you think tis ſo ?
Mount. Too ſure.
Mir. And can it be ?
Can it be thought *Mountferrat*,ſo much ſweetnes,
So great a magazine of all things precious,
A mind ſo heavenly made,prethee obſerve me. -
Mount. I thought ſo to:now by my holy Order,
He that had told me,'(till experience found it
Too bold a proof)this Lady had been vitious--
I weare no dull Sword ſir, nor hate I vertue,
Mir. Againſt her brother? to the man has bred her?
Her blood and honour ?
Mount. Where ambitious luſt
Deſires to be above the rule preſcribed her,
Takes hold,and wins,poore chaſtity,cold duty,
Like faſhions old forgot,ſhe flings behind her,
And puts on blood and miſchiefe,death,and ruine,
To raiſe her new built hopes,new faith to faſten her:
Ma' *foy*,ſhe is as foule, as heaven is beauteous.
Mir. Thou lieſt; thou lieſt *Mountferrat*:thou lieſt baſely.
Stare not,nor ſwell not with thy pride : thou lieſt ;
And this ſhall make it good.
Mount. Out with your heat firſt,
Ye ſhall be fought withall.
Mir. By —— that Lady,
The vertue of that woman,were all the good deeds
Of all thy families bound in one fagot,
From *Adam* to this houre, but with one ſparkle
Would fire that wiſpe,and turn it to light aſhes.
Mount. Oh pitifull young man , ſtroke blind with
beauty !
Shot with a womans ſmile : poore,poore *Miranda* ;
Thou hopeful young man once;but now thou loſt man:
Thou naked man of all that we call Noble,
How art thou cozend? didſt thou know what I do,
And how far thy deare honour (mark me foole)
Which like a father I have kept from blaſting,
Thy tender honour is abus'd: but fight firſt,
And then , too late, thou ſhalt know all.
Mir. Thou lieſt, ſtil.
Mount. Stay,now Ile ſhew thee all,and then Ile kil thee.
I love thee ſo deere,time ſhall not diſgrace thee.
Read that.
Mir. It is her hand : it is moſt certaine;
Good Angels keep me : that I ſhould be her agent
To betray Malta,and bring her to the Baſha,
That on my tender love lay all her project!
Eyes,never ſee again,melt out for ſorrow,
Did the divell do this ?
Mount. No,but his Dam did it,
The vertuous Lady that you love ſo deerly ;
Come, wil ye fight again ?
Mir. No,prethee kill me :
For Heaven ſake, and for goodneſſe ſake diſpatch me,
For the diſgrace ſake that I gave thee,kill me.
Mount. Why, are ye guilty ?
Mir. I have liv'd *Mountferrat*,

To ſee diſhonour ſwallow up all vertue,
And now would dye: by heavens eternall brightneſſe,
I am as cleere as Innocence.
Mount. I knew it,
And therefore kept this Letter from all knowledge,
And this ſword from anger, ye had died elſe.
And yet I lye, and baſely lye.
Mir. O vertue!
Unſpotted vertue, whether art thou vaniſh'd?
What haſt thou left to abuſe our fraileties
In ſhape of goodneſſe?
Mount. Come, take courage, man,
I have forgiven. and forgot your raſhneſſe,
And hold you faire as light in all your actions,
And by my troth I griev'd your love; take comfort,
There be more women.
Mir. And more miſchiefe in 'em.
Mount. The juſtice I ſhall doe, to right theſe villaines
Shall make ye man againe: i'le ſtrike it ſure Sir.
Come, looke up bravely: put this puling paſſion
Out of your minde; one knock for thee *Miranda*,
And for the Boy, the grave *Gomera* gave thee,
When ſhe accepted thee her Champion;
And in thy abſence, like a valiant Gentleman,
I yet remember it: he is too young,
Too Boyiſh, and to tender, to adventure:
I'le give him one ſound rap for that: I love thee,
Thou art a brave young ſparke.
Mir. Boy did he call me?
Gomera call me Boy?
Mount. It pleas'd his gravity,
To think ſo of ye then: they that doe ſervice,
And honeſt ſervice, ſuch as thou, and I doe,
Are either knaves, or Boyes.
Mir. Boy, by *Gomera*?
How look'd he when he ſaid it? for *Gomera*
Was ever wont to be a vertuous Gentleman,
Humane, and ſweet.
Mount. Yes, when he will, he can be;
But let it goe, I would not breed diſſention;
'Tis an unfriendly office, and had it been
To any of a higher ſtraine then you Sir,
The well known, well approved, and lov'd *Miranda*,
I had not thought on't: 'twas happly, his haſte too,
And zeale to her.
Mir. A Traytor and a Boy too?
Shame take me if I ſuffer't: puff: farewell love.
Mount. Ye know my buſineſſe, I muſt leave ye Sir,
My houre grows on a pace.
Mir. I muſt not leave you
I dare not, nor I will not, till your goodneſſe
Have granted me one curteſie: ye ſay ye love me?
Mount. I doe, and deerely: ask, and let that curteſie
Nothing concerne mine honour,
Mir. You muſt doe it.
Or you will never ſee me more:
Mount. What is it?
It ſhall be great that puts ye of; pray ſpeake it.
Mir. Pray let me fight to day: good, deere *Mountferrat*,
Let me, and bold *Gomera*--
Mount. Fie *Miranda*,
Doe ye weigh my worth ſo little?
Mir. On my knees,
As ever thou had'ſt true touch of a ſorrow
Thy friend conceiv'd, as ever honour lov'd thee.
Mount. Shall I turne recreant now?
Mir. 'Tis not thy cauſe,
Thou haſt no reputation wounded in't,
Thines but a generall zeale: 'death: I am tainted,
The deereſt twyn to life, my credit's murder'd,
Baffell'd, and boy'd,
Mount. I am glad ye have ſwallow'd it,
I muſt confeſſe I pitty ye; and 'tis a juſtice,
A great one too, you ſhould revenge theſe injuries:
I know it, and I know ye fit and bold to doe it,
And man, as much as man may: but *Miranda*,
Why doe ye kneel?
Mir. By ——— I'le grow to the ground here,
And with my ſword digge up my grave, and fall in't
Unleſſe thou grant me: deere *Mountferrat*, friend,
Is any thing in my power, to my life, Sir?
The honour ſhall be yours.
Mount. I love ye deerely,
Yet ſo much I ſhould tender.
Mir. I'le preſerve all:
By——— I will: or all the ſinne fall with me,
Pray let me.
Mount. Ye have won: i'le once be coward
To pleaſure you.
Mir. I kiſſe your hands, and thanke ye.
Mount. Be tender of my credit, and fight bravely.
Mir. Blow not the fire that flames.
Mount. I'le ſend mine Armor,
My man ſhall preſently attend ye with it,
For you muſt arme immediately, the houre cals,
I know 'twill fit ye right; be ſure, and ſecret,
And laſt be fortunate; farewell: ye are fitted:
I am glad the load's off me.
Mir. My beſt *Mountferrat*. *Exeunt.*

Scæna quarta.

Enter Norandine, and Doctor.

Nor. Doctor, I will ſee the Combat, that's the truth on't
If I had never a Legge, I would crawle to ſee it.
Doct. You are moſt unfit, if I might councell ye,
Your wounds ſo many, and the ayre——
Nor. The Halter;
The ayres as good an ayre, as fine an ayre;
Would'ſt thou have me live in an oven?
Doct. Beſide the noyſe, Sir:
Which to a tender body.
Nor. That's it, Doctor,
My body muſt be cur'd withall: if you'll heale me quickly,
Boyle a Drum-head in my broth: I never proſper,
With knuckles ó' veale, and birds in ſorrell ſops,
Cawdles, and Cullyſſes; they waſh me away
Like a horſe had eaten grains: if thou wilt cure me
A pickled herring, and a pottle of Sack, Doctor,
And halfe a dozen trumpets.
Doct. Ye are a ſtrange Gentleman,
Nor. As ere thou knew'ſt: wilt thou give me an other glister
That I may ſit cleanly there, like a french Lady,
When ſhe goes to a Mask at Court? where's thy hoboy?
Doct. I am glad ye are growne ſo merry.
Nor. Welcome Gentlemen.
Enter Aſtor: & Caſtr.
Aſt. We come to ſee you ſir; and glad we are
To ſee you thus, thus forward to your health, ſir.
Nor. I thank my Doctor here.
Doct. Nay, thanke your ſelfe ſir,
For by my troth, I know not how he's cur'd,
He nev'r obſerves any of our preſcriptions.
Nor. Give me my money again then, good ſweet Doctor,
Wilt thou have twenty ſhillings a day for vexing me.

Doct. That ſhall not ſerve ye ſir; *Drums a far off,*
Nor. Then forty ſhall ſir, *A low March.*
And that will make ye ſpeake well: harke the Drums.
Caſt. They begin to beat to th' field: O noble Dane,
Never was ſuch a ſtake, I hope of innocence
Plaid for in *Malta*, and in blood before.
Aſt. It makes us hang our heads all.
Nor. A bold villaine:
If there be treaſon in it: accuſe poore Ladies?
And yet they may do miſchief to: i'le be with ye:
If ſhe be innocent, I ſhall finde it quickly,
And ſomething then i'le ſay.
Aſt. Come, leane on us, ſir,
Nor. I thank ye Gentlemen: and domine Doctor,
Pray bring a little ſneezing powder in your Pocket,
For feare I ſound when I ſee blood.
Doct. You are pleaſant. *Exeunt.*

Scæna quinta.

Enter two Marſhalls.

1 Are the Combatants come in? *The Scaffold*
2 Yes. *ſet out and the ſtaires.*
1 Make the field cleere there.
2 That's done too.
1 Then to the priſoner: the grand Maſter's coming,
Let's ſee that all be ready there.
2 Too ready.
How ceremonious our very ends are?
Alas, ſweet Lady,
If ſhe be innocent, *Floriſh.*
No doubt but juſtice will direct her Champion *Enter*
Away: I heare 'em come: *Valetta:*
1 Pray heaven ſhe proſper. *Norandine*
Val. Give Captain *Norandine* a chaire. *Aſtor.*
Nor. I thank your Lordſhip. *Caſtriot: &c.*
Val. Sit ſir, and take your eaſe: your hurts require it.
You come to ſee a womans cauſe deſcrided:
That's all the knowledge now, or name I have for her:
They ſay a falſe, a baſe, and treacherous woman,
And partly prov'd too.
Nor. Pitty it ſhould be ſo:
And if your Lordſhip durſt aske my opinion,
Sure, I ſhould anſwer no: ſo much I honour her:
And anſwer't with my life too: But *Gomera*
Is a brave Gentleman; the other valiant,
And if he be not good, doggs gnaw his fleſh off,
And one above 'em both will finde the truth out.
He never failes, ſir,
Val. That's the hope reſts with me.
Nor. How nature, and his honour ſtruggle in him!
A ſweet, cleere, noble Gentleman. *Within, make roome*
Guard. Make roome there. *there. Enter Oriana; La-*
Val. Go up: and what you have to ſay, ſay there, *dies,*
Ori. Thus I aſcend: neerer I hope to heaven, *Executioner,*
Nor do I fear to tread this dark black Manſion: *Abdel;*
The Image of my grave each foot we move, *la: & Guard.*
Goes to it ſtill: each houre we leave behinde us,
Knols ſadly toward it: My noble Brother,
For yet mine innocence dares cals ye ſo,
And you the friends to vertue, that come hither,
The Chorus to this Tragick Scæne behold me,
Behold me with your juſtice, not with pitty,
(My cauſe was ne're ſo poore to aske compaſſion,)
Behold me in this ſpotleſſe white I weare,
The Embleme of my life, of all my actions,
So ye ſhall finde my ſtory, though I periſh:
Behold me in my Sex, I am no Souldier,
Tender, and full of fears our bluſhing Sex is,
Unhardned with relentleſſe thoughts; unhatcht
With blood, and bloody practiſe: alas we tremble;
But when an angry dreame afflicts our fancies,
Dye with a tale well told: had I been practis'd,
And known the way of miſchiefe, travell'd in it,
And given my blood, and honour up to reach it,
Forgot religion, and the line I ſprung on,
Oh heaven, I had been fit then for thy juſtice.
And then in black as dark as hell, I had howl'd here.
Laſt, in your own opinions weigh mine innocence;
Amongſt ye I was planted from an Infant
(would then if heaven had ſo been pleas'd, I had periſh'd)
Grew up, and goodly, ready to bear fruit,
The honourable fruit of marriage:
And am I blaſted in my bud with treaſon?
Boldly, and baſely of my faire name raviſh'd,
And hither brought to finde my reſt in ruine?
But he that knowes all he that rights all wrongs,
And in his time reſtores, knows me: I have ſpoken.
Val. If ye be innocent, heaven will protect ye,
And ſo I leave ye to his Sword ſtrikes for ye,
Farewell.
Ori. O that went deepe: farewell deere brother,
And howſoe'r my cauſe goes, ſee my body
(upon my knees I ask it) buried chaſtely;
For yet, by holy truth, it never treſpaſſ'd.
Aſt. Juſtice ſit on your cauſe; & heaven fight for ye.
Nor. Two of ye Gentlemen, doe me but the honour
To lead me to her: good my Lord, your leave too:
Val. You have it ſir.
Nor Give me your faire hands feareleſſe,
As white as this I ſee your Innocence,
As ſpotleſſe, and as pure: be not afraid Lady,
You are but here brought to your nobler fortune,
To adde unto your life immortall ſtory:
Vertue, through hardeſt things arrives at happineſſe,
Shame follow that blunt ſword that looſes you:
And he that ſtrikes againſt you: I ſhall ſtudy
A curſe or two for him: once more your faire hands,
I never brought ill luck yet; be feareleſſe happy.
Ori. I thank ye, noble Captain.
Nor. So I leave ye.
Val. Call in the Knights ſeverally. *Enter ſeverally*
Ori. But two words to my Champion, *Gomera, and Mi-*
And then to heaven and him, I give my cauſe up: *randa.*
Val. Speake quickly: and ſpeake ſhort.
Ori. I have not much ſir.
Noble *Gomera*, from your own free vertue,
You have undertaken here a poore Maids honour,
And with the hazard of your life: and happily
You may ſuſpect the cauſe, though in your true worth
You will not ſhew it, therefore take this teſtimony
(And as I hope for happineſſe, a true one)
And may it ſteel your heart, and edge your good ſword,
Ye fight for her, as ſpotleſſe of theſe miſchiefes,
As heaven is of our ſinnes, or truth of errors,
And ſo defie that treacherous man, and proſper.
Nor. Bleſſing o'thy heart Lady.
Val. Give the ſignall to 'em. *Low Alarmes.*
Nor. 'Tis bravely fought *Gomera*; follow that blow,
Well ſtrooke againe boy: looke upon the Lady,
And gather ſpirit: brave againe: lye cloſe.
Lye cloſe I ſay: he fights aloft, and ſtrongly:
Cloſe for thy life: a —— o' that fell buffet:
Retire, and gather breath: ye have day enough knights;
Looke lovely on him Lady: to't againe now,

Stand, ſtand *Gomera*, ſtand : one blow for all now.
Gather thy ſtrength together ; God bleſſe the woman :
Why, wher's thy noble heart ? heaven bleſſe the Lady.
All. Oh, Oh !
Val. She is gone, ſhe is gone :
Nor. Now ſtrike it.
Hold, hold : he yeelds : hold thy brave ſword, he's con-
He's thine *Gomera*, now be joyfull Lady : (quer'd :
What could this theefe have done, had his cauſe beene
He made my heart ſtrings tremble. (equall ?
Val. Off with his Cask there;
And Executioner, take you his head next.
Abdel. Oh curſed fortune !
Gom. Stay, I beſeech ye ſir, and this one honour
Grant me, *I* have deſerv'd it, that this villaine
May live one day, to envy at my juſtice,
That he may pine, and dye before the ſword fall.
Viewing the glory, I have wone her goodneſſe.
Val. He ſhall, and you the harveſt of your valour
Shall reape brave ſir, abundantly.
Gom. I have ſaved her.
Preſerv'd her ſpotleſſe worth from black deſtruction,
Her white name to eternity delivered,
Her youth, and ſweetneſſe, from a timeleſſe ruin.
Now Lord *Valetta*, if this bloody labour
May but deſerve her favour.
Mir. Stay and heare me firſt.
Val. Of with his Cask, this is *Miranda's* voice.
Nor. 'Tis he indeed, or elſe mine eyes abuſe me,
What makes he here thus ?
Ori. The young *Miranda* ?
Is he mine enemy too ?
Mir. None has deſerv'd her
If worth muſt carry it, and ſervice ſeeke her,
But he that ſaved her honour.
Gom. That's I *Miranda*.
Mir. No, no, that's I *Gomera*, be not ſo forward,
In bargaine for my love, ye cannot cozen me.
Gom. I fought it.
Mir. And I gave it : which is nobler ?
Why every Gentleman would have done as much
As you did : fought it : that's a poore deſert, ſir,
They are bound to that; but then to make that fight ſure,
To doe as I did, take all danger from it
Suffer that coldneſſe, that muſt call me now
Into diſgrace for ever, into pitty.
Gom. I undertook firſt, to preſerve from hazzard.
Mir. And I made ſure no hazzard ſhould come neere hir.
Gom. 'Twas I defide *Mountferrat*.
Mir. 'Twas I wrought him,
You had had a darke day elſe ; twas I defide
His conſcience firſt, 'twas I that ſhook him there,
Which is the brave defiance.
Gom. My life and honour
At ſtake I lay'd,
Mir. My care ; and truth lay by it
Leaſt that ſtake might be loſt : I have deſerv'd her,
And none but I; the Lady might have periſh'd,
Had Fell *Mountferrat* ſtrooke it, from whoſe malice
With cunning, and bold confidence I catch'd it,
And 'twas high time, and ſuch a ſervice Lady
For you, and for your innocence, for who knows not
The all devouring ſword of fierce *Mountferrat* ?
I ſhew'd ye what I could doe, had I beene ſpightfull
Or Maſter but of halfe the poyſon he beares,
(Hell take his heart for't) and beſhrow theſe hands Mad-
With all my heart, I wiſh a miſchiefe on 'em, (dam,
They made ye once looke ſad : ſuch another fright
I would not put ye in, to owne the Iſland,
Yet pardon me, 'twas but to ſhew a Souldier,
Which, when I had done, I ended your poore coward.
Val. Let ſome looke out, for the baſe Knight *Mount-*
Ab. I hope he's far enough if his man be truſty: (*ferrat.*
This was a ſtrange misfortune ; I muſt not know it.
Val. That moſt deboſh'd knight: come down ſweet ſiſter.
My ſpotleſſe Siſter; now, pray thanke theſe Gentlemen,
They have deſerv'd both truly, nobly of ye.
Both excellently deerely, both all the honour
All the reſpect and favour.
Ori. Both ſhall have it ;
And as my life, their memories i'le nouriſh.
Val. Ye are both true Knights, and both moſt worthy
Here ſtands a Lady ripen'd with your ſervice, (Lovers,
Yong, faire, and (now I dare ſay) truly honourable :
'Tis my will ſhe ſhall marry : marry now, (deſerts
And one of you (ſhe cannot take more nobly) your
Begot this will, and bred it ; both her beauty
Cannot enjoy : dare ye marke me your umpier ?
Gom. Mir. With all our Soules.
Val. He muſt not then be angry
That looſes her.
Gom. O, that were Sir, unworthy,
Mir. A little ſorrow he may finde.
Val. 'Tis manly.
Gomera, you are a brave accompliſh'd Gentleman
A braver no where lives then is *Miranda*,
In the white way of vertue, and true valour.
Ye have been a pilgrime long : yet no man farther
Has trod thoſe thorny ſteps then young *Miranda*,
You are gentle : he is gentleneſſe it ſelfe : Experience
Cals you her brother ; 'tis his hopefull heire.
Nor. The young man now, and 't be thy will.
Val. Your hand ſir ;
You undertooke firſt : nobly undertook,
This Ladies cauſe : you made it good, and fought it
You muſt be ſerv'd firſt : take her, and enjoy her,
I give her to you : kiſſe her; are you pleas'd now ?
Gom. My joy's ſo much I cannot ſpeake.
Val. Nay, faireſt ſir ;
You muſt not be diſpleaſed : you breake your promiſe.
Mir. I never griev'd at good, nor dare I now ſir,
Though ſomething ſeeme ſtrange to me.
Val. I have provided
A better match for you : more full of beauty,
I'le wed ye to our Order : there's a Miſtreſſe,
Whoſe beauty ne're decayes : time ſtands below her :
Whoſe honour Ermin-like, can never ſuffer,
Spot, or black ſoyle ; whoſe eternall iſſue
Fame brings up at her breaſts, and leaves 'em ſaintied.
Her you ſhall marry.
Mir. I muſt humbly thanke ye.
Val. Saint *Thomas Fort*, a charge of no ſmall valew
I give ye too, in preſent, to keepe waking
Your noble ſpirits ; and to breed ye pious,
Ile ſend ye a probation Roabe ; weare that
Till ye ſhall pleaſe to be our brother : how now ?
Aſt. Mountferrat's fled ſir. *Enter Actorius.*
Val. Let him goe a while
Till we have done theſe rites, and ſeen theſe coupled :
His miſchiefe now lyes open : come all friends now.
And ſo let's march to th' Temple, ſound thoſe Inſtru-
That were the ſignall to a day of blood; (ments,
Evill beginning houres may end in good. *Floriſh.*
Nor. Come, we'll have wenches man, and all brave
—Let her goe : we'll want no Miſtreſſes, (things.
Good ſwords, and good ſtrong Armours.

Mir. Thoſe are beſt Captain. (after us.
Nor. And fight 'till Queenes be in love with us, and run
Ile ſee ye at the Fort within theſe two dayes,
And let's be merry prethee.
Mir. By that time I ſhall.
Nor. Why that's well ſaid: I like a good heart truly.
Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scæna prima.

Enter Norandine, and Servant, Corporall and Souldiers above.

Ser. The daye's not yet broak Sir.
Nor. 'Tis the cooler riding,
I muſt goe ſee *Miranda*: bring my horſe
Round to the South Port: i'le out here at the beach
And meet ye at the end oth' Sycamores,
'Tis a ſweet walke, and if the wind be ſtirring
Serves like a fan to coole.
Ser. Which walke?

Corporall and Watch above ſinging.

Nor. Why that ſir,
Where the fine City dames meet to make matches.
Ser. I know it.
Nor. Speed ye then: what mirth is this?
The watches are not yet diſcharged, I take it:
Theſe are brave careleſſe Rogues; i'le hear the Song out
And then i'le fit ye for't, merry Companions:
Here's notable order, now for a trick to tame ye——
Owgh, owgh.
1. *Wat.* Hark, hark, what's that below us? who goes
Nor. Owgh, owgh, owgh. (there?
2. *W.* 'Tis a Beare broke looſe: pray call the Corporall.
1 *W.* The Dutchmans huge fat ſow.
2 I ſee her now, and five fine piggs.
Nor. Owgh, owgh.
Corp. Now, what's the matter?
1 *W.* Here's the great fat Sow, Corporall.
The Dutch-mans Sow, and all the Piggs, brave fat piggs,
You have been wiſhing long ſhe would breake looſe.
Nor. Owgh, owgh.
Cor. 'Tis ſhe indeed, there's a white pigg now ſucking,
Looke, looke, doe you ſee it ſirs.
1 *Wat.* Yes, very well ſir.
Cor. A notable fat whorſon; come two of ye.
Goe downe with me, we'll have a tickling breakfaſt.
2 *W.* Let's eat 'em at the Croſſe.
Cor. There's the beſt liquor.
Nor. I'le liquor ſome of ye, ye lazy rogues,
Your mindes are of nothing but eating and ſwilling:
What a ſweet beaſt they have made of me? a Sow?
Hogge upon hogge? I heare 'em come.

Enter Cor. below and watch.

Cor. Go ſoftly, and fall upon 'em finely, nimbly.
1 *W.* Bleſſe me.
Cor. Why, what's the matter?
1 *W.* Oh the devill!
The devill, as high as a Steeple.
2 *W.* There he goes Corporall,
His feet are cloven too.
Cor. Stand, ſtand I ſay: death' how I ſhake?
Where be your Muskets?
1 *W.* There's no good of them:
Where be our Prayers, man?
2 *W.* Lord, how he ſtalks: ſpeak to him Corporall.
Cor. Why, what a devill art thou.
Nor. Owgh owgh.
Cor. A dumb devill.
The worſt devill that could come, a dumb devil,
Give me a Musket; he gathers in to me,
I'th name of——ſpeak what art thou?——ſpeake
Or Ile put a plumb in your belly. (devill,
Nor. Owgh, owgh, owgh.
Corp. Fie, fie, in what a ſweat I am! Lord bleſſe me,
My Muskets gone too, I am not able to ſtirre it.
Nor. Who goes there? ſtand ſpeake.
Corp. Sure I am inchaunted.
Yet here's my harbert ſtill: nay, who goes there ſir,
What have I loſt my ſelfe? what are ye?
Nor. The Guard.
Corp. Why, what are we then: he's not half ſo long now,
Nor he has no taile at all, I ſhake ſtill damnably.
Nor. The word.
Corp. 'Have mercy on me, what word do's he meane,
Prethee devill if thou be'ſt the devill,
Doe not make an Aſſe of me; for I remember yet
As well as I am here, I am the Corporall,
Ile lay my life on't devill.
Nor. Thou art damn'd:
Corp. That's all one: but am not I the Corporall?
I would give a thouſand pound to be reſolv'd now,
Had not I Souldiers here?
Nor. No, not a man,
Thou art deboſh'd, and cozen'd.
Corp. That may be,
It may be I am drunk; Lord, where have I been?
Is not this my Halbert in my hand?
Nor. No, 'tis a May-pole.
Cor. Why then I know not who I am, nor what,
Nor whence I come.
Nor. Ye are an arrand raſcall;
You Corporall of a watch.
Cor. 'Tis the Dane's voyce: you are no devill then.
Nor. No, nor no Sow, ſir.
Cor. Of that I am right glad ſir,
I was ne're ſo frighted in my life, as I am a Souldier.
Nor. Tall watchmen,
A guard for a Gooſe, you ſing away your Centuries.
A carefull company: let me out oth' port here,
I was a little merry with your worſhips:
And keepe your guards ſtrong, though the devill walk.
Hold, there's to bring ye into your wits againe.
Goe off no more to hunt Piggs: ſuch another trick
And you will hunt the gallowes.
Cor. Pray Sir pardon us:
And let the devill come next, i'le make him ſtand
Or make him ſtinck.
Nor. Doe doe your duty truly.
Come let me out, and come away: no more rage. *Exe.*

Scæna ſecunda.

Enter Abdella with a Letter, and Rocca.

Ab. Write thus to me? he hath fearfully, and baſely
Betray'd his own cauſe; yet to free himſelfe
He now aſcribes the fault to me.
Roc. I know not.
What he hath done: but what he now deſires,
His Letters have imform'd you.
Ab. Yes, he is
Too well acquainted with the power he holds,
Over my mad affections: I want time

To write: but pray you tell him, if I were
No better ſteeld in my ſtrong reſolutions
Then he hath ſhown himſelfe in his; or thought
There was a hell hereafter, or a Heaven,
But in enjoying him, I ſhould ſtick here,
And move no further: bid him yet take comfort;
For ſomething I wil doe, the devill would quake at,
But Ile unty this nuptiall knot of love,
And make way for his wiſhes: in the mean time
Let him lie cloſe, for he is ſtrictly ſought for,
And practiſe to love her, that for his ends
Scornes feare and danger. *Enter Oriana, and Velleda.*
Roc. All this I will tell him. *Exit Rocca.*
Abd. Do ſo: farewell. My Lady, with my fellow,
So earneſt in diſcourſe! what ere it be
Ile ſecond it.
Vel. He is ſuch a Noble husband,
In every circumſtance, ſo truely loving,
That I might ſay, and without flattery, Maddam
The Sun ſees not a Lady but your ſelfe
That can deſerve him.
Abd Of all men I ſay
That dare (for tis a deſperate adventure)
Weare on their free necks the ſweet yoak of woman,
(For they that do repine, are no true husbands)
Give me a Souldier.
Ori. Why, are they more loving
Then other men?
Abd. And love too with more judgement;
For, but obſerve, your Courtier is more curious
To ſet himſelfe forth richly then his Lady;
His baths, perfumes, nay paintings too, more coſtly
Then his frugality wil allow to her,
His clothes as chargeable; and grant him but
A thing without a beard, and he may paſſe
At all times for a woman, and with ſome
Have better welcome: Now, your man of Lands
For the moſt part is carefull to manure them,
But leaves his Lady fallow; your great Merchant
Breakes oftner for the debt he ows his wife,
Then with his creditos; and that's the reaſon
She looks elſewhere for payment: Now your Souldier--
Vel. I mary, do him right.
Abd. Firſt, who has one,
Has a perpetuall guard upon her honour;
For while he weares a Sword, ſlander her ſelfe
Dares not barke at it: next, ſhe ſits at home,
Like a great Queen, and ſends him forth to fetch in
Her Tribute from all parts; which being brought home,
He layes it at her feet, and ſeeks no further
For his reward, then what ſhe may give freely,
And with delight too, from her own Exchequer
Which he finds ever open.
Ori. Be more modeſt.
Abd. Why, we may ſpeak of that we are glad to taſte of,
Among our ſelves I mean.
Ori. Thou talkſt of nothing.
Abd. Of nothing Madam? You have found it ſome-
Or with the raiſing up this pretty mount here, (thing;
My Lord hath dealt with ſpirits. *Enter Gomera.*
Ori. Two long houres abſent?
Gom. Thy pardon, Sweet: I have been looking on
The prize that was brought in by the brave Dane,
The valiant *Norandine*, and have brought ſomething,
That may be thou wilt like of; but one kiſſe,
And then poſſeſſe my purchaſe: there's a piece
Of cloth of Tiſſew, this of purple Velvet,
And as they ſweare of the right Tyrian dye,
Which others here but weakly counterfeit:
If they are worth thy uſe, weare them; if not,
Beſtow them on thy women.
Abd. Here's the husband.
Gom. While there is any trading on the Sea
Thou ſhalt want nothing; tis a Souldiers glory,
How ever he neglect himſelfe, to keep
His Miſtris in full luſtre.
Ori. You exceed ſir.
Gom. Yet there was one part of the prize diſpos'd of
Before I came, which I grieve that I miſs'd of,
Being almoſt aſſured, it would have been
A welcome preſent.
Ori. Pray you ſay, what was it?
Gom. A Turkiſh Captive of incomparable beauty,
And without queſtion, in her Countrey Noble;
Which as companion to thy faithfull Moore,
I would have given thee for thy ſlave.
Ori. But was ſhe
Cf ſuch an exquiſite forme?
Gom. Moſt equiſite.
Ori. And well deſcended?
Gom. So the habit promis'd,
In which ſhe was taken.
Ori Of what yeeres?
Gom. Tis ſaid
A Virgin of fourteen.
Ori. I pity her,
And wiſh ſhe were mine, that I might have the means
T' entertain her gently.
Gom. She's now *Miranda's*,
And as I have heard, made it her ſuit to be ſo.
Ori. Miranda's? then her fate deſerves not pity;
But envy rather.
Gom. Envy *Oriana*?
Ori. Yes, and their envy that live free.
Gom. How's this?
Ori. Why, ſhe is faln into the hands of one,
So full of that, which in men we ſtile goodnes,
That in her being his ſlave, ſhe is happier far
Then if ſhe were confirm'd the Sultans Miſtris.
Gom *Miranda* is indeed a Gentleman
Of faire deſert, and better hopes, but yet
He hath his equals.
Ori. Where? I would go far,
As I am now, though much unfit for travailes,
But to ſee one that without injury
Might be put in the ſcale, or paralleld,
In any thing that's Noble, with *Miranda*;
His knowledge in all ſervices of war,
And ready courage, to put into act
That knowing judgement, as you are a Souldier
You beſt may ſpeak of. Nor can you deliver,
Nor I heare with delight, a better ſubject.
And heaven did well, in ſuch a lovely feature
To place ſo chaſte a mind; for he is of
So ſweet a carriage, ſuch a winning nature,
And ſuch a bold, yet well diſpos'd behaviour;
And to all theſe, h'as ſuch a charming tongue,
That if he would ſerve under Loves freſh colours,
What monumentall Trophies might he raiſe,
Of his free conqueſts, made in Ladies favours?
Gom. Yet you didſt reſiſt him, when he was
An earneſt ſuitor to you.
Ori. Yes I did;
And if I were again ſought to, I ſhould;
But muſt aſcribe it rather to the fate
That did appoint me yours, then any power

Which I can call mine own.
Gom. Ev'n ſo?
Abd. Thanks fortune,
The plot I had to raiſe in him, doubts of her,
Thou haſt effected.
Ori. I could tell you too,
What cauſe I have to love him,with what reaſon.
In thankfulneſſe,he may expect from me,
All due obſervance;but I paſſe that,as
A benefit, for which in my behalfe
You are his debtor.
Abd. I perceive it takes,
By his chang'd lockes.
Ori. He is not in the City?
Is he my Lord?
Gom. Who Lady?
Ori. Why '*Miranda*,
Having you here,can there be any elſe
Worth my enquiry?
Gom. This is ſomewhat more.
Then love to vertue,
Ori: Faith when he comes hither
(as ſometimes,without queſtion you ſhall meet him)
Invite him home.
Gom. To what end?
Ori. To dine with us,
Or ſup.
Gom. And then to take a hard bed with you:
Mean you not ſo?
Ori. If you could win him to it,
'Twould be the better;for his entertainment,
Leave that to me, he ſhall finde Noble uſage,
And from me a free welcome.
Gom. Have you never
Heard of a Roman Lady (*Oriana*)
Remembred as a preſident for Matrons,
(Chaſte ones,I pray you underſtand)whoſe husband
Tax'd for his ſowre breath by his Enemy,
Condemn'd his wife,for not acquainting him
With his infirmity?
Ori. Tis a common one;
Her anſwer was,having kis'd none but him,
She thought it was a generall diſeaſe
All men were ſubject to; but what infer you
From that my Lord?
Gom. Why,that this vertuous Lady
Had all her thoughts ſo fix'd upon her Lord,
That ſhe could finde no ſpare time to ſing praiſes
Of any other; nor would ſhe imploy
Her husband (though perhaps in debt to yeeres
As far as I am) for an inſtrument
To bring home younger men that might delight her
With their diſcourſe, or —
Ori. What my Lord?
Gom. Their perſons,
Or if I ſhould ſpeak plainer—
Ori. No it needs not,
You have ſaid enough to make my innocence know
It is ſuſpected.
Gom. You betray your ſelfe
To more then a ſuſpition; could you elſe
To me that live in nothing but love to you
Make ſuch a groſſe diſcovery, that your luſt
Had ſold that heart I thought mine,to *Miranda?*
Or riſe to ſuch a height in impudence,
As to preſume to worke my yeelding weakneſſe
To play for your bad ends, to my diſgrace
The Wittall, or the Pander?
Ori. Doe not ſtudy
To print more wounds,(for that were tyranny)
Upon a heart that is pierced through already.
Gom. Thy heart?thou haſt pierc'd through mine honor
The honour of my houſe,foole that I was, (falſe one,
To give it up to the deceiving truſt
Of wicked woman: for thy ſake, vild creature,
For all I have done well in,in my life,
I have dig'd a grave,all buried in a wife;
For thee I have defi'd my conſtant Miſtris,
That never fail'd her ſervant,glorious war;
For thee,refus'd the fellowſhip of an Order
Which Princes through all dangers have been proud
To fetch as far as from Jeruſalem:
And am I thus rewarded?
Vel. By all goodneſſe,
You wrong my Lady, and deſerve her not,
When you are at your beſt:repent your raſhneſſe,
Twil ſhow well in you.
Abd. Do,and aske her pardon.
Ori. No,I have liv'd too long,to have my faith
(My tri'd faith)call'd in queſtion,and by him
That ſhould know true affection is too tender
To ſuffer an unkind touch, without ruine;
Study ingratitude,all,from my example;
For to be thankfull now,is to be falſe.
But be it ſo,let me die,I ſee you wiſh it;
Yet dead for truth,and pities ſake,report
What weapon you made choice of,when you kild me.
Vel. She faints.
Abd. What have ye done?
Ori. My laſt breath cannot
Be better ſpent,then to ſay I forgive you;
Nor is my death untimely, ſince with me
I take along,what might have been hereafter
In ſcorn delivered for the doubtfull iſſue
Of a ſuſpected mother.
Vel. Oh,ſhe's gone.
Abd. For ever gone. Are you a man?
Gom. I grow here.
Abd. Open her mouth,and powre this Cordiall in it;
If any ſpark of life be unquench'd in her,
This will recover her.
Vel. Tis all in vain,
She's ſtiffe already: live I,and ſhe dead?
Gom. How like a murtherer I ſtand? look up,
And heare me curſe my ſelfe, or but behold
The vengance I wilt take for't *Oriana*,
And then in peace forſake me: Jealouſie,
Thou loathſome vomit of the fiends below,
What deſperate hunger made me to receive thee
Into my heart, and ſoule? I let thee forth,
And ſo in death finde eaſe;and do's my fault then
Deſerve no greater puniſhment? no,Ile live
To keep thee for a fury to torment me,
And make me know what hell is on the earth:
All joyes and hopes forſake me; all mens malice,
And all the plagues they can inflict,I wiſh it
Fall thick upon me: Let my teares be laught at,
And may my enemies ſmile to heare me groane;
And dead,may I be pitied of none. *Exeunt.*

Scena tertia.

Enter Collonna and Lucinda.

Luc. Pray you ſir why was the Ordnance of the Fort
Diſcharg'd ſo ſodainly?

*Col.*Twas the Governours pleaſure,
In honour of the Dane,a cuſtome us'd,
To ſpeake a Souldiers welcome.
Luc. Tis a fit one:
But is my Maſter here too?
*Col.*Three daies ſince.
*Luc.*Might I demand without offence, ſo much,
Is't pride in him(however now a ſlave)
That I am not admitted to his preſence?
*Col.*His curteſie to you,and to mankind
May eaſily reſolve you, he is free
From that poore vice which onely empty men
Eſteem a vertue.
*Luc.*What's the reaſon then,
As you imagine,ſir?
*Col.*Why I will tell you;
You are a woman of a tempting beauty,
And he,however vertuous,as a man
ſubject to humane frailties; and how far
They may prevaile upon him,ſhould he ſee you,
He is not ignorant: and therefore chooſes,
With care t'avoyd the cauſe that may produce
Some ſtrange effect,which wil not well keep ranck
With the rare temperance,which is admired
In his life hitherto.
Luc. This much increaſes
My ſtrong deſire to ſee him.
*Col.*It ſhould rather
Teach you to thank the Prophet that you worſhip,
That you are ſuch a mans, who though he may
Do any thing which youth and heat of blood
Invites him to,yet dares not give way to them:
Your entertainment's Noble, and not like
Your preſent fortune; and if all thoſe teares
Which made grief lovely in you,in the relation
Of the ſad ſtory,that forc'd me to weep too,
Your husbands hard fate were not counterfeit;
You ſhould rejoyce that you have means to pay
A chaſt life to his memory,and bring to him
Thoſe ſweets,which while he liv'd,he could not taſte of:
But if you wantonly beſtow them on
Another man, you offer violence
To him,though dead; and his griev'd ſpirit will ſuffer
For your immodeſt looſneſſe.
*Luc.*Why,I hope ſir,
My willingneſſe to looke on him,to whom
I owe my life and ſervice,is no proofe
Of any unchaſt purpoſe.
*Col.*So I wiſh too,
And in the confidence it is not, Lady,
I dare the better tell you he will ſee you
This night, in which by him I am commanded,
To bring you to his chamber; to what end
I eaſily ſhould gueſſe,were I *Miranda*;
And therefore,though I can yeild liitle reaſon,
(But in a generall love to womens goodneſſe)
Why I ſhould be ſo tender of your honour,
I willingly would beſtow ſome counſaile of you,
And would you follow it?
Luc. Let me firſt heare it,
And then I can reſolve you.
Col. My advice then
Is,that you would not, (as moſt Ladies uſe
When they prepare themſelves for ſuch encounters)
Study to adde, by artificiall dreſſings
To native excellence;yours (without help)
But ſeen as it is now,would make a Hermit
Leave his deaths head,& change his after hopes
Of endleſſe comforts for a few ſhort minutes
Of preſent pleaſures; to prevent which,Lady,
Practice to take away from your perfections,
And to preſerve your chaſtity unſtain'd,
The moſt deform'd ſhape that you can put on
To cloud your bodies faire gifts,or your minds,
(It being laboured to ſo chaſte an end)
Will prove the faireſt ornament.
*Luc.*To take from
The workmanſhip of Heaven, is an offence
As great,as to endeavour to adde to it;
Of which Ile not be guilty: Chaſtity
That lodges in deformity,appeares rather
A mulct impos'd by nature, then a bleſſing;
And tis commendable onely when it conquers,
Though nere ſo oft aſſaulted,in reſiſtance:
For me, Ile therefore ſo diſpoſe my ſelfe,
That if I hold out,it ſhall be with honour;
Or if I yeeld, *Miranda* ſhall finde ſomething
To make him love his victory. *Exit.*
*Col.*With what cunning
This woman argues for her own damnation?
Nor ſhould I hold it for a miracle,
Since they are all born Sophiſters,to maintaine
That luſt is lawfull,and the end and uſe
Of their creation: would I never had
Hop'd better of her; or could not believe,
Though ſeen the ruine,I muſt ever grieve. *Exit.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Miranda,Norandine, Servants with lights.

Mir. Ile ſee you in your chamber.
Nor. Pray ye no farther:
A Table out, two ſtools.
It is a ceremony I expect not,
I am no ſtranger here, I know my lodging,
And have ſlept ſoundly there,when the Turks Cannon
Playd thick upon't: O 'twas Royall Muſicke,
And to procure a ſound ſleep for a Souldier,
Worth forty of your Fiddles.As you love me
Preſſe it no further.
Mir. You will overcome.
Wait on him carefully.
Nor. I have tooke ſince ſupper
A rouſe or two too much,and by——
It warms my blood.
Mir. You'l ſleep the better for't.
Nor. —— on't,I ſhould, had but I a kind wench
To pull my Boot-hoſe off,and warm my night-cap,
There's no charme like it: I love old *Adams* way;
Give me a diligent Eve, to wait towards bed-time,
Hang up your ſmooth chin page: and now I think on't,
Where is your Turkiſh priſoner?
Mir. In the Caſtle,
But yet I never ſaw her.
*Nor.*Fie upon you:
See her for ſhame; or,hark ye,if you would
Performe the friends part to me,the friends part,
It being a faſhion of the laſt edition,
Far from panderiſme,now ſend her to me;
You look ſtrange on't,no entertainments perfect
Without it on my word; no livery like it;
Ile tell her, he lookes for it as duly
As for his fee; there's no ſuit got without it,
Gold is an aſſe to't.
*Mir.*Go to bed,to bed.
*Nor.*Well,if ſhe come, I doubt not to convert her,

If not,the ſin lie on your head.
Good night *Exit Nor.and Servants.*

Enter Colonna and Lucinda.

*Col.*There you ſhall finde him Lady: you know what I
And if you pleaſe you may make uſe. (have ſaid,
Luc. No doubt ſir.
Col. From hence I ſhall heare all.
Mir. Come hither young one.
Beſhrew my heart,a handſome wench:come neerer,
A very handſome one: doe not you grieve,Sweet,
You are a priſoner?
Luc. The loſſe of liberty
No doubt ſir, is a heavy and ſharpe burden
To them that feele it truly: But your ſervant,
Your humble handmayd,never felt that rigor,
Thanks to that Noble wil:no want,no hunger,
(Companions ſtill to ſlaves) no violence,
Nor any unbeſeeming act,we ſtart at,
Have I yet met with; all content and goodneſſe,
Civility, and ſweetneſſe of behaviour
Dwell round about me; therefore,worthy Maſter,
I cannot ſay I grieve my liberty.
Mir. Do not you fancie me too cold a Souldier,
Too obſtinate an enemy to youth,
That had ſo faire a Jewell in my Cabinet,
And in ſo long a time,would nere look on it?
Col. What can ſhe ſay now?
Luc. Sure I deſir'd to ſee ye,
And with a longing wiſh.
Col. There's all her vertue.
*Luc.*Purſu'd that full deſire to give ye thanks ſir,
The onely Sacrifice I have left, and ſervice
For all the vertuous care you have kept me ſafe with.
Col. She holds well yet.
Mir. The pretty foole,ſpeaks finely:
Come ſit down here.
*Luc.*O ſir,tis moſt unſeemly.
Mir. Ile have it ſo:ſit cloſe;now tell me truly,
Did you ere love yet?
Luc. My yeeres will anſwer that ſir.
Mir. And did you then love truly?
Luc. So I thought ſir.
Mir. Can ye love me ſo?
Col. Now!
Luc. With all my duty;
I were unworthy of thoſe favours elſe,
You daily ſhowre upon me.
Mir. What thinkſt thou of me?
Luc. I think ye are a truely worthy Gentleman,
A pattern,and a pride to the age ye live in,
Sweet as the commendations all men give ye.
*Mir.*A pretty flattering rogue;dare ye kiſſe that ſweet
Ye ſpeak ſo ſweetly of? Come. (man
Col. Farewell vertue.
Mir. What haſt thou got between thy lips? kiſſe once
Sure thou haſt a ſpell there. (more.
Luc. More then ere I knew ſir.
*Col.*All hopes goe now. (heare me,
Mir I muſt tell you a thing in your eare,and you muſt
And heare me willingly,and grant me ſo too,
Twill not be worth my asking elſe.
Luc. It muſt be
A very hard thing ſir, and from my power,
I ſhall deny your goodneſſe.
*Mir.*Tis a good wench; I muſt lie with ye Lady.
*Luc.*Tis ſomething ſtrange:
For yet in all my life I knew no bedfellow.
Mir. You will quickly finde that knowledge.
*Luc.*To what end ſir?
*Mir.*Art thou ſo innocent,thou canſt not gueſſe at it?
Did thy dreams never direct thee?
Luc. 'Faith none yet ſir. (pleaſure;
Mir. Ile tell thee then: I would meet thy youth and
Give thee my youth for that,by Heaven ſhe fires me,
And teach thy faire white armes,like wanton Ives,
A thouſand new embraces,
Luc. Is that all ſir?
And ſay I ſhould try,may not we lie quietly?
Upon my conſcience I could.
*Mir.*That's as we make it. (then?
Luc. Grant that,that likes ye beſt, what would ye doe
*Mir.*What would I do? certainly, I am no baby,
Nor brought up for a Nun; hark in thine eare.
Luc. Fie,fie, ſir.
*Mir.*I wold get a brave boy on thee,
A warlike boy.
*Luc.*Sure we ſhall get ill Chriſtians.
*Mir.*We'l mend 'em in the breeding then.
*Luc.*Sweet Maſter.
*Col.*Never beliefe in woman come neere me more.
*Luc.*My beſt and nobleſt ſir,if a poor Virgin,
(For yet by ——I am ſo) ſhould chance ſo far
(Seeing your excellence,and able ſweetneſſe)
To forget her ſelfe, and ſlip into your boſome,
Or to your bed,out of a doting on ye,
Take it the beſt way; have you that cruell heart,
That murdring mind too?
*Mir.*Yes by my troth(Sweet)have I,
To lie with her.
*Luc.*And do you think it wel done? (wench,
*Mir.*That's as ſhe'l think when tis done; come to bed
For thou art ſo pretty, and ſo witty a companion,
We muſt not part to night.
*Luc.*Faith let me go ſir,
And think better on't.
Mir. Yfaith thou ſhalt not;
I warrant thee Ile think on't.
*Luc.*I have heard 'em ſay here,
You are a mayd too.
Mir. I am ſure I am,wench,
If that will pleaſe thee.
Luc. I have ſeen a wonder,
And would you loſe that for a little wantonneſſe,
(Conſider my ſweet Maſter,like a man,now,)
For a few honied kiſſes,ſleight embraces,
That glory of your youth, that crown of ſweetneſſe?
Can ye deliver that unvalued treaſure?
Would ye forſake,to ſeeke your own diſhonour,
What gone, no age recovers,nor repentance?
To a poore ſtranger?
*Col.*Hold there again,thou art perfect.
Luc I know you do but try me.
Mir. And I know
Ile try you a great deale further: prethee to bed;
I love thee,and ſo well: come kiſſe me once more;
Is a maidenhead ill beſtow'd o' me?
Luc. What's this ſir?
Mir. Why,tis the badge (my Sweet)of that holy Order
I ſhortly muſt receive, the Croſſe of Malta.
*Luc.*What vertue has it?
*Mir.*All that we call vertuous.
*Luc.*Who gave it firſt?
*Mir.*He that gave all,to ſave us.
*Luc.*Why then tis holy too?
*Mir.*True ſign of holineſſe,
The badge of all his Souldiers that profeſſe him.

Luc. The badge of all his ſouldiers, that profeſſe him,
Can ſave in dangers?
Mir. Yes.
Luc. In troubles comfort?
Mir. You ſay true, ſweet.
Luc. In ſickneſſe, reſtore health?
Mir. All this it can do.
Luc. Preſerve from evils, that afflict our frailties.
Mir. I hope ſhe will be Chriſtian: all theſe truly.
Luc. Why are you ſick then, ſick to death with luſt?
In danger to be loſt? no holy thought,
In all that heart, nothing but wandring frailties
Wild as the wind, and blind as death or ignorance,
Inhabit there.
Mir. Forgive me heaven, ſhe ſayes true.
Luc. Dare ye profeſſe that badg, prophan that goodnes?
Col. Thou haſt redeemd thy ſelf again, moſt rarely.
Luc. That holines and truth ye make me wonder at?
Blaſt all the bounty heaven gives, that remembrance.
Col. O excellent woman.
Luc. Fling it from ye quickly,
If ye be thus reſolu'd; I ſee a vertue
Appear in't like a ſword, both edges flaming
That wil conſum ye, and your thoughts, to aſhes,
Let them profeſſe it that are pure, and noble,
Gentle, and juſt of thought, that build the croſſe,
Not thoſe that break it, by—— if ye touch me,
Even in the act, ile make that croſſe, and curſe ye.
Mir. You ſhall not (fair) I did diſſemble with ye,
And but to try your faith, I faſhioned all this:
Yet ſomething you provoakt me: this fair croſſe,
By me (if he but pleaſe to help, firſt gave it)
Shall ne'r be worne upon a heart corrupted;
Go to your reſt, my modeſt, honeſt ſervant,
My fair, and vertuous maid, and ſleep ſecure there,
For when you ſuffer, I forget this ſigne here.
Col. A man of men too: O moſt perfect Gentleman!
Luc. All ſweet reſt to your ſir; I am halfe a Chriſtian,
The other half, i'le pray for; then for you, ſir;
Mir. This is the fowleſt play i'le ſhew, good night, ſweet.
Exeunt.

Actus quartus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Mountferrat, and Rocca.

Mount. The Sun's not ſet yet?
Roc. No Sir.
Mount. Would it were,
Never to riſe againe to light the world.
And yet, to what vaine purpoſe do I wiſh it,
Since though I were inviron'd with thick miſts,
Black as Cymerian darkneſſe, or my crimes,
There is that here, upon which, as an anvile
Ten thouſand hammers ſtrike, and every ſpark
They force from it, to me's an other Sun
To light me to my ſhame?
Roc. Take hope, and comfort.
Mount. They are aides indeed, but yet as far from me,
As I from being innocent: this cave faſhioned
By provident nature, in this ſolid Rock
To be a den for beaſts, alone, receives me,
And having prov'd an enemy to mankinde,
All humane helpes forſak me.
Roc. I'le ne'r leave you,
And wiſh you would call back that noble courage
That old invincible fortitude of yours
That us'd to ſhrink at nothing.
Mount. Then it did not.
But 'twas when I was honeſt; then in the height
Of all my hapineſſe, of all my glories,
Of all delights, that made life pretious to me,
I durſt die *Rocca*; death it ſelf then to me
Was nothing terrible, becauſe I knew,
The fame of a good Knight would ever live
Freſh on my memory; but ſince I fell
From my integrity, and diſmis'd thoſe guards,
Thoſe ſtrong aſſurances of innocence,
That conſtancy fled fron me, and what's worſe,
Now I am loathſome to my ſelf; and life
A burthen to me, rackd with ſad remembrance
Of what I have done, and my preſent horrors
Unſufferable to me, torturd with deſpair
That I ſhall ne'r find mercy; hell about me,
Behind me, and before me, yet I dare not
Still fearing worſe, put off my wretched being. *Enter*
Roc. To ſee this would deterre a doubtfull man *Abdella.*
From miſcheivous intents, much more the practiſe
Of what is wicked: here's the Moore, look up ſir,
Some eaſe may come from her.
Mount. New trouble rather,
And I expect it.
Abd. Who is this? *Mountferrat?*
Riſe up for ſhame, and like a river dride up
With a long drought, from me, your bounteous Sea
Receive thoſe tides of comfort, that flow to you;
If ever I lookt lovely, if deſert
Could ever challenge welcom; if revenge,
And unexpected wreak, were ever pleaſing
Or could endear the giver of ſuch bleſſings,
All theſe I come adorn'd with, and as due
Make challenge of thoſe ſo long wiſhd embraces
Which you (unkind) have hitherto denyde me.
Mount. Why, what have you done for me?
Abd. Made *Gomera*
As truly miſerable, as you thought him happy,
Could you wiſh more?
Mount. As if his ſickneſſe could
Recover me; the injuries I received
Were *Orianas*.
Abd. She has paid deer for them,
She's dead.
Mount. How?
Abd. Dead: my hate could reach no further:
Taking advantage of her in a ſwoon,
Under pretence to give a Cord'all to her
I poyſond her: what ſtupid dulneſſe is this?
What you ſhould entertain with ſacrifice,
Can you receive ſo coldly?
Mount. Bloody deeds
Are gratefull offrings, pleaſing to the devill,
And thou, in thy black ſhape, and blacker actions
Being hels perfect character, art delighted
To do what I though infinitly wicked,
Tremble to hear: thou haſt in this tane from me
All meanes to make amends with penitence,
To her wrongd vertues, and diſpoild me of
The poor remainder of that hope was left me,
For all I have already, or muſt ſuffer.
Abd. I did it for the beſt.
Mount. For thy worſt ends,
And be aſſurd but that, I think to kill thee
Would but prevent, what thy deſpair muſt force thee
To do unto thy ſelf, and ſo to adde to
Thy

Thy moſt aſſur'd damnation, thou wert dead now,
But get thee from my ſight : and if luſt of me
Did ever fire thee(love, I cannot call it)
Leap down from thoſe ſteep Rocks, or take advantage
Of the next Tree, to hang thy ſelf, and then
I may laugh at it.

Abd. In the mean time
I muſt be bold, to do ſo much for you, ha, ha.

Mount, Why grinſt thou, devill ?

Abd. That 'tis in my power,
To puniſh thy ingratiude; I made triall
But how you ſtood affected, and ſince I know
I am us'd only for a property,
I can, and will revenge it to the full.
For, underſtand, in thy contempt of me
Thoſe hopes of *Oriana*, which I could
Have changd to certainties, are loſt for ever.

Mount. Why, lives ſhe ?

Abd. Yes, but never to *Mountferrat*,
Although it is in me, with as much eaſe
To give her freely up to thy poſſeſſion,
As to remove this ruſh, which yet deſpaire of,
For by my much wrongd love, flattery, nor threats,
Teares, prayers, nor vowes, ſhall ever win me to it :
So with my curſe, I leave thee.

Mount. Prethee ſtay,
Thou knowſt I doat on thee, and yet thou art
So peeviſh, and perverſe, ſo apt to take
Triffles unkindly from me.

Abd. To perſwade me
To break my neck, to hang, then damn my ſelf,
With you are trifles.

Mount. 'Twas my melancholy
That made me ſpeak I know not what : forgive,
I will redem my fault.

Roc. Believe him Lady.

Mount. A thouſand times I will demand thy pardon,
And keep the reckoning on thy lips, with kiſſes.

Abd. Ther's ſomething els, that would prevaile more
(with me.

Mount. Thou ſhalt have all thy wiſhes do but bleſſe me
With meanes to ſatisfie my madde deſires
For once in *Oriana*, and for ever
I am thine, only thine my beſt *Abdella*.

Abd. Were I aſſur'd of this, and that you would
Having enjoyd her.

Mount. Any thing : make choice of
Thine own conditions.

Abd. Swear then, that performed.
(To free me from all doubts and fears hereafter)
To give me leave to kill her.

Mount. That our ſafety
Muſt of neceſſity urge us to.

Abd. Then know
It was not poyſon, but a ſleeping potion
Which ſhe received, yet of ſufficient ſtrength
So to bind up her ſences, that no ſigne
Of life appeard in her, and thus thought dead
In her beſt habit, as the cuſtome is
You know in Malta, with all ceremonies
She's buried in her families monument,
In the Temple of St. *Iohn* ; i'le bring you thither,
Thus, as you are diſguiſd; ſome ſix howers hence
The potion will leave working.

Roc. Let us haſte then. *Diſcover Tombe*

Mount. Be my good angel, guid me.

Abd. But remember
You keep your Oath.

Mount. As I deſire to proſper
In what I undertak.

Abd. I ask no more. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Miranda, Norandine, and Collonna.

Col. Here ſir, I have got the Key, I borrowd it
Of him that keeps the Church, the door is open.

Mir. Look to the horſes then, and pleaſe the fellow.
After a few devotions, i'le retire.
Be not far off, there may be ſome uſe of ye,
Give me the light : come friend, a few good prayers
Were not beſtowd in vaine now, even from you ſir.
Men that are bred in blood, have no way left 'em,
No bath, no purge, no time to weare it out
Or waſh it off, but penitence, and prayer:
I am to take the order, and my youth
Loaden I muſt confeſſe with many follies,
Circled and bound about with ſins as many
As in the houſe of memory live figures.
My heart i'le open now, my faults confeſſe,
And riſe a new man, heaven I hope, to a new life.

Nor. I have no great devotion, at this inſtant,
But for a prayer or two, I will not out ſir,
Hold up your finger, when you have praid enough.

Mir. Go you to that end.

Nor. I ſhall ne'r pray alone ſure,
I have bin ſo us'd to anſwer the Clerk : would I had a
cuſhion, for I ſhall ne'r make a good Hermit, and kneel
till my knees are horn, theſe ſtones are plaguy hard;
where ſhal I begin now? for if I do not obſerve a method,
I ſhall be out preſently.

Ori. Oh, oh.

Nor. Whats that ſir ? did ye heare ?

Mir. Ha ; to your prayers.

Nor. 'Twas here abouts, t'has put me clean awry now,
I ſhall ne'r get in again, ha, by Land,
And water, all children, and all women,
I there it was I left.

Ori. Oh, oh.

Nor. Never tell me ſir,
Here's ſomething got amongſt us.

Mir. I heard a groane :
A diſmall one,— *Ori.* Oh, Oh.

Nor. Here, tis here ſir, 'tis here ſir ;
A devill in the wall.

Mir. Tis ſome illuſion
To fright us from devotion— *Ori.* Oh, oh.

Nor. Why tis here,
The ſpirit of a hunteſman choakd with butter,
Her's a new tomb, new trickments too.

Mir. For certaine,
This has not bin three dayes here.

Nor. And a Tablet
With rimes upon't.

Mir. I prethee read 'em *Norandine.*

Nor. An Epi— and Epi--taff. I think 'tis, I 'tis taff, an
Upon the moſt excell, excell--lent--and. (Epitaff.

Mir. Thou canſt not read.

Nor. I have ſpoild mine eyes with gunpowder,

Mir. An Epitaph upon the moſt vertuous, and excellent
The honor of Chaſtity, *Oriana.* (Lady

Nor. The grand maſters ſiſter: how a devil came ſhe here?
When ſlipt ſhe out oth'way, the ſtone's but half upon her.

Mir. Tis is a ſodain chang : certain the miſchiefe
Mountferrat offerd to her broak her heart-ſtrings.

Nor. Would he were here, I would be the clerk my ſelf,

And by this little light, I would bury him alive here,
Her's no lamenting now. *Ori.*Oh, oh.
*Nor.*There tis. (for her.
*Mir.*Sure from the monument, the very ſtone groanes
Oh,deer Lady : bleſſing of women, vertue of thy ſex;
How art thou ſet for ever, how ſtolne from us.
Babling, and prating now converſe with women.
*Nor.*Sir it riſes,it looks up. *She riſes up.*
Mir. Heaven bleſſe us.
Nor. It is in womans cloathes, it riſes higher.
*Mir.*It looks about,and wonders,ſure ſhe lives ſir.
Tis ſhe,tis *Oriana*, tis that Lady.
*Nor.*Shall I go to her? *Ori.*Where am I!
*Mir.*Stand ſtill.
Ori. What place is this?
Nor. She is as live as I am.
*Ori.*What ſmell of earth,and rotten bones, what dark
Lord,whether am I carried? (place.
*Nor.*How ſhe ſtares,
And ſets her eyes upon him.
Mir. How is't deer Lady?
Do you know me, how ſhe ſhakes?
*Ori.*You are a man.
Mir. A man that honours you.
*Ori.*A cruell man,
Ye are all cruell : are you in your grave too ?
For ther's no truſting cruell man,above ground.
*Nor.*Byr' Lady,that goes hard.
Mir. To do your ſervice
And to reſtore ye to the joyes you were in.
Ori. I was in joyes indeed, and hope——
Mir. She ſincks againe
Again ſhe is gon ; ſhe is gon : gon as a ſhadow,
She ſinks for ever,friend.
Nor. She is cold now,
She is certainly departed, I muſt cry too.
Mir. The bleſſed angels guide thee:put the ſtone too,
Beauty thou art gon to duſt,goodneſſe to aſhes.
*Nor.*Pray take it well:we muſt all have our houres ſir.
*Mir.*I,thus we are ; and all our painted glory,
A buble that a boy blowes in toth' ayre,
And there it breaks.
Nor. I am glad ye ſav'd her honour yet.
*Mir.*Would I had ſav'd her life now too : oh heaven
For ſuch a bleſſing,ſuch a timely bleſſing
O friend,what deer content 'twould be, what ſtory
To keep my name from wormes? *Oria* Oh,oh.
*Nor.*She lives again,
'Twas but a trance.
*Mir.*Pray ye call my man in preſently
Help with the ſtone firſt,oh ſhe ſtirs againe.
Oh call my man away.
*Nor.*I fly, I fly ſir.
*Mir.*Upon my knees O heaven,O heaven I thank thee.
The living heat ſteales into every member; *En. Colonn. &*
Come help the Coffin out,ſoftly, and ſodainly *Norand.*
VVhere is the Clerk?
Col. Drunk above,he is ſure ſir.
*Mir.*Sirah,you muſt be ſecret.
Col. As your ſoule ſir.
Mir. Softly good friend,take her into your armes.
*Nor.*Put in the cruſt againe.
Mir. And bring her out there when I am a horſeback
My man, and I will tenderly conduct her
Unto the Fort; ſtay you, and watch what iſſue,
And what inquirie's for the body.
Nor. Well ſir.
*Mir.*And when ye have done, come back to me.
Nor I will.
*Mir.*Softly, oh ſoftly.
*Nor.*She growes warmer ſtill ſir.
*Col.*What ſhall I do with' Key?
*Mir.*Thou canſt not ſtir now,
Leave it ith' door : go get the horſes ready. *Exeunt*
*Roc.*The door's already open,the Key in it. *En. Rocca*
*Mount.*What were thoſe paſt by? *Mountferrat*
*Roc.*Some ſcout of Souldiers,I think. *Abdella.*
*Mount.*It may be well ſo,for I ſaw their horſes, *With a*
They ſaw not us I hope. *dark lan-*
*Abd.*No,no,we were cloſe, *thorn.*
Beſide they were far off.
*Mount.*What time of night is't?
Abd. Much about twelve I think.
Roc. Let me go in firſt
For by the leaving open of the door here
There may be ſome body in the Church : give me the
*Abd.*You'l love me now I hope. (Lanthorne.
Mount. Make that good to me
Your promiſe is engaged for.
*Abd.*Why ſhe is there
Ready prepar'd, and much about this time
Life will look up again.
Roc. Come in all's ſure,
Not a foot ſtirring,nor a tongue.
Mount. Heaven bleſſe me,
I never enter'd with ſuch unholy thoughts
This place before.
Abd. Ye are a fearfull foole,
If men have appetites allow'd 'em,
And warm deſires, are there not ends too for 'em?
*Mount.*Whether ſhall we carry her?
*Roc.*Why,to the bark,ſir,
I have provided one already waites us
The wind ſtands wondrous fair too for our paſſage.
*Abd.*And there, when ye'have enjoyd her,for ye have
Let me alone to ſend her to feed fiſhes, (that liberty
I'le no more ſighes for her.
Mount. Where is the monument?
Thou art ſure ſhe will awake about this time?
*Abd.*Moſt ſure,if ſhe be not knockt oth'head : give me
Here 'tis,how is this,the ſtone off? (the Lanthorn,
*Roc.*I, and nothing
Within the monument,that's worſe,no body
I am ſure of that, nor ſigne of any here,
But an empty Coffin.
Mount. No Lady.
Roc. No, nor Lord ſir,
This Pye has bin cut up before.
*Abd.*Either the Devill
Muſt doe theſe tricks——
*Mount.*Or thou, damn'd one, worſe;
Thou black ſwoln pitchie cloud, of all my afflictions:
Thou night hag,gotten when the bright Moone ſufferd
Thou hell it ſelf confin'd in fleſh : what trick now?
Tell me, and tell me quickly what thy miſchief
Has done with her,and to what end, and whether
Thou haſt remov'd her body, or by this holy place
This ſword ſhall cut thee into thouſand peeces,
A thouſand thouſand, ſtrow thee ore the Temple
A ſacrifice to thy black ſire,the Devill.
*Rod.*Tell him,you ſee he's angry.
Abd. Let him burſt,
Neither his ſword, nor anger do I ſhake at,
Nor will yeild to feed his poor ſuſpitions,
His idle jealouzies, and madde dogs heates
One thought againſt my ſelf: ye have done a brave deed

A manly, and a valiant peece of Service
When ye have kill'd me; reckon't amongſt your Battels:
I am ſorry ye are ſo poore, ſo weake a gentleman
Able to ſtand no fortune : I diſpoſe of her?
My miſchiefe make her away? a likely project,
I muſt play booty againſt my ſelfe, if any thing croſſe ye
I am the devill, and the devils heire,
All plagues, all miſchiefes.
Mount. Will ye leave and doe yet?
Ab. I have done too much,
Far, far too much for ſuch a thankleſſe fellow,
If I be devill, you created me,
I never knew thoſe arts, nor bloody practiſes
(—— o' your cunning heart, that mine of miſchiefe)
Before your flatteries won'em into me,
Here did I leave her, leave her with that certainty
About this houre to wake again.
Mount. Where is ſhe?
This is the laſt demand.
Ab. Did I now know it,
And were I ſure, this were my lateſt minute
I would not tell thee : ſtrike, and then i'le curſe thee:
Rocca I ſee a light, ſtand cloſe, and leave your angers.
We all miſcarry elſe. *Enter Gomera, Page with Torch.*
Ab. I am now careleſſe,
Mount. Peace, prethee peace, ſweet, peace, all friends,
Ab. Stand cloſe then.
Gom. Waite there Boy, with the light, till I call to
In darkneſſe was my ſoule and ſences clouded (thee,
When my faire Jewell fell, the night of jealouſie,
In all her blackneſſe drawn about my judgement:
No light was let into me: to diſtinguiſh
Betwixt my ſuddain anger and her honour,
A blinde ſad Pilgrimage ſhall be my pennance,
No comfort of the day will I looke up at:
Far darker then my jealous Ignorance
Each place of my aboad ſhall be my:prayers
No ceremonious lights ſhall ſet off more;
Bright Armes, and all that carry luſtre, life,
Society, and ſollace, I forſake ye.
And were it not once more to ſee her beauties
(For in her bed of death, ſhe muſt be ſweet ſtill,)
And on her cold ſad lips ſeal my repentance;
Thou child of heaven, faire light I could not miſſe thee.
Mount. I know the tongue, would I were out againe
I have done him too much wrong to looke upon him.
Ab. There is no ſhifting now, boldneſſe, and confidence
Muſt carry it now away: he is but one neither,
Naked as you are, of a ſtrength far under
Mount. But he has a cauſe above me,
Ab. That's as you handle it.
Roc. Peace : he may goe againe, and never ſee us.
Gom. I feele I weepe apace, but where's the flood,
The torrent of my teares, to drown my fault in,
I would I could now like a loaden cloud
Begotten in the moyſt ſouth, drop to nothing
Give me the Torch, Boy.
Roc. Now he muſt diſcover us.
Ab. He has already, never hide your head
Be bold, and brave, if we muſt dye together.
Gom: Who's there? what friend to ſorrow? The Tombe
The Stone off too? the body gone, by —— (wide open
Looke to the doore Boy : keep it faſt, who are ye?
What ſacrilegious villaines? falſe *Mountferrat*,
The wolfe to honour, h'as thy helliſh hunger,
Brought thee to tear the body out oth' tomb too?
Has thy foule mind ſo far wrought on thee? ha,
Are you there too? nay, then I ſpie a villany
I never dream't of yet, thou ſinfull uſher
Bred from that rottenneſſe, thou bawd to miſchiefe,
Doe you bluſh through all your blackneſſe? will not
Ab. I cannot ſpeake. (that hide it?
Gom. You are well met, with your dam, ſir,
Art thou a Knight? did ever on that ſword,
The Chriſtian cauſe ſit nobly? could that hand fight,
Guided by fame, and fortune? that heart inflame thee,
With vertuous fires of valour, to fall off,
Fall off ſo ſuddainly, and with ſuch fouleneſſe,
As the falſe Angels did, from all their glory?
Thou art no Knight, honour thou never heard'ſt of,
Nor brave deſires could ever build in that breaſt,
Treaſon, and tainted thoughts, are all the Gods (tune;
Thou worſhip'ſt, all the ſtrength thou hadſt : and for-
Thou didſt things out of feare, and falſe heart, villaine
Out of cloſe traps and treacheries, they have rais'd thee.
Mount. Thou rav'ſt old man.
Gom. Before thou get'ſt off from me,
Had'ſt thou the glory of thy firſt fights on thee
Which thou haſt baſely loſt, thy nobleſt fortunes,
And in their greateſt luſtres, I would make thee
Before we part, confeſſe, nay, kneele, and doe it,
Nay, crying kneele, coldly for mercy, crying:
Thou art the recreant'ſt Rogue, time ever nouriſh'd,
Thou art a dogge, I will make thee ſweare, a dog ſtav'd,
A mangy Cur-dogge; doe you creep behind the Altar?
Looke how it ſweats, to ſhelter ſuch a raſcall;
Firſt, with thy venemous tooth infect her chaſte life,
And then not dare to doe; next, rob her reſt,
Steale her dead body out oth' grave.
Mount. I have not.
Gom. Prethee come out, this is no place to quarrell in,
Valiant *Mountferrat* come,
Mount. I will not ſtir.
Gom. Thou haſt thy ſword about thee,
That good ſword, that never fail'd thee : prethee come,
We'l have but five ſtroakes for it, on, on Boy,
Here's one would faine be acquainted with thee, (ſir,
Would wondrous fain cleave that Calves-head of yours
Come, prethee let's diſpatch, the Moone ſhines finely:
Pretheebe kill'd by me, thou wilt be hang'd elſe,
But it may be, thou long'ſt to be hang'd.
Roc. Out with him, Sir,
You ſhall have my ſword too: when he's diſpatch'd once
We have the world before us.
Gom. Wilt thou walke fellow,
I never knew a Rogue, hang arſe-ward ſo,
And ſuch a deſperate knave too.
Ab. Pray goe with him,
Something I'le promiſe too,
Mount. You would be kill'd then?
No remedy; I ſee,
Gom. If thou dar'ſt doe it?
Mount. Yes, now I dare; lead out, i'le follow preſently
Vnder the Mount i'le meet ye.
Gom. Goe before me,
Ile have ye in a ſtring too.
Mount. As I am a Gentleman,
And by this holy place, I will not faile thee,
Feare not. thou ſhalt be kill'd, take my word for it
I will not faile.
Gom. If thou ſcap'ſt thou haſt Cats luck,
The Mount?
Mount. The ſame : make haſte, I am there before elſe.
Gom. Goe get ye home; now if he ſcape I am Coward.
Mount. Well, now I am reſolv'd, and he ſhall finde it.
Exeunt.

Scena

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Miranda, Lucinda, Collonna.

Mir. How is it with the Lady?
Luc. Sir, as well
As it can be with one, who feeling knowes now
What is the curſe the divine juſtice lay'd
On the firſt ſinfull woman.
Mir. Is ſhe in travell?
Luc. Yes ſir; and yet the troubles of her mind
Afflict her more, then what her body ſuffers,
For in the extremity of her paine, ſhe cries out,
Why am I here? Where is my Lord *Gomera*,
Then ſometimes names *Miranda*, and then ſighes,
As if to ſpeake, what queſtionleſſe ſhe loves well,
If heard, might doe her injury.
Col. Heavens ſweet mercy
Looke gently on her,
Mir. Prethee tell her, my Prayers
Are preſent with her, and good wench provide
That ſhe want nothing: what's thy name?
Luc. *Lucinda.*
Mir. *Lucinda*? there's a proſperous omen in it,
Be a *Lucina* to her, and bring word
That ſhe is ſafe delivered of her burthen,
And thy rewards thy liberty: come *Collonna*,
We will goe ſee how th' Engineer has mounted
The Canon the great Maſter ſent, be carefull
To view the workes, and learn the diſcipline
That is us'd here: I am to leave the world
And for your ſervice, which I have found faithfull.
The charge that's mine, if I have any power
Hereafter may concerne you.
Col. I ſtill finde
A noble Maſter in you,
Mir. 'Tis but juſtice,
Thou do'ſt deſerve it in thy care, and duty. *Exeunt.*

Scæna quarta.

Enter Gomera, Mountferrat, Rocca, Abdella,
with a Piſtoll.

Gom. Here's even ground, i'le ſtir no foot beyond it,
Before I have thy head.
Mount. Draw *Rocca.*
Gom. Coward,
Hath inward guilt, rob'd thee as well of courage
As honeſty? that without oddes, thou dar'ſt not
Anſwer a ſingle Enemy?
Mount. All advantage
That I can take, expect.
Roc. We know you are valiant,
Nor doe we purpoſe to make further triall
Of what you can doe now: but to diſpatch you.
Mount. And therefore fight, and pray together.
Gom. Villaines,
Whoſe baſeneſſe, all diſgracefull words made one,
Cannot expreſſe; ſo ſtrong is the good cauſe
That ſeconds me, that you ſhall feele, with horrour
To your proud hopes, what ſtrength is in that arme,
Though old, that holds a ſword made ſharp by juſtice.
Ab. You come then here, to prate? *fight.*
Mount. Helpe *Rocca*, now,
Or I am loſt for ever; how comes this?
Are villany, and weakneſſe twynes?
Roc. I am gone too.
Gom. You ſhall not ſcape me, wretches,
Ab. I muſt doe it,
All will goe wrong elſe. *ſhoots him*
Gom. Treacherous bloody woman,
What haſt thou done?
Ab. Done a poor womans part,
And in an inſtant, what theſe men ſo long
Stood fooling for.
Mount. This aide was unexpected,
I kiſſe thee for't,
Roc. His right armes onely ſhot,
And that compell'd him to forſake his ſword,
He's elſe unwounded.
Mount. Cut his throat.
Ab. Forbeare.
Yet doe not hope 'tis with intent to ſave thee.
But that thou maiſt live to thy farther torment
To ſee who triumphes over thee: come *Mountferrat*,
Here joyne thy foot to mine, and let our hearts
Meet with our hands, the contract that is made
And cemented with blood, as this of ours is,
Is a more holy ſanction, and much ſurer,
Then all the ſuperſtitious ceremonies *Enter*
You Chriſtians uſe. *Norandine.*
Roc. Who's this?
Mount. Betray'd againe?
Nor. By the report it made, and by the wind
The Piſtoll was diſcharged here.
Gom. *Norandine*,
As ever thou lov'ſt valour, or wear'ſt Armes
To puniſh baſeneſſe, ſhew it.
Nor. O the devill,
Gomera wounded, and my Brache black beauty
An actor in it?
Ab. If thou ſtrik'ſt, i'le ſhoot thee.
Nor. How? fright me with your Pot-gun? what art thou?
Good heaven, the Rogue, the traytor rogue *Mountferrat*
To ſwinge the neiſt of you, is a ſport unlook'd for,
Hels—— conſume you.
Mount. As thou art a man,
I am wounded, give me time to anſwer thee.
Go. Durſt thou urge this? this hand can hold a ſword yet.
Nor. Well done: to ſee this villaine, makes my hurts
Bleed freſh againe, but had I not a bone whole,
In ſuch a cauſe I ſhould doe thus, thus Raſcals. *Enter*
Cor. Diſarme them, and ſhoot any that reſiſts. *Corporall*
Gom. Hold Corporall; I am *Gomera*, *and watch.*
Nor. 'Tis well yet, that once in an age you can
Remember what you watch for: I had thought
You had again been making out your parties
For ſucking piggs.
'Tis well:
Nor. As you will anſwer
The contrary with your lives, ſee theſe forth coming.
Cor. That we ſhall doe.
Nor. You bleed a pace: good Souldiers
Goe helpe him to a Surgeon,
Roc. Dare the worſt,
And ſuffer like your ſelfe.
Ab. From me learne courage.
Nor. Now for *Miranda*, this newes will be to him
As welcome, as 'tis unexpected: Corporall,
There's ſomething for thy care to night: my horſe there.
Exeunt.

Actus quintus. Scæna prima.

Enter Oriana, and Lucinda.

Ori. How do's my Boy?
Luc. Oh, wondrous luſty, Madam,
A little Knight already: you ſhall live
To ſee him toſſe a Turke.
Ori. Gentle *Lucinda*,
Much muſt I thank thee for thy care, and ſervice.
And may I grow but ſtrong to ſee *Valetta*, *Enter*
My husband, and my brother, thou ſhalt finde *Miranda,*
I will not barely thank thee. *Norandine, Collonna.*
Mir. Looke Captaine, we muſt ride away this morn-
The Auberge ſits to day, and the great Maſter (ning.
Writes plainly, I muſt or deliver in
(The yeere expir'd) my probation weed,
Or take the Cloake: you likewiſe *Norandine*
For your full ſervice, and your laſt aſſiſtance
In falſe *Mountferrats* apprehenſion
Are here commanded to aſſociate me; my twin in this high honour.

Nor. Ile none on't: doe they think to bind me to live chaſte, ſober, and temperately, all dayes of my life? they may as ſoone tye an Engliſhman to live ſo: I ſhall be a ſweet Dane, a ſweet Captaine, goe up and downe drinking ſmall beere, and ſwearing 'odds neagues; no Ile live a Squire at Armes ſtill, and doe thou ſo too; and thou beeſt wiſe: I have found the myſtry now, why the Gentlemen weare but three barres of the croſſe, and the knights the whole one.

Mir. Why Captaine?

Nor. Mary ſir, to put us in remembrance, we are but three quarters croſs'd in our licence, and pleaſures: but the poore Knights croſs'd altogther; the brothers at Armes, may yet meet with their Siſters at Armes, now and then, in brotherly love; but the poore Knights cannot get a Lady for love, nor money: 'tis not ſo in other Countries I wis, pray haſte you, for i'le along, and ſee what will come on't. *Exit.*

Mir. *Collonna*, provide ſtrait, all neceſſaries
For this remove, the Lytter for the Lady,
And let *Lucinda* beare her company,
You ſhall attend on me.
Coll. With all my duties *Exit.*
Mir. How fare you, gracious Miſtreſſe?
Ori. O *Miranda*.
You pleas'd to honour me with that faire title
When I was free, and could diſpoſe my ſelfe;
But now, no ſmile, no word, no looke, no touch
Can I impart to any, but as theft
From my *Gomera*; and who dares accept,
Is an uſurper.
Mir. Leave us; I have touch'd thee,
(Thou fairer vertue, then thou'rt beautifull)
Hold but this teſt, ſo rich an ore was never *Altar ready,*
Try'd by the hand of man, on the vaſt earth: *Tapers &*
Sit brighteſt *Oriana*, is it ſinne *booke.*
Still to profeſſe I love you, ſtill to vow
I ſhall doe ever? heaven my witneſſe be,
'Tis not your eye, your cheeke, your tongue, no part
That ſuperficially doth ſnare young men,
Which has caught me; read over in your thoughts
The ſtory that this man hath made of you,
And thinke upon his merit.
Ori. Onely thought
Can comprehend it.
Mir. And can you be ſo
Cruell, thankeleſſe, to deſtroy his youth
That ſav'd your honour, gave you double life?
Your own, and your faire Infants? that when fortune
(The blind foe to all beauty, that is good,)
Bandied you from one hazard to another,
Was even heavens Meſſenger, by providence
Call'd to the Temple, to receive you there,
Into theſe Armes, to give eaſe to your throwes,
As if 't had thunder'd; take thy due *Miranda*,
For ſhe was thine; *Gomera's* jealouſie
Strooke death unto thy heart; to him be dead,
And live to me, that gave thee ſecond life:
Let me but now enjoy thee: Oh regard
The torturing fires of my affections.
Ori. Oh maſter them, *Miranda*, as I mine;
Who follows his deſires, ſuch tyrants ſerves
As will oppreſſe him, inſupportably.
My flames, *Miranda*, riſe as high as thine,
For I did love thee 'fore my marriage,
Yet would I now conſent, or could I think
Thou wert in earneſt, (which by all the ſoules
That have (for chaſtity) been ſanctified
I cannot) in a moment I doe know
Thou'ldſt call faire temperance up to rule thy blood,
Thy eye was ever chaſte, thy countenance too honeſt,
And all thy wongs was like maidens talk;
Who yeeldeth unto pleaſures, and to luſt
Is a poore captive, that in Golden Fetters
(And pretious (as he thinkes) but holding gyves)
Frets out his life.
Mir. Find ſuch another woman,
And take her for his labour, any man:
Ori. I was not worthy of thee, at my beſt,
Heaven knew I was not, I had had thee elſe;
Much leſſe now gentle ſir; *Mirandas* deeds
Have been as white, as *Orianas* fame,
From the beginning, to this point of time,
And ſhall we now begin to ſtaine both thus?
Think on the legend which we two ſhall breed
Continuing as we are, for chaſteſt dames
And boldeſt Souldiers to peruſe and read,
I and read thorough, free from any act
To cauſe the modeſt caſt the booke away,
And the moſt honour'd Captaine fold it up.
Mir; Faireſt; let goe my hand: my pulſe beats thick,
And my mov'd blood rides high in every vaine,
Lord of thy ſelfe now, Souldier, and ever:
I would not for *Aleppo*, this fraile Bark,
This barke of fleſh, no better ſteeres-man had
Then has *Mountferrat's*: may you kiſſe me, Lady?
Ori. No; though't be no eſſentiall injury,
It is a circumſtance due to my Lord,
To none elſe: and my deereſt friend, if hands
Playing together, kindle heate in you,
What may the game at lips provoke unto?
Mir. Oh what a tongue is here? whil'ſt ſhe doth teach
My heart to hate my fond unlawfull love,
She talkes me more in love, with love to her,
My fires ſhe quencheth with her arguments,
But as ſhe breathes 'em, they blow freſher fires.
Sit further: now my flame cooles; husband, wife,
There is ſome holy myſtery in thoſe names
That ſure the unmarried cannot underſtand.
Ori. Now thou art ſtrait, and do'ſt enamour me,

So far beyhnd a carnall earthly love;
My very ſoule doats on thee, and my ſpirits
Doe embrace thine, my minde doth thy mind kiſſe,
And in this pure conjunction we enjoy
A heavenlyer pleaſure then if bodies met:
This, this is perfect love, the other ſhort,
Yet languiſhing fruition, every Swaine
And ſweating Groome may claſp, but our's refinde
Two in ten ages cannot reach unto;
Nor is our ſpirituall love, a barren joy,
For mark what bleſſed iſſue we'll beget,
Deerer then children to poſterity,
A great example to mens continence,
And womens chaſtity, that is a childe
More faire, and comfortable, then any heire.
Mir. If all wives were but ſuch, luſt would not finde
One corner to inhabit, ſinne would be
So ſtrange, remiſſion ſuperfluous:
But one petition, I have done.
Ori. What (Sweet?)
Mir. To call me Lord, if the hard hand of death
ſeize on *Gomera* firſt.
Ori. Oh, much too worthy;
How much you undervalue your own price,
To give your unbought ſelfe, for a poore woman,
That has been once ſold, us'd, and loſt her ſhow?
I am a garment worne, a veſſell crack'd,
A zoane untide, a Lilly trod upon,
A fragrant flowre cropt by anothers hand,
My colour ſullyde, and my odour chang'd,
If when I was new bloſſom'd, I did feare
My ſelfe unworthy of *Mirandas* ſpring:
Thus over-blown, and ſeeded, I am rather
Fit to adorn his Chimney, then his bed.
Mir. Riſe miracle: ſave *Malta*, with thy vertue,
If words could make me proud, how has ſhe ſpoke,
Yet I will try her to the very block:
Hard hearted, and uncivill *Oriana*,
Ingratefull payer of my induſtries,
That with a ſoft painted hypocriſie
Coz n'ſt, and geer'ſt my perturbation,
Expect a witty, and a fell revenge:
My comfort is, all men will thinke thee falſe,
Beſide thy husband having been thus long *Enter Nor.*
(on this occaſion) in my Fort, and power. *Collonna &*
Ile heare no more words: Captaine, let's away *Lucinda*
With all care ſee to her: and you *Lucinda* *with a*
Attend her diligently: ſhe is a wonder. *Childe.*
Nor. Have you found ſhe was well delivered:
What, had ſhe a good Mid-wife, is all well?
Mir. You are merry *Norandine.*
Luc. Why weepe you, Lady?
Ori. Take the poor Babe along.
Col. Madam 'tis here.
Ori. Diſſembling death, why didſt thou let me live
To ſee this change, my greateſt cauſe to grieve? *Exeunt.*

Scæna ſecunda.

Enter Aſtorius, Caſtriot, Valetta, Gomera, Synnet:
Knights, 2 Biſhops, Mountferrat, guarded
by Corporall and Souldiers, Abdella,
a Gentleman with a cloake, ſword,
and Spurres: Gomara.

Val. A tender husband haſt thou ſhew'd thy ſelfe
My deereſt brother, and thy memory
After my life, in brazen Characters,
Shall monumentally be regiſter'd
To ages conſequent, till times running hand,
Beats back the world to undiſtinguiſh'd Chaos,
And on the top of that thy name ſhall ſtand
Freſh, and without decay.
Gom. Oh honour'd ſir!
If hope of this, or any bliſſe to come
Could lift my load of griefe off from my ſoule,
Or expiate the treſpaſſe 'gainſt my wife,
That in one houres ſuſpition I begat,
I might be won to be a man againe,
And fare like other husbands, ſleepe and eate,
Laugh, and forget my pleaſing penitence;
But till old nature can make ſuch a wife
Againe, I vow ne're to reſume the order
And habits, that to men are neceſſary,
All breath i'le ſpend in ſighes, all ſound in groanes,
And know no company but my waſting moans.
Aſt. This will be wilfull murder on your ſelf,
Nor like a Chriſtian doe you beare the chance
Which th'inſcrutable will of heaven admits.
Gom. What would you have my weakneſſe doe, that
Suffer'd it ſelfe thus to be practis'd on,
By a damn'd hell-hound, and his agent dam,
The impious mid-wife to obortive birthes,
And cruell inſtrument to his decrees?
By forgery they firſt aſſail'd her life,
Heaven playing with us yet, in that, he wrought
My deereſt friend, the ſervant to her vertue
To combat me, againſt his Miſtreſſe truth.
That yet effectleſſe, this enchanting witch,
Bred banefull jealouſie againſt my Lady,
My moſt imaculate Lady, which ſeiz'd on her,
Almoſt to death: Oh yet! not yet content,
She in my hand put (to reſtore her life
As I imagin'd) what did execute
Their devilliſh malice, farther, great with childe,
Was this poore innocent, that too was loſt,
They doubled death upon her, not ſtaying there,
They have done violence unto her Tomb,
Not granting reſt unto her in the grave:
I wiſh *Miranda* had injoy'd my prize;
For ſure I'm puniſh'd for uſurping her,
Oh what a Tyger is reſiſted Luſt?
How it doth forrage all?
Mount. Part of this tale
I grant you true; but 'twas not poyſon given her.
Ab. I would it had, we had been farre enough,
If we had been ſo wiſe, and had not now
Stood curſing for your mercies here.
Mount. Beſide,
What is become oth' body? we know not.
Val. Peace impudents,
And deere *Gomera* practiſe patience
As I my ſelf muſt, by ſome meanes at laſt
We ſhall diſſolve this riddle.
Gom. Wherefore comes
This villaine in the feſtivall array,
As if he triumph'd for his treacherie?
Caſt. That is by our appointment: give us leave,
You ſhall know why anon. *Enter Miranda,*
Val. One of the Eſguard. *Norandine,*
Eſg. The Gentlemen are come, *Collona.*
Val. Truyce then a while
With our ſad thoughts; what are you both reſolv'd?
Nor. Not I my Lord: your downe right Captain ſtill
Ile live, and ſerve you, not that altogether

I want compunction of conſcience,
I have enough to ſave me, and that's all,
Bar me from drink,and drabs,ev'n hang me too,
You muſt ev'n make yourCaptaines capons firſt,
I have too much fleſh for this ſpirituall Knighthood,
And therefore do deſire forbearance, ſir,
Till I am older,or more mortifide,
I am too ſound yet.
Val. What ſay you *Miranda?*
Mir. With all pure zeale to Heaven, duty to you,
I come to undergo it.
Val. Proceed toth' ceremony.
Gom. Before you match with this bright honor'd title,
Admir'd *Miranda*,pardon what in thought
I ever did tranſgreſſe againſt your vertue,
And may you find more joy with your new bride
Then poor *Gomera* ere in joyd with his.
But 'twas mine own crime,and I ſuffer for't:
Long wear your dignity, and worthily,
Whilſt I obſcurely in ſome corner vaniſh,
Mir. Have ſtronger thoughts,and better, firſt I crave
According to the order of the Court
I may diſpoſe my captives,and the fort,
That with a clean and purified heart
The fittiler I may endue my roabe.
All. Tis granted. *Enter Oriana*
Mir. Bring the captives. To your charge *vaild, Ladies,*
And ſtaid tuition my moſt noble friend; *Lucinda, child.*
I then commend this Lady; ſtart not off
A fairer,and a chaſter never liv'd;
By her own choyce you are her Guardian,
For telling her I was to leave my fort,
And to abandon quite all worldly cares.
Her own requeſt was,to *Gomeras* hands
She might be given in cuſtody,for ſh'ad heard
He was a Gentleman wiſe,and temperate,
Full of humanity to womenkind,
And cauſe he had bin married knew the better
How to entrat a Lady.
Val. What Country woman is ſhe?
Mir. Borne a Greek.
Val. Gomera, 'twill be barbarous to deny
A Lady, that unto your refuge flyes,
And ſeekes to ſhrowd her under vertues wing.
Gom. Excuſe me noble ſir; oh think me not
So dull a devill,to forget the loſſe
Of ſuch a matchleſſe wife as I poſſes'd,
And ever to endure the ſight of woman:
Were ſhe the abſtract of her ſex for forme,
The only warehouſe of perfection,
Where there no Roſe,nor Lilly but her Cheek,
No Muſick but her tongue; vertue but hers;
She muſt not reſt near me, my vow is graven,
Here in my heart, irrevocably breath'd
And when I break it,
Aſt. This is rudeneſſe Spaniard,
Unſeaſonably you play the Timoniſt,
Put on a diſpoſition is not yours,
Which neither fits you, nor becomes you.
Gom. Sir.
Caſt. We cannot force you but we would perſwade.
Gom. Beſeech you Sir, no more I am reſolv'd
To forſake Malta,tread a Pilgrimage
To faire Jeruſalem,for my Ladies ſoule,
And will not be diverted.
Mir. You muſt beare
This Child along 'we then.
Gom. VVhat Child?
All. How's this?
Mir. Nay then *Gomera*,thou art injurious,
This child is thine,and this rejected Lady
Thou haſt as often known, as thine own wife,
And this I'le make good on thee,with my ſword.
Gom. Thou durſt as well blaſpheme: if ſuch a ſcandall
(I crave the rights due to a Gentleman)
Women unvaile.
Ori. Will you refuſe me yet?
Gom. My wife!
Val. My ſiſter!
Gom. Some body,thank Heaven
I cannot ſpeak.
All. All praiſe be ever given:
Mount. This ſaves our lives,yet would ſhe had bin dead;
The very ſight of her afflicts me more
Then fear of puniſhment,or my diſgrace.
Val. How came you to the Temple?
Mir. Sir,to do
My poor devotions,and to offer thanks
For ſcaping a temptation ne'r perform'd
VVith this faire virgin. I reſtore a wife
Earth cannot paralell: and buſie nature
If thou wilt ſtill make women, but remember
To work 'em by this ſampler; take heed ſir,
Henceforth you never doubt ſir.
Gom. VVhen I do
Death take me ſodainly.
Mir. To encreaſe your happineſſe
To your beſt wife, take this addition.
Gom. Alack, my poor knave.
Val. The confeſſion
The Moor made 't ſeemes was truth.
Nor. Mary was it ſir; the only truth that ever iſſud out of hell, which her black jawes reſemble; a plague o' your bacon-face, you muſt be giving drinks with a vengance; ah thou branded bitch: do'ye ſtare,gogles,I hope to make winter bootes o' thy hide yet, ſhe feares not damning: hell fire cannot parch her blacker then ſhe is: do'ye grin, chimney ſweeper.
Ori. VVhat is't *Mranda?*
Mir. That you would pleaſe *Lucinda* might attend you.
Col. That ſuit ſir, I conſent not to.
Luc. My husband?
My deereſt *Angelo?*
Nor. More liggam bobs; is not this the fellow that
Like a duck to th'ſhoare in our ſea-ſervice? (ſwom
Col. The very ſame,do not you know me now ſir,
My name is *Angelo*, though *Colonna* vaild it,
Your Countryman,and kinſman born in Florence,
VVho from the neighbour Iſland here of Goza
VVhas captive lead, in that unfortunate day
VVhen the Turk bore with him three thouſand ſoules;
Since in Conſtantinople have I liv'd
VVhere I beheld this Turkiſh Damoſell firſt.
A tedious ſuitor was I for her love,
And pittying ſuch a beauteous caſe ſhould hide
A ſoule prophan'd with infidelity,
I labourd her converſion with my love,
And doubly won her;to faire faith her ſoule
She firſt betroth'd, and then her faith to me,
But fearfull there to conſummate this contract
VVe fled, and in that flight were tane againe
By thoſe ſame Gallies, fore *Valletta* fought.
Since in your ſervice I attended her,
VVhere,what I ſaw,and heard,hath joy'd me more
Then all my paſt afflictions greiv'd before.
Val. Wonders crown wonders: take thy wife *Miranda.*

Be henceforth called our Malta's better angell,
And thou her evill *Mountferrat.*

Nor. Wee'l call him Cacodemon, with his block gib there, his Succuba, his devils ſeed, his ſpawn of Phlegeton, that o' my conſcience was bred o' the ſpume of Cocitus; do ye ſnarle you black jill? ſhe looks lie the Picture of *America.*

Val. Why ſtay we now.

Mir. This laſt petition to the Court,
I may bequeath the keeping of my Fort
To this my kinſman, toward the maintenance
Of him, and his faire vertuous wife; diſcreet,
Loyall, and valiant I dare give him you.

Val. You muſt not ask in vaine, ſir.

Col. My beſt thanks
To you my noble Cozen, and my ſervice
To the whole Court; may I deſerve this bounty.

Val. Proceed to th'ceremony, one of our Eſguard
Degrade *Mountferrat* firſt

Mount. I will not ſue
For mercy, 'twere in vaine; fortune thy worſt. *Muſick*

An altar diſcovered, with Tapers, and a book on it. The two Biſhops ſtand on each ſide of it Mountferrat *as the Song is ſinging aſcends up the altar.*

See ſee, the ſtaine of honor, vertues foe,
Of Virgins fair fames, the foule overthrow,
That broken hath his oath of chaſtity
Diſhonor'd much this holy dignity,
Off with his Roab, expell him forth this place,
Whilſt we rejoyce, and ſing at his diſgrace.

Val. Since by thy actions thou haſt made thy ſelf
Unworthy of that worthy ſigne thou wear'ſt,
And of our ſacred order, into which
For former vertues, we receiv'd thee firſt,
According to our Statutes, Ordinances,
For praiſe unto the good, a terror to
The bad, and an example to all men;
We here deprive thee of our habit, and
Declare thee unworthy our ſociety,
From which we do expell thee, as a rotten
Corrupted, and contagious member.

Eſq. Uſing th'authority th'Superiour
Hath given unto me, I unty this knot,
And take from thee the pleaſing yoak of heaven:
We take from off thy breaſt this holy croſſe,
Which thou haſt made thy burthen, not thy prop;
Thy ſpurs we ſpoile thee off, eleaving thy heeles
Bare of thy honour, that have kick'd againſt
Our orders precepts: next we reave thy ſword,
And give thee armeleſſe to thy enemies,
For being foe to goodneſſe, and to God,
Laſt, 'bout thy ſtiff neck, we this halter hang,
And leave thee to the mercy of the Court.

Val. Inveſt *Miranda.*

Song.

Faire child of vertue, honors bloome
That here with burning zeale doſt come
With joy to ask the white croſſe cloak,
And yeild unto this pleaſing yoake
That being yong, vowes chaſtity,
And chooſeſt wilfull poverty;
As this flame mounts, ſo mount thy zeale, thy glory
Riſe paſt the Stars, and fix in Heaven thy ſtory.

1. *Biſh.* What crave you gentle ſir?

Mir. Humble admittance
To be a brother of the holy Hoſpitall
Of great Jeruſalem.

2. *Biſh.* Breath out your vow.

Mir. To heaven and all the bench of Saints above
Whoſe ſuccour I implore t'enhable me,
I vow henceforth a chaſte life, not to enjoy
Any thing proper to my ſelf; obedience
To my ſuperiours, whom Religion,
And Heaven ſhall give me: ever to defend
The vertuous fame of Ladies, and to oppugne
Even unto death the Chriſtian enemy,
This do I vow to accompliſh.

Eſq Who can tell,
H'as he made other vow, or promis'd marriage
To any one, or is in ſervitude?

All He's free from all theſe.

1. *Biſh.* Put on his ſpurs, and girt him with the ſword,
The ſcourge of infidels, and tipes of ſpeed.
Buildſt thy faith on this

Mir. On him that di'd
On ſuch a ſacred figure, for our ſins.

2. *Biſh.* Here, then we fix it on thy left ſide, for
Thy encreaſe of faith, Chriſtian defence, and ſervice
To th'poor, and thus near to thy heart we plant it
That thou maiſt love it even with all thy heart,
With thy right hand protect, preſerve it whole,
For if thou fighting 'gainſt heavens enemies
Shall fly away, abandoning the croſſe
The Enſigne of thy holy Generall,
With ſhame thou juſtly ſhalt be rob'd of it
Chas'd from our company, and cut away
As an infectious putrified limb.

Mir. I aske no favour.

1. *Biſh.* Then receive the yoak
Of him that makes it ſweet, and light, in which
Thy ſoule find her eternall reſt.

Val. Moſt welcome.

All, Welcome, our noble brother.

Val. Break up the Court; *Mountferrat*, though your (deeds
Conſpiring 'gainſt the lives of innocents
Hath forfeited your own, we will not ſtaine
Our white Croſſe with your blood: your doom is then
To marry this coagent of your miſchiefes
Which done, we baniſh you the continent,
If either, after three dayes here be found
The hand of Law, layes hold upon your lives.

Nor. Away French ſtallion, now you have a Barbary mare of your own, go leap her, and engender young devillings.

Val. VVe will find ſomething, noble *Norandine*
To quit your merit: ſo to civill feaſts,
According to our cuſtomes; and all pray
The dew of grace, bleſſe our new Knight to day. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

THE WOMANS PRIZE: OR, The Tamer Tamed.

Actus Primus——Scæna Prima.

Enter Moroſo, Sophocles, and Tranio, with Roſemary, as from a wedding.

Moroſo.

GOd give 'em joy.

Tra. Amen.

Soph. Amen, ſay I to:
The Puddings now i'th proof; alas poor (wench,
Through what a mine of patience muſt thou worke,
Ere thou know'ſt good houre more?

Tra. Tis too true: Certaine,
Me thinks her father has dealt harſhly with her,
Exceeding harſhly, and not like a Father,
To match her to this Dragon; I proteſt
I pity the poore Gentlewoman.

Mor. Me thinks now,
He's not ſo terrible as people think him.

Soph. This old thiefe flatters, out of meere devotion,
To pleaſe the father for his ſecond daughter.

Tra. But ſhall he have her?

Soph. Yes, when i have Rome.
And yet the father's for him.

Mor. Ile aſſure ye,
I hold him a good man.

Soph. Yes ſure a wealthy,
But whether a good womans man, is doubtfull.

Tra. Would 'twere no worſe.

Mor. What though his other wife,
Out of her moſt abundant ſoberneſſe,
Out of her daily huy and cries upon him,
(For ſure ſhe was a Rebell) turn'd his temper,
And forc'd him blow as high as ſhe? do'ſt follow
He muſt retain that long ſince buried Tempeſt,
To this ſoft maid?

Soph. I feare it.

Tra. So do I too:
And ſo far, that if God had made me woman,
And his wife that muſt be——

Mor. What would you doe ſir?

Tra. I would learn to eate Coales with an angry Cat,
And ſpit fire at him: I would (to prevent him)
Do all the ramping, roaring tricks, a whore
Being drunke, and tumbling ripe, would tremble at:
There is no ſafety elſe, nor morall wiſdome,
To be a wife, and his.

Soph. So I ſhould think too.

Tra. For yet the bare remembrance of his firſt wife
(I tell ye on my knowledge, and a truth too)
Will make him ſtart in's ſleep, and very often
Cry out for Cudgels, Colſtaves, any thing;
Hiding his Breeches, out of feare her Ghoſt
Should walk, and weare 'em yet. Since his firſt marriage,
He is no more the ſtill *Petruchio*,
Then I am *Babylon*.

Soph. He's a good fellow,
And on my word I love him: but to think
A fit match for this tender ſoule——

Tra. His very frowne, if ſhe but ſay her prayers
Louder then men talk treaſon, makes him tindar;
The motion of a Diall, when he's teſty,
Is the ſame trouble to him as a water-worke;
She muſt do nothing of her ſelfe; not eate,
Drink, ſay ſir how do ye, make her ready, unready,
Unleſſe he bid her.

Soph. He will bury her
Ten ponnd to twenty ſhillings, within theſe three (weeks

Tra: Ile be your halfe.

Enter Jaques with a pot of Wine.

Mor. He loves her moſt extreamly,
And ſo long 'twil be honey-moon. Now *Jaques*
You are a buſie man I am ſure.

Jaq. Yes certaine,
This old ſport muſt have egges,

Soph. Not yet this ten daies.

Jaq. Sweet Gentlemen with Muskadell.

Tra. That's right ſir.

Mor. This fellow broods his Maſter: ſpeed ye *Jaques*.

Soph. We ſhall be for you preſently.

Jaq. Your worſhips
Shal have it rich and neat: and o' my conſcience
As welcom as our Lady day: O my old ſir,
When ſhall we ſee your worſhip run at Ring?
That houre a ſtanding were worth money.

Mor. So ſir.
Jaq.Upon my little honeſty,your Miſtris,
If I have any ſpeculation, muſt thinke
This ſingle thrumming of a Fiddle,
Without a Bow,but ev'n poore ſport.
Mor. Y'are merry.
Ja.Would I were wiſe too:ſo God bleſs your worſhip.
Tra. The fellow tels you true. *Exit Jaq.*
Soph. When is the day man?
Come,come, you'l ſteale a marriage.
Mor. Nay believe me:
But when her father pleaſes I am ready,
And all my friends ſhall know it.
Tra. Why not now?
One charge had ſerv'd for both.
Mor. There's reaſon in't.
Soph. Call'd *Rowland*.
Mor. Will ye walke?
They'l think we are loſt: Come Gentlemen.
Tra. You have wip't him now.
Soph. So will he never the wench I hope.
Tra. I wiſh it. *Exeunt.*

Scæna ſecunda.

Euter Rowland, and Livia.

Row. Now Livia,if you'l goe away to night,
If your affections be not made of words.
Liv. I love you,and you know how dearly *Rowland*,
Is there none neere us? my affections ever
Have been your ſervants; with what ſuperſtition
I have ever Sainted you---
Row. Why then take this way.
Liv. Twill be a childiſh and a leſſe proſperous courſe,
Then his that knows not care: why ſhould we do
Our honeſt and our hearty love ſuch wrong,
To over-run our fortunes?
Row.Then you flatter.
Liv.Alas you know I cannot.
Row.What hopes left elſe
But flying to enjoy ye?
Liv. None ſo far,
For let it be admitted we have time,
And all things now in other expectation,
My father's bent againſt us;what but ruine,
Can ſuch a by-way bring us? if your feares
Would let you look with my eyes, I would ſhew you,
And certain, how our ſtaying here would win us
A courſe,though ſomewhat longer,yet far ſurer.
Row. And then *Moroſo* h'as ye.
Liv. No ſuch matter:
For hold this certaine,begging,ſtealing,whoring,
Selling, (which is a ſin unpardonable)
Of counterfeit Cods, or muſty Engliſh Cracus,
Switches,or ſtones for th'toothache ſooner finds me,
Then that drawn Fox and *Moroſo*.
Row. But his money,
If wealth may win you ——
Liv. If a Hog may be
High Prieſt among the Jewes: his money *Rowland*?
Oh Love forgive me, what faith haſt thou?
Why,can his money kiſſe me?
Row.Yes.
Liv. Behind,
Laſd out upon a Petticote: or graſpe me
While I cry, O good thank you? o' my troth
Thou mak'ſt me merry with thy feare: or lie with me,
As you may do? alas, what fooles you men are?
His mouldy money? half a dozen Riders,
That cannot ſit but ſtampt faſt to their Saddles?
No *Rowland*,no man ſhall make uſe of me;
My beauty was born free,and free Ile give it
To him that loves, not buys me. You yet doubt me.
Row.I cannot ſay I doubt ye.
Liv. Goe thy waies,
Thou art the prettieſt puling piece of paſſion:
Yfaith I will not faile thee.
Row. I had rather——
Liv. Prethee believe me, if I do not carry it,
For both our goods---
Row. But---
Liv.What but?
Row. I would tell you.
Liv.I know all you can tell me; all's but this,
You would have me,and lie with me; is't not ſo?
Row. Yes.
Liv. Why you ſhall; will that content you? Goe.
Row. I am very loth to goe. *Enter Byancha,*
Liv. Now o' my conſcience *and Maria.*
Thou art an honeſt fellow: here's my ſiſter;
Go,prethee goe; this kiſſe, and credit me,
Ere I am three nights older,I am for thee:
You ſhall heare what I do.
Farewell.
Row. Farewell. *Exit Rowland.*
Liv. Alas poore foole,how it looks?
It would ev'n hang it ſelfe,ſhould I but croſſe it.
For pure love to the matter I muſt hatch it.
Bya. Nay never look for merry houre *Maria*,
If now you make it not; let not your bluſhes,
Your modeſty,and tenderneſſe of ſpirit,
Make you continuall Anvile to his anger:
Believe me,ſince his firſt wife ſet him going,
Nothing can bind his rage: Take your own Councell,
You ſhall not ſay that I perſwaded you.
But if you ſuffer him--
Mar. Stay,ſhall I do it?
Bya. Have you a ſtomack to't?
Mar. I never ſhew'd it.
Bya. Twill ſhew the rarer, and the ſtronger in you.
But do not ſay I urg'd you.
Mar. I am perfect,
Like *Curtius* to redeeme my Countrey, have I
Leap'd into this gulph of marriage, and Ile do it.
Farewell all poorer thoughts,but ſpight & anger,
Till I have wrought a miracle. Now coſen,
I am no more the gentle tame *Maria*;
Miſtake me not; I have a new ſoule in me
Made of a North-wind, nothing but tempeſt;
And like a tempeſt ſhall it make all ruins,
Till I have run my will out.
Bya. This is brave now,
If you continue it; but your own will lead you.
Mar.Adieu all tenderneſſe, I dare continue;
Maides that are made of feares and modeſt bluſhes,
View me, and love example.
Bya. Here is your ſiſter.
Mar. Here is the brave old mans love.
Bya. That loves the young man.
Mar.I and hold thee there wench: what a grief of heart (is't,
When *Paphos* Rebels ſhould up rowſe old night,
To ſweat againſt a Cork; to lie and tell
The clock o'th longs, to riſe ſport-ſtarv'd?
Liv. Deere ſiſter,
Where have you been you talke thus?
Mar. Why at Church, wench;

Where I am tide to talke thus: I am a wife now.
Liv. It ſeems ſo, and a modeſt.
Mar. You are an aſſe;
When thou art married once, thy modeſty
Will never buy thee Pins.
Liv. 'Bleſſe me.
Mar. From what?
Bya. From ſuch a tame foole as our cozen *Livia*?
Liv. You are not mad.
Mar. Yes wench, and ſo muſt you be,
Or none of our acquantance, marke me *Livia.*
Or indeed fit for our ſex: Tis bed time.
Pardon me yellow *Hymen*, that I meane
Thine offrings to protract, or to keepe faſting
My valiant Bridegroome.
Liv. Whether will this woman?
Bya. You may perceive her end.
Liv. Or rather feare it.
Mar. Dare you be partner in't?
Liv. Leave it *Maria*,
I feare I have mark'd too much, for goodneſſe leave it;
Deveſt you with obedient hands; to bed.
Mar. To bed? No *Livia*, there are Comets hang
Prodigious over that yet; there's a fellow
Muſt yet before I know that heat (nere ſtart wench)
Be made a man, for yet he is a monſter;
Here muſt his head be *Livia.*
Liv Never hope it.
Tis as eaſie with a Sive to ſcoope the Ocean, as
To tame *Petruchio.*
Mar. Stay: *Lucina* heare me,
Never unlock the treaſure of my womb
For humane fruit, to make it capable;
Nor never with thy ſecret hand make briefe
A mothers labour to me; if I doe
Give way unto my married husbands will,
Or be a wife, in any thing but hopes,
Till I have made him eaſie as a child,
And tame as feare, he ſhall not win a ſmile,
Or a pleas'd look, from this auſterity,
Though it would pull another Joynture from him,
And make him ev'ry day another man;
And when I kiſſe him, till I have my will,
May I be barren of delights, and know
Onely what pleaſures are in dreams, and gueſſes.
Liv. A ſtrange Exordium.
Bya. All the ſeverall wrongs
Done by Emperious husbands to their wives
Theſe thouſand yeeres and upwards, ſtrengthen thee:
Thou haſt a brave cauſe.
Mar. And Ile doe it bravely
Or may I knit my life out ever after.
Liv. In what part of the world got ſhe this ſpirit?
Yet pray *Maria*, looke before you truly,
Beſides the obedience of a wife,
Which you will finde a heavy imputation,
Which yet I cannot thinke your own, it ſhews
So diſtant from your ſweetneſſe.
Mar. Tis I ſweare.
Liv. Weigh but the perſon, and the hopes you have,
To worke this diſperate cure.
Mar. A weaker ſubject
Would ſhame the end I aime at, diſobedience.
You talk too tamely: By the faith I have
In mine own Noble will, that childiſh woman
That lives a priſoner to her husbands pleaſure,
Has loſt her making, and becomes a beaſt,
Created for his uſe, not fellowſhip.
Liv. His firſt wife ſaid as much.
Mar. She was a foole,
And took a ſcurvy courſe; let her be nam'd
'Mongſt thoſe that wiſh for things, but dare not do 'em:
I have a new daunce for him.
Liv. Are you of this faith?
Bya. Yes truly, and wil die in't.
Liv. Why then let's all weare breeches.
Mar. Now thou comſt neere the nature of a woman;
Hang theſe tame hearted Eyaſſes, that no ſooner
See the Lure out, and heare their husbands halla,
But cry like Kites upon 'em: The free Haggard
(Which is that woman, that hath wing, and knowes it,
Spirit, and plume) wil make an hundred checks,
To ſhew her freedome, ſaile in ev'ry ayre,
And look out ev'ry pleaſure; not regarding
Lure, nor quarry, till her pitch command
What ſhe deſires, making her foundred keeper
Be glad to fling out traines, and golden ones,
To take her down again.
Liv. You are learned ſiſter;
Yet *I* ſay ſtill take heed.
Mar. A witty ſaying;
Ile tell thee *Livia*, had this fellow tired
As many wives as horſes under him,
With ſpurring of their patience; had he got
A Patent, with an Office to reclaime us
Confirm'd by Parliament; had he all the malice
And ſubtilty of Devils, or of us,
Or any thing that's worſe then both.
Liv. Hey, hey boyes, this is excellent.
Mar. Or could he
Caſt his wives new again, like Bels to make 'em
Sound to his will; or had the fearfull name
Of the firſt breaker of wilde women: yet,
Yet would I undertake this man, thus ſingle,
And ſpight of all the freedom he has reach'd to,
Turn him and bend him as I liſt, and mold him
Into a babe again; that aged women,
Wanting both teeth & ſpleen, may Maſter him.
Bya. Thou wilt be chronicl'd.
Mar. That's all I aime at.
Liv. I muſt confeſſe, I do with all my heart
Hate an Emperious husband, and in time
Might be ſo wrought upon.
Bya. To make him cuckold?
Mar. If he deſerve it.
Liv. Then Ile leave ye Ladies.
Bya. Thou haſt not ſo much Noble anger in thee.
Mar. Goe ſleep, goe ſleep, what we intend to do,
Lies not for ſuch ſtarv'd ſoules as thou haſt *Livia.*
Liv. Good night: the Bridegroom will be with you (preſently.
Mar. That's more then you know.
Liv. If ye worke upon him,
As you have promiſed, ye may give example,
Which no doubt will be followed.
Mar. So.
By. Good night: we'l trouble you no further.
Mar. If you intend no good, pray doe no harm.
Liv. None, but pray for you. *Exit Livia.*
Bya. 'Cheere wench?
Mar. Now *Byancha*,
Thoſe wits we have let's wind 'em to the height,
My reſt is up wench, and I pull for that
Will make me ever famous. They that lay
Foundations, are halfe builders all men ſay.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. My Maſter forſooth.

*Mar.*Oh how do's thy Maſter? prethee commend me
*Jaq.*How's this? my Maſter ſtaies forſooth. (to him.
*Mar.*Why let him ſtay,who hinders him forſooth?
Jaq. The Revel's ended now,
To viſit you.
*Mar.*I am not ſick.
Jaq. I mean to ſee his chamber,forſooth. (ſooth?
Mar. Am I his Groom? where lay he laſt night,for-
Jaq. In the low matted Parlour.
*Mar.*There lies his way by the long Gallery.
*Jaq.*I mean your chamber: y'ar very merry Miſtris.
*Mar.*Tis a good ſigne I am ſound hearted *Jaques*:
But if you'l know where I lie,follow me;
And what thou ſeeſt, deliver to thy Maſter.
Bya. Do gentle *Jaques.* *Exeunt.*
Ja. Ha,is the wind in that dore?
By'r Lady we ſhall have foule weather then:
I doe not like the ſhuffling of theſe women, (ther:
They are mad beaſts when they knock their heads toge-
I have obſerv'd them all this day; their whiſpers,
One in anothers eare, their ſignes,and pinches,
And breaking often into violent laughters:
As if the end they purpos'd were their own.
Call you this weddings? Sure this is a knavery,
A very trick, and dainty knavery,
Marvellous finely carried, that's the comfort:
What would theſe women doe in waies of honour,
That are ſuch Maſters this way. Well, my Sir
Has been as good at finding out theſe toyes,
As any living; if he loſe it now,
At his own perill be it. I muſt follow. *Exit.*

Scena tertia.

Enter Servants with lights, Petruchio, Petronius, Moroſo, Tranio, and Sophocles.

*Petru.*You that,are married,Gentlemen, home at ye
For a round wager now.
*Soph.*Of this nights Stage?
Petru. Yes. (ſhillings.
Soph. I am your firſt man:a paire of Gloves of twenty
Petru. Done: who takes me up next? I am for all bets.
Mor. Well luſty *Laurence*, were but my night now,
Old as I am,I would make you clap on Spurs,
But I would reach you,and bring you to your trot too:
I would Gallants. (ha?
Petru. Well ſaid good Will;but where's the ſtaffe boy,
Old father time, your houre-glaſſe is empty. (ces;
*Tra.*A good tough traine would break thee all to pie-
Thou haſt not breath enough to ſay thy prayers.
*Petron.*See how theſe boyes deſpiſe us. Will you to bed
This pride will have a fall. (ſonne?
Petru. Upon your daughter;
But I ſhall riſe again, if there be truth
In Egges, and butter'd Paſnips.
*Petro.*Wil you to bed ſon,& leave talking;
To morrow morning we ſhall have you looke,
For all your great words, like St.*George* at Kingſton,
Running a foot-back from the furious Dragon,
That with her angry tayle belabours him
For being lazie.
Tra. His courage quench'd,and ſo far quench'd--
Petru. Tis well ſir.
What then?
Soph. Fly,fly, quoth then the fearfull dwarfe;
Here is no place for living man.
Petru. Well my maſters, if I doe ſinke under my buſineſſe,as I finde tis very poſſible, I am not the firſt that has miſcarried; So that's my comfort, what may be done without impeach or waſte,I can and will doe.

Enter Jaques.

How now is my faire Bride a bed?
*Jaq.*No truly ſir.
Petron. Not a bed yet? body o'me: we'l up and rifle her: here's a coyle with a mayden-head,tis not intayl'd, is it?
Petru. If it be,ile try all the Law i'th Land,but Ile cut it off: let's up,let's up,come.
Jaq. That you cannot neither.
Petru. Why?
Jaq. Unleſſe you'l drop through the Chimney like a Daw,or force a breach i'th windows: you may untile the houſe, tis poſſible.
*Petru.*What doſt thou meane?
Jaq. A morall ſir, the Ballat will expreſſe it:
The wind and the rain has turnd you back again,
And you cannot be lodged there. The truth is all the doores
Are baracadoed; not a Cathole,but holds a murd'rer in't.
She's victual'd for this moneth.
Petru. Art not thou drunk?
*Soph.*He's drunk,he's drunk; come, come,let's up.
Jaq. Yes, yes, I am drunke: ye may goe up, ye may Gentlemen,but take heed to your heads:I ſay no more.
Soph. Ile try that. *Exit Soph.*
*Petron.*How doſt thou ſay?the door faſt lock'd fellow?
Jaq. Yes truly ſir, tis lock'd, and guarded too; and two as deſperate tongues planted behind it, as ere yet batterd: they ſtand upon their honours, and will not give up without ſtrange compoſition, Ile aſſure you; marching away with their Pieces cockt, and Bullets in their mouthes will not ſatisfie them.
Petru. How's this? how's this they are?
Is there another with her?
Jaq. Yes marry is there, and an Engineir.
*Mor.*Who's that for Heavens ſake?
Jaq. Colonell *Byancha*, ſhe commands the workes: *Spinala's* but a ditcher to her,there's a halfe-moon: I am but a poore man,but if you'l give me leave, Ile venture a yeeres wages, draw all your force before it, and mount your ableſt piece of battery, you ſhall not enter it theſe three nights yet.

Enter Sophocles.

Petru. I ſhould laugh at that good *Jaques.*
Soph. Beat back again,ſhe's fortified for ever.
Jaq. Am I drunk now ſir?
Soph. He that dares moſt,goe up now,and be cool'd.
I have ſcap'd a pretty ſcowring.
Petru. What are they mad? have we another Bedlam?
They doe not talke I hope?
*Soph.*Oh terribly,extreamly fearfull,the noiſe at London-bridge is nothing neere her.
Petru. How got ſhe tongue?
Soph. As you got taile,ſhe was born to't.
*Petru.*Lock'd out a doors,and on my wedding-night?
Nay,and I ſuffer this, I may goe graze:
Come Gentlemen,Ile batter; are theſe vertues?
*Soph.*Do,and be beaten off with ſhame,as I was: I went up, came to th' doore, knockd, no body anſwered; knock'd lowder, yet heard nothing: would have broke in by force; when ſuddenly a water-worke flew from the window with ſuch violence, that had I not duck'd quickly like a Fryer, *cætera quis neſcit?* The chamber's nothing but a meere Oſtend, in every window Pewter cannons mounted, you'l quickly finde with what they are charg'd, ſir.

Petru. Why then *tantara* for us.
Soph. And all the lower works lin'd ſure with ſmall
ſhot,long tongues with Fire-locks, that at twelve ſcore
blanke hit to the heart: now and ye dare go up
Enter Maria and Byanca above.
Mor. The window opens,beat a parley firſt;
I am ſo much amaz'd my very haire ſtands.
Petron. Why how now daughter: what intrenc'd?
Mar. A little guarded for my ſafety ſir.
Petru. For your ſafety Sweet-heart? why who offends
I come not to uſe violence. (you?
Mar. I thinke you cannot ſir, I am better fortified.
Petru. I know your end,
You would faine reprieve your Maiden-head
A night, or two.
Mar. Yes,or ten,or twenty,or ſay an hundred;
Or indeed,till I liſt lie with you.
Soph. That's a ſhrewd ſaying; from this preſent houre,
I never will believe a ſilent woman.
When they break out they are bonfires.
Petro. Till you liſt lie with him? why who are you
Bya. That trim Gentlemans wife,ſir. (Madam?
Petru. Cry you mercy,do you command too?
Mar. Yes marry do's ſhe,and in chiefe.
Bya. I doe command,and you ſhall go without:
(I mean your wife, for this night)
Mar. And for the next too wench,and ſo as't follows.
Petro. Thou wilt not, wilt 'a?
Mar. Yes indeed deere father,
And till he ſeale to what I ſhall ſet down,
For any thing I know,for ever.
Soph. Indeed theſe are Bugs-words.
Tra. You heare ſir,ſhe can talke, God be thanked.
Petru. I would I heard it not ſir. (man,
Soph. I finde that all the pity beſtowd upon this wo-
Makes but an Anagram of an ill wife,
For ſhe was never vertuous.
Petru. Youl let me in I hope, for all this jeſting.
Mar. Hope ſtill Sir.
Petron. You will come down I am ſure.
Mar. I am ſure I will not.
Petron. Ile fetch you then.
Bya. The power of the whole County cannot ſir,
Unleſſe we pleaſe to yeild,which yet I thinke
We ſhal not;charge when you pleaſe, you ſhall
Heare quickly from us.
Mor. 'Bleſſe me from a Chicken of thy hatching,
Is this wiving?
Petru. Prethee *Maria* tell me what's the reaſon,
And do it freely, you deale thus ſtrangely with me?
You were not forc'd to marry,your conſent
Went equally with mine,if not before it:
I hope you do not doubt I want that mettle
A man ſhould have to keepe a woman waking;
I would be ſorry to be ſuch a Saint yet:
My perſon,as it is not excellent,
So tis not old,nor lame,nor weak with Phyſick,
But wel enough to pleaſe an honeſt woman,
That keeps her houſe,and loves her husband.
Mar. Tis ſo.
Petru. My means and my conditions are no ſhamers
Of him that owes 'em,all the world knows that,
And my friends no reliers on my fortunes.
Mar. All this I believe,and none of all theſe parcels
I dare except againſt; nay more,ſo far
I am from making theſe the ends I aime at,
Theſe idle outward things, theſe womens feares,
That were I yet unmarried, free to chooſe
Through all the Tribes of man, i'ld take *Petruchio*
In's ſhirt,with one ten Groats to pay the Prieſt,
Before the beſt man living,or the ableſt (ones.
That ev'r leap'd out of Lancaſhire, and they are right
Petron. Why do you play the foole then,and ſtand pra-
Out of the window like a broken Miller! (ting
Petru. If you wil have me credit you *Maria*,
Come down,and let your love confirme it.
Mar. Stay there ſir,that bargain's yet to make.
Bya. Play ſure wench,the packs in thine own hand.
Soph. Let me die lowſie, if theſe two wenches
Be not brewing knavery to ſtock a Kingdome.
Petru. Why this is a Riddle:
I love you,and I love you not.
Mar. It is ſo:
And till your own experience do untie it,
This diſtance I muſt keep.
Petru. If you talk more,
I am angry, very angry.
Mar. I am glad on't,and I wil talke.
Petru. Prethee peace,
Let me not think thou art mad. I tell thee woman,
If thou goeſt forward,I am ſtill *Petruchio*.
Mar. And I am worſe,a woman that can feare
Neither *Petruchio Furius*, nor his fame,
Nor any thing that tends to our allegeance;
There's a ſhort method for you,now you know me.
Petru. If you can carry't ſo,tis very wel.
Bya. No you ſhall carry it,ſir.
Petru. Peace gentle Low-bel.
Petron. Uſe no more words,but come down inſtantly,
I charge thee by the duty of a child.
Petru. Prethee come *Maria*,I forgive all.
Mar. Stay there; That duty, that you charge me by
(If you conſider truly what you ſay)
Is now another mans, you gave't away
I'th Church,if you remember,to my husband:
So all you can exact now, is no more
But onely a due reverence to your perſon,
Which thus I pay: Your bleſſing,and I am gone
To bed for this night.
Petron. This is monſtrous:
That bleſſing that St. *Dunſtan* gave the Devil,
If I were neere thee,I would give thee——
Pull thee down by th' noſe.
Bya. Saints ſhould not rave,ſir;
A little Rubarb now were excellent.
Petru. Then by that duty you owe to me *Maria*,
Open the doore,and be obedient: I am quiet yet.
Mar. I do confeſſe that duty; make your beſt on't.
Petru. Why give me leave,*I* will.
Bya. Sir, there's no learning
An old ſtiffe Jade to trot:you know the morall.
Mar. Yet as *I* take it ſir,*I* owe no more
Then you owe back again.
Petru. You wil not Article?
All *I* owe,preſently,let me but up,ile pay.
Mar. Y'are too hot, and ſuch prove Jades at length;
You do confeſſe a duty or reſpect to me from you again:
That's very neere, or full the ſame with mine?
Petru. Yes.
Mar. Then by that duty,or reſpect,or what
You pleaſe to have it,goe to bed and leave me,
And trouble me no longer with your fooling;
For know,*I* am not for you.
Petru. Well,what remedy?
Petron. A fine ſmart Cudgell.Oh that *I* were neer thee.
Bya. If you had teeth now,what a caſe were we in?

Mor. Theſe are the moſt authentique Rebels, next
Tyrone, I ever read of.
Mar. A weeke hence, or a fortnight, as you beare you,
And as I finde my will obſerv'd, I may
With interceſſion of ſome friends be brought
May be to kiſſe you; and ſo quarterly
To pay a little rent by compoſition,
You underſtand me?
Soph. Thou Boy, thou.
Petru. Well there are more Maides then *Maudlin*, that's
my comfort.
Mar. Yes, and more men then *Michael*. (meat Lady.
Petru. I muſt not to bed with this ſtomach, and no
Mar. Feed where you will, ſo it be ſound, and whol-
Elſe live at livery, for i'le none with you. (ſome,
By. You had beſt back one of the dairy maids, they'l
carry.
But take heed to your girthes, you'l get a bruiſe elſe.
Petru. Now if thou would'ſt come down, and tender
All the delights due to a marriage bed, (me:
Studdy ſuch kiſſes as would melt a man,
And turne thy ſelfe into a thouſand figures,
To adde new flames unto me, I would ſtand
Thus heavy, thus regardleſſe, thus deſpiſing
Thee, and thy beſt allurings: all thy beauty
That's laid upon your bodies, mark me well,
For without doubt your mind's are miſerable,
You have no maskes for them: all this rare beauty,
Lay but the Painter, and the ſilke worme by,
The Doctor with his dyets, and the Taylor,
And you appeare like flead Cats, not ſo handſome.
Mar. And we appeare like her that ſent us hither,
That onely excellent and beauteous nature;
Truly our ſelves, for men to wonder at,
But too divine to handle; we are Gold,
In our own natures pure; but when we ſuffer
The husbands ſtamp upon us, then alayes,
And baſe ones of you, men are mingled with us,
And make us bluſh like Copper.
Petru. Then, and never
Till then are women to be ſpoken of,
For till that time you have no ſoules I take it:
Good night: come Gentlemen; i'le faſt for this night,
But by this hand—well: I ſhall come up yet?
Mar. Noe.
Petru. There will I watch thee like a wither'd Jewry,
Thou ſhalt neither have meat, fire, nor Candle,
Nor any thing that's eaſie: doe you rebell ſo ſoone?
Yet take mercy.
By. Put up your Pipes: to bed ſir; i'le aſſure you
A moneths ſeige will not ſhake us.
Moro. Well ſaid Colonell.
Mar. To bed, to bed *Petruchio:* good night Gentlemen,
You'l make my Father ſicke with ſitting up:
Here you ſhall finde us any time theſe ten dayes,
Unleſſe we may march off with our contentment.
Petru. Ile hang firſt.
Mar. And i'le quarter if I doe not,
Ile make you know, and feare a wife *Petruchio*,
There my cauſe lies.
You have been famous for a woman tamer,
And beare the fear'd-name of a brave wife-breaker:
A woman now ſhall take thoſe honours off, (leeve me,
And tame you; nay, never look ſo bigge, ſhe ſhall be-
And *I* am ſhe: what thinke ye; good night to all,
Ye ſhall finde Centinels.
By. If ye dare ſally. *Exeunt above.*
Petro. The devill's in 'em, ev'n the very devill, the
downe right devill.

Petru. Ile devill 'em: by theſe ten bones I will: i'le bring it to the old Proverb, no ſport no pie: —— taken down i'th top of all my ſpeed; this is fine dancing: Gentlemen, ſtick to me. You ſee our Freehold's touch'd, and by this light, we will beleaguer'em, and either ſtarve 'em out, or make 'em recreant.
Petro. Ile ſee all paſſages ſtopt, but thoſe about 'em:
If the good women of the Towne dare ſuccour 'em,
We ſhall have warres indeed.
Soph. Ile ſtand perdue upon 'em.
Mor. My regiment ſhall lye before.
Iaq. I think ſo, 'tis grown too old to ſtand.
Petru. Let's in, and each provide his tackle,
We'l fire'em out, or make'em take their pardons,
Heare what I ſay, on their bare knees ——
Am I *Petruchio*, fear'd, and ſpoken of,
And on my wedding night am I thus jaded? *Exe. Omnes.*

Scæna quarta.

Enter Rowland, and Pedro, at ſeverall doores.

Row. Now *Pedro?*
Ped. Very buſie Maſter *Rowland*.
Row. What haſte man?
Ped. I beſeech you pardon me,
I am not mine own man.
Row. Thou art not mad?
Ped. No; but beleeve me, as haſty——
Row. The cauſe good *Pedro?*
Ped. There be a thouſand ſir; you are not married?
Row. Not yet.
Ped. Keepe your ſelfe quiet then.
Row. Why?
Ped. You'l finde a Fiddle
That never will be tun'd elſe: from all women-- *Exit.*
Row. What ailes the fellow tro? *Iaques?* *Enter Iaques,*
Iaq. Your friend ſir.
But very full of buſineſſe.
Row. Nothing but buſineſſe?
Prethee the reaſon, is there any dying?
Jaq. I would there were ſir.
Row. But thy buſineſſe?
Iaq. Ile tell you in a word,
I am ſent to lay
An impoſition upon Sowſe and Puddings,
Paſties, and Penny Cuſtards, that the women
May not releeve yon Rebels: Fare ye well ſir.
Row. How does my Miſtreſſe?
Iaq. Like a reſty jade.
She's ſpoil'd for riding. *Exit Iaques.*
Row. What a devill ayle they? *Enter Sophocles.*
Cuſtards, and penney Paſties, Fooles and Fiddles,
What's this to'th purpoſe? O well met.
Soph. Now *Rowland*.
I cannot ſtay to talk long.
Row. What's the matter?
Here's ſtirring, but to what end? whether goe you?
Soph. To view the works.
Row. What workes?
Soph. The womens Trenches.
Row. Trenches? are ſuch to ſee?
Soph. I doe not jeſt ſir.
Row. I cannot underſtand you.
Soph. Doe not you heare
In what a ſtate of quarrell the new Bride
Stands with her husband?

Row. Let him ſtand with her, and there's an end.
Soph. It ſhould be, but by'r Lady
She holds him out at Pikes end, and defies him,
And now is fortifide; ſuch a Regiment of Rutters
Never defied men braver: I am ſent
To view their preparation.
Row. This is newes
Stranger then Armes in the ayre, you ſaw not
My gentle Miſtreſſe?
Soph. Yes, and meditating
Upon ſome ſecret buſineſſe, when ſhe had found it
She leapt for joy, and laugh'd, and ſtraight retir'd
To ſhun *Moroſo.*
Row. This may be for me.
Soph. Will you along?
Row. No.
Soph. Farewell. *Exit Sophocles.*
Row. Farewell ſir.
What ſhould her muſing meane, and what her joy in't,
If not for my advantage? ſtay ye; may not
That Bob-taile Jade *Moroſo*, with his Gold,
His gew-gaudes, and the hope ſhe has to ſend him
Quickly to duſt, excite this? here ſhe comes,
And yonder walkes the Stallion to diſcover:
Yet i'le ſalute her: ſave you beauteous miſtreſſe.
Livi. The Fox is kennell'd for me: ſave you ſir.
Row. Why doe you looke ſo ſtrange?
Enter Livia at one doore, and Moroſo at another barkning.
Liv. I uſe to looke ſir
Without examination.
Moro. Twenty Spur-Royals for that word.
Row. Belike then
The object diſcontents you?
Liv. Yes it does.
Row. Is't come to this? you know me, doe you not?
Liv. Yes as I may know many by repentance.
Row. Why doe you breake your faith?
Liv. Ile tell you that too,
You are under age, and no band holds upon you.
Moro. Excellent wench.
Liv. Sue out your underſtanding,
And get more haire, to cover your bare knuckle
(For Boyes were made for nothing, but dry kiſſes,)
And if you can, more manners.
Moro. Better ſtill.
Liv. And then if I want Spaniſh gloves, or ſtockings,
A ten-pound waſte-coate, or a Nag to hunt on,
It may be I ſhall grace you to accept 'em.
Row. Farewell, and when I credit women more,
May I to Smith-field, and there buy a Jade,
(And know him to be ſo) that breakes my neck.
Liv. Becauſe I have knowne you, Ile be thus kinde to you;
Farewell, and be a man, and i'le provide you,
Becauſe I ſee y'are deſperate, ſome ſtai'd Chamber-maid
That may relieve your youth, with wholeſome doctrin.
Mor. She's mine from all the world: ha wench?
Liv. Ha Chicken?—— *gives him a box o'th eare and* Ex.
Mor. How's this? I do not love theſe favours: ſave you.
Row. The devill take thee—— *wrings him byth' noſe.*
Mor. Oh!
Row. There's a love token for you: thank me now.
Mor. Ile thinke on ſome of ye, and if I live,
My noſe alone ſhall not be plaid withall. *Exit.*

Actus ſecundus. Scæna prima.

Enter Petronius, and Moroſo.

Petro. A Box o'th eare doe you ſay?
Mor. Yes ſure a ſound one,
Beſide my noſe blown to my hand; if *Cupid*
Shoot Arrows of that waight, i'le ſweare devoutly,
Has ſude his liverie, and no more a Boy.
Petro. You gave her ſome ill language?
Mor. Not a word,
Petro. Or might be you weare fumbling?
Mor. Would I had ſir.
I had been a forehand then; but to be baffel'd,
And have no feeling of the cauſe---
Petro. Be patient,
I have a medicine clapt to her back will cure her.
Mor. No ſure it muſt be afore ſir.
Petro. O' my Conſcience,
When I got theſe two wenches (who till now
Ne'r ſhew'd their riding) I was drunck with Baſtard,
Whoſe nature is to forme things like it ſelfe
Heady, and monſtrous: did ſhe ſlight him too?
Mor. That's all my comfort: a meere Hobby-horſe
She made childe *Rowland*: s'foot ſhe would not know him,
Not give him a free look, not reckon him
Among her thoughts, which I held more then wonder,
I having ſeene her within's three dayes kiſſe him
With ſuch an appetite as though ſhe would eat him.
Petro. There is ſome trick in this: how did he take it?
Mor. Ready to cry; he ran away.
Petro. I feare her.
And yet I tell you, ever to my anger,
She is as tame as Innocency; it may be
This blow was but a favour.
Mor. Ile be ſworne
'Twas well tye'd on then.
Petro. Goe too, pray forget it,
I have beſpoke a Prieſt: and within's two houres
Ile have ye married; will that pleaſe you?
Mor. Yes.
Petro. Ile ſee it done my ſelfe, and give the Lady
Such a ſound exhortation for this knavery
Ile warrant you, ſhall make her ſmell this Moneth on't,
Mor. Nay good ſir, be not violent.
Petro. Neither——
Mor. It may be
Out of her earneſt love, there grew a longing
(As you know women have ſuch toyes) in kindneſſe,
To give me a box o'th eare or ſo.
Petro. It may be.
Mor. I reckon for the beſt ſtill: this night then
I ſhall enjoy her.
Petro. You ſhall hanſell her.
Mor. Old as I am, i'le give her one blow for't,
Shall make her groane this twelve-moneth.
Petro. Where's your joynture?
Mor. I have a joynture for her.
Petro. Have your Councell
Peruſ'd it yet?
Mor. No Councell, but the night, and your ſweet daughter
Shall ere peruſe that Joynture.
Petro. Very well ſir.
Moro. Ile no demurrers on't nor no rejoynders.
The other's ready ſeal'd.
Petro. Come then lets' comfort
My Son *Petruchio*, he's like little Children
That looſe their Bables, crying ripe.
Mor. Pray tell me,
Is this ſtern woman ſtill upon the flaunt
Of bold defiance?
Petro. Still, and ſtill ſhe ſhall be
Till ſhe be ſtarv'd out: you ſhall ſee ſuch juſtice,
That women ſhall be glad after this tempeſt

To tye their husbands ſhooes, and walke their horſes;
That were a merry world: doe you heare the rumour,
They ſay the women are in Inſurrection,
And meane to make a——

Petro. They'l ſooner
Draw upon walls as we doe: Let 'em, let 'em,
We'l ſhip 'em out in Cuck-ſtooles, there they'l ſaile
As brave *Columbus* did, till they diſcover
The happy Iſlands of obedience.
We ſtay too long, Come.

Mor. Now Saint *George* be with us. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Livia alone

Liv. Now if I can but get in hanſomely,
Father I ſhall deceive you, and this night
For all your private plotting, i'le no wedlock;
I have ſhifted ſaile, and finde my Siſters ſafety
A ſure retirement; pray to heaven that *Rowland*
Do not beleeve too farre, what I ſaid to him,
For y'on old Foxcaſe forc'd me, that's my feare.
Stay, let me ſee, this quarter fierce *Petruchio*
Keepes with his Myrmidons: I muſt be ſuddaine,
If he ſeize on me, I can looke for nothing
But Marſhall Law; to this place have I ſcap'd him;
Above there. *Enter Maria, and Byancha above.*

Mar. Cheval'a.

Liv. A Friend.

By. Who are you?

Liv. Looke out and know.

Mar. Alas poore wench who ſent thee,
What weake foole made thy tongue his Orator?
I know you come to parly.

Liv. Y'are deceiv'd,
Urg'd by the goodnes of your cauſe I come
To doe as you doe.

Mar. Y'ar too weake, too fooliſh,
To cheat us with your ſmoothneſſe: doe not we know
Thou haſt been kept up tame?

Liv. Beleeve me.

Mar. No, prethee good *Livia*
Utter thy Eloquence ſomewhere elſe.

By. Good Coſen
Put up your Pipes; we are not for your palat,
Alas we know who ſent you.

Liv. O' my word ——

By. Stay there; you muſt not thinke your word,
Or by your Maydenhead, or ſuch Sonday oathes
Sworne after Even-Song, can inveigle us
To looſe our hand-faſt: did their wiſdomes thinke
That ſent you hither, we would be ſo fooliſh,
To entertaine our gentle Siſter *Sinon*,
And give her credit, while the woodden Jade
Petruchio ſtole upon us: no good Siſter,
Goe home, and tell the merry Greekes that ſent you,
Ilium ſhall burn, and I, as did *Æneas*,
will on my back, ſpite of the Myrmidons,
Carry this warlike Lady, and through Seas
Unknown, and unbeleev'd, ſeek out a Land,
Where like a race of noble *Amazons*,
We'le root our ſelves and to our endleſſe glory
Live, and deſpiſe baſe men.

Liv. Ile ſecond ye.

By. How long have you been thus?

Liv. That's all one Coſen.
I ſtand for freedome now.

By. Take heed of lying;
For by this light, if we doe credit you,
And finde you tripping, his infliction
That kill'd the Prince of *Orenge*, will be ſport
To what we purpoſe.

Liv. Let me feele the heavieſt.

Mar. Swear by thy Sweet-heart *Rowland* (for by your (mayden-head,
I feare 'twill be too late to ſwear) you meane
Nothing but faire and ſafe, and honourable
To us, and to your ſelfe.

Liv. I ſweare.

By. Stay yet,
Sweare as you hate *Moroſo*, that's the ſureſt,
And as you have a certaine feare to finde him
Worſe then a poore dride Jack, full of more Aches
Then *Autumne* has; more knavery, and uſury,
And foolery, and brokery, then doggs-ditch:
As you doe conſtantly beleeve he's nothing
But an old empty bagge with a grey beard,
And that beard ſuch a Bob-taile, that it lookes
Worſe then a Mares taile eaten off with Fillyes:
As you acknowledge, that young hanſome wench
That lyes by ſuch a Bilbo blade, that bends
With ev'ry paſſe he makes to'th hilts, moſt miſ able,
A dry nurſe to his Coughes, a fewterer
To ſuch a naſty fellow, a rob'd thing
Of all delights youth lookes for: and to end,
One caſt away on courſe beef, born to bruſh
That everlaſting Caſſock that has worne
As many Servants out, as the Northeaſt paſſage
Has conſum'd Saylors: if you ſweare this, and truly
Without the reſervation of a gowne
Or any meritorious Petticoate,
'Tis like we ſhall beleeve you.

Liv. I doe ſweare it.

Mar. Stay yet a little; came this wholeſome motion
(Deale truly Siſter) from your own opinion,
Or ſome ſuggeſtion of the Foe?

Liv. Nev'r feare me,
For by that little faith I have in husbands,
And the great zeale I beare your cauſe, I come
Full of that liberty, you ſtand for, Siſter.

Mar. If we beleeve, and you prove recreant *Livia*,
Think what a maym you give the noble Cauſe
We now ſtand up for: Thinke what women ſhall
An hundred yeare hence ſpeak thee, when examples
Are look'd for, and ſo great ones, whoſe relations
Spoke as we doe th'em wench, ſhall make new cuſtoms.

By. If you be falſe, repent, goe home, and pray,
And to the ſerious women of the City
Confeſſe your ſelfe; bring not a ſinne ſo heynous
To load thy ſoule, to this place: mark me *Livia*,
If thou bee'ſt double, and betray'ſt our honours,
And we fail in our purpoſe: get thee where
There is no women living, nor no hope
There ever ſhall be.

Mar. If a Mothers daughter,
That ever heard the name of ſtubborn husband
Found thee, and know thy ſinne.

By. Nay, if old age,
One that has worne away the name of woman,
And no more left to know her by, but railing,
No teeth, nor eyes nor legges, but woodden ones (thee
Come but i'th wind-ward of thee, for ſure ſhe'l ſmell
Thou'lt be ſo ranck, ſhe'l ride thee like a night-mare,
And ſay her Prayers back-ward to undoe thee,
She'l curſe thy meat and drink, and when thou marrieſt,

Clap a ſound ſpell for ever on thy pleaſures.
Mar. Children of five yeare old, like little Fayries
Will pinch thee into motley, all that ever
Shall live, and heare of thee, I meane all women ;
Will (like ſo many furies) ſhake their Keyes,
And toſſe their flaming diſtaffes o're their heads,
Crying Revenge : take heed, 'tis hideous :
Oh 'tis a fearefull office, if thou had'ſt
(Though thou bee'ſt perfect now) when thou cam'ſt
A falſe Imagination, get thee gone, (hither,
And as my learned Cozen ſaid repent,
This place is ſought by ſoundneſſe.
Liv. So I ſeeke it,
Or let me be a moſt deſpis'd example.
Mar. I doe beleeve thee, be thou worthy of it.
You come not empty ?
Liv. No, Here's Cakes, and cold meat,
And tripe of proofe : behold here's wine, and beere,
Be ſuddaine, I ſhall be ſurpriz'd elſe. (way:
Mar. Meet at the low Parlor doore, there lyes a cloſe
What fond obedience you have living in you,
Or duty to a man, before you enter,
Fling it away, 'twill but defile our Offrings.
By. Be wary as you come,
Liv. I warrant ye. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter three Maides.

1 *Mai.* How goes your buſineſſe Girles ?
2 A foot, and faire.
3 If fortune favour us : away to your ſtrength
The Country Forces are ariv'd, be gone.
We are diſcover'd elſe.
1 Arme, and be valiant.
2 Think of our cauſe.
3 Our Juſtice.
1 'Tis ſufficient. *Exeunt.*

Scæna quarta.

Enter Rowland and Tranio at ſeverall doores.

Tra. Now *Rowland* ?
Row. How yoe you ?
Tra. How do'ſt thou man,
Thou look'ſt ill :
Row. Yes, pray can you tell me *Tranio*,
Who knew the devill firſt ?
Tra. A woman.
Row. Thou haſt heard I am ſure of *Eſculapius*.
So were they not well acquainted ?
Tra. May be ſo,
For they had certaine Dialogues together.
Row. He ſold her fruit, I take it ?
Tra. Yes, and Cheeſe
That choak'd all mankinde after.
Row. Canſt thou tell me
Whether that woman ever had a faith
After ſhe had eaten ?
Tra. That's a Schoole queſtion
Row. No
'Tis no queſtion, for beleeve me *Tranio*,
That cold fruit after eating bread naught in her
But windy promiſes, and chollick vowes
That broke out both wayes.
Row. Thou ha'ſt heard I am ſure
Of *Eſculapius*, a farre famed Surgeon,
One that could ſet together quarter'd Traytors,
And make 'em honeſt men.
Tra. How do'ſt thou *Rowland* ?
Row. Let him but take, (if he dare doe a cure
Shall get him fame indeed) a faithleſſe woman,
There will be credit for him, that will ſpeake him,
A broken woman *Tranio*, a baſe woman,
And if he can cure ſuch a rack of honour
Let him come here, and practiſe.
Tra. Now for honours ſake
Why what ayl'ſt thou *Rowland* ?
Row. I am ridden *Tranio*.
And Spur-gald to the life of patience
(Heaven keepe my wits together) by a thing
Our worſt thoughts are too noble for, a woman.
Tra. Your Miſtreſſe has a little frown'd it may be ?
Row. She was my Miſtreſſe.
Tra. Is ſhe not ?
Row. No *Tranio*.
She has done me ſuch diſgrace, ſo ſpitefully,
So like a woman bent to my undoing,
That henceforth a good horſe ſhall be my Miſtreſſe,
A good Sword, or a Booke: and if you ſee her,
Tell her I doe beſeech you, even for love ſake.——
Tra. I will *Rowland*.
Row. She may ſooner
Count the good I have thought her,
Our old love and our friend-ſhip,
Shed one true teare, meane one houre conſtantly,
Be old, and honeſt, married, and a maide,
Then make me ſee her more, or more beleeve her :
And now I have met a Meſſenger, farewell ſir. *Exit.*
Tra. Alas poore *Rowland*, I will doe it for thee :
This is that dogge *Moroſo*, but I hope
To ſee him cold i'th mouth firſt 'er he enjoy her: (him,
Ile watch this young man, deſperate thoughts may ſeize
And if my purſe, or councell can, i'le eaſe him. *Exit*

Scæna quinta.

Enter Petruchio, Petronius, Moroſo, and Sophocles.

Petru. For looke you Gentlemen, ſay that I grant her
Out of my free and liberall love, a pardon,
Which you and all men elſe know ſhe deſerves not,
(*Teneatis amici*) can all the world leave laughing?
Petro. I thinke not.
Petru. No by —— they cannot;
For pray conſider, have you ever read,
Or heard of, or can any man imagine.
So ſtiffe a Tomb-boy, of ſo ſet a malice,
And ſuch a brazen reſolution,
As this young Crab-tree ? and then anſwer me,
And marke but this too friends, without a cauſe,
Not a foule word comes croſſe her, not a feare,
She juſtly can take hold on, and doe you thinke
I muſt ſleepe out my anger, and endure it,
Sow pillows to her eaſe, and lull her miſchiefe ?
Give me a Spindle firſt : no, no my Maſters,
Were ſhe as faire as *Nell*. a *Greece*, and houſe-wife,
As good as the wiſe Saylors wife, and young ſtill,
Never above fifteene ; and theſe tricks to it,
She ſhould ride the wild Mare once a week, ſhe ſhould.

(Believe me friends ſhe ſhould) I would tabor her,
Till all the Legions that are crept into her,
Flew out with fire i'th tailes.
Soph. Methinks you erre now,
For to me ſeems,a little ſufferance
Were a far ſurer cure.
Petru. Yes, I can ſuffer,
Where I ſee promiſes of peace and amendment.
*Mor.*Give her a few conditions.
Petru. Ile be hangd firſt.
*Petron.*Give her a crab-tree-cudgell.
Petru. So I will;
And after it a flock-bed for her bones.
And hard egges,till they brace her like a Drum,
She ſhall be pamperd with——
She ſhall not know a ſtoole in ten moneths Gentlemen.
Soph. This muſt not be. *Enter Jaques.*
Jaq. Arme,arme, out with your weapons,
For all the women in the Kingdom's on ye; *Enter Pedro.*
They ſwarm like waſpes,and nothing can deſtroy 'em,
But ſtopping of their hive, and ſmothering of 'em.
Ped. Stand to your guard ſir,all the devils extant
Are broke upon us, like a cloud of thunder;
There are more women, marching hitherward,
In reſcue of my Miſtris,then ere turn'd taile
At Sturbridge Faire; and I believe, as fiery.
*Jaq.*The forlorn-hope's led by a Tanners wife,
I know her by her hide; a deſperate woman:
She flead her husband in her youth,and made
Raynes of his hide to ride the Pariſh. Take 'em all together,
They are a genealogy of Jennets, gotten
And born thus,by the boyſterous breath of husbands;
They ſerve ſure,and are ſwift to catch occaſion,
(I meane their foes,or husbands)by the fore-locks,
And there they hang like favours; cry they can,
But more for Noble ſpight,then feare: and crying
Like the old Gyants that were foes to Heaven,
They heave ye ſtoole on ſtoole,and fling main Potlids
Like maſſie rocks, dart ladles, toſſing Irons,
And tongs like Thunderbolts, till overlayd,
They fall beneath the waight; yet ſtill aſpiring
At thoſe Emperious Codſheads,that would tame 'em.
There's nere a one of theſe, the worſt and weakeſt,
(Chooſe where you will) but dare attempt the rayſing
Againſt the ſoveraigne peace of Puritans,
A May-pole,and a Morris, maugre mainly
Their zeale,and Dudgeon-daggers: and yet more,
Dares plant a ſtand of battring Ale againſt 'em,
And drinke 'em out o'th Pariſh.
*Soph.*Lo you fierce *Petruchio*,this comes of your impatience.
*Ped:*There's one brought in the Beares againſt the Canons
Of the Town,made it good, and fought 'em.
Jaq. Another,to her everlaſting fame, erected
Two Ale-houſes of eaſe: the quarter-ſeſſions
Running againſt her roundly; in which buſineſſe
Two of the diſannullers loſt their night-caps:
A third ſtood excommunicate by the cudgell.
The Cunſtable, to her eternall glory,
Drunke hard,and was converted, and ſhe victor.
Ped. Then are they victualed with pies and puddings,
(The trappings of good ſtomacks) noble Ale
the true defendor,Sawſages, and ſmoak'd ones,
If need be, ſuch as ſerve for Pikes; and Porke,
(Better the Jewes never hated:) here and there
A bottle of Metheglin, a ſtout Britaine
That wil ſtand to 'em,what elſe they want,they war for.
*Petru.*Come to councell,
*Soph.*Now you muſt grant conditions or the Kingdom
Will have no other talke but this.
Petron. Away then, and let's adviſe the beſt.
*Soph:*Why doe you tremble?
Mor. Have I liv'd thus long to be knockt o'th head,
With halfe a waſhing beetle? pray be wiſe ſir.
Petru. Come,ſomething Ile doe;but what it is I know not.
*Soph.*To councel then,and let's avoyd their follies.
Guard all the doors,or we ſhal not have a cloke left. *Exe*

Enter three mayds, at ſeverall doors.

1. How goes the buſineſſe, girles?
2. A foot, and faire.
3. If fortune favour us: away to your ſtrength,
The Country forces are ariv'd; be gon we are diſcovered elſe.
1. Arme,and be valiant.
2. Think of our cauſe.
3. Our juſtice.
1. Tis ſufficient. *Exeunt*

Scena tertia.

Enter Petronius,Petruchio.Moroſo,Sophocles,and Tranio.

*Petro.*I am indifferent,though I muſt confeſſe,
I had rather ſee her carted.
Tra. No more of that ſir.
Soph. Are ye reſolv'd to give her fair conditions?
Twill be the ſafeſt way.
Petru. I am diſtracted,
Would I had run my head into a halter
When I firſt woo'd her: if I offer peace,
She'l urge her own conditions,that's the devil.
Soph. Why ſay ſhe do?
Petru: Say,I am made an Aſſe,then;
I know her aime: may I with reputation
(Anſwer me this) with ſafety of mine honour,
(After the mighty mannage of my firſt wife,
Which was indeed a fury to this Filly,
After my twelve ſtrong labours to reclaime her,
Which would have made *Don Hercules* horn mad,
And hid him in his hide) ſuffer this *Sicely*,
Ere ſhe have warm'd my ſheets,ere grappel'd with me,
This Pinck,this painted Foyſt,this Cockle-boat,
To hang her Fights out, and defie me friends,
A wel known man of war? if this be equal,
And I may ſuffer, ſay, and I have done?
Petron. I do not think you may.
Tra. You'l make it worſe ſir.
Soph. Pray heare me good *Petruchio*: but ev'n now,
You were contented to give all conditions,
To try how far ſhe would carry: Tis a folly,
(And you wil find it ſo)to clap the curb on,
Er you be ſure it proves a naturall wildneſſe,
And not a forc'd. Give her conditions,
For on my life this tricke is put into her.
Petron I ſhould believe ſo too.
*Soph.*And not her own.
Tra. You'l finde it ſo.
Soph. Then if ſhe flownder with you,
Clap ſpurs on,and in this you'l deale with temperance,
Avoyd the hurry of the world.
Tra. And looſe *Muſick above.*
*Mor.*No honour on my life,ſir.
Petru. I wil do it.
*Petron.*It ſeems they are very merry. *Enter Jaques.*
Petru. Why God hold it.
*Mor.*Now *Jaques*?
*Jaq.*They are i'th flaunt, ſir.

Soph. Yes we heare 'em.
Jaq. They have got a ſtick of Fiddles, and they firke
In wondrous waies, the two grand Capitanos, (it
(They brought the Auxiliary Regiments)
Daunce with their coats tuckt up to their bare breeches,
And bid them kiſſe 'em, that's the burden;
They have got Metheglin, and audacious Ale,
And talke like Tyrants.
Petron. How knoweſt thou?
Jaq. I peep't in *Song!*
At a looſe Lansket.
Tra. Harke.
Petron. A Song, pray ſilence. *All the women above.*
Mor. They look out.
Petru. Good ev'n Ladies.
Mar. Good you good ev'n ſir.
Petru. How have you ſlept to night?
Mar. Exceeding well ſir.
Petru. Did you not wiſh me with you?
Mar. No, believe me,
I never thought upon you.
Cun. Is that he?
Bya. Yes.
Cun. Sir?
Soph. She has drunk hard, mark her hood.
Cun. You are ——
Soph. Learuedly drunk, Ile hang elſe: let her utter.
Cun. And I muſt tell you, *viva voce* friend,
A very fooliſh fellow.
Tra. There's an Ale figure.
Petru. I thank you *Suſan Brotes.*
Cit. Forward ſiſter.
Cun. You have eſpouſed here a hearty woman,
A comely, and couragious.
Petru. Wel I have ſo.
Cun. And to the comfort of diſtreſſed damſels,
Weomen out-worn in wedlock, and ſuch veſſels,
This woman has defied you.
Petru. It ſhould ſeem ſo.
Cun. And why?
Petru. Yes, can you tell?
Cun. For thirteen cauſes.
Petru. Pray by your patience Miſtris.
Cit. Forward ſiſter.
Petru. Do you mean to treat of all theſe?
Cit. Who ſhall let her?
Petro. Doe you heare, Velvet-hood, we come not now
To heare your doctrine.
Cunt. For the firſt, I take it,
It doth divide it ſelfe into ſeven branches.
Petru. Harke you good *Maria,*
Have you got a Catechiſer here?
Tra. Good zeale.
Soph. Good three pil'd predication, will you peace,
And heare the cauſe we come for?
Cunt. Yes Bob-tailes
We know the cauſe you come for, here's the cauſe,
But never hope to carry her, never dream
Or flatter your opinions with a thought
Of baſe repentance in her.
Cit. Give me ſack,
By this, and next ſtrong Ale.
Cun. Sweare forward ſiſter.
Cit. By all that's cordiall, in this place we'l bury
Our bones, fames, tongues, our triumphs; and then all
That ever yet was chronicl'd of woman;
But this brave wench, this excellent deſpiſer,
This bane of dull obedience, ſhall inherit
His liberall wil, and march off with conditions
Noble, and worth her ſelfe.
Cun. She ſhall *Tom Tilers,*
And brave ones too; My hood ſhal make a hearſe-cloth,
And I lie under it, like *Jone o Gaunt,*
Ere I goe leſſe, my Diſtaffe ſtucke up by me,
For the eternall Trophee of my conqueſts;
And loud fame at my head, with two main Bottles,
Shall fill to all the world the glorious fall
Of old *Don Gillian.*
Cit. Yet a little further,
We have taken Armes in reſcue of this Lady;
Moſt juſt and Noble: if ye beat us off
Without conditions, and we recant,
Uſe us as we deſerve; and firſt degrade us
Of all our ancient chambring: next that
The Symbols of our ſecrecy, ſilke Stockings,
Hew of our heeles; our petticotes of Armes
Teare of our bodies, and our Bodkins breake
Over our coward heads.
Cun. And ever after
To make the tainture moſt notorious,
At all our Creſts, *videlicet* our Plackets.
Let Laces hang, and we returne againe
Into our former titles, Dayry maids.
Petru. No more wars: puiſſant Ladies, ſhew conditions,
And freely I accept 'em.
Mar. Call in *Livia;*
She's in the treaty too. *Enter Livia above.*
Mor. How, *Livia?*
Mar. Heare you that ſir?
There's the conditions for ye, pray peruſe 'em.
Petron. Yes, there ſhe is: t'had been no right rebellion,
Had ſhe held off; what think you man?
Mor. Nay nothing.
I have enough o'th proſpect: o'my conſcience,
The worlds end, and the goodneſſe of a woman
Will come together.
Petron. Are you there ſweet Lady?
Liv. Cry you mercy ſir, I ſaw you not: your bleſſing.
Petron. Yes when I bleſſe a jade, that ſtumbles with me.
How are the Articles?
Liv. This is for you ſir;
And I ſhal think upon't.
Mor. You have us'd me finely.
Liv. There's no other uſe of thee now extant,
But to be hung up; caſſock, cap, and all,
For ſome ſtrange monſter at Apothecaries.
Petron. I heare you whore.
Liv. It muſt be his then ſir,
For need wil then compell me.
Cit. Bleſſing on thee.
Liv. He wil undoe me in meere pans of Coles
To make him luſtie.
Petron. There's no talking to 'em;
How are they ſir?
Petru. As I expected: Liberty and clothes, *Reads.*
When, and in what way ſhe wil: continuall moneys,
Company, and all the houſe at her diſpoſe;
No tongue to ſay, why is this? or whether wil it;
New Coaches, and ſome buildings, ſhe appoints here;
Hangings, and hunting-horſes: and for Plate
And Jewels for her private uſe, I take it,
Two twouſand pound in preſent: then for Muſick,
And women to read French;
Petron. This muſt not be.
Petru. And at the latter end a clauſe put in,
That *Livia* ſhal by no man be importun'd.

This whole moneth yet, to marry.
Petron. This is monſtrous.
Petru. This ſhall be done,Ile humor her awhile:
If nothing but repentance, and undoing
Can win her love,Ile make a ſhift for one.
Soph. When ye are once a bed,all theſe conditions
Lie under your own ſeale.
Mar. Do yo like 'em?
Petru. Yes.
And by that faith I gave you fore the Prieſt
Ile ratifie 'em.
Cun. Stay,what pledges?
Mar. No,Ile take that oath;
But have a care you keep it.
Cit. Tis not now
As when *Andrea* liv'd.
Cun. If you do juggle,
Or alter but a Letter of theſe Articles
We have ſet down, the ſelf-ſame perſecution.
Mar. Miſtruſt him not.
Petru. By all my honeſty ——
Mar. Enough.I yield.
Petron. What's this
Inſerted here?
Soph. That the two valiant women that command here
Shall have a Supper made em,and a large one,
And liberall entertainment without grudging,
And pay for all their Souldiers.
Petru. That ſhall be too;
And if a tun of Wine wil ſerve to pay 'em,
They ſhall have juſtice: I ordaine ye all
Pay-maſters, Gentlemen.
Tra. Then we ſhall have ſport boyes.
Mar. We'l meet you in the Parlour.
Petru. Ne'r looke ſad ſir,for I will doe it.
Soph. There's no danger in't.
Petru. For *Livia's* Article,you ſhall obſerve it,
I have tyde my ſelfe.
Petron. I wil.
Petru. Along then: now
Either I break,or this ſtiffe plant muſt bow. *Exeunt.*

Actus tertius, Scæna prima.

Enter Tranio,and Rowland.

Tra. Come,you ſhall take my connſell.
Row. I ſhall hang firſt.
Ile no more love,that's certaine,tis a bane,
(Next that they poyſon Rats with)the moſt mortall:
No,I thank Heaven, I have got my ſleep again,
And now begin to write ſence; I can walk ye
A long howre in my chamber like a man,
And think of ſomething that may be tter me;
Some ſerious point of Learning, or my ſtate;
No more ay-mees,and miſeries *Tranio*
Come neer my brain. Ile tell thee,had the devil
But any eſſence in him of a man,
And could be brought to love,and love a woman,
Twould make his head ake worſer then his hornes doe;
And firke him with a fire he never felt yet,
Would make him dance. I tell thee there is nothing
(It may be thy caſe *Tranio*, therefore heare me:)
Under the Sun (reckon the maſſe of follies
Crept into th'world with man) ſo deſperate,
So madde,ſo ſenceleſſe,poor and baſe,ſo wretched,
Roguy, and ſcurvy.
Tra. VVhether wilt thou *Rowland*?
Row. As tis to be in love.
Tra. And why for vertue ſake?
Row. And why for vertues ſake?do'ſt thou not con-(ceive me?
Tra. No by my troth.
Row. Pray then, and hartely
For fear thou fall into 't: I'le tell thee why too,
(For I have hope to ſave thee)when thou loveſt,
And firſt beginſt to worſhip the gilt calfe,
Imprimis, thou haſt loſt thy gentry,
And like a prentice flung away thy freedom.
Forthwith thou art a ſlave.
Tra. That's a new Doctrine.
Row. Next thou art no more man.
Tra. VVhat then?
Row. A Fryppery;
Nothing but brayded haire, and penny riband,
Glove,garter,ring,roſe,or at beſt a ſwabber,
If thou canſt love ſo neer to keep thy making,
Yet thou wilt looſe thy language.
Tra. VVhy.
Row. O *Tranio*,
Thoſe things in love, ne'r talke as we do,
Tra. No?
Row. No without doubt,they ſigh and ſhake the head,
Aud ſometimes whiſtle dolefully.
Tra. No tongue?
Row. Yes *Tranio*,but no truth in't, nor no reaſon,
And when they cant (for tis a kind of canting)
Ye ſhall hear,if you reach to underſtand 'em
(Which you muſt be a foole firſt,or you cannot)
Such gibbriſh; ſuch believe me, I proteſt Sweet,
And oh deer Heavens,in which ſuch conſtellations
Raigne at the births of lovers,this is too well,
And daigne me Lady, daigne me I beſeech ye
You poor unworthy lump,and then ſhe licks him
Tra A —— on't, this is nothing.
Row. Thou ha'ſt hit it:
Then talks ſhe ten times worſe,and wryes and wriggles,
As though ſhe had the itch (and ſo it may be.)
Tra. Why thou art grown a ſtrange diſcoverer.
Row. Of mine own follies *Tranio*.
Tra. VVilt thou *Rowland*,
Certaine ne'r love again?
Row. I think ſo, certain,
And if I be not dead drunk, I ſhall keep it.
Fra. Tell me but this;what do'ſt thou think of women?
Row. VVhy as I think of fiddles, they delight me,
Till their ſtrings break.
Fra. VVhat ſtrings?
Row. Their modeſties,
Faithes,vowes and maidenheads, for they are like Kits
They have but foure ſtrings to 'em.
Tra. VVhat wilt thou
Give me for ten pound now, when thou next loveſt,
And the ſame woman ſtill?
Row. Give me the money;
A hundred,and my Bond for't.
Tra. But pray hear me.
I'le work all meanes I can to reconcile ye:
Row. Do,do,give me the money.
Tra. There.
Row. VVork *Tranio*.
Tra. You ſhall go ſometimes where ſhe is.
Row. Yes ſtraight.
This is the firſt good I ere got by woman.

Tra. You would think it ſtrange now, if an other
As good as hers ſay better. (beauty
Row. Well.
Tra. Conceive me,
This is no point o'th wager.
Row. That's all one. (you.
Tra. Love you as much, or more, then ſhe now hates
Row. Tis a good hearing, let 'em love: ten pound more,
I never love that woman.
Tra. There it is;
And ſo an hundred, if you loſe.
Row. Tis done;
Have you an other to put in?
Tra. No, no ſir.
Row. I am very ſorry: now will I erect
A new Game and go hate for th' bell; I am ſure
I am in excellent caſe to win.
Tra. I muſt have leave.
To tell you, and tell truth too, what ſhe is,
And how ſhee ſuffers for you.
Row. Ten pound more,
I never believe you.
Tra. No ſir, I am ſtinted.
Row. Well, take your beſt way then.
Tra. Let's walk, I am glad
Your ſullen feavor's off.
Row. Shal't ſee me *Tranio*
A monſtrous merry man now: let's to the Wedding,
And as we go, tell me the generall hurry
Of theſe madde wenches, and their workes.
Tra. I will.
Row. And do thy worſt.
Tra. Something i'le do.
Row. Do *Tranio.* *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Pedro, and Jaques.

Ped. A paire of ſtocks beſtride 'em, are they gone?
Jaq. Yes they are gon; and all the pans i'th Town
Beating before 'em: what ſtrange admonitions
They gave my Maſter, and how fearfully
They threaten'd, if he brok 'em?
Ped. O' my conſcience
Has found his full match now.
Jaq. That I believe too.
Ped. How did ſhe entertaine him?
Iaq. She lookt on him.
Ped. But ſcurvely.
Iaq. With no great affection
That I ſaw: and I heard ſome ſay he kiſſ'd her,
But 'twas upon a treaty, and ſome coppies
Say but her cheek.
Ped. *Iaques*, what wouldſt thou give
For ſuch a wife now?
Iaq. Full as many prayers
As the moſt zealous Puritane conceives
Out of the meditation of fat veale,
Or birds of prey, cram'd capons, againſt Players,
And to as good a tune too, but againſt her:
That heaven would bleſſe me from her: mark it *Pedro*,
If this houſe be not turn'd within this fortnight
With the foundation upward, i'le be carted.
My comfort is yet that thoſe Amorities,
That came to back her cauſe, thoſe heathen whores had
their hoods hallowed with ſack.
Ped. How div'liſh drunk they were?
Jaq. And how they tumbled, *Pedro*, didſt thou marke
The Countrey Cavaliero?
Ped. Out upon her,
How ſhe turn'd down the Bagget?
Jaq. I that ſunke her.
Ped. That drink was wel put to her; what a ſober ſalt
When the chaire fel, ſhe fetchd, with her heels upward?
Jaq. And what a piece of Landskip ſhe diſcoverd?
Ped. Didſt mark her, when her hood fel in the Poſſet?
Jaq. Yes, and there rid, like a Dutch hoy; the Tumbrel,
When ſhe had got her ballaſſe.
Ped. That I ſaw too.
Jaq. How faine ſhe would have drawn on *Sophocles*
To come aboord, and how ſhe ſimperd it--
Ped. I warrant her, ſhe has been a worthy ſtriker.
Iaq. I'th heat of Summer there had been ſome hope
Ped. Hang her. (on't.
Jaq. She offerd him a Harry-groat, and belcht out,
Her ſtomack being blown with Ale, ſuch Courtſhip,
Upon my life has givn him twenty ſtooles ſince:
Believe my calculation, theſe old women
When they are tippled, and a little heated
Are like new wheels, theyl roare you all the Town ore
Till they be greaſd.
Ped. The City Cinque-pace
Dame toſſe and Butter, had he Bob too?
Jaq. Yes,
But ſhe was ſullen drunk, and given to filching,
I ſee her offer at a Spoon; my maſter
I do not like his looke, I feare has faſted
For all this preparation; lets ſteale by him. *Exeunt.*

Scena tertia.

Enter Petruchio, and Sophocles.

Soph. Not let you touch her all this night?
Petru. Not touch her.
Soph. Where was your courage?
Petru. Where was her obedience?
Never poore man was ſham'd ſo; never Raſcall
That keeps a ſtud of whores was us'd ſo baſely.
Soph. Pray you tell me one thing truly;
Do you love her?
Petru. I would I did not, upon that condition
I paſt thee halfe my Land.
Soph. It may be then,
Her modeſty requir'd a little violence?
Some women love to ſtruggle.
Petru. She had it,
And ſo much that I ſweat for't, ſo I did,
But to no end: I waſht an Ethiope;
She ſwore my force might weary her, but win her
I never could, nor ſhould, till ſhe conſented;
And I might take her body priſoner,
But for her mind or appetite--
Soph. Tis ſtrange;
This woman is the firſt I ever read of,
Refus'd a warranted occaſion,
And ſtanding on ſo faire termes.
Petru. I ſhall quit her.
Soph, Uſ'd you no more art?
Petru. Yes, I ſwore to her,
And by no little ones, if preſently
Without more diſputation on the matter,
She grew not neerer to me, and diſpatcht me
Out of the pain I was, for I was nettl'd,
And willingly, and eagerly, and ſweetly,

I would to her Chamber-maid,and in her hearing
Begin her ſuch a hunteſ-up.
*Soph.*Then ſhe ſtarted ?
*Petru.*No more then I do now ; marry ſhe anſwered
If I were ſo diſpos'd,ſhe could not help it ;
But there was one cal'd *Iaques*,a poor Butler
One that might well content a ſingle woman.
*Soph.*And he ſhould tilt her.
*Petru.*To that ſence,and laſt
She bad me yet theſe ſix nights look for nothing,
Nor ſtrive to purchaſe it,but faire good night,
And ſo good morrow, and a kiſſe or two
To cloſe my ſtomach,for her vow had ſeald it,
And ſhe would keep it conſtant.
*Soph.*Stay ye,ſtay ye,
Was ſhe thus when you woo'd her?
*Petru.*Nothing *Sophoeles*,
More keenely eager, I was oft afraid
She had bin light,and eaſy,ſhe would ſhowre
Her kiſſes ſo upon me.
Soph. Then I fear
An other ſpoke's i'th wheele.
*Petru.*Now thou haſt found me,
There gnawes my devill,*Sophocles*, O patience
Preſerve me ; that I make her not example
By ſome unworthy way ; as fleaing her,
Boyling,or making verjuce,drying her.
Soph. I hear her.
Petru Mark her then, and ſee the heire
Of ſpight and prodigality, ſhe has ſtudied
A way to begger's both,and by this hand
She ſhall be if I live a Doxy.
Soph Fy Sir.

Maria at the
dore, and Servant
and woman.

*Mar.*I do not like that dreſſing, tis too poor,
Let me have ſix gold laces, broad and maſſy,
And betwixt ev'ry lace a rich embroydry,
Line the gown through with pluſh, perfum'd, and
All the ſleeves down with pearle. (purffle
Petru What think you *Sophocles*.
In what point ſtands my ſtate now?
*Mar.*For thoſe hangings
Let 'em be carried where I gave appointment,
They are too baſe for my uſe, and beſpeak
New pieces of the civill wars of France,
Let 'em be large and lively,and all ſilke work,
The borders gold.
*Soph.*I marry ſir,this cuts it.
*Mar.*That fourteen yardes of ſatten give my woman,
I do not like the colour, tis too civill :
Ther's too much ſilk i'th lace too ; tell the Dutchman
That brought the mares, he muſt with all ſpeed ſend me
An other ſuit of horſes, and by all meanes
Ten caſt of Hawkes for 'th River,I much care not
What price they beare,ſo they be ſound,and flying,
For the next winter, I am for the Country ;
And mean to take my pleaſure ; wher's the horſe man ?
Petru She meanes to ride a great horſe.
Soph. With a ſide ſadle ? (month
Petru. Yes, and ſhee'l run a tilt within this twelve-
*Mar.*To morrow Ile begin to learne,but pray ſir
Have a great care he be an eaſy doer,
Twill ſpoyle a Scholler els.
*Soph.*An eaſy doer,
Did you hear that ?
*Petru.*Yes, I ſhall meet her morals
Er it be long I fear not.
Mar. O good morrow.
*Soph.*Good morrow Lady, how is't now.
*Mar.*Faith ſickly,
This houſe ſtands in an ill ayre.
Petru. Yet more charges ?
*Mar.*Subject to rots,and hewms; out on't,tis nothing
But a tild fog.
Petru. What think of the Lodge then ?
*Mar.*I like the ſeate,but tis too little,*Sophocles*
Let me have thy opinion, thou haſt judgement.
Petru. Tis very well.
*Mar.*What if I pluck it down,
And built a ſquare upon it, with two courts
Still riſing from the entrance ?
Petru. And i'th midſt
A Colledge for yong Scolds.
*Mar.*And to the Southward
Take in a garden of ſome twenty acres,
And caſt it off the Italian faſhion,hanging.
Petru. And you could caſt your ſelf ſo too;pray Lady
Will not this coſt much money ?
Mar. Some five thouſand,
Say ſix : Ile have it battel'd too.
*Petru.*And gilt ; *Maria*,
This is a fearfull courſe you take, pray think on't,
You are a woman now, a wife, and his
That muſt in honeſty,and juſtice look for
Some due obedience from you.
*Mar.*That bare word
Shall coſt you many a pound more,build upon't;
Tell me of due obedience?what's a husband ?
What are we married for, to carry ſumpters ?
Are we not one peece with you, and as worthy
Our own intentions, as you yours ?
Petru Pray hear me.
*Mar.*Take two ſmall drops of water, equall weigh'd,
Tell me which is the heavieſt,and which ought
Firſt to diſcend in duty ?
Petru. You miſtake me;
I urge not ſervice from you,nor obedience
In way of duty, but of love, and oredit ;
All I expect is but a noble care
Of what I have brought you, and of what I am,
And what our name may be
Mar That's in my making. *Petru.* Tis true it is ſo.
Mar Yes it is *Petruchio*,
For there was never man without our molding,
Without our ſtampe upon him, and our juſtice,
Left any thing three ages after him
Good, and his own.
Soph. Good Lady underſtand him.
*Mar.*I do too much, ſweet *Sophocles*,he's one
Of a moſt ſpightfull ſelf condition,
Never at peace with any thing but age,
That has no teeth left to return his anger :
A Bravery dwels in his blood yet,of abuſing
His firſt good wife;he's ſooner fire then powder,
And ſooner miſchief.
*Petru.*If I be ſo ſodain
Do not you fear me ?
*Mar.*No nor yet care for you,
And if it may be lawfull, I defie you:
Petru. Do's this become you now ?
Mar. It ſhall become me.
*Petru.*Thou diſobedient,weak,vain-glorious woman,
Were I but half ſo wilfull,as thou ſpightfull,
I ſhould now drag thee to thy duty.
Mar. Drag me ?
*Petru.*But I am friends again : take all your pleaſure.
*Mar.*Now you perceive him *Sophocles*.

Petru. I love thee
Above thy vanity, thou faithleſſe creature.
Mar. Would I had been ſo happy when I married,
But to have met an honeſt man like thee,
For I am ſure thou art good, I know thou art honeſt,
A hanſome hurtleſſe man, a loving man,
Though never a penny with him; and thoſe eyes,
That face, and that true heart; weare this for my ſake,
And when thou thinkſt upon me pity me:
I am caſt away, *Exit Mar.*
Soph. Why how now man?
Petru. Pray leave me,
And follow your advices.
Soph. The man's jealous:
Petru. I ſhall find a time ere it be long, to aske you
One or two fooliſh queſtions.
Soph. I ſhall anſwer
As wel as I am able, when you call me:
If ſhe mean true, tis but a little killing,
And if I do not venture its——
Farewel ſir. *Exit Soph.*
Petru. Pray farewell. Is there no keeping
A wife to one mans uſe? no wintering
Theſe cattell without ſtraying? tis hard dealing,
Very hard dealing, Gentlemen, ſtrange dealing:
Now in the name of madneſſe, what ſtar raign'd,
What dog-ſtar, bull, or bear-ſtar, when I married
This ſecond wife, this whirlwind, that takes all
Within her compaſſe? was I not wel warnd,
(I thought I had, and I believe I know it,)
And beaten to repentance in the daies
Of my firſt doting? had I not wife enough
To turn my love too? did I want vexation,
Or any ſpeciall care to kill my heart?
Had I not ev'ry morning a rare breakfaſt,
Mixt with a learned Lecture of ill language,
Louder then *Tom* o' Lincoln; and at dinner,
A dyet of the ſame diſh? was there evening
That ere paſt over us, without thou knave,
Or thou whore, for digeſtion? had I ever
A pull at this ſame poor ſport men run mad for,
But like a cur I was faine to ſhew my teeth firſt,
And almoſt worry her? and did Heaven forgive me,
And take this Serpent from me? and am I
Keeping tame devils now again? my heart akes;
Something I muſt do ſpeedily: Ile die,
If I can hanſomely, for that's the way
To make a Raſcall of her; I am ſick,
And Ile go very neer it, but Ile periſh. *Exit.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Livia, Byancha, Tranio, and Rowland.

Liv. Then I muſt be content ſir, with my fortune.
Row. And I with mine.
Liv. I did not think, a look,
Or a poore word or two, could have diſplanted
Such a fix'd conſtancy, and for your end too.
Row. Come, come, I know your courſes: there's no gewgaws,
Your Rings, and Bracelets, and the Purſe you gave me,
The money's ſpent in entertaining you
At Plays, and Cherry-gardens.
Liv. There's your Chain too.
But if you'l give me leave, Ile weare the haire ſtill;
I would yet remember you.
Bya. Give him his love wench;
The youg man has imployment for't.
Tra. Fie *Rowland.*
Row. You cannot fie me out a hundred pound
With this poore plot: yet, let me nere ſee day more,
If ſomething do not ſtruggle ſtrangely in me.
Bya. Young man, let me talk with you.
Row. Wel young woman.
Bya. This was your Miſtris once.
Row. Yes.
Bya. Are ye honeſt?
I ſee you are young, and hanſome.
Row. I am honeſt.
Bya. Why that's wel ſaid: and there's no doubt your judgement
Is good enough, and ſtrong enough to tell you
Who are your foes, and friends: why did you leave her?
Row. She made a puppy of me.
Bya. Be that granted:
She muſt doe ſo ſometimes, and oftentimes;
Love were too ſerious elſe.
Row. A witty woman.
Bya. Had you lov'd me——
Row. I would I had.
Bya. And deerly;
And I had lov'd you ſo: you may love worſe ſir,
But that is not materiall.
Row. I ſhal looſe.
Bya. Some time or other for variety
I ſhould have cal'd you foole, or boy, or bid you
Play with the Pages: but have lov'd you ſtil,
Out of all queſtion, and extreamly too;
You are a man made to be loved:
Row. This woman
Either abuſes me, or loves me deadly.
Bya. Ile tell you one thing, if I were to chooſe
A husband to mine own mind, I ſhould think
One of your mothers making would content me,
For o' my conſcience ſhe makes good ones.
Row. Lady,
Ile leave you to your commendations:
I am in again, The divel take their tongues.
Bya. You ſhall not goe.
Row. I wil: yet thus far *Livia,*
Your ſorrow may induce me to forgive you,
But never love again; if I ſtay longer,
I have loſt two hundred pound.
Liv. Good ſir, but thus much--
Tra. Turn if thou beeſt a man.
Liv. But one kiſſe of you;
One parting kiſſe, and I am gone too.
Row. Come,
I ſhall kiſſe fifty pound away at this clap:
We'l have one more, and then farewel.
Liv. Farewel.
Bya. Wel, go thy waies, thou bearſt a kind heart with thee.
Tra. H'as made a ſtand.
Bya. A noble, brave yonng fellow,
Worthy a wench indeed.
Row. I wil: I wil not. *Exit Rowland.*
Tra. He's gone: but ſhot agen; play you but your part,
And I will keep my promiſe: forty Angels
In fair gold Lady: wipe your eyes: he's yours
If I have any wit.
Liv. Ile pay the forfeit.
Bya. Come then, lets ſee your ſiſter, how ſhe fares now,
After her skirmiſh: and be ſure, *Moroſo*
Be kept in good hand; then all's perfect, *Livia.*
Exeunt.

Scena quinta.

Enter Jaques and Pedro.

*Ped.*O *Jaques*, *Jaques*,what becomes of us?
Oh my ſweet Maſter.
Jaq. Run for a Phyſitian,
And a whole peck of Pothecaries,*Pedro.*
He wil die,didle, didle die: if they come not quickly,
And bring all people that are ſkilfull
In Lungs and Livers: raiſe the neighbours,
And all the Aquavite-bottles extant;
And,O the Parſon,*Pedro;* O the Parſon,
A little of his comfort, never ſo little;
Twenty to one you finde him at the Buſh,
There's the beſt Ale.
Ped. I fly. *Exit* Pedro.

Enter Maria, and Servants.

*Mar.*Out with the Trunks,ho:
Why are you idle? Sirha,up to th' Chamber,
And take the hangings down,and ſee the Linnen
Packt up,and ſent away within this halfe houre.
What are the Carts come yet? ſome honeſt body
Help down the cheſts of Plate,and ſome the wardrobe,
Alas we are undone elſe.
Jaq. Pray forſooth,
And I beſeech ye,tell me,is he dead yet?
*Mar.*No,but is drawing on: out with the Armour.
Jaq. Then Ile goe ſee him.
Mar. Thou art undone then fellow: no man that has
Been neere him come neere me.

Enter Sophocles, and Petronius.

*Soph.*Why how now Lady,what means this?
*Petron.*Now daughter,how dos my ſonne?
Mar. Save all you can for Heaven ſake.

Enter Livia, Byancha, and Tranio.

Liv. Be of good comfort ſiſter.
*Mar.*O my Casket.
*Petron.*How do's thy husband woman?
Mar. Get you gon,if you mean to ſave your lives:the ſickneſſe.
Petron. Stand further off,I prethee.
Mar. Is i'th houſe ſir,
My husband has it now;
Alas he is infected,and raves extreamly:
Give me ſome counſell friends.
*Bya.*Why lock the doores up,
And ſend him in a woman to attend him.
*Mar.*I have beſpoke two women;and the City
Hath ſent a watch by this time:meat nor money
He ſhall not want,nor prayers.
Petron. How long is't
Since it firſt tooke him?
Mar. But within this three houres. *Enter Watch.*
I am frighted from my wits: --O here's the watch;
Pray doe your Office, lock the doores up friends,
And patience be his Angel.
Tra. This comes unlook'd for:
Mar. Ile to the lodge; ſome that are kind and love me,
I know wil viſit me. *Petruchio within.*
Petru. Doe you heare my Maſters: ho,you that locke the doores up.
*Petron.*Tis his voyce.
*Tra.*Hold,and let's heare him.
*Petru.*Wil ye ſtarve me here: am I a Traytor,or an Heretick.
Or am I grown infectious?
Petron. Pray ſir, pray.
Petru. I am as wel as you are, goodman puppy.
Mar. Pray have patience,
You ſhall want nothing ſir.
Petru. I want a cudgell,
And thee,thou wickedneſſe.
Petron. He ſpeakes wel enough.
Mar.'Had ever a ſtrong heart ſir.
Petru. Wil ye heare me?
Firſt be pleas'd
To think I know ye all, and can diſtinguiſh
Ev'ry mans ſeverall voyce: you that ſpoke firſt,
I know my father in law; the other *Tranio,*
And I heard *Sophocles;* the laſt,pray marke me,
Is my dam'd wife *Maria:*
If any man miſdoubt me for infected,
There is mine arme, let any man looke on't.

Enter Doctor and Pothecary.

Doct. Save ye Gentlemen.
Petron: O welcome Doctor,
Ye come in happy time; pray your opinion,
What think you of his pulſe?
Doct. It beats with buſieſt,
And ſhews a general inflammation,
Which is the ſymptome of a peſtilent feaver,
Take twenty ounces frow him.
Petru. Take a foole;
Take an ounce from mine arme,and Doctor Deuz-ace,
Ile make a cloſe-ſtoole of your Velvet coſtard.
——Gentlemen, doe ye make a may-game on me?
I tell ye once againe, I am as ſound,
As wel,as wholſome, and as ſenſible,
As any of ye all: Let me out quickly,
Or as I am a man, Ile beat the wals down,
And the firſt thing I light upon ſhall pay for't.
Exit Doctor and Pothecary.
Petro. Nay we'l go with you Doctor.
Mar. Tis the ſafeſt;
I ſaw the tokens ſir.
Petro. Then there is but one way.
*Petru.*Wil it pleaſe you open?
*Tra.*His fit grows ſtronger ſtill.
*Mar.*Let's ſave our ſelves ſir,
He's paſt all worldly cure.
Petro. Friends do your office.
And what he wants, if money, love,or labour,
Or any way may win it,let him have it.
Farewell, and pray my honeſt friends— *Exeunt.*
Petru. Why Raſcals,
Friends,Gentlemen,thou beaſtly wife,*Jaques;*
None heare me? who at the doore there?
1 *Watch.* Thinke I pray ſir,
Whether you are going,and prepare your ſelfe.
2 *Watch.* Theſe idle thoughts diſturbe you', the good Gentlewoman
Your wife has taken care you ſhall want nothing.
Petru Shall I come out in quiet? anſwer me,
Or ſhall I charge a fowling-piece,and make
Mine own way; two of ye I cannot miſſe,
If I miſſe three; ye come here to aſſault me.
I am as excellent wel, I thank Heav'n for't,
And have as good a ſtomacke at this inſtant—
2 *Watch.* That's an ill ſigne.
1 *Watch.* He draws on; he's a dead man,
*Petru.*And ſleep as ſoundly; wil ye looke upon me?
1 *Watch.* Do you want Pen and Inke? while you have ſence ſir,
Settle your ſtate.
Petru. Sirs,I am wel, as you are;
Or

Or any Raſcall living.

2 Watch. would you were ſir.

Petru. Look to your ſelves, and if you love your lives,
Open the doore, and fly me, for I ſhoot elſe;
—Ile ſhoot, and preſently, chain-bullets;
And under foure I will not kill.

1 Watch. Let's quit him,
It may be it is trick: he's dangerous.

2 Watch. The devill take the hinmoſt, I cry. *Exit watch running.*

Enter Petruchio with a piece.

Petru. Have among ye;
The doore ſhall open too, Ile have a faire ſhoot;
Are ye all gone? tricks in my old daies, crackers
Put now upon me? and by Lady *Green-ſleeves?*
Am I grown ſo tame after all my triumphs?
But that I ſhould be thought mad, if I rail'd
As much as they deſerve againſt theſe women,
I would now rip up from the primitive cuckold,
All their arch-villanies, and all their dobles,
Which are more then a hunted Hare ere thought on:
When a man has the faireſt, and the ſweeteſt
Of all their ſex, and as he thinks the nobleſt,
What has he then? and Ile ſpeake modeſtly,
He has a Quartern-ague, that ſhall ſhake
All his eſtate to nothing; never cur'd,
Nor never dying; H'as a ſhip to venture
His fame, and credit in, which if he man not
With more continuall labour then a Gally
To make her tith, either ſhe grows a Tumbrell
Not worth the cloth ſhe weares; or ſprings more leakes
Then all the fame of his poſterity
Can ever ſtop againe: I could raile twenty daies;
Out on 'em hedge-hogs,
He that ſhal touch 'em, has a thouſand thorns
Runs through his fingers: If I were unmarried,
I would do any thing below repentance,
Any baſe dunhill ſlavery; be a hang-man,
Ere I would be a husband: O the thouſand,
Thouſand, ten thouſand waies they have to kil us!
Some fall with too much ſtringing of the Fiddles,
And thoſe are fooles; ſome, that they are not ſuffer'd,
And thoſe are Maudlin-lovers: ſome, like Scorpions,
They poyſon with their tailes, and thoſe are Martyrs;
Some die with doing good, thoſe Benefactors,
And leave 'em land to leap away: ſome few,
For thoſe are rareſt, they are ſaid to kill
With kindneſſe, and faire uſage; but what they are
My Catologue diſcovers not: onely tis thought
They are buried in old wals with their heeles upward.
I could raile twenty daies together now.
Ile ſeek 'em out, and if I have not reaſon,
And very ſenſible, why this was done,
Ile go a birding yet, and ſome ſhall ſmart for't. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scæna prima.

Enter Moroſo and Petronius.

Mor. That I do love her, is without all queſtion,
And moſt extreamly, deerly, moſt exactly;
And that I would ev'n now, this preſent Monday,
Before all others, maids. wives, women, widdows,
Of what degree or calling, marry her,
As certaine too; but to be made a whim-wham,
A Jib-crack, and a Gentleman o'th firſt houſe
For all my kindneſſe to her.

Petron. How you take it?
Thou get a wench, thou get dozen night-caps;
Wouldſt have her come, and lick thee like a calfe,
And blow thy noſe, and buſſe thee?

Mor. Not ſo neither.

Petron. What wouldſt thou have her do?

Mor. Do as ſhe ſhould do;
Put on a clean ſmock, and to Church, and marry,
And then to bed a Gods name, this is faire play,
And keeps the Kings peace; let her leave her bobs;
I have had too many of them, and her quillets,
She is as nimble that way as an Eele;
But in the way ſhe ought to me eſpecially,
A ſow of Lead is ſwifter.

Petron Quoat your griefes down.

Mor. Give faire quarter, I am old and craſie,
And ſubject to much fumbling, I confeſſe it;
Yet ſomething I would have that's warme, to hatch me:
But underſtand me I would have it ſo,
I buy not more repentance in the bargaine
Then the ware's worth I have; if you allow me
Worthy your Son-in-law, and your allowance,
Do it a way of credit; let me ſhow ſo,
And not be troubled in my viſitations,
With blows, and bitterneſſe, and down right railings,
As if we were to couple like two cats,
With clawing, add loud clamour:

Petron. Thou fond man
Haſt thou forgot the Ballard, crabbed age,
Can *May* and *January* match together,
And nev'r a ſtorm between 'em? ſay ſhe abuſe thee,
Put caſe ſhe doe.

Mor. Wel.

Petron. Nay, believe ſhe do's.

Mor. I doe believe ſhe do's.

Petron. And div'liſhly:
Art thou a whit the worſe?

Mor. That's not the matter,
I know, being old, tis fit I am abus'd;
I know tis hanſome, and I know moreover
I am to love her for't.

Petron. Now you come to me.

Mor. Nay more then this; I find too, and finde certain,
What Gold I have, Pearle, Bracelets, Rings, or Owches,
Or what ſhe can deſire, Gowns, Petticotes,
Waſtcotes, Enbroydered-ſtockings, Scarffs, Cals, Feathers
Hats, five pound Garters, Muffs, Masks, Ruffs, & Ribands,
I am to give her for't.

Petron. Tis right, you are ſo.

Mor. But when I have done all this, and think it duty,
Is't requiſit another bore my noſtrils?
Riddle me that.

Petron. Go get you gone, and dreame
She's thine within theſe two daies, for ſhe is ſo;
The boy's beſide the ſaddle: get warm broths,
And feed apace; think not of worldly buſineſſe,
It cools the blood; leave off your tricks, they are hateful,
And meere forerunners of the ancient meaſures;
Contrive your beard o'th top cut like Verdugoes;
It ſhows you would be wiſe, and burn your night-cap,
It looks like halfe a winding-ſheet, and urges
From a young wench nothing but cold repentance:
You may eate Onyons, ſo you'l not be laviſh.

Mor. I am glad of that.

Petron. They purge the blood, and quicken,
But after 'em, conceive me, ſweep your mouth,
And where there wants a tooth, ſtick in a clove.

Mar. Shall I hope once againe, ſay't,
Petro. You ſhall ſir:
And you ſhall have your hope.
Moro. Why there's a match then.
Enter Byancha and Tranio.
Byan. You ſhall not finde me wanting, get you gon.
Here's the old man, he'l think you are plotting elſe
Something againſt his new Sonne. *Exit Tranio.*
Moro. Fare ye well ſir. *Exit Moroſo.*

Byan. *And ev'ry Buck had his Doe,*
And ev'ry Cuckold a Bell at his Toe:
Oh what ſport ſhould we have then, then Boyes then,
O what ſport ſhould we have then?

Petro. This is the ſpirit, that inſpires 'em all.
By. Give you good ev'n.
Petro. A word with you Sweet Lady.
By. I am very haſty ſir.
Petro. So your were ever.
By. Well what's your will?
Petro. Was not your skilfull hand
In this laſt ſtratagem? were not your miſchiefes
Eeking the matter on?
By. In's ſhutting up?
Is that it?
Petro. Yes.
By. Ile tell you.
Petro. Doe,
By And truly.
Good old man, I doe grieve exceeding much,
I feare too much.
Petro. I am ſorry for your heavineſſe.
Belike you can repent then?
By. There you are wide too.
Not that the thing was done (conceive me rightly)
Do's any way moleſt me.
Petro. What then Lady?
By. But that I was not in't, there's my ſorrow, there
Now you underſtand me, for Ile tell you,
It was ſo ſound a peece, and ſo well carried,
And if you marke the way, ſo hanſomely,
Of ſuch a heigth, and excellence, and art
I have not known a braver, for conceive me,
When the groſſe foole her husband would be ſick——
Petro. Pray ſtay.
By. Nay, good, your patience: and no ſence for't,
Then ſtept your daughter in.
Petro. By your appointment.
By. I would it had, on that condition
I had but one halfe ſmock, I like it ſo well;
And like an excellent cunning woman, cur'd me
One madneſſe with an other, which was rare,
And to our weake beleifes, a wonder.
Petro. Hang ye,
For ſurely, if your husband looke not to ye,
I know what will.
By. I humbly thank your worſhip.
And ſo I take my leave.
Petro. You have a hand I heare too.
By. I have two ſir.
Petro. In my youg daughters buſineſſe.
By. You will finde there
A fitter hand then mine, to reach her frets,
And play down diddle to her.
Petro. I ſhall watch ye.
By. Doe.
Petro. And I ſhall have juſtice.
By. Where?
Petro. That's all one;
I ſhall be with you at a turne hence forward.
By. Get you a poſſet too; and ſo good ev'n ſir.
Exeunt.

Enter Petruchio, *Iaques, and* Pedro.

Iaq. And as I told your worſhip, all the hangings,
Braſſe, Pewter, Plate, ev'n to the very looking-glaſſes.
Ped. And that that hung for our defence, the Armor,
And the march Beere was going too: Oh *Iaques*
What a ſad ſight was that?
Iaq. Even the two Rundlets,
The two that was our hope, of Muskadell,
(Better nev'r tongue tript over) theſe two Cannons,
To batter brawne withall at Chriſtmas, ſir
Ev'n thoſe two lovely twyns, the enemy
Had almoſt cut off cleane.
Petru. Goe trim the houſe up.
And put the things in order as they were. *Exit Ped. and Iaq.*
I ſhall finde time for all this: could I finde her
But conſtant any way, I had done my buſineſſe;
Were ſhe a whore directly, or a ſcold,
An unthrift, or a woman made to hate me,
I had my wiſh, and knew which way to rayne her:
But while ſhe ſhewes all theſe, and all their loſſes,
A kinde of linſey woolſey, mingled miſchiefe
Not to be gheſt at, and whether true, or borrowed,
Not certaine neither, what a hap had I,
And what a tydie fortune, when my fate
Flung me upon this Beare-whelp? here ſhe comes
Enter Maria.
Now if ſhe have a colour, for the fault is
A cleanly one, upon my conſcience
I ſhall forgive her yet, and finde a ſomething
Certaine, I married for: her wit: Ile marke her.
Mar. Not let his wife come neere him in his ſicknes,
Not come to comfort him? ſhe that all lawes
Of heaven, and Nations have ordain'd his ſecond,
Is ſhe refus'd? and two old Paradoxes,
Peeces of five and fifty, without faith
Clapt in upon him? h'as a little pet,
That all young wives muſt follow neceſſary,
Having their Mayden-heads——
Petru. This is an Axiome
I never heard before.
Mar. Or ſay rebellion
If we durſt be ſo foule, which two faire words
Alas win us from, in an houre, an inſtant,
We are ſo eaſie, make him ſo forgetfull
Both of his reaſon, honeſty, and credit,
As to deny his wife a viſitation?
His wife, that (though ſhe was a little fooliſh,)
Lov'd him, Oh heaven forgive her for't! nay doted,
Nay had run mad, had ſhe not married him,
Petru. Though I doe know this falſer then the devill,
I cannot chooſe but love it.
Mar. What doe I know
But thoſe that came to keepe him, might have kill'd him,
In what a caſe had I been then? I dare not
Beleeve him ſuch a baſe, deboſh'd companion,
That one refuſall of a tender maide
Would make him faigne this ſickneſſe out of need,
And take a Keeper to him of foureſcore
To play at Billiards; one that mew'd content
And all her teeth together; not come neere him?
Petru. This woman would have made a moſt rare Jeſuite
She can prevaricate on any thing:
There was not to be thought a way to ſave her
In all imagination, beſide this.

Mar. His unkinde dealing, which was worſt of all,
In ſending, who knowes whether, all the plate,
And all the houſhold-ſtuffe, had I not croſt it,
By a great providence, and my friends aſſiſtance
Which he will thanke me one day for: alas,
I could have watch'd as well as they, have ſerv'd him
In any uſe, better, and willinger.
The Law commands me to doe it, love commands me,
And my own duty charges me.
Petru. Heav'n bleſſe me.
And now I have ſaid my Prayers, Ile goe to her:
Are you a wife for any man?
Mar. For you Sir.
If I were worſe, I were better; That you are well,
At leaſt, that you appeare ſo, I thanke heaven,
Long may it hold and that you are here, I am glad too,
But that you have abus'd me wretchedly,
And ſuch a way that ſhames the name of husband,
Such a malicious mangy way, ſo mingled,
(Never looke ſtrangely on me, I dare tell you)
With breach of honeſty, care, kindneſſe, manners.
Petru. Holla, you kick too faſt.
Mar. Was I a ſtranger?
Or had I vow'd perdition to your perſon?
Am I not married to you, tell me that?
Petru. I would I could not tell you.
Mar. Is my preſence,
The ſtock I come of, which is worſhipfull,
If I ſhould ſay right worſhipfull, I ly'd not,
My Grandſire was a Knight.
Petru. O'the Shire?
Mar. A Souldier,
Which none of all thy Family e're heard off,
But one conductor of thy name, a Graſier
That ran away with pay: or am I grown
(Becauſe I have been a little peeviſh to you,
Onely to try your temper) ſuch a dogge-latch
I could not be admitted to your preſence?
Petru. If I endure this, hang me.
Mar. And two deaths heads,
Two *Harry* Groats, that had their faces worne,
Almoſt their names away too.
Petru. Now heare me.
For I will ſtay no longer.
Mar. This you ſhall:
How ever you ſhall think to flatter me,
For this offence, which no ſubmiſſion
Can ever mediate for, you'l finde it ſo,
What ever you ſhall doe by interceſſion,
What you can offer, what your Land can purchaſe,
What all your friends, or families can win,
Shall be but this, not to forſweare your knowledge,
But ever to forbeare it: now your will ſir.
Petru. Thou art the ſubtleſt woman I think living,
I am ſure the lewdeſt; now be ſtill, and marke me;
Were I but any way addicted to the devill,
I ſhould now think I had met a play-fellow
To profit by, and that way the moſt learned
That ever taught to murmur. Tell me thou,
Thou moſt poor, paltry ſpitefull whore: doe you cry?
Ile make you roare, before I leave.
Mar. Your pleaſure.
Petru. Was it not ſinne enough, thou Fruiterer
Full of the fall thou eat'ſt: thou devils broker,
Thou Seminary of all ſedition,
Thou ſword of veng'ance, with a thred hung o're us,
Was it not ſinne enough, and wickednes
In full abundance? was it not vexation
At all points, cap a pe? nay, I ſhall pinch you,
Thus like a rotten raſcall to abuſe
The name of heaven, the tye of marriage,
The honour of thy friends; the expectation
Of all that thought thee vertuous, with rebellion,
Childiſh and baſe rebellion, but continuing
After forgiveneſſe too, and worſe, your miſchiefe,
And againſt him, ſetting the hope of heaven by,
And the deere reſervation of his honour
Nothing above ground could have won to hate thee:
Well goe thy wayes.
Mar. Yes.
Petru. You ſhall heare me out firſt:
What puniſhment mai'ſt thou deſerve, thou thing,
Thou Idle thing of nothing, thou pull'd Primroſe,
That two houres after, art a weed, and wither'd,
For this laſt flouriſh on me? am I one
Selected out of all the husbands living,
To be ſo ridden by a Tit of ten pence,
Am I ſo blind, and Bed-rid? I was mad,
And had the Plague, and no man muſt come neere me,
I muſt be ſhut up, and my ſubſtance bezel'd,
And an old woman watch me.
Mar. Well ſir, well,
You may well glory in't.
Petru. And when it comes to opening, 'tis my plot,
I muſt undoe my ſelfe forſooth: do'ſt heare me?
If I ſhould beat thee now, as much may be,
Do'ſt thou not well deſerve it, o' thy conſcience,
Do'ſt thou not cry, come beat me?
Mar. I defie you.
And my laſt loving teares farwell: the firſt ſtroke,
The very firſt you give me, if you dare ſtrike,
Try me, and you ſhall finde it ſo, for ever
Never to be recall'd: I know you love me,
Mad till you have enjoy'd me; I doe turne
Utterly from you, and what man I meet firſt
That has but ſpirit to deſerve a favour,
Let him beare any ſhape, the worſe the better,
Shall kill you, and enjoy me; what I have ſaid
About your fooliſh ſickneſſe, e're you have me
As you would have me, you ſhall ſweare, is certaine,
And challenge any man, that dares deny it;
And in all companies approve my actions,
And ſo farwell for this time. *Exit Mar.*
Petru. Grief goe with thee,
If there be any witchcrafts, herbes, or potions,
Saying my Prayers back-ward, Fiends, or Fayries
That can againe unlove me, I am made. *Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Byancha, and Tranio.

Tra. Miſtreſſe, you muſt doe it.
By. Are the writings ready I told you of?
Tra. Yes they are ready, but to what uſe I know not.
By. Y'are an Aſſe, you muſt have all things conſtru'd,
Tra. Yes, and peirc'd too,
Or I finde little pleaſure.
By. Now you are knaviſh,
Goe too, fetch *Rowland* hither preſently,
Your twenty pound lies bleeding elſe: ſhe is married
Within theſe twelve houres, if we croſſe it not,
And ſee the Papers of one ſize.
Tra. I have ye.
By. And for diſpoſing of'em.

Tra. If I faile you
Now I have found the way, uſe Marſhall Law
And cut my head off with a hand Saw :
By. Wel ſir.
Petronius and *Moroſo* I le ſee ſent for
About your buſineſſe ; goe.
Tra. I am gone. *Exit Tra.*
By. Ho *Livia.* *Enter Livia.*
Liv. Who's that ?
By. A friend of yours, Lord how you looke now,
As if you had loſt a Carrick.
Liv. O *Byancha.*
I am the moſt undone, unhappy woman.
By. Be quiet wench, thou ſhalt be done, and done,
And done, and double done, or all ſhall ſplit for't,
No more of theſe minc'd paſſions, they are mangy,
And eaſe thee of nothing, but a little wind,
An apple will doe more : thou fear'ſt *Moroſo.*
Liv. Even as I feare the Gallowes.
By. Keepe thee there ſtill.
And you love *Rowland*? ſay.
Liv. If I ſay not
I am ſure I lye.
By. What would'ſt thou give that woman,
In ſpight of all his anger, and thy feare,
And all thy Fathers policy, that could
Clap ye within theſe two nights quietly
Into a Bed together ?
Liv. How ?
By Why fairely,
At half ſword man and wife: now the red blood comes,
I marry now the matters chang'd.
Liv. *Byancha,*
Me thinks you ſhould not mock me.
By. Mock a pudding.
I ſpeake good honeſt Engliſh, and good meaning.
Liv I ſhould not be ungratefull to that woman.
By. I know thou would'ſt not, follow but my Councell
And if thou haſt him not, deſpight of fortune
Let me nev'r know a good night more ; you muſt
Be very ſick o'th inſtant.
Liv. Well, what follows ?
By. And in that ſickneſſe ſend for all your friends,
Your Father, and your feavor old *Moroſo,*
And *Rowland* ſhall be there too.
Liv. What of theſe ?
By. Doe you not twitter yet ? of this ſhall follow
That which ſhall make thy heart leape, and thy lips
Venture as many kiſſes, as the Merchants
Doe dollars to the Eaſt-Indies : you ſhall know all,
But firſt walke in, and practiſe, pray be ſick.
Liv. I doe beleeve you : and *I* am ſick.
By. Doe
To bed then, come, Ile ſend away your Servants
Poſt for your Foole, and Father ; and good fortune,
As we meane honeſty, now ſtrike an up-ſhot. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Tranio, and Rowland.

Tra. Nay, on my conſcience, I have loſt my money,
But that's all one : Ile never more perſwade you,
I ſee you are reſolute, and I commend you.
Row. But did ſhe ſend for me ?
Tra. You dare beleeve me.
Row. I cannot tell, you have your waies for profit
Allow'd you *Tranio,* as well as I
Have to avoid 'em feare :
Tra. No, on my word ſir
I deale directly with you. *Enter Servant.*
Row. How now fellow,
Whither Poſt you ſo faſt ?
Serv. O ſir my Maſter
Pray did you ſee my Maſter ?
Row. Why your Maſter ?
Serv. Sir his Jewell.
Row. With the gilded Button ?
Serv. My pretty Miſtreſſe *Livia.*
Row. What of her ?
Serv. Is falne ſick o'th ſuddaine.
Row. How o'th ſullens ?
Serv. O'th ſuddaine ſir, I ſay, very ſick :
Row. It ſeemes ſhe hath got the toothach with raw apples.
Serv. It ſeemes you have got the headach, fare you (well ſir.
You did not ſee my Maſter ?
Row. Who told you ſo ?
Tra. No, no, he did not ſee him.
Row. Farewell blew bottle. *Exit Servant.*
What ſhould her ſickneſſe be ?
Tra. For you it may be.
Row. Yes when my braines are out, I may beleeve it,
Never before I am ſure : yet I may ſee her
'Twill be a point of honeſty:
Tra. It will ſo.
Row. It may be not too : you would faine be fingring
This old ſinne-offring of two hundred, *Tranio,*
How daintily, and cunningly you drive me
Up like a Deere to'th toyle, yet *I* may leape it,
And what's the woodman then ?
Tra. A looſer by you.
Speake will you go or not ? to me 'tis equall.
Row. Come what goes leſſe ?
Tra. Nay not a penny *Rowland.*
Row. Shall I have liberty of conſcience
Which by interpretation, is ten kiſſes ?
Hang me if I affect her : yet it may be,
This whorſon manners will require a ſtrugling,
Of two and twenty, or by'r-Lady thirty.
Tra. By'r-lady Ile require my wager then,
For if you kiſſe ſo often, and no kindneſſe,
I have loſt my ſpeculation, i'le allow you —
Row. Speake like a Gamſter now.
Tra. It may be two.
Row. Under a dozen *Tranio* ther's no ſetting,
You ſhall have forty ſhillings, winck at ſmall faults.
Say I take twenty, come, by all that's honeſt
I doe it but to vex her.
Tra. Ile no by-lowes.
If you can love her doe, if you can hate her,
Or any elſe that loves you.
Row. Prethee *Tranio.*
Tra. Why farewell twenty pound, twill not undoe me;
You have my reſolution.
Row. And your money,
Which ſince you are ſo ſtubborne, if I forfeit,
Make me a Jack o' Lent, and breake ſhins
For untag'd points and Compters : Ile goe with you,
But if thou gett'ſt a penny by the bargaine;
A parting kiſſe is lawfull ?
Tra. I allow it.
Row. Knock out my braines with Apples; yet a (bargaine:
Tra. I tell you, i'le no bargaines; win, and weare it.
Row. Thou art the ſtrangeſt fellow.
Tra. That's all one.

Row. Along then, twenty pound more if thou dar'ſt,
I give her not a good word.
Tra. Not a Penny. *Exeunt.*

Scæna quarta.

Enter Petruchio, Jaques, and Pedro.

Petru. Prethee, entreat her come, I will not trouble her
Above a word or two; ere I endure (*Exit Pedro.*
This life, and with a woman, and a vow'd one
To all the miſchiefes ſhe can lay upon me,
Ile goe to Plough again, and eat leeke Porridge;
Begging's a pleaſure to't not to be numberd:
No there be other Countries *Iaques* for me, and other people, yea, and other women.
If I have need, here's money, there's your ware,
Which is faire dealing, and the Sunne, they ſay
Shines as warme there, as here, and till I have loſt
Either my ſelfe, or her, I care not whether
Nor which firſt.
Iaq. Will your worſhip heare me?
Petru. And utterly outworne the memory
Of ſuch a curſe as this, none of my Nation
Shall ever know me more.
Iaq. Out alas ſir
What a ſtrange way doe you runne?
Petru. Any way,
So I out-runne this raſcall.
Iaq. Me thinkes now,
If your good worſhip could but have the patience.
Petru. The patience, why the patience?
Iaq. Why i'le tell you,
Could you but have the patience.
Petru. Well the patience.
Iaq. To laugh at all ſhe do's, or when ſhe railes,
To have a drum beaten o'th top o'th houſe,
To give the neighbours warning of her Larme,
As I doe when my wife rebels.
Petru. Thy wife?
Thy wife's a Pigeon to her a meere ſlumber,
The dead of night's not ſtiller.
Iaq. Nor an Iron Mill.
Petru. But thy wife is certaine.
Iaq. That's falſe Doctrine,
You never read of a certaine woman.
Petru. Thou know'ſt her way.
Ja. I ſhould doe, I am ſure.
I have ridden it night, and day, this twenty yeare.
Petru. But mine is ſuch a drench of Balderdaſh,
Such a ſtrange carded cunningneſſe, the Rayne-bow
When ſhe hangs bent in heaven, ſheds not her colours
Quicker and more then this deceitfull woman *Enter*
Weaves in her dyes of wickedneſſe: what ſayes ſhe? *Ped.*
Ped. Nay not a word ſir, but ſhe pointed to me,
As though ſhe meant to follow; pray ſir bear it
Ev'n as you may, I need not teach your worſhip,
The beſt men have their croſſes, we are all mortall.
Petru. What ailes the fellow?
Ped. And no doubt ſhe may ſir
Petru. What may ſhe, or what do's ſhe, or what is ſhe?
Speake and be hang'd.
Ped. She's mad Sir.
Petru. Heaven continue it.
Ped. Amen if't be his pleaſure
Petru. How mad is ſhe?
Ped. As mad as heart can wiſh ſir: ſhe has dreſt her ſelf
(Saving your worſhips reverence) juſt i'th cut
Of one of thoſe that multiply i'th Suburbs
For ſingle money, and as durtily:
If any ſpeake to her, firſt ſhe whiſtles,
And then begins her compaſſe with her fingers,
And points to what ſhe would have.
Petru. What new waye's this?
Ped. There came in Maſter *Sophocles*,
Petru. And what
Did Maſter *Sophocles* when he came in?
Get my Truncks ready ſirha, i'le be gone ſtraight.
Ped. He's here to tell you *Enter Sophocles.*
She's horne mad *Iaques.*
Soph. Call ye this a woman?
Petru. Yes ſir, ſhe is a woman,
Soph. Sir, I doubt it.
Petru. I had thought you had make experienſe,
Soph. Yes I did ſo.
And almoſt with my life.
Petru. You rid too faſt ſir.
Soph. Pray be not miſtaken: by this hand
Your wife's as chaſte, and honeſt as a virgin,
For any thing I know: 'tis true ſhe gave me
A Ring.
Petru. For rutting.
Soph. You are much deceiv'd ſtill,
Beleeve me, I never kiſt her ſince, and now
Coming in viſitation, like a friend,
I thinke ſhe is mad ſir, ſuddainly ſhe ſtarted,
And ſnatch'd the Ring away, and drew her knife out,
To what intent I know not.
Petru. Is this certaine?
Soph. As I am here ſir.
Petru. I beleeve you honeſt. *Enter Maria.*
And pray continue ſo.
Soph. She comes.
Petru. Now Damſell,
What will your beauty doe, if I forſake you?
Doe you deale by ſignes, and tokens: as I gheſſe then,
You'l walke abroad, this Sommer, and catch Captaines,
Or hire a peece of holy ground i'th Suburbs,
And keepe a neaſt of Nuns?
Soph. O doe not ſtir her!
You ſee in what a caſe ſhe is?
Petru. She is dogged,
And in a beaſtly caſe I am ſure: Ile make her
If ſhe have any tongue, yet tatle *Sophocles*
Prethee obſerve this woman ſeriouſly,
And eye her well, and when thou haſt done, but tell me
(For thou haſt underſtanding) in what caſe
My ſence was, when I choſe this thing.
Soph. Ile tell you
I have ſeene a ſweeter——
Petru. An hundred times cry oyſters.
Ther's a poore Begger wench about Black-Fryers
Runs on her breech may be an Empreſſe to her.
Soph. Nay, now you are too bitter.
Petru. Nev'r a whit ſir:
Ile tell thee woman; for now I have day to ſee thee,
And all my wits about me, and I ſpeake
Not out of paſſion neither (leave your mumping),
I know you're well enough: Now would I give
A million but to vex her: when I choſe thee
To make a Bedfellow, I tooke more trouble,
Then twenty Termes can come too, ſuch a cauſe,
Of ſuch a title, and ſo everlaſting
That *Adams* Genealogie may be ended
Ere any law find thee: I tooke a Leproſie,
Nay worſe, the plague, nay worſe yet, a poſſeſſion

And had the devill with thee,if not more:
And yet worſe,was a beaſt, and like a beaſt
Had my reward,a Jade to fling my fortunes;
For who that had but reaſon to diſtinguiſh
The light from darkneſſe, wine from water, hunger
From full ſaciety, and Fox from ferne buſh
That would have married thee?
Soph. She is not ſo ill.
*Petru.*She's worſe then I dare think of: ſhe's ſo lewd,
No Court is ſtrong enough to bear her cauſe,
She hath neither manners,honeſty,behavour,
Wife-hood,nor woman-hood,nor any morall
Can force me think ſhe had a mother, no
I do believe her ſtedfaſtly,and know her
To be a woman-Woolfe by tranſmigration,
Her firſt forme was a Ferrets undergrounde,
She kils the memories of men: not yet?
*Soph.*Do you think ſhe's ſenſible of this?
*Petru.*I care not,
Be what ſhe will: the pleaſure I take in her,
Thus I blow off; the care I took to love her,
Like this point I unty, and thus I looſe it,
The husband I am to her,thus I ſever:
My vanity farwell: yet, for you have bin
So neer me as to bear the name of wife,
My unquench'd charity ſhall tell you thus much
(Though you deſerve it well) you ſhall not beg,
What I ordan'd your Jointure,honeſtly
You ſhall have ſetled on you:and half my houſe,
The other half ſhall be imploy'd in prayers,
(That meritorious charge Ile be at alſo
Yet to confirm you chriſtian) your apparrell,
And what belongs to build up ſuch a folly,
Keep I beſeech you, it infects our uſes,
And now I am for travell.
Mar. Now I love you,
And now I ſee you are a man ile talk to you,
And I forget your bitterneſſe.
Soph. How now man?
*Petru.*O *Pliny*, if thou wilt be ever famous
Make but this woman all thy wonders.
Mar. Sure ſir
You have hit upon a happy courſe,a bleſſed,
And what will make you vertuous?
*Petru.*She'l ſhip me.
*Mar.*A way of underſtanding I long wiſhd for,
And now tis come,take heed you fly not back ſir,
Me thinks you look a new man to me now,
A man of excellence, and now I ſee
Some great deſign ſet in you:you may think now
(And ſo may moſt that know me)'twere my part
Weakly to weep your loſſe, and to reſiſt you,
Nay hang about your neck, and like a dotard
Urge my ſtrong tie upon you: but I love you,
And all the world ſhall know it,beyond woman,
And more prefer the honour of your Country,
Which chiefly you are born for,and may perfect,
The uſes you may make of other Nations,
The ripening of your knowledge,converſation,
The full ability, and ſtrength of judgement,
Then any private love, or wanton kiſſes.
Go worthy man,and bring home underſtanding. (men.
*Soph.*This were an excellent woman to breed School-
Mar. For if the Merchant through unknown Seas
To get his wealth,then deer ſir,what muſt you (plough
To gather wiſdom? go,and go alone,
Only your noble mind for your companion,
And if a woman may win credit with you,
Go far: too far you cannot: ſtill the farther
The more experience finds you: and go ſparing,
One meale a week will ſerve you,and one ſute,
Through all your travels: for you'l find it certaine,
The poorer and the baſer you appear,
The more you look through ſtill.
Petru. Do'ſt hear her?
Soph. Yes.
*Petru.*What would this woman do if ſhe were ſuffer'd,
Upon a new adventure?
Soph. Make us nothing,
I wonder that ſhe writes not.
Mar. Then when time,
And fulneſſe of occaſion have new made you,
And ſquard you from a ſot into a Signour,
Or neerer from a Iade into a courſer;
Come home an aged man,as did *Ulyſſes*,
And I your glad *Penelope*.
*Petru.*That muſt have
As many lovers as I languages,
And what ſhe do's with one i'th day, i'th night
Undoe it with an other.
*Mar.*Much that way ſir;
For in your abſence, it muſt be my honour,
That,that muſt make me ſpoken of hereafter,
To have temptations, and not little ones
Daily and hourely offerd me,and ſtrongly,
Almoſt believed againſt me, to ſet off
The faith,and loyalty of her that loves you.
Petru. What ſhould I do?
Soph. Why by my——I would travell,
Did not you mean ſo?
*Petru.*Alas no,nothing leſſe man:
I did it but to try ſir, ſhee's the devill,
And now I find it, for ſhe drives me,I muſt go:
Are my trunks down there,and my horſes ready?
*Mir.*Sir,for your houſe, and if you pleaſe to truſt me
With that you leave behinde.
Petru. Bring down the money.
*Mar.*As I am able,and to my poor fortunes,
I'le govern as a widow: I ſhall long
To hear of your wel-doing, and your profit:
And when I hear not from you once a quarter,
I'le wiſh you in the Indies, or Cataya,
Thoſe are the climes muſt make you.
Petru. How's the wind?
She'l wiſh me out o'th world anon.
*Mar.*For France.
Tis very faire; get you aboard to night ſir,
And looſe no time, you know the tide ſtaies no man,
I have cold meats ready for you.
Petru. Far thee well,
Thou ha'ſt foold me o'th Kingdom with a vengeance,
And thouc canſt foole me in againe.
Mir. Not I ſir,
I love you better, take your time, and pleaſure,
Ile ſee you horſ'd.
*Petru.*I think thou wouldſt ſee me hangd too,
Were I but halfe as willing.
*Mar.*Any thing
That you think well of, I dare look upon.
*Petru.*You'l bear me to the lands end *Sophocles*,
And other of my friends I hope.
Mar. Nev'r doubt ſir,
You cannot want companions for your good:
I am ſure you'l kiſſe me ere I go;I have buſineſſe,
And ſtay long here I muſt not.
Petru. Get thee going.

For if thou tarrieſt but an other Dialogue
Ile kick thee to thy Chamber.
Mar. Far you well Sir,
And bear your ſelfe, I do beſeech you once more,
Since you have undertaken doing wiſely,
Manly, and worthily, tis for my credit,
And for thoſe flying fames here of your follies,
Your gambols, and ill breeding of your youth,
For which I underſtand you take this travell,
Nothing ſhould make me leave you els, ile deale
So like a wife, that loves your reputation,
And the moſt large addition of your credit,
That thoſe ſhall die: if you want Limon-waters,
Or any thing to take the edge o'th Sea off,
Pray ſpeak, and be provided.
Petru. Now the Devill,
That was your firſt good maſter, ſhoure his bleſſing
Upon ye all: into whoſe cuſtody——
Mar. I do commit your Reformation,
And ſo I leave you to your *Stilo novo.* *Exit Maria*
Petru. I will go: yet I will not: once more *Sophocles*
Ile put her to the teſt.
Soph. You had better go.
Petru. I will go then: let's ſeek my father out,
And all my friends to ſee me faire aboard:
Then women, if there be a ſtorme at Sea,
Worſe then your tongues can make, and waves more (broken
Then your diſſembling fayths are, let me feele
Nothing but tempeſts, till they cracke my Keele.
Exeunt

Actus Quintus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Petronius, and Byancha with foure papers.

By. Now whether I deſerve that blame you gave me,
Let all the world diſcern ſir.
Petron. If this motion,
(I mean this fair repentance of my Daughter)
Spring from your good perſwaſion, as it ſems ſo,
I muſt confeſſe I have ſpoke too boldly of you,
And I repent.
By. The firſt touch was her own,
Taken no doubt from diſobeying you,
The ſecond I put to her, when I told her
How good, and gentle yet, with free contrition
Again you might be purchas'd: loving woman,
She heard me, and I thank her, thought me worthy
Obſerving in this point: yet all my councell,
And comfort in this caſe, could not ſo heal her
But that grief got his ſhare too, and ſhe ſickend.
Petron. I am ſorry ſhe's ſo ill, yet glad her ſickneſſe
Ha's got ſo good a ground. *Enter Moroſo.*
By. Here comes *Moroſo.*
Petron. O you are very welcome,
Now you ſhall know your happineſſe.
Mor. I am glad on't.
What makes this Lady here?
By. A diſh for you ſir
You'l thank me for hereafter.
Petron. True *Moroſo,*
Go get you in, and ſee your Miſtris.
By. She is ſick ſir,
But you may kiſſe her whole.
Mor. How.
By. Comfort her.
Mor. VVhy am I ſent for ſir?
Petron. Will you in, and ſee?
By. May be ſhe needs confeſſion.
Mor. By St. *Mary,*
She ſhall have abſolution then, and pennance,
But not above her carriage.
Petron. Get you in foole. *Exit. Mor.*
By. Here comes the other too. *Ex. Rowland and Tranio.*
Petron. Now *Tranio.*
Good ev'n to you too, and you are welcome.
Row. Thank you.
Petron. I have a certaine Daughter.
Row. Would you had ſir.
Petron. No doubt you know her well.
Row. Nor never ſhall ſir.
She is a woman, and the waies unto her
Are like the finding of a certaine path
After a deep falne Snow.
Petron. Well thats by'th by ſtill.
This Daughter that I tell you of is falne
A little crop ſick, with the dangerous ſurfeit
She took of your affection.
Row. Mine ſir?
Petron. Yes ſir.
Or rather, as it ſeemes, repenting.
And there ſhe lies within, debating on't,
Row. Well ſir.
Petron. I think 'twere well you would ſee her.
Row. If you pleaſe ſir;
I am not ſqueamiſh of my viſitation.
Petron. But, this ile tell you, ſhe is alter'd much;
You'l finde her now an other *Livia.*
Row. I have enough o'th old ſir.
Petron. No more foole,
To look gay babies in your eyes yong *Rowland,*
And hang about your prety neck.
Row. I am glad on't,
And thank my Fates I have ſcapd ſuch execution.
Petron. And buſſe you till you bluſh againe.
Row. Thats hard ſir,
She muſt kiſſe ſhamefully ere I bluſh at it;
I never was ſo boyiſh; well, what followes?
Petron. She's mine now, as I pleaſe to ſettle her,
At my command, and where I pleaſe to plant her:
Only ſhe would take a kind of farwell of you,
And give you back a wandring vow or two,
You left in pawn; and two or three ſlight oaths
She lent you too, ſhe looks for.
Row. She ſhall have 'em
With all my heart ſir, and if you like it better,
A free releaſe in writing.
Petron. Thats the matter,
And you from her, you ſhall have an other *Rowland,*
And then turne taile to taile, and peace by with you.
Row. So be it: your twenty pound ſweats *Tranio.*
Tra. 'Twill not undoe me, *Rowland,* do your worſt.
Row. Come, ſhall we ſee her Sir?
By. What ere ſhe ſaies
You muſt beare manly *Rowland,* for her ſickneſſe
Has made her ſomewhat teatiſh.
Row. Let her talke
Till her tongue ake I care not: by this hand
Thou haſt a handſome face wench, and a body
Daintely mounted; now do I feele an hundred
Runing directly from me, as I piſt it.
Enter Livia diſcovered abed, and Moroſo by her.
By. pray draw 'em ſoftly, the leaſt hurry ſir

Puts her to much impatience.
Petron. How is't daughter?
*Liv.*O very ſick,very ſick, yet ſomewhat
Better I hope; a little lightſommer,
Becauſe this goodman has forgiven me;
Pray ſet me higher; Oh my head:
Bya. Wel done wench.
*Liv.*Father,and all good people that ſhal heare me,
I have abus'd this man perniciouſly; was never old man
humbled ſo;
I have ſcornd him, and cal'd him naſty names,
I have ſpit at him,
Flung Candles ends in's beard, and cald him harrow,
That muſt be drawn to all he dos:contemn'd him,
For me thought then he was a beaſtly fellow.
(Oh God my ſide) a very beaſtly fellow:
And gave it out, his caſſock was a Barge-cloth,
Pawnd to his predeceſſor by a Sculler,
The man yet living:I gave him purging-comfits
At a great chriſtning once,
That ſpoyl'd his Chamblet breeches;and one night
I ſtrewd the ſtaires with peaſe, as he paſt down;
And the good Gentleman (woe worth me for't)
Ev'n with his reverent head,this head of wiſdome,
Told two and twenty ſtaires, good and true;
Miſt not a ſtep,and as we ſay verbatim
Fell to the bottome,broke his caſting Bottle,
Loſt a fair toad-ſtone of ſome eighteen ſhillings,
Jumbled his joynts together,had two ſtooles,
And was tranſlated. All this villany
Did I: I *Livia*,I alone,untaught.
Mor. And I unask'd,forgive it.
Liv. Where's *Byancha*?
Bya. Here Cozen.
*Liv.*Give me drinke,
Bya. There.
*Liv.*Who's that?
Mor. *Rowland.*
*Liv.*O'my diſſembler,you and I muſt part.
Come neerer ſir.
Row. I am ſorry for your ſickneſſe.
*Liv.*Be ſorry for your ſelfe ſir,you have wrong'd me,
But I forgive you; are the papers ready?
Bya I have 'em here: wilt pleaſe you view 'em?
Petron. Yes.
*Liv.*Shew 'em the young man too,I know he's willing
To ſhift his ſailes too: tis for his more advancement;
Alas,we might have beggerd one another;
We are young both, and a world of children
Might have been left behind to curſe our follies:
We had been undone *Byancha*,had we married,
Undone for ever: I confeſſe I lov'd him,
I care not who ſhall know it,moſt intirely;
And once,upon my conſcience,he lov'd me;
But farewell that, we muſt be wiſer coſen.
Love muſt not leave us to the world: have you done?
*Row.*Yes,and am ready to ſubſcribe.
Liv. Pray ſtay then:
Give me the papers,and let me peruſe 'em,
And ſo much time,as may afford a teare
At our laſt parting.
Bya. Pray retire, and leave her,
Ile call ye preſently.
*Petro.*Come Gentlemen,the ſhowre muſt fall.
*Row.*Would I had never ſeen her.
*Bya.*Thou haſt done bravely wench.
Liv. Pray Heaven it prove ſo.
*Bya.*There are the other papers: when they come
Begin you firſt, and let the reſt ſubſcribe
Hard by your ſide; give 'em as little light
As Drapers doe their wares.
*Liv.*Didſt mark *Moroſo*,
In what an agony he was,and how he cry'd moſt
When I abus'd him moſt?
*Bya.*That was but reaſon.
*Liv.*Oh what a ſtinking thief is this?
Though I was but to counterfeit,he made me
Directly ſick indeed. Tames-ſtreet to him
Is a meere Pomander.
*Bya.*Let him be hang'd.
Liv. Amen.
Bya. And lie you ſtill.
And once more to your buſineſſe.
Liv. Call 'em in.
Now if there be a power that pities lovers,
Helpe now,and heare my prayers.
Enter Petronius, Rowland, Tranio, Moroſo.
Petro. Is ſhe ready?
Bya. She has done her lamentations: pray go to her.
Liv. *Rowland*,come neer me,and before you ſeale,
Give me your hand: take it again; now kiſſe me,
This is the laſt acquaintance we muſt have;
I wiſh you ever happy: there's the paper.
Row. Pray ſtay a little.
*Petro.*Let me never live more
But I do begin to pity this young fellow;
How heartily he weeps!
Bya. There's Pen and Inke ſir.
*Liv.*Ev'n here I pray you. Tis a little Emblem
How neere you have been to me.
Row. There..
Bya. Your hands too,
As witneſſes.
Petro. By any means
To th' booke ſonne.
Mor. With all my heart.
*Bya.*You muſt deliver it.
*Row.*There *Livia*,and a better love light on thee,
I can no more.
Bya. To this you muſt be witneſſe too.
Petro We wil.
*Bya.*Doe you deliver it now.
*Lyv.*Pray ſet me up;
There *Rowland*,all thy old love back: and may
A new to come exceed mine, and be happy.
I muſt no more.
Row. Ferewell:
Liv. A long farewell. *Exit Rowl.*
*Bya.*Leave her by any means,till this wild paſſion
Be off her head; draw all the Curtaines cloſe,
A day hence you may ſee her,twil be better,
She is now for little company.
Petro. Pray tend her.
I muſt to horſe ſtraight:you muſt needs along too,
To ſee my ſonne aboard; were but his wife
As fit for pity,as this wench,I were happy.
*Bya.*Time muſt do that too: fare ye wel; to morrow
You ſhall receive a wife to quit your ſorrow. *Exeunt.*

Scæna ſecunda.

Enter Jaques, Pedro, and Porters, with Cheſt
and Hampers.

Jaq. Bring 'em away ſirs.
Ped. Muſt the great Trunks go too?

*Jaq.*Yes,and the Hampers ; nay be ſpeedy Maſters ;
He'l be at Sea before us elſe.
*Ped.*O *Jaques,*
What a moſt bleſſed turn haſt thou ?
*Jaq.*I hope ſo.
*Ped.*To have the Sea between thee and this woman,
Nothing can drown her tongue,but a ſtorm.
Jaq. By your leave,
We'l get us up to *Paris* with all ſpeed ;
For on my ſoule,as far as *Amyens*
She'l carry blanke ; away to Lyon key
And ſhip 'em preſently,we'l follow ye.
Ped. Now could I wiſh her in that Trunk:
Jaq God ſhield man,
I had rather have a Beare in't.
Ped. Yes,Ile tell ye:
For in the paſſage if a Tempeſt take ye,
As many doe,and you lie beating for it,
Then, if it pleaſ'd the fates, I would have the Maſter
Out of a powerfull providence,to cry,
Lighten the ſhip of all hands,or we periſh ;
Then this for one,as beſt ſpar'd, ſhould by all means
Over-board preſently.
*Jaq.*O' that condition,
So we were certaine to be rid of her,
I would wiſh her with us: But believe me *Pedro,*
She would ſpoyle the fiſhing on this coaſt for ever,
For none would keepe her company, but Dog-fiſh,
As curriſh as herſelfe; or Porpiſces,
Made to all fatall uſes:The two Fiſh-ſtreets
Were ſhe but once ariv'd amongſt the Whitings,
Would ſing a wofull *miſereri Pedro,*
And mourn in poor *John,* till her memory
Were caſt o' ſhore agen,with a ſtrong Sea-breach:
She would make god *Neptune,*and his fire-forke,
And all his demi-gods,and goddeſſes,
As weary of the Flemmiſh channell *Pedro,*
As ever boy was of the ſchoole : tis certain,
If ſhe but meet him faire, and were wel angred,
She would break his god-head.
*Ped.*Oh her tongue,her tongue.
*Jaq.*Rather her many tongues.
*Ped.*Or rather ſtrange tongues.
*Jaq.*Her lying tongue.
Ped. Her liſping tongue.
Jaq Her long tongue.
Ped. Her lawleſſe tongue.
*Jaq.*Her loud tongue.
Ped. And her lickriſh --
*Jaq.*Many other tongues,and many ſtranger tongues
Then ever Babel had to tell his ruines,
Were women rais'd withall; but never a true one.

Enter Sophocles.

*Soph.*Home with your ſtuffe agen; the journeys ended.
*Jaq.*What do's your worſhip meane ?
*Soph.*Your Maſter, O *Petruchio,* O poore fellows.
Ped. O *Jaques, Jaques.*
Soph. O your Maſter's dead,
His body comming back ; his wife,his devil;
The griefe of— her
*Jaq.*Has kild him ?
*Soph.*Kild him,kild him.
*Ped.*Is there no law to hang her.
Soph. Get ye in,
And let her know her miſery, I dare not
For feare impatience ſeize me, ſee her more,
I muſt away agen: Bid her for wife-hood,
For honeſty, if ſhe have any in her,
Even to avoyd the ſhame that follows her.
Cry if ſhe can:your weeping cannot mend it.
The body wil be here within this houre,ſo tell her;
And all his friends to curſe her. Farewell fellowes.
Exit Soph.
*Ped.*O *Jaques,Jaques.*
*Jaq.*O my worthy Maſter.
Ped. O my moſt beaſtly Miſtris,hang her.
Jaq. Split her.
Ped. Drown her directly.
Jaq. Starve her.
Ped. Stinke upon her.
*Jaq.*Stone her to death:may all ſhe eate be Eggs;
Till ſhe run kicking mad for men.
Ped. And he,
That man,that gives her remedy,pray Heav'n
He may ev'n *ipſo facto,*loſe his longings. (her,
Jaq. Let's goe diſcharge our ſelves, and he that ſerves
Or ſpeaks a good word of her from this houre,
A ſeagly curſe light on him,which is, *Pedro;*
The feind ride through him booted, and ſpurd, with a
Sythe at's back. *Exeunt.*

Scena tertia.

Enter Rowland, and Tranio ſtealing behind him.

*Row.*What a dull aſſe was I to let her go thus?
Upon my life ſhe loves me ſtill : wel Paper,
Thou onely monument of what I have had,
Thou all the love now left me,and now loſt,
Let me yet kiſſe her hand,yet take my leave
Of what I muſt leave ever: Farewell *Livia.*
Oh bitter words,Ile read ye once again,
And then for ever ſtudy to forget ye.
How's this?let me look better on't:A Contract?
—— a Conrract,ſeal'd, and ratified,
Her fathers hand ſet to it,and *Moroſo's:*
I do not dream ſure, let me read again,
The ſame ſtill: tis a contract.
Tra. Tis ſo *Rowland* ;
And by the vertue of the ſame, you pay me
An hundred pound to morrow.
*Row.*Art ſure *Tranio,*
We areboth alive now ?
Tra. Wonder not,ye have loſt.
*Row.*If this be true,I grant it.
*Tra.*Tis moſt certaine,
There's a Ring for you to, you know it.
Row. Yes.
*Tra.*When ſhall I have my money ?
Row. Stay ye,ſtay ye,
When ſhall I marry her ?
Tra. To night.
Row. Take heed now
You do not trifle me ; if you doe,
You'l finde more payment,then your money comes to :
Come ſweare ; I know I am a man, and finde
I may deceive my ſelfe : Sweare faithfully,
Sweare me directly,am I *Rowland ?*
Tra. Yes.
Row. Am I awake?
Tra. Ye are.
Row. Am I in health ?
*Tra.*As far as I conceive.
*Row.*Was I with *Livia ?*
*Tra.*You were,and had his contract.
*Row.*And ſhall I enjoy her ?

Tra. Yes, if ye dare.
Row. Sweare to all theſe.
Tra. I will.
Row. As thou art honeſt, as thou haſt a conſcience,
As that may wring thee if thou lyeſt; all theſe
To be no viſion, but a truth, and ſerious.
Tra. Then by my honeſty, and faith, and conſcience;
All this is certaine.
Row. Let's remove our places.
Sweare it again.
Tra. By——tis true.
Row. I have loſt then, and Heaven knows I am glad ont.
Let's goe, and tell me all, and tell me how,
For yet I am a Pagan in it.
Tra. I have a Prieſt too,
And all ſhall come as even as two Teſters. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Petronius, *Sophocles,* Moroſo, *and* Petruchio *born in a Coffin.*

Petron. Set down the body, and one call her out.
Enter Maria in blacke, and Jaques.
You are welcome to the laſt caſt of your fortunes;
There lies your husband, there your loving husband,
There he that was *Petruchio*, too good for ye;
Your ſtubborn, and unworthy way has kild him
Ere he could reach the Sea; if ye can weep,
Now ye have cauſe begin, and after death
Do ſomething yet to th'world, to thinke ye honeſt.
So many teares had ſav'd him, ſhed in time;
And as they are (ſo a good mind goe with 'em)
Yet they may move compaſſion.
Mar. Pray ye all heare me,
And judge me as I am, not as you covet,
For that would make me ye more miſerable:
Tis true, I have cauſe to grieve, and mighty cauſe;
And truely and unfainedly I weep it.
Soph. I ſee there's ſome good nature yet left in her.
Mar. But what's the cauſe? miſtake me not, not this
As he is dead, I weep for; Heaven defend it, (man,
I never was ſo childiſh: but his life,
His poore unmanly wretched fooliſh life,
Is that my full eyes pity, there's my mourning.
Petron. Doſt thou not ſhame?
Mar. I do, and even to water,
To think what this man was, to think how ſimple,
How far below a man, how far from reaſon,
From common underſtanding, and all Gentry,
While he was living here he walkt amongſt us.
He had a happy turn he dyed; ile tell ye,
Theſe are the wants I weep for, not his perſon:
The memory of this man, had he liv'd
But two yeers longer, had begot more follies,
Then wealthy Autumne flyes: But let him reſt,
He was a foole, and farewell he; not pitied,
I meane in way of life, or action
By any underſtanding man that's honeſt;
But onely in's poſterity, which I
Out of the feare his ruines might out live him
In ſome bad iſſue, like a carefull woman,
Like one indeed born onely to preſerve him,
Denyd him meanes to raiſe.
Petru. Unbutton me,
——I die indeed elſe? O *Maria*,
Oh my unhappineſſe, my miſery.
Petron. Go to him whore;—if he periſh,
Ile ſee thee hang'd my ſelfe.
Petru. Why, why *Maria*. (give me;
Mar. I have done my worſt, and have my end, for-
From this houre make me what you pleaſe: I have tam'd
And now am vowd your ſervant: Look not ſtrangly, (ye,
Nor feare what I ſay to you. Dare you kiſſe me?
Thus I begin my new love.
Petru. Once againe?
Mar. With all my heart.
Petru. Once again *Maria*!
O Gentlemen, I know not where I am.
Soph. Get ye to bed then: there you'l quickly know ſir.
Petru. Never no more your old tricks?
Mar. Never ſir.
Petru. You ſhall not need, for as I have a faith
No cauſe ſhall give occaſion.
Mar. As I am honeſt,
And as I am a maid yet, all my life
From this houre ſince, ſince ye make ſo free profeſſion,
I dedicate in ſervice to your pleaſure.
Soph. I marry, this goes roundly off.
Petru. Go *Jaques*,
Get all the beſt meat may be bought for money,
And let the hogſheds blood, I am born again:
Well little *England*, when I ſee a husband
Of any other Nation ſtern or jealous,
Ile wiſh him but a woman of thy breeding,
And if he have not butter to thy bread,
Till thy teeth bleed, ile never truſt my travell.
Enter Rowland, Livia, Byancha, and Tranio.
Petro. What have we here?
Row. Another morris, ſir.
That you muſt pipe too.
Tra. A poore married couple
Deſire an offering ſir.
Bya. Never frown at it,
You cannot mend it now: there's your own hand;
And yours *Moroſo*, to confirme the bargaine.
Petron. My hand?
Mor. Or mine?
Bya. You'l finde it ſo.
Petron. A trick,
By —— a trick.
Bya. Yes ſir, we trickt ye.
Liv. Father.
Petro. Haſt thou lyen with him? ſpeake?
Liv. Yes truly ſir.
Petro. And haſt thou done the deed boy?
Row. I have done ſir,
That, that will ſerve the turne, I think.
Petru. A match then,
Ile be the maker up of this: *Moroſo*,
There's now no remedy you ſee, be willing;
For be, or be not, he muſt have the wench.
Mor. Since I am over-reach'd, let's in to dinner,
And if I can Ile drink't away.
Tra. That's wel ſaid.
Petro. Well ſirha, you have playd a tricke, look to't,
And let me be a grandſire within's twelvemoneth,
Or by this hand, Ile curtaile halfe your fortunes.
Row. There ſhall not want my labour ſir: your money;
Here's one has undertaken.
Tra. Well, Ile truſt her,
And glad I have ſo good a pawn.
Row. Ile watch ye.
Petru. Lets in, and drink of all hands, and be joviall:
I have my colt again, and now ſhe carries;
And Gentlemen, whoever marries next,
Let him be ſure he keep him to his Text. *Exeunt.*

PROLOGUE.

Ladies to you, in whoſe defence and right,
Fletchers *brave Muſe prepar'd her ſelf to fight*
A battaile without blood, 'twas well fought too,
(The victory's yours, though got with much ado.)
We do preſent this Comedy, in which
A rivulet of pure wit flowes, ſtrong and rich
In Fancy, Language, and all parts that may
Adde grace and ornament to a merry Play.
Which this may prove. Yet not to go too far
In promiſes from this our female war,
We do intreat the angry men would not
Expect the mazes of a ſubtle plot,
Set Speeches, high expreſſions; and what's worſe,
in a true Comedy, politique diſcourſe.
The end we ayme at, is to make you ſport;
Yet neither gall the City, nor the Court.
Heare, and obſerve his Comique ſtraine and when
Y'are ſick of melancholy, ſee't agen.
'Tis no deere Phyſick, ſince 'twill quit the coſt:
Or his intentions, with our pains, are loſt.

EPILOGUE.

The Tamer's tam'd, but ſo, as nor the men
Can finde one juſt cauſe to complaine of, when
They fitly do conſider in their lives,
They ſhould not raign as Tyrants o'r their wives.
Nor can the women from this preſident
Inſult, or triumph: it being aptly meant,
To teach both Sexes due equality;
And as they ſtand bound, to love mutually.
If this effect, ariſing from a cauſe
Well layd, and grounded, may deſerve applauſe,
We ſomething more then hope, our honeſt ends
Will keep the men, and women too, our friends.

FINIS.

LOVES CURE
OR,
The Martial Maid.

Actus Primus——*Scæna Prima.*

Enter Vitelli, Lamorall, Anaſtro.

Vitelli.

A*Lvarez* pardon'd?
Ana. And return'd.
Lamo. I ſaw him land
At St. *Lucars*, and ſuch a generall welcome
Fame, as harbinger to his brave actions,
Had with the eaſie people, prepard for him,
As if by his command alone, and fortune
Holland with thoſe low Provinces, that hold out
Againſt the Arch-Duke, were again compel'd
With their obedience to give up their lives
To be at his devotion.
Vit. You amaze me,
For though I have heard, that when he fled from Civill
To ſave his life (then forfeited to Law
For murthering *Don Pedro* my deer Uncle)
His extreame wants inforc'd him to take pay
In th'Army ſat down then before Oſtena,
'Twas never yet reported, by whoſe favour
He durſt preſum to entertain a thought
Of comming home with pardon.
Ana. 'Tis our nature
Or not to hear, or not to give beliefe
To what we wiſh far from our enemies.
Lam. Sir 'tis moſt certaine the Infantas letters
Aſſiſted by the Arch-Dukes, to King *Philip*
Have not alone ſecur'd him from the rigor
Of our Caſtillian Juſtice, but return'd him
A free man, and in grace.
Vit. By what curſ'd meanes
Could ſuch a fugitive ariſe unto
The knowledge of their highneſſes? much more
(Though known) to ſtand but in the leaſt degree
Of favour with them?
Lam. To give ſatisfaction
To your demand, though to praiſe him I hate,
Can yeild me ſmall contentment, I will tell you,
And truly, ſince ſhould I detract his worth,
'Twould argue want of merit in my ſelf.
Briefly, to paſſe his tedious pilgrimage
For ſixteene years, a baniſh'd guilty-man,
And to forget the ſtormes, th'affrights, the horrors
His conſtancy, not fortune overcame,
I bring him, with his little ſon, grown man
(Though 'twas ſaid here he took a daughter with him)
To Oſtends bloody ſeige that ſtage of war
Wherein the flower of many Nations acted,
And the whole Chriſtian world ſpectators were;
There by his ſon, or were he by adoption
Or nature his, a brave Scene was preſented,
Which I make choyce to ſpeak of, ſince from that
The good ſucceſſe of *Alvarez*, had beginning.
Vil. So I love vertue in an enemy
That I deſire in the relation of
This young mans glorious deed, you'ld keep your ſelf
A friend to truth, and it.
Lam Such was my purpoſe;
The Town being oft aſſaulted, but in vaine,
To dare the prow'd defendants to a ſally,
Weary of eaſe, *Don Inigo Peralta*
Son to the Generall of our Caſtile forces
All arm'd, advanc'd within ſhot of their wals,
From whence the muskateers plaid thick upon him,
Yet he (brave youth) as careleſſe of the danger,
As carefull of his honor, drew his ſword,
And waving it about his head, as if
He dar'd one ſpirited like himſelf, to triall
Of ſingle valor, he made his retreat
With ſuch a ſlow, and yet majeſtique pace,
As if he ſtill cald low'd, dare none come on?
When ſodainly from a poſterne of the town
Two gallant horſe-men iſſued, and o're-took him,
The army looking on, yet not a man
That durſt relieve the raſh adventurer,
Which *Lucio*, ſon to *Alvarez* then ſeeing,
As in the vant-guard he ſat bravely mounted,
Or were it pity of the youths misfortune,
Care to preſerve the honour of his Country,
Or bold deſire to get himſelfe a name,
He made his brave horſe, like a whirle wind bear him,
Among the Combatants: and in a moment
Diſchar'd his Petronell, with ſuch ſure aime
That of the adverſe party from his horſe,
One tumbled dead, then wheeling round, and drawing
A faulchion ſwift as lightning, he came on

Upon the other,and with one ſtrong blow
In view of the amazed Town, and Campe
He ſtrake him dead, and brought *Peralta* off
With double honour to himſelfe.

Vit. 'Twas brave:
But the ſucceſſe of this?

Lam. The Campe receiv'd him
With acclamations of joy and welcome,
And for addition to the faire reward
Being a maſſy chain of gold given to him
By yong *Peralta's* Father, he was brought
To the Infantas preſence kiſs'd her hand,
And from that Lady,(greater in her goodneſſe
Then her high birth) had this encouragement
Go on youngman; yet not to feed thy valour
With hope of recompence to come,from me,
For preſent ſatisfaction of what's paſt,
Aske any thing that's fit for me to give,
And thee to take,and be aſſur'd of it.

Ana. Excellent princeſſe.

Vit. And ſtil'd worthily
The heart bloud, nay the ſoule of Souldiers.
But what was his requeſt?

Lam. That the repeale
Of *Alvarez*,makes plaine: he humbly begd
His Fathers pardon,and ſo movingly
Told the ſad ſtory of your uncles death
That the Infanta wept,and inſtantly
Granting his ſuit, working the Arch-duke to it,
Their Letters were directed to the King,
With whom they ſo prevaild, that *Alvarez*
Was freely pardon'd.

Vit. 'Tis not in the King
To make that good.

Ana. Not in the King? what ſubject
Dares contradict his power?

Vit. In this I dare,
And wil: and not call his prerogative
In queſtion,nor preſume to limit it.
I know he is the Maſter of his Lawes,
And may forgive the forfeits made to them,
But not the injury done to my honour;
And ſince (forgeting my brave Uncles merits
And many ſervices,under Duke D' *Alva*)
He ſuffers him to fall, wreſting from Juſtice
The powerfull ſword, that would revenge his death,
I'le fill with this *Aſtrea's* empty hand,
And in my juſt wreake,make this arme the Kings,
My deadly hate to *Alvarz*, and his houſe,
Which as I grew in years, hath ſtill encreas'd,
As if it cal'd on time to make me man,
Slept while it had no object for her fury
But a weak woman,and her talk'd of Daughter:
But now,ſince there are quarries,worth her ſight
Both in the father, and his hopefull ſon,
I'le boldly caſt her off, and gorge her full
With both their hearts: to further which your friendſhip,
And oathes will your aſſiſtance, let your deedes
Make anſwer to me; uſeleſſe are all words
Till you have writ performance with your Swords.
Exeunt.

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Bobadilla, and Lucio

Luc. Go fetch my work: this ruffe was not well ſtarch'd,
So tell the maid, 'thas too much blew in it,
And look you that the Partrich and the Pullen
Have cleane meat,and freſh water,or my Mother
Is like to hear on't.

Bob. O good Sir *Iaques* helpe me: was there ever ſuch an Hermaphrodite heard of? would any wench living, that ſhould hear and ſee what I do, be wrought to believe, that the beſt of a man lies under this Petticoate, and that a Cod-peece were far fitter here, then a pind-Placket?

Luc. You had beſt talk filthily: do; I have a tongue
To tell my Mother, as well as ears to heare
Your ribaldry.

Bob. May you have ten womens tongues that way I am ſure: why my yong Mr.or Miſtris,Madam,Don or what you wil,what the devill have you to do with Pullen, or Partrich? or to ſit pricking on a clowt all day? you have a better needle, I know, and might make better work, if you had grace to uſe it.

Luc. Why,how dare you ſpeak this before me,ſirha?

Bob. Nay rather, why dare not you do what I ſpeak? ——though my Lady your mother,for fear of *Vitelli* and his faction, hath brought you up like her daughter,and h'as kept you this 20 year, which is ever ſince you were born, a cloſe priſoner within dores, yet ſince you are a man,and are as wel provided as other men are,methinks you ſhould have the ſame motions of the fleſh, as other Cavaliers of us are inclin'd unto.

Luc. Indeed you have cauſe to love thoſe wanton motions,
They having hope you to an excellent whipping,
For doing ſomething, I but put you in mind of it,
With the Indian mayd, the governour ſent my mother
From *Mexico*.

Bob. Why,I but taught her a Spaniſh trick in charity, and holp the King to a ſubject that may live to take grave *Maurice* priſoner, and that was more good to the State, then a thouſand ſuch as you are ever like to do: and I wil tell you, (in a fatherly care of the Infant I ſpeak it) if he live(as bleſſe the babe, in paſſion I remember him) to your years,ſhall he ſpend his time in pinning, painting,purling, and perfuming as you do? no, he ſhall to the wars, uſe his Spaniſh Pike, though with the danger of the laſh, as his father has done, and when he is provoked,as I am now, draw his Toledo deſperatly,as——

Luc. You will not Kill me? oh.

Bob. I knew this would ſilence him:how he hids his eys?
If he were a wench now,as he ſeems,what an advantage
Had I,drawing two Toledos,when one can do this?
But oh me,my Lady:I muſt put up: young Maſter
I did but jeſt: O cuſtom,what ha'ſt thou made of him?

Enter Eugenia, and Servants.

Eug. For bringing this,be ſtill my friend; no more
A ſervant to me.

Bob. What's the matter?

Eug. Here,
Even here where I am happy to receive
Aſſurance of my *Alvarez* returne,
I wil kneell down: and may thoſe holy thoughts
That now poſſeſſe me wholy, make this place
a Temple to me, where I may give thanks
For this unhop'd for bleſſing Heavens Kind hand
Hath pour'd upon me.

Luc. Let my duty Madam
Preſume,if you have cauſe of joy,to entreat
I may ſhare in it.

Bob. 'Tis well,he has forgot how I frighted him yet.

Eug. Thou ſhalt: but firſt kneel with me *Lucio*,
No more *Poſthumina* now, thou haſt a Father,

A Father living to take off that name,
Which my too credulous fears, that he was dead,
Beſtow'd upon thee: thou ſhalt ſee him *Lucio*,
And make him young again, by ſeeing thee,
Who only hadſt a being in my Womb
When he went from me, *Lucio*: O my joyes,
So far tranſport me, that I muſt forget
The ornaments of Matrons, modeſty,
And grave behaviour; but let all forgive me
If in th'expreſſion of my ſoules beſt comfort
Though old, I do a while forget mine age,
And play the wanton in the entertinement
Of thoſe delights I have ſo long deſpair'd of.

Luc. Shall I then ſee my Father?

Eug. This houre *Lucio*;
Which reckon the begining of thy life
I mean that life, in which thou ſhalt appeare
To be ſuch as I brought thee forth: a man,
This womaniſh diſguiſe, in which I have
So long conceal'd thee, thou ſhalt now caſt off,
And change thoſe qualities thou didſt learn from me,
For maſculine virtues, for which ſeek no tutor,
But let thy fathers actions be thy precepts;
And for thee *Zancho*, now expect reward
For thy true ſervice.

Bob. Shall I? you hear fellow *Stephano*, learne to know me more reſpectively; how do'ſt thou think I ſhall become the Stewards chaire ha? will not theſe ſlender hanches ſhow well with a chaine, and a gold night-Cap after ſupper when I take the accompts?

Eug. Haſte, and take down thoſe blacks, with which my
Hath like the widow, her ſad Miſtris, mourn'd, (chamber
And hang up for it, the rich Perſian arras,
Uſ'd on my wedding night: for this to me
Shall be a ſecond marriage: ſend for Muſique,
And will the cooks to uſe their beſt of cunning
To pleaſe the palat.

Bob. Will your Ladiſhip have a Potato-pie, tis a good ſtirring diſh for an old Lady, after a long Lent.

Eug. Be gon I ſay: why ſir, you can go faſter?

Bob. I could Madam: but I am now to practiſe the Stewards pace, that's the reward I look for: every man muſt faſhion his gate, according to his calling: you fellow *Stephano*, may walk faſter, to overtake preferment: ſo, uſher me.

Luc. Pray Madam, let the waſcoat I laſt wrought
Be made up for my Father: I wil have
A cap and boote-hoſe ſutable to it.

Eug. Of that
Wee'l think hereafter *Lucio*: our thoughts now
Muſt have no object, but thy Fathers welcome,
To which thy helfe——

Luc. With humble gladneſſe Madam. *Exeunt*

Scœna Tertia.

Enter Alvarez, Clara.

Alv. Where loſt we *Syavedra*?

Cla. He was met
Entring the City by ſome Gentlemen
Kinſmen, as he ſaid of his own, with whom
For complement ſake (for ſo I think he term'd it)
He was compel'd to ſtay: though I much wonder
A man that knowes to do, and has done well
In the head of his troop, when the bold foe charg'd home,
Can learn ſo ſodainly to abuſe his time
In apiſh entertainment: for my part
(By all the glorious rewards of war)
I had rather meet ten enemies in the field
All ſworn to fetch my head, then be brought on
To change an houres diſcourſe with one of theſe
Smooth City fools, or tiſſeu Cavaliers,
Then only Gallans, as they wiſely think,
To get a Jewell, or a wanton Kiſſe
From a Court-lip, though painted.

Alv. My Love *Clara*
(For *Lucio* is a name thou muſt forget
With *Lucios* bold behaviour) though thy breeding
I'the camp may plead ſomething in the excuſe
Of thy rough manners, cuſtome having chang'd,
Though not thy Sex, the ſoftneſſe of thy nature,
And fortune (then a cruell ſtepdame to thee)
Impos'd upon thy tender ſweetneſſe, burthens
Of hunder, cold, wounds, want, ſuch as would crack
The ſinewes of a man, not borne a Souldier:
Yet now ſhe ſmiles, and like a naturall mother
Looks gently on thee, *Clara*, entertaine
Her proffer'd bounties with a willing boſome;
Thou ſhalt no more have need to uſe thy ſword;
Thy beauty (which even *Belgia* hath not alter'd)
Shall be a ſtronger guard, to keep my *Clara*,
Then that has bin, (though never us'd but nobly)
And know thus much.

Cla. Sir, I know only that
It ſtands not with my duty to gaine-ſay you,
In any thing: I muſt, and will put on
What faſhion you think beſt: though I could wiſh
I were what I appeare.

Alv. Endeavour rather *Muſick.*
To be what you are, *Clara*, entring here
As you were borne, a woman.

Enter Eugnia, Lucio, Servants.

Eug. Let choice Muſick
In the beſt voyce that ere touch'd humane eare,
For joy hath tide my tongue up, ſpeak your welcome.

Alv. My ſoule, (for thou giv'ſt new life to my ſpirit)
Myriads of joyes, though ſhort in number of
Thy vertues, fall on thee; Oh my *Eugenia*,
Th'aſſurance, that I do embrace thee, makes
My twenty years of ſorrow but a dreame,
And by the Nectar, which I take from theſe,
I feele my age reſtor'd, and like old *Æſon*
Grow young againe.

Eug. My Lord, long wiſh'd for welcome,
Tis a ſweet brietneſſe, yet in that ſhort word
All pleaſures which I may call mine, begin,
And may they long increaſe, before they finde
A ſecond period: let mine eyes now ſurfet
On this ſo wiſh'd for object, and my lips
Yet modeſtly pay back the parting kiſſe
You truſted with them, when you fled from Civill
With little *Clara* my ſweet daughter: lives ſhe?
Yet I coul'd chide my ſelfe, having you here
For being ſo coveteous of all joyes at once,
'Tenquire for her, you being alone, to me
My *Clara*, *Lucio*, my Lord, my ſelfe,
Nay more then all the world.

Alv. As you, to me are.

Eug. Sit down, and let me feed upon the ſtory
Of your paſt dangers, now you are here in ſafety
It will give relliſh, and freſh appetite
To my delights, if ſuch delights can cloy me.
Yet do not *Alvarez*, let me firſt yeild you

A ccompt of my life in your abſence, and
Make you acquainted how I have preſerv'd
The Jewell left lock'd up in my womb, (try,
When you, in being forc'd to leave your coun-
Suffer'd a civill death. *within Claſhing ſwords.*
Alv. Doe my *Eugenia,*
,Tis that I moſt deſire to he are,
Eug. Then know *Sayavedra within.*
Alv. What voyce is that?
If you are noble Enemies, *Vitelli within.*
Oppreſſe me not with odds,but kill me fairely,
Stand off,I am too many of my ſelfe. *Enter Bobadilla.*
Bob. Murther, murther murther,your friend my Lord,
Don Syavedra is ſet upon in the Streets, by your enemies
Vitelli, and his Faction : I am almoſt kill'd with looking
on them.
Alv. Ile free him, or fall with him : draw thy ſword
And follow me.
Cla. Fortune I give thee thankes
For this occaſion once more to uſe it. (hang me. *Exit.*
Bob. Nay, hold not me Madam ; if I doe any hurt,
Luc. Oh I am dead with feare! let's flye into
Your Cloſet, Mother.
Eug. No houre of my life
Secure of danger ? heav'n be mercifull,
Or now at once diſpatch me. *Enter Vitelli, purſued*
Cla. Follow him *by Alvarez,& Sayavedra,*
Leave me to keepe theſe off. *Clara beating of*
Alv. Aſſault my friend *Anaſtro.*
So neere by houſe ?
Vit. Nor in it will ſpare thee,
Though 'twere a Temple:& Ile mak it one,
I being the Prieſt, and thou the ſacrifice,
Ile offer to my uncle.
Alv. Haſte thou to him,
And ſay I ſent thee:
Cla. 'Twas put bravely by,
And that : and yet comes on, and boldly rare,
In the warres, where emulation and example
Joyn to encreaſe the courage, and make leſſe
The danger; valour, and true reſolution
Never appear'd ſo lovely : brave againe:
Sure he is more then man,and if he fall;
The beſt of vertue, fortitude would dye with him :
And can I ſuffer it? forgive me duty,
So I love valour, as I will protect it
Againſt my Father, and redeeme it, though
'Tis forfeited by one I hate.
Vit. Come on,
All is not loſt yet : You ſhall buy me deerer
Before you have me : keep off.
Cla. Feare me not,
Thy worth has tooke me Priſoner, and my ſword
For this time knowes thee onely for a friend,
And to all elſe I turne the point of it.
Say. Defend your Fathers Enemy ?
Alv. Art thou mad ?
Cla. Are you men rather ? ſhall that valour, which
Begot you lawfull honour in the warres,
Prove now the parent of an infamous Baſtard
So foule, yet ſo long liv'd, as murther will
Be to your ſhames ? have each of you, alone
With your own dangers onely, purchas'd glory
From multitudes of Enemies, not allowing
Thoſe neereſt to you, to have part in it,
And doe you now joyn, and lend mutuall helpe
Againſt a ſingle oppoſite ? hath the mercy
Of the great King, but newly waſh'd away
The blood, that with the forfeit of your life
Cleav'd to your name, and family like an ulcer,
In this againe to ſet a deeper dye
Upon your infamy ? you'll ſay he is your foe,
And by his raſhneſſe call'd on his own ruine ;
Remember yet,he was firſt wrong'd, and honour
Spur'd him to what he did, and next the place
Where now he is, your houſe, which by the lawes
Of hoſpitable duty ſhould protect him ;
Have you been twenty yeeres a ſtranger to it,
To make your entrance now in blood ? or think you
Your country-man,a true born Spaniard, will be
An offring fit, to pleaſe the genius of it ?
No, in this i'le preſume to teach my Father,
And this firſt Act of diſobedience ſhall
Confirme I am moſt dutifull.
Alv. I am pleas'd
With what I dare not give allowance to ;
Unnaturall wretch, what wilt thou doe?
Cla. Set free
A noble Enemy : come not on, by ——
You paſſe to him, through me : the way is open :
Farwell:when next I meet you, doe not look for
A friend, but a vow'd foe ; I ſee you worthy,
And therefore now preſerve you, for the honour
Of my ſword onely :
Vit. Were this man a friend,
How would he win me, that being my vow'd foe
Deſerves ſo well ? I thanke you for my life;
But how I ſhall deſerve it, give me leave
Hereafter to conſider. *Exit.*
Alv. Quit thy feare,
All danger is blown over : I have Letters
To the Governour, in the Kings name,to ſecure us;
From ſuch attempts hereafter : yet we need not
That have ſuch ſtrong guards of our own, dread others;
And to encreaſe thy comfort, know, this young man
Whom with ſuch fervent earneſtneſſe you eye,
Is not what he appeares, but ſuch a one
As thou with joy wilt bleſſe, thy daughter *Clara.*
Eug. A thouſand bleſſings in that word.
Alv. The reaſon
Why I have bred her up thus, at more leiſure
I will impart unto you : wonder not
At what you have ſeen her doe, it being the leaſt
Of many great and valiant undertakings
She hath made good with honour.
Eug. Ile returne
The joy I have in her, with one as great
To you my *Alvarez* : you, in a man
Have given to me a daughter : in a woman,
I give to you a Sonne : this was the pledge
You left here with me, whom I have brought up
Different from what he was, as you did *Clara,*
And with the like ſucceſſe ; as ſhe appeares
Alter'd by cuſtome, more then woman, he
Transform'd by his ſoft life, is leſſe then man.
Alv. Fortune, in this gives ample ſatisfaction
For all our ſorrowes paſt.
Luc. My deereſt Siſter.
Cla. Kinde brother.
Alv. Now our mutuall care muſt be
Imploy'd to help wrong'd nature, to recover
Her right in either of them, loſt by cuſtome :
To you I give my *Clara,* and receive
My *Lucio* to my charge : and we'll contend
With loving induſtry, who ſooneſt can
Turne this man woman or this woman, man. *Exeunt.*

Actus

Actus ſecundus. *Scæna prima.*

Enter Pachieco, *and* Lazarillo.

Pac. Boy: my Cloake, and Rapier; it fits not a Gentleman of my ranck, to walke the ſtreets in *Querpo.*

Laz. Nay, you are a very ranck Gent. Signior, I am very hungry, they tell me in Civill here, I looke like an Eele, with a mans head: and your neighbour the Smith here hard by, would have borrowed me th'other day, to have fiſh'd with me, becauſe he had loſt his angle-rod.

Pac. Oh happy thou *Lazarillo* (being the cauſe of other mens wits) as in thine own: live leane, and witty ſtill: oppreſſe not thy ſtomach too much: groſſe feeders, great ſleepers: great ſleepers, fat bodies; fat bodies, lean braines: No *Lazarillo,* I will make thee immortall, change thy humanitie into dietie, for I will teach thee to live upon nothing.

Laz Faith *Signior,* I am immortall then already, or very neere it, for I doe live upon little or nothing: belike that's the reaſon the Poets are ſaid to be immortall, for ſome of them live upon their wits, which is indeed as good as little or nothing: But good Maſter, let me be mortall ſtill, and let's goe to ſupper.

Pac. Be abſtinent; ſhew not the corruption of thy generation: he that feeds, ſhall die, therefore he that feeds not, ſhall live.

Laz. I; but how long ſhall he live? ther's the queſtion.

Pac. As long as he can without feeding: did'ſt thou read of the miraculous maid in *Flanders?*

Laz. No, nor of any maid elſe; for the miracle of virginitie now a daies ceaſes, ere the virgin can read virginitie?

Pac. She that liv'd three yeere without any other ſuſtenance then the ſmell of a Roſe.

Laz. I heard of her *Signior*; but they ſay her guts ſhrunck all into Lute-ſtrings, and her neather-parts cling'd together like a Serpents Taile, ſo that though ſhe continued a woman ſtill above the girdle, beneath yet ſhe was monſter.

Pac. So are moſt women, beleeve it.

Laz. Nay all women *Signior,* that can live onely upon the ſmell of a Roſe.

Pac. No part of the Hiſtory is fabulous.

Laz. I thinke rather no part of the Fable is Hiſtoricall: but for all this, ſir, my rebellious ſtomach will not let me be immortall: I will be as immortall, as mortall hunger will ſuffer: put me to a certaine ſtint ſir, allow me but a red herring a day.

Pac. O' de dios: would'ſt thou be gluttonous in thy delicacies?

Laz. He that eats nothing but a red herring a day, ſhall neere be broyl'd for the devils raſher: a Pilcher, *Signior,* a Surdiny, an Olive, that I may be a philoſopher firſt, and immortall after.

Pac. Patience *Lazarillo*; let contemplation be thy food a while: I ſay unto thee, one Peaze was a Souldiers provant a whole day, at the deſtruction of *Ieruſalem.*

Enter Metaldi, & Mendoza.

Laz. I; and it were any where, but at the deſtruction of a place i'le be hang'd.

Met. Signior Pachieco *Alaſto,* my moſt ingenious Cobler of Civill, the *bonos noxios* to your Signiorie.

Pac. Signior Metaldi de forgio, my moſt famous Smith, and man of mettle, I returne your curteſie ten fold, and do humble my Bonnet beneath the Shooe-ſoale of your congie: the like to you *Signior Mendoza Pediculo de vermim,* my moſt exquiſite Hoſe-heeler.

Laz. Her's a greeting betwixt a Cobler, a Smith, and a Botcher: they all belong to the foot, which makes them ſtand ſo much upon their Gentrie.

Mend. Signior *Lazarillo.*

Laz. Ah Signior ſee: nay, we are all *Signiors* here in Spaine, from the Jakes-farmer to the Grandee, or *Adelantado*: this botcher looks as if he w're dowgh-bak'd a little butter now, and I could eate him like an oaten-Cake: his fathers diet was new Cheeſe and Onions when he got him: what a ſcallion fac'd-raſcall 'tis?

Met. But why *Signior Pachieco,* do you ſtand ſo much on the prioritie, and antiquitie of your qualitie (as you call it) in compariſon of ours?

Mend. I; your reaſon for that.

Pac. Why thou Iron-pated Smith: and thou wollen-witted Hoſe heeler: heare what I will ſpeak indifferently (and according to Ancient writers) of our three profeſſions: and let the upright *Lazarillo* be both judge, and moderator.

Laz. Still am I the moſt immortally hungrie, that (may be.

Pac. Suppoſe thou wilt derive thy pedigree, like ſome of the old Heroes, (as *Hercules, Æeas, Achilles*) lineally from the Gods, making *Saturne* thy great Grand-father, and *Vulcan* thy Father: *Vulcan* was a God.

Laz. He'll make *Vulcan* your God-father by and by.

Pac. Yet I ſay *Saturne* was a crabbed block-head, and *Vulgan* a limping horn-head, for *Venus* his wife was a ſtrumpet, and *Mars* begat all her Children; therefore however, thy originall muſt of neceſſitie ſpring from Baſtardie: further, what can be a more deject ſpirit in man, then to lay his hands under every ones horſes feet, to doe him ſervice, as thou do'ſt? For thee, I will be briefe thou do'ſt botch, and not mend, thou art a hider of enormities, viz. ſcabs, chilblaines, and kibed heeles: much proane thou art to Sects, and Hereſies, diſturbing ſtate, and government; for how canſt thou be a ſound member in the Common-wealth, that art ſo ſubject to ſtitches in the anckles? bluſh, and be ſilent then, Oh ye Machanick, compare no more with the politique Cobler: For Coblers (in old time) have propheſied, what may they doe now then, that have every day waxed better, and better? have we not the length of every mans foot? are we not daily menders? yea, and what menders? not horſe-menders.

Laz. Nor manners-menders.

Pach. But ſoule-menders: Oh divine Coblers; doe we not like the wiſe man ſpin our own threds, (or our wives for us?) doe we not by our ſowing the hide, reape the beefe? are not we of the gentle craft, whil'ſt both you are but crafts-men? You will ſay you feare neither Iron nor ſteele, and what you get is wrought out of the fire, I muſt anſwer you againe, though all this is but forgery; You may likewiſe ſay, a mans a man, that has but a hoſe on his head: I muſt likewiſe anſwer, that man is a botcher, that has a heel'd-hoſe on his head: to conclude there can be no compariſon with the Cobler, who is all in all in the Common-wealth, has his politique eye and ends on every mans ſteps that walkes, and whoſe courſe ſhall be laſting to the worlds end.

Net. I give place: the wit of man is wonderfull: thou haſt hit the naile on the head, and I will give thee ſix pots for't though I neere clinth ſhooe againe.

Enter Vitelli & Alguazier.

Pac. Who's this? Oh our *Alguazier*: as arrant a knave as

E're wore ont head under two offices: he is one ſide *Alguazier.*

Met. The other ſide Serjeant.

Mend. That's both ſides carrion I am ſure.

Pac. This is he apprehends whores in the way of juſtice, and lodges 'em in his own houſe, in the way of profit: he with him, is the Grand-Don *Vitelli*, 'twixt whom and *Fernando Alvarez* the mortall hatred is: he is indeed my Dons Bawd, and do's at this preſent lodge a famous Curtizan of his, lately come from *Madrill.*

Vit. Let her want nothing *Signior*, ſhe can aske:
What loſſe, or injury you may ſuſtaine
I will repaire, and recompence your love:
Onely that fellowes coming I miſlike,
And did fore-warn her of him: beare her this
With my beſt love, at night i'le viſit her.

Alg. I reſt your Lordſhips Servant.

Vit. Good ev'n, Signiors:
Oh *Alvarez*, thou haſt brought a Sonne with thee
Both brightnes, and obſcures our Nation,
Whoſe pure ſtrong beames on us, ſhoot like the Suns
On baſer fires: I would to heaven my blood
Had never ſtain'd thy bold unfortunate hand,
That with mine honour I might emulate
Not perſecute ſuch vertue: I will ſee him
Though with the hazard of my life: no reſt
In my contentious ſpirits can I finde
Till I have gratefide him in like kinde. *Exit.*

Alg. I know you not: what are ye? hence ye baſe Beſegnios.

Pac. *Mary Catzo Signior Alguazier*, do'ye not know us? why, we are your honeſt neighbours, the Cobler, Smith, and Botcher, that have ſo often ſate ſnoaring cheeke by joll with your ſigniorie in rug at midnight.

Laz. Nay, good Signior, be not angry: you muſt underſtand, a Cat and ſuch an Officer ſee beſt in the dark.

Met. By this hand, I could finde in my heart to ſhooe his head.

Pac. Why then know you *Signior*; thou mongrill begot at midnight, at the Goale gate, by a Beadle, on a Catch-poles wife, are not you he that was whipt out, of *Toledo* for perjury.

Men. Next, condemn'd to the Gallies for pilfery, to the buls pizell.

Met. And after call'd to the Inquiſition, for Apoſtacie.

Pac. Are not you he that rather then you durſt goe an induſtrious voyage being preſs'd to the Iſlands, skulk'd till the fleet was gone, and then earn'd your royall a day by ſquiring puncks, and puncklings up and down the City?

Laz. Are not you a Portuguize borne, deſcended o'the Moores, and came hither into *Civill* with your Maſter, an errant Taylor, in your red Bonnet, and your Blew Jacket lowſie: though now your block-head be cover'd with the Spaniſh Block, and your laſhed Shoulders with a Velvet Pee?

Pac. Are not you he, that have been of thirty callings, yet ne're a one lawfull? that being a Chandler firſt, profeſs'd ſincerity, and would ſell no man Muſtard to his beefe on the Sabbath, and yet ſold Hypocriſie all your life time?

Met. Are not you he, that were ſince a Surgeon to the Stewes, and undertooke to cure what the Church it ſelfe could not, ſtrumpets that riſe to your Office by being a great Dons Baw'd?

Laz. That commit men nightly, offenceleſſe, for the gaine of a groat a Priſoner, which your Beadle ſeemes to put up, when you ſhare three pence?

Mend. Are not you he, that is a kiſſer of men, in drunkenneſſe, and a berrayer in ſobriety?

Alg. *Diabolo*: they'll raile me into the Gallyes again.

Pac. Yes Signior, thou art even he we ſpeake of all this while: thou maiſt by thy place now, lay us by the heeles: 'tis true: but take heed, be wiſer, pluck not ruine on thine own head: for never was there ſuch an Anatomy, as we ſhall make thee then: be wiſe therefore, Oh thou Childe of the night! be friends and ſhake hands, thou art a proper man, if thy beard were redder: remember thy worſhipfull function, a Conſtable though thou turn'ſt day into night, and night into day, what of that? watch leſſe, and pray more: gird thy beares skin (*viz.* thy Rug-gowne) to thy loyes, take thy ſtaffe in thy hand, and goe forth at midnight: Let not thy mittens abate the talons of thy authority, but gripe theft and whoredom, whereſoever thou meet'ſt 'em: bear'em away like a tempeſt, and lodge 'em ſafely in thine own houſe:

Laz. Would you have whores and theeves lodg'd in ſuch a houſe?

Pac. They ever doe ſo: I have found a theefe, or a whore there, when the whole Suburbs could not furniſh me.

Laz. But why doe they lodge there?

Pac. That they may be ſafe, and forth-coming: for in the morning uſually the theefe is ſent to the Goale, and the whore proſtrates her ſelfe to the Juſtice.

Mend. Admirable *Pachieco.*

Met. Thou Cobler of Chriſtendom.

Alg. There is no railing with theſe rogues: I will cloſe with'em, till I can cry quittance: why Signiors, and my honeſt neighbours, will you impute that as a neglect of my friends, which is an imperfection in me? I have been Sand-blinde from my infancie: to make you amends, you ſhall ſup with me.

Laz. Shall we ſup with'ye ſir? O' my conſcience, they have wrong'd the Gentleman extreamly,

Alg. And after ſupper, I have a project to employ you in ſhall make you drink, & eat merrily this moneth: I am a little knaviſh: why and doe not I know all you to be knaves?

Pac. I grant you, we are all knaves, and will be your knaves: But, oh, while you live, take heed of being a proud knave.

Alg. On then paſſe: I will beare out my ſtaffe, and my ſtaffe ſhall beare out me.

Laz. Oh *Lazarillo*, thou art going to ſupper. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Lucio, and Bobadilla.

Luc. Pray be not angry.

I am angry, and I will be angry *diablo'*: what ſhould you doe in the Kitchin, cannot the Cooks lick their fingers without your overſeeing? nor the maids make pottage, except your dogs-head be in the pot? *Don Lucio, Don Quot-queane, Don Spinſter*, weare a Petti-coate ſtill, and put on your ſmock a' monday: I will have a badie o' clouts made for it, like a great girl: nay, if you will needs be ſtarching of Ruffs, and ſowing of black-work, I will of a milde, and loving Tutor, become a Tyrant, Your Father has committed you to my charge, and I will make a man, or a mouſe on you.

Luc. What would you have me doe? this ſcurvy ſword
So gals my thigh: I would 'twer burnt: piſh, looke
This cloak will ne'r keep on: theſe boots too hidebound,
Make

Make me walk ſtiffe, as if my leggs were frozen,
And my Spurs gingle, like a Morris-dancer :
Lord, how my head akes, with this roguiſh hat ;
This maſculine attire, is moſt uneaſie,
I am bound up in it : I had rather walke
In folio, againe, looſe, like a woman.

Bob. In Foolio, had you not ?
Thou mock to heav'n, and nature, and thy Parents,
Thou tender Legge of Lamb ; Oh, how he walkes
As if he had be-piſs'd himſelfe, and fleares !
Is this a gate for the young Cavalier,
Don Lucio, Sonne and heire to *Alvarez ?*
Has it a corne ? or do's it walke on conſcience,
It treads ſo gingerly ? Come on your wayes,
Suppoſe me now your Fathers foe, *Vitelli*,
And ſpying you i'th' ſtreet, thus I advance,
I twiſt my Beard, and then I draw my ſword.

Luc. Alas.

Bob. And thus accoſt thee : traiterous brat,
How dur'ſt thou thus confront me ? impious twig
Of that old ſtock, dew'd with my kinſmans gore,
Draw, for i'le quarter thee in peeces foure.

Luc. Nay, Prethee *Bobadilla*, leave thy fooling,
Put up thy ſword, *I* will not meddle with' ye;
I, juſtle me, I care not : I'le not draw,
Pray be a quiet man.

Bob. Do'ye heare ; anſwer me, as you would doe *Don Vitelli*, or i'le be ſo bold as to lay the pomell of my ſword over the hilts of your head: my name's *Vitelli*, and i'le have the wall.

Luc. Why then i'le have the kennell : what a coyle you (keepe?
Signior, what happen'd 'twixt my Sire and your
Kinſman, was long before I ſaw the world,
No fault of mine, nor will I juſtifie
My Fathers crimes : forget ſir, and forgive,
'Tis Chriſtianity : I pray put up your ſword,
Ile give you any ſatisfaction
That may become a Gentleman: however
I hope you are bred to more humanity
Then to revenge my Fathers wrong on me
That crave your love, and peace : law you now *Zancho*
Would not this quiet him, were he ten *Vitellies.*

Bob. Oh craven-chicken of a Cock o'th'game : well, what remedy ? did thy father ſee this, O' my conſcience, he would cut of thy Maſculine gender, crop thine eares, beat out thine eyes, and ſet thee in one of the Peare-trees for a ſcar-crow : As I am *Vitelli*, I am ſatisfied; but as I am *Bobadilla Spindola Zancho*, Steward of the houſe, and thy fathers ſervant, I could finde in my heart to lop of the hinder part of thy face, or to beat all thy teeth into thy mouth : Oh thou whay-blooded milk-ſop, Ile waite upon thee no longer, thou ſhalt ev'n waite upon me: come your wayes ſir, I ſhall take a little paines with ye elſe.

Enter Clara.

Cla. Where art thou Brother *Lucio ?* ran tan tan ta ran tan ran tan tan, ta ran tan tan-tan. Oh, I ſhall no more ſee thoſe golden dayes, theſe clothes will never fadge with me : a —— O' this filthie vardingale, this hip-hape : brother why are womens hanches onely limited, confin'd, hoop'd in, as it were with theſe ſame ſcurvy vardingales ?

Bob. Becauſe womens hanches onely are moſt ſubject to diſplay and fly out.

Cla. *Bobadilla*, rogue, ten Duckets, I hit the prepuſe of thy Cod-peicu.

Luc. Hold, if you love my life, Siſter : I am not *Zancho Bobadilla*, I am your brother *Lucio* : what a fright you have put me in ?

Cla. Brother ? and wherefore thus ?

Luc. Why, Maſter Steward here, *Signior Zancho*, made me change : he do's nothing but miſuſe me, and call me Cowheard, and ſweares I ſhall waite upon him.

Bob. Well : I doe no more then I have authority for : would I were away though : for ſhe's as much too manniſh, as he too womaniſh : I dare not meddle with her, yet I muſt ſet a good face on't (if I had it) I have like charge of you Maddam, I am as well to mollifie you, as to qualifie him : what have you to doe with Armors, and Piſtols, and Javelins, and ſwords, and ſuch tooles ? remember Miſtreſſe ; nature hath given you a ſheath onely, to ſignifie women are to put up mens weapons, not to draw them : looke you now, is this a fit trot for a Gentlewoman? You ſhall ſee the Court Ladies move like Goddeſſes, as if they trod ayre ; they will ſwim you their meaſures, like whiting-mops as if their feet were finnes, and the hinges of their knees oyld : doe they love to ride great horſes, as you doe ? no, they love to ride great aſſes ſooner : faith, I know not what to ſay to'ye both : Cuſtome hath turn'd nature topſie-turvy in you.

Cla. Nay but Maſter Steward.

Bob. You cannot trot ſo faſt, but he ambles as ſlowly.

Cla. *Signior Spindle*, will you heare me,

Bob. He that ſhall come to beſtride your virginitie, had better be afoot o're the Dragon.

Cla. Very well.

Bob. Did ever Spaniſh Lady pace ſo ?

Cla. Hold theſe a little.

Luc. Ile not touch 'em, I.

Cla. Firſt doe I breake your Office o're your pate,
You Dog-skin-fac'd-rogue, pilcher, you poore *Iohn*,
Which I will beat to Stock-fiſh.

Luc. Siſter.

Bob. Maddam.

Cla. You Cittern-head, who have you talk'd to, hah?
You naſty, ſtincking, and ill-countenanc'd Cur.

Bob. By this hand, Ile bang your brother for this, when I get him alone.

Cla. How ? kick him *Lucio*, he ſhall kick you *Bob*,
Spight o' the noſe, that's flat : kick him, I ſay,
Or I will cut thy head off.

Bob. Softly y'had beſt.

Cla. Now, thou leane, dride, and ominous viſag'd (knave,
Thou falſe and peremptory Steward, pray,
For I will hang thee up in thine own Chaine.

Luc. Good Siſter, doe not choake him.

Bob. Murder, murder. *Exit.*

Cla. Well : I ſhall meet with 'ye : *Lucio*, who bought this ?
'Tis a reaſonable good one ; but there hangs one
Spaines Champion ne're uſ'd truer : with this Staffe
Old *Alvarez* has led up men ſo cloſe,
They could almoſt ſpit in the Canons mouth,
Whil'ſt I with that, and this well mounted, ſcurr'd
A Horſe-troope through, and through, like ſwift deſire,
And ſeen poor rogues retire, all gore, and gaſh'd
Like bleeding Shads.

Luc. 'Bleſſe us, Siſter *Clara*,
How deſperately you talke : what do'ye call
This Gun a dag ?

Cla. Ile give't thee : a French petronell :
You never ſaw my Barbary, the *Infanta*
Beſtow'd upon me, as yet *Lucio ?*
Walke down, and ſee it.

Luc. What into the Stable ?

Not I,the Jades wil kick: the poore Groom there
Was almoſt ſpoyld the other day.
Cla. Fie on thee,
Thou wilt ſcarce be a man before thy mother.
Luc. When wil you be a woman?
Enter Alvarez and Bobadilla.
*Cla.*Would I were none.
But natures privy Seale aſſures me one.
Alv. Thou angerſt me: can ſtrong habituall cuſtome
Work with ſuch Magick on the mind,and manners
In ſpight of ſex and nature? finde out ſirha,
Some skilfull fighter.
Bob. Yes ſir.
Alv. I wil rectifie,
And redeem eithers proper inclination,
Or bray 'em in a morter,and new mold 'em. (*Exit.*
*Bob.*Believe your eyes ſir,I tell you,we waſh an Ethiop.
Cla. I ſtrike it for ten Duckets.
*Alv.*How now *Clara,*
Your breeches on ſtill? and your petticote
Not yet off *Lucio?* art thou not guelt?
Or did the cold Muſcovite beget thee,
That lay here Lieger in the laſt great froſt?
Art not thou *Clara,* turn'd a man indeed
Beneath the girdle? and a woman thou?
Ile have you ſearch'd by——,I ſtrongly doubt;
We muſt have theſe things mended: come go in. *Exit.*
Enter Vitelli,and Bobadilla.
Bob. With *Lucio* ſay you? there is for you.
Vit. And there is for thee.
Bob. I thank you: you have now bought a little advice
Of me; if you chance to have conference with that
Lady there,be very civill, or looke to your head: ſhe has
Ten nailes,and you have but two eyes: If any fooliſh
Hot motions ſhould chance to riſe in the horizon
Under your equinoctiall there, qualifie it as well as
You can, for I feare the elevation of your pole will
Not agree with the Horoſcope of her conſtitution:
She is Bell the Dragon I aſſure you. *Exit.*
*Vit.*Are you the *Lucio,*ſir,that ſav'd *Vitelli?*
*Luc.*Not I indeed ſir, I did never brable;
There walks that *Lucio,* metamorphoſed. *Exit.*
Vit. Do ye mock me?
*Cla.*No,he do's not: I am that
Supoſed *Lucio,*that was but *Clara,*
That is, and daughter unto *Alvarez.*
*Vit.*Amazement daunts me;would my life were riddles,
So you were ſtill my faire Expoſitor:
Protected by a Lady from my death.
Oh I ſhall weare an everlaſting bluſh
Upon my cheek from this diſcovery:
Oh you the faireſt Souldier,I ere ſaw;
Each of whoſe eyes, like a bright beamy ſhield
Conquers,without blowes, the contentious.
*Cla.*Sir,guard your ſelf,you are in your enemies houſe,
And may be injur'd.
*Vit.*Tis impoſſible:
Foe,nor oppreſſing odds dares prove *Vitelli,*
If *Clara* ſide him,and wil call him friend;
I would the difference of our bloods were ſuch
As might with any ſhift be wip'd away:
Or would to Heaven your ſelfe were all your name;
That having loſt blood by you,I might hope
To raiſe blood from you. But my black-wing'd fate
Hovers averſely over that fond hope:
And he,whoſe tongue thus gratifies the daughter,
And ſiſter of his enemy, weares a Sword
To rip the father and the brother up.
Thus you,that ſav'd this wretched life of mine,
Have ſaved it to the ruine of your friends.
That my affections ſhould promiſcuouſly
Dart love and hate at once, both worthily?
Pray let me kiſſe your hand.
Cla. You are treacherous,
And come to do me miſchiefe.
*Vit.*Speake on ſtill:
Your words are falſer (faire) then my intents,
And each ſweet accent far more treacherous; for
Though you ſpeak ill of me, you ſpeak ſo well,
I doe deſire to heare you.
*Cla.*Pray be gone:
Or kill me,if you pleaſe.
Vit. Oh,neither can:
For to be gone,were to deſtroy my life;
And to kill you,were to deſtroy my ſoule:
I am in love, yet muſt not be in love:
Ile get away a pace: yet valiant Lady,
Such gratitude to hononr I do owe,
And ſuch obedience to your memory,
That if you will beſtow ſomething, that I
May weare about me,it ſhall bind all wrath,
My moſt inveterate wrath,from all attempts,
Till you and I meet next.
Cla. A favour ſir?
Why I wil give ye good councell.
*Vit.*That already
You have beſtowd. a Ribbon,'or a Glove.
Cla. Nay thoſe are tokens for a waiting maid
To trim the Butler with.
Vit. Your feather.
*Cla.*Fie; the wenches give them to their Serving-men.
*Vit.*That little ring.
Cla. Twill hold you but by th' finger;
And I would have you faſter.
*Vit.*Any thing
That I may weare, and but remember you.
*Cla.*This ſmile:my good opinion,or my ſelf.
But that it ſeems you like not.
Vit. Yes,ſo well:
When any ſmiles,I will remember yours;
Your good opinion ſhall in weight poize me
Againſt a thouſand ill: Laſtly,your ſelfe,
My curious eye now figures in my heart,
Where I wil weare you, till the Table breake.
So,whiteſt Angels guard you.
Cla. Stay ſir, I
Have fitly thought to give, what you as fitly
May not diſdaine to weare.
*Vit.*What's that?
Cla. This Sword.
I never heard a man ſpeak till this houre.
His words are golden chaines,and now I feare
The Lyoneſſe hath met a tamer here;
Fie,how his tongue chimes: what was I ſaying?
Oh: this favour I bequeath you, which I tie
In a love-knot,faſt,nere to hurt my friends;
Yet be it fortunate 'gainſt all your foes
(For I have neither friend,nor foe, but yours)
As ere it was to me: I have kepit it long,
And value it, next my Virginity:
But good,return it, for I now remember
I vow'd,who purchas'd it,ſhould have me too.
*Vit.*would that were poſſible:but alas it is not;
Yet this aſſure your ſelfe,moſt honour'd *Clara,*
Ile not infringe an Article of breath
My vow hath offerd to ye: nor from this part

Whilſt it hath edge,or point,or I a heart. *Exit.*
*Cla.*Oh leave me living: what new exerciſe
Is crept into my breaſt, that blauncheth clean
My former nature? I begin to finde
I am a woman, and muſt learn to fight
A ſofter ſweeter battaile, then with Swords.
I am ſick me thinks, but the diſeaſe I feele
Pleaſeth,and puniſheth: I warrant love
Is very like this,that folks talke of ſo;
I skill not what it is,yet ſure even here,
Even in my heart, I ſenſibly perceive
It glows,and riſeth like a glimmering flame,
But know not yet the eſſence on't nor name. *Exit.*

Actus tertius, Scæna prima.

Enter Malroda,and Alguazier.

Mal. He muſt not? nor he ſhall not,who ſhall let him?
You?politique *Diego*,with your face of wiſdome;
Don-blirt,the ——on your aphoriſmes,
Your grave,and ſage Ale phyſiognomy:
Do not I know thee for the *Alquazier*
Whoſe dunghill all the Pariſh Scavengers
Could never rid? thou Comedy to men,
Whoſe ſerious folly is a but for all
To ſhoot their wits at; whilſt thou haſt not wit,
Nor heart,to anſwer, or be angry.
Alg. Lady.
*Mal.*Peace,peace,you rotten rogue,ſupported by
A ſtaffe of rottener office: dare you check
Anys acceſſes,that I wil allow?
Piorato is my friend,and viſits me
In lawfull ſort to eſpouſe me as his wife;
And who wil croſſe, or ſhall our enter-viewes?
You know me ſirha, for no Chambermaid,
That caſt her belly,and her waſtcote lately;
Thou thinkſt thy Conſtableſhip is much:not ſo,
I am ten offices to thee: I, thy houſe,
Thy houſe, and Office is maintain'd by me.
*Alg.*My houſe of office is maintain'd ith' garden:
Go too, I know you, and I have contriv'd;
Y'are a delinquent,but I have contriv'd
A poyſon, though not in the third degree:
I can ſay,blacks your eye,though it be grey;
I have connivd at this.your friend,and you:
But what is got by this connivency?
I like his feather well: a proper man,
Of good diſcourſe,fine converſation,
Valiant, and a great carrier of the buſineſſe,
Sweet breaſted,as the Nightingale,or Thruſh:
Yet I muſt tell you; you forget your ſelfe,
My Lord *Vitellies* love, and maintenance
Deſerves no other Jack ith' box,but he:
What though he gather'd firſt the golden fruit,
And blew your pigges-coat up into a bliſter,
When you did wait at Court upon his mother;
Has he not wel provided for the barne?
Beſide, what profit reap I by the other?
If you wil have me ſerve your pleaſure,Lady,
Your pleaſure muſt accommodate my ſervice;
As good be vertuous and poore, as not
Thrive by my knavery: all the world would be
Good,proſper'd goodneſſe like to villany.
I am the Kings vice-gerent by my place;
His right Lieutenant in mine owe precinct.
Mal. Thou art a right raſcall in all mens precincts;
Yet now my paire of twins,of foole,and knave,
Looke we are friends; there's Gold for thee,admit
Whom I wil have,and keep it from my *Don*;
And I will make thee richer then thou art wiſe:
Thou ſhalt be my Bawd, and my Officer:
Thy children ſhall eate ſtill my good night Owle,
And thy old wife ſell Andyrons to the Court,
Be countenanced by the *Dons*,and weare a hood,
Nay keepe my garden-houſe; Ile call her mother,
Thee father, my good poyſonous red-har'd Dill,
And Gold ſhall daily be thy Sacrifice,
Wrought from a fertill Iſland of mine owne,
Which I wil offer,like an Indian Queen.
*Alg.*And I wil be thy divel,thou my fleſh,
With which Ile catch the world.
Mal. Fill ſome Tobacco,
And bring it in: if *Piorato* come
Before my *Don*, admit him; if my *Don*
Before my Love,conduct him,my deere devill. *Exit.*
*Alg.*I wil my dear fleſh:firſt come, firſt ſerv'd.Wel ſaid.
O equall Heaven, how wiſely thou diſpoſeſt
Thy ſeverall gifts? one's born a great rich foole,
For the ſubordinate knave to worke upon:
Anothers poore, with wits addition,
Which wel or ill uſ'd, builds a living up;
And that too from the Sire oft diſcends:
Onely faire vertue, by traduction
Never ſucceeds,and ſeldome meets ſucceſſe;
What have I then to do with't? My free will
Left me by Heaven, makes me or good, or ill:
Now ſince vice gets more in this vicious world
Then piety,and my ſtars confluence
Enforce my diſpoſition to affect
Gaine,and the name of rich, let who wil practice
War,and grow that way great: religious,
And that way good: my chiefe felicity
Is wealth the nurſe of ſenſuality:
And he that mainly labours to be rich,
Muſt ſcratch great ſcabs,and claw a Strumpets itch. *Exit.*

Scæna ſecunda.

Enter Piorato,and Bobadilla, with Letters.

Pio. To ſay ſir, I wil wait upon your Lord,
Were not to underſtand my ſelfe.
Bob. To ſay ſir
You wil doe any thing but wait npon him,
Were not to underſtand my Lord.
Pio. Ile meet him
Some halfe houre hence,and doubt not but to render
His ſonne a man againe: the cure is eaſie,
I have done divers.
*Bob.*Women do ye mean,ſir?
Pio. Cures I do mean ſir: be there but one ſparke
Of fire remaining in him unextinct,
With my diſcourſe Ile blow it to a flame;
And with my practice, into action:
I have had one ſo full of childiſh feare,
And womaniſh hearted ſent to my advice,
He durſt not draw a Knife to cut his meat.
Bob. And how ſir, did you help him?
Pio. Sir,I kept him
Seaven daies in a darke room by Candle-light,
A plenteous Table ſpread with all good meats,
Before his eyes, a caſe of keen broad Knives,

Upon the board,and he ſo watchd, he might not
Touch the leaſt modicum, unleſſe he cut it:
And thus I brought him firſt to draw a knife .
*Bob.*Good.
Pio. Then for ten daies did I diet him
Onely with burnt Porke ſir, and gammons of Bacon;
A pill of Caveary now and then,
Which breeds choler aduſt you know.
Bob. Tis true.
*Pio.*And to purge phlegmatick humor, and cold crudities;
In all that time,he dranke me Aqua fortis,
And nothing elſe but——
Bob. Aqua vite Signior,
For Aqua fortis poyſons.
Pio. Aqua fortis
I ſay again: what's one mans poyſon Signior,
Is anothers meat or drinke.
*Bob.*Your patience ſir;
By your good patience,h'ad a huge cold ſtomacke.
*Pio.*I fir'd it: and gave him then three ſweats
In the Artillery-yard three drilling daies:
And now he'l ſhoot a Gun,and draw a Sword,
And fight with any man in Chriſtendome.
*Bob.*A receipt for a coward: Ile be bold ſir
To write your good preſcription.
Pio. Sir,hereafter
You ſhall,and underneath it put *probatum*:
Is your chaine right?
*Bob.*Tis both right and juſt ſir;
For though I am a Steward,I did get it
With no mans wrong.
*Pio.*You are witty.
Bob. So,ſo.
Could you not cure one ſir,of being too raſh
And over-daring? there now's my diſeaſe:
Fool-hardy as they ſay,for that in ſooth
I am.
*Pio.*Moſt eaſily.
Bob. How?
Pio. To make you drunke ſir,
With ſmal Beere once a day; and beat you twice,
Till you be bruis'd all over: if that help not,
Knock out your braines.
Bob. This is ſtrong Phyſick Signior,
And never wil agree with my weak body:
I finde the medcine worſe then the malady,
And therefore wil remain fool-hardy ſtil:
You'l come ſir?
Pio: As I am a Gentleman.
Bob. A man oth' Sword ſhould never break his word.
*Pio.*Ile overtake you: I have onely ſir
A complementall viſitation
To offer to a Miſtris lodgd here by.
*Bob.*A Gentlewoman?
Pio Yes ſir.
Bob. Faire,and comely?
*Pio.*Oh ſir,the Paragon, the Non-parill
Of Civill,the moſt wealthy Mine of Spaine,
For beauty,and perfection.
*Bob.*Say you ſo?
Might not a man entreat a curteſie,
To walke along with you Signior, to peruſe
This dainty Mine,though not to dig in't Sgnior?
Hauh—I hope you'l not deny me,being a ſtranger;
Though I am Steward,I am fleſh and blood,
And fraile as other men.
Pio. Sir,blow your noſe:
I dare not for the world: no,ſhe is kept
By a great *Don, Vitelli.*
Bob. How?
Pio. Tis true.
*Bob.*See,things wil veere about: this Don *Vitelli*
Am I to ſeeke now,to deliver Letters
From my young Miſtris *Clara:* and I tell you,
Under the Roſe, becauſe you are a ſtranger,
And my ſpeciall friend, I doubt there is
A little fooliſh love betwixt the parties,
Unknown unto my Lord.
Pio. Happy diſcovery:
My fruit begins to ripen: hark you ſir,
I would not wiſh you now,to give thoſe Letters:
But home,and ope this to *Madona Clara,*
Which when I come Ile juſtifie,and relate
More amply,and particularly.
Bob. I approve
Your counſell,and wil practice it: *bazilos manos:*
Here's two chewres chewrd: when wiſdome is imployd
Tis ever thus:your more acquaintance, Signior:
I ſay not better,leaſt you think,I thought not
Yours good enough. *Exit.*

Enter Alguazier.

*Pio.*Your ſervant excellent Steward.
Would all the Dons in Spain had no more brains,
Here comes the *Alguazier: dieu vous guard Mounſier.*
Is my cuz ſtirring yet?
*Alg.*Your cuz (good coſen?)
A whore is like a foole, akin to all
The gallants in the Town: Your cuz, good Signior,
Is gone abroad ſir,with her other coſen,
My Lord *Vitelli*: ſince when there hath been
Some dozen coſens here to enquire for her.
*Pio.*She's greatly alli'd ſir.
Alg. Marry is ſhe ſir,
Come of a luſty kindred: the truth is,
I muſt connive no more: no more admittance
Muſt I conſent to; my good Lord has threatned me;
And you muſt pardon.
*Pio.*Out upon thee man,
Turne honeſt in thine age? one foot ith' grave?
Thou ſhalt not wrong thy ſelfe ſo,for a million:
Looke,thou three-headed *Cerberus* (for wit
I mean)here is one ſop,and two,and three,
For every chop a bit.
Alg. I marry ſir:
Wel,the poore heart loves you but too wel.
We have been talking on you 'faith this houre:
Where,what I ſaid, goe too: ſhe loves your valour;
Oh and your Muſicke moſt abominably:
She is within ſir,and alone: what meane you?
Pio That is your Sergeants ſide,I take it ſir;
Now I endure your Conſtables much better;
There is leſſe danger in't: for one you know
Is a tame harmleſſe monſter in the light,
The Sergeant ſalvage both by day,and night.
Alg Ile call her to you for that.
Pio No,I wil charme her. *Enter Malroda.*
*Alg.*She's come.
Pio. My Spirit.
Mal. Oh my Sweet,
Leape hearts to lips,and in our kiſſes meet.
Pio. *Turn, turn thy beauteous face away,* Song.
How pale and ſickly looks the day,
In emulation of thy brighter beams!
Oh envious light, fly, fly,be gone,
Come night, and peece two breaſts as one;
When what love does,we will repeat in dreams.

Yet (thy eyes open) who can day hence fright,
Let but their lids fall, and it will be night.
Alg. Wel, I wil leave you to your fortitude;
And you to temperance: ah, ye pretty paire,
Twere ſin to ſunder you. Lovers being alone
Make one of two, and day and night all one.
But fall not out, I charge you, keep the peace;
You know my place elſe. *Exit.*
Mal. No, you wil not marry:
You are a Courtier, and can ſing (my Love)
And want no Miſtriſſes: but yet I care not,
Ile love you ſtill; and when I am dead for you,
Then you'l believe my truth.
Pio. You kill me (faire)
It is my leſſon that you ſpeake: have I
In any circumſtance deſerv'd this doubt?
I am not like your falſe and perjur'd Don
That here maintains you, and has vowd his faith,
And yet attempts in way of marriage
A Lady not far off.
Mal. How's that?
Pio. Tis ſo:
And therefore Miſtris, now the time is come
You may demand his promiſe; and I ſweare
To marry you with ſpeed.
Mal. And with that Gold
Which Don *Vitelli* gives, you'l walke ſome voyage
And leave me to my trade; and laugh, and brag,
How you ore-reach'd a whore, aud guld a Lord.
Pio. You anger me extreamly: fare you wel.
What ſhould I ſay to be believd? expoſe me
To any hazzard; or like jealous *Juno*
(Th' incenſed ſtep-mother of *Hercules*)
Deſigne me labours moſt impoſſible,
Ile doe 'em, or die in 'em; ſo at laſt
You wil believe me.
Mal. Come, we are friends: I doe.
I am thine, walk in: my Lord has ſent me outſides,
But thou ſhalt have 'em, the colours are too ſad:
Pio. 'Faith Miſtris, I want clothes indeed.
Mal. I have
Some Gold too, for my ſervant.
Pio. And I have
A better mettle for my Miſtris. *Exeunt.*

Scena tertia.

Enter Vitelli and Alguazier, at ſeverall doors.

Alg. Undone——wit now or never help me: my Maſter
He wil cut my throat, I am a dead Conſtable;
And he'l not be hangd neither, there's the griefe:
The party ſir is here.
Vit. What?
Alg. He was here;
I cry your Lordſhip mercy: but I rattled him;
I told him here was no companions
For ſuch deboſhd, and poor-condition'd fellows;
I bid him venture not ſo deſperately
The cropping of his eares, ſlitting his noſe,
Or being gelt.
Vit. T was wel done.
Alg. Pleaſe your honour,
I told him there were Stewes, and then at laſt
Swore three or foure great oathes ſhe was remov'd,
Which I did thinke I might in conſcience,
Being for your Lordſhip.
Vit. What became of him?
Alg. Faith ſir, he went away with a flea in's eare,
Like a poore cur, clapping his trindle taile
Betwixt his legs.--*A chi ha, a chi ha, a chi ha*-- now luck.

Enter Malroda and Piorato.

Mal. Tis he, do as I told thee: 'Bleſſe thee Signior.
Oh, my deare Lord.
Vit. *Malroda*, what alone?
Mal. She never is alone, that is accompanied
With noble thoughts, my Lord; and mine are ſuch,
Being onely of your Lordſhip.
Vit. Pretty Laſſe.
Mal. Oh my good Lord, my picture's done: but 'faith
It is not like; nay this way ſir, the light
Strikes beſt upon it here.
Pio. Excellent wench. *Exit.*
Alg. I am glad the danger's over. *Exit.*
Vit. Tis wondrous like,
But that Art cannot counterfeit what Nature
Could make but once.
Mal. All's cleare; another tune
You muſt heare from me now: *Vitelli*, thou'rt
A moſt perfidious and a perjur'd man,
As ever did uſurpe Nobility.
Vit. What meanſt thou *Mal.?*
Mal. Leave your betraying ſmiles,
And change the tunes of your inticing tongues
To penitentiall prayers; for I am great
In labour even with anger, big with child
Of womans rage, bigger then when my wombe
Was pregnant by thee: goe ſeducer, fly
Out of the world, let me the laſt wretch be
Diſhonoured by thee: touch me not, I loath
My very heart, becauſe thou layſt there long;
A woman's wel helpt up, that's confident
In ere a glittering outſide on you all:
Would I had honeſtly been matchd to ſome
Poore Countrey-ſwaine, ere known the vanity
Of Court: peace then had been my portion,
Nor had been cozend by an houres pompe
To be a whore unto my dying day.
Vit. Oh the uncomfortable waies ſuch women have,
Their different ſpeech and meaning, no aſſurance
In what they ſay or do: Diſſemblers
Even in their prayers, as if the weeping Greeke
That flatter'd Troy afire had been their *Adam*;
Lyers, as if their mother had been made
Onely of all the falſhood of the man,
Diſpos'd into that rib: Do I know this,
And more: nay, all that can concern this Sex,
With the true end of my creation?
Can I with rationall diſcourſe ſometimes
Advance my ſpirit into Heaven, before
'T has ſhook hands with my body, and yet blindly
Suffer my filthy fleſh to maſter it,
With ſight of ſuch faire fraile beguiling objects?
When I am abſent, eaſily I reſolve
Nere more to entertaine thoſe ſtrong deſires
That triumph ore me, even to actuall ſin;
Yet when I meet again thoſe ſorſerers eyes,
Their beames my hardeſt reſolutions thaw,
As if that cakes of Ice and July met,
And her ſighes powerfull as the violent North,
Like a light feather twirle me round about
And leave me in mine own low ſtate again.
What aylſt thou? prethee weep not: Oh, thoſe tears
If they were true, and righly ſpent, would raiſe
A flowry ſpring ith' midſt of January:
Celeſtiall Miniſters with Chriſtall cups
Would ſtoop to ſave 'em for immortall drink:

But from this paſſion ;why all this?
Mal. Do'ye ask?
You are marrying: having made me unfit
For any man, you leave me fit for all:
Porters muſt be my burthens now, to live
And fitting me your ſelfe for Carts, and Beadles
You leave me to 'em: And who of all the world
But the virago, your great Arch-foes daughter?
But on: I care not, this poore ruſh: 'twill breed
An excellent comedy: ha, ha: 't makes me laugh:
I cannot chooſe: the beſt is, ſome report
It is a match for feare, not love o' your ſide.
Vit. Why how the devill knows ſhe, that I ſaw
This Lady? are all whores, peec'd with ſome witch?
I will be merry, 'faith 'tis true, ſweet heart,
I am to marry?
Mal. Are you? you baſe Lord.
By —— i'le Piſtoll thee.
Vit. A roaring whore?
Take heed, there's a correction houſe hard by: (you of,
You ha' learn'd this o' your ſwordman, that I warn'd
Your fencers, and your drunkards: but whereas
You upbraid me with oathes, why I muſt tell you
I ne're promis'd you marriage, nor have vow'd,
But ſaid I lov'd you, long as you remain'd
The woman I expected, or you ſwore, (know.
And how you have fail'd of that (ſweet heart) you
You faine would ſhew your power, but fare you well,
Ile keepe no more faith with an infidell.
Mal. Nor I my boſome for a Turk: do'ye heare?
Goe, and the devill take me, if ever
I ſee you more: I was too true.
Vit. Come, piſh:
That devill take the falſeſt of us two.
Mal. Amen.
Vit. You are an ill Clerk; and curſe your ſelfe:
Madneſſe tranſports you: I confeſſe, I drew you
Unto my will: but you muſt know that muſt not
Make me doat on the habit of my ſin.
I will, to ſettle you to your content,
Be maſter of my word: and yet he li'd
That told you I was marrying, but in thought:
But will you ſlave me to your tyranny
So cruelly I ſhall not dare to looke
Or ſpeake to other women? make me not
Your ſmocks Monopolie: come, let's be friends:
Looke, her's a Jewell for thee: I will come
At night, and——
Mal. What 'yfaith: you ſhall not ſir.
Vit. 'Faith, and troth, and verily, but I will
Ma. Halfe drunck, to make a noiſe, and raile?
Vit. No, no,
Sober, and dieted for the nonce: I am thine,
I have won the day.
Mal. The night (though) ſhall be mine. *Exeunt.*

Scæna quarta.

Enter Clara and Bobadilla with Letters.

Cla. What ſaid he ſirha?
Bob. Little, or nothing: faith I ſaw him not,
Nor will not: he doth love a ſtrumpet, Miſtreſſe,
Nay, keeps her ſpitefully, under the Conſtables noſe,
It ſhall be juſtifi'd by the Gentleman
Your brothers Maſter, that is now within
A' practiſing: there are your Letters: come
You ſhall not caſt your ſelfe away, while I live,
Nor will I venture my right worſhipfull place *Enter*
In ſuch a buſineſſe---here's your Mother: downe: *Euge-*
And he that loves you: another'gates fellow, I wiſh *nia*
If you had any grace. *& Sayavedra.*
Cla. Well rogue.
Bob. Ile in, to ſee Don *Lucio* mannage: he'll make
A pretty peece of fleſh; I promiſe you,
He do's already handle his weapon finely. *Exit.*
Eug. She knows your love ſir, and the full allowance
Her Father and my ſelfe approve it with,
And I muſt tell you, I much hope it hath
Wrought ſome impreſſion, by her alteration;
She ſighes, and ſaies forſooth, and cries heigh ho,
She'll take ill words oth' Steward, and the Servants,
Yet anſwer affably, and modeſtly:
Things ſir, not uſuall with her: there ſhe is,
Change ſome few words.
Say. Maddam, I am bound to 'ye;
How now, faire Miſtreſſe, working?
Cla. Yes forſooth,
Learning to live another day.
Say. That needs not.
Cla. No forſooth: by my truly but it do's,
We know not what we may come too.
Eug. 'Tis ſtrange.
Say Come, I ha beg'd leave for you to play.
Cla. Forſooth
'Tis ill for a faire *Lady* to be idle.
Say. She had better be well- buſied, I know that.
Turtle: me thinkes you mourne, ſhall I ſit by you?
Cla. If you be weary ſir, you had beſt be gone
(I work not a true ſtitch) now you'r my mate.
Say. If I be ſo, I muſt doe more then ſide you.
Cla. Ev'n what you will, but tread me.
Say. Shall we bill?
Cla. Oh no, forſooth.
Say. Being ſo faire, my *Clara*,
Why do'ye delight in black-worke?
Cla. Oh white ſir,
The faireſt Ladies like the blackeſt men:
I ever lov'd the colour: all black things
Are leaſt ſubject to change.
Say. Why, I doe love
A black thing too: andthe moſt beauteous faces
Have oftneſt of them: as the blackeſt eyes,
Jet-arched browes, ſuch haire: i'le kiſſe your hand.
Cla. 'Twill hinder me work my ſir: and my Mother
Will chide me, if I doe not doe my taske.
Say. Your Mother, nor your Father ſhall chide: you
Might have a prettier taske, would you be rul'd,
And looke with open eyes.
Cla. I ſtare upon you:
And broadly ſee you: a wondrous proper man,
Yet 'twere a greater taske for me to love you
Then I ſhall ever work ſir, in ſeven yeer,
—— o' this ſtitching, I had rather feele
Two, then ſow one:-- this rogue h'as giv'n me a ſtitch
Cleane croſſe my heart: good faith ſir: I ſhall prick you.
Say. In goodder faith, I would prick you againe.
Cla. Now you grow troubleſome: piſh; the man is,
(fooliſh
Say. Pray weare theſe trifles.
Cla. Neither you, nor trifles,
You are a trifle, weare your ſelfe, ſir, out,
And here no more trifle the time away.
Say. Come; you're deceived in me, I will not wake,
Nor faſt, nor dye for you.
Cla. Gooſe, be not you deceiv'd,
I can not like, nor love, nor live with you,

Nor faſt, nor watch, nor pray for you.
Eug. Her old fit.
Say. Sure, this is not the way: nay, I will breake
Your melancholie.
Cla. I ſhall breake your pate then,
Away, you ſanguine ſcabbard.
Eug. Out upon thee *Enter Alvarez,*
Thou'lt breake my heart, I am ſure. *Piorato, Lucio:*
Say. She's not yet tame. *& Bobadilla.*
Alv. On ſir; put home: or I ſhall goad you here
With this old Fox of mine, that will bite better:
Oh, the brave age is gone; in my young daies
A Chevalier would ſtock a needles point
Three times together: ſtrait ith' hams?
Or ſhall I gi'v'ye new Garters?
Bob. Faith old Maſter.
There's little hope: the linnen ſure was danck
He was begot in, he's ſo faint, and cold: *2 Torches*
Ev'n ſend him to *Toledo*, there to ſtudy, *ready.*
For he will never fadge with theſe *Toledos*;
Beare ye up your point there; pick his teeth: Oh' baſe.
Pio. Fie: you are the moſt untoward Scholler: beare
Your body gracefully: what a poſture's there?
You lie too open breaſted.
Luc. Oh!
Pio. You'ld never
Make a good Stateſ-man:
Luc. Pray no more.
I hope to breath in peace, and therefore need not
The practiſe of theſe dangerous qualities,
I doe not meane to live by't; for I truſt
You'l leave me better able.
Alv. Not a Button:
Eugenia, Let's goe get us a new heire.
Eug. I by my troth: your daughter's as untoward.
Alv. I will breake thee bone by bone, and bake thee,
Ere i'le ha' ſuch a woodden Sonne, to inherit:
Take him a good knock; ſee how that will work.
Pio. Now, for your life Signior:
Luc. Oh: alas, I am kill'd
My eye is out: looke Father: *Zancho*: ——
Ile play the foole no more thus, that I will not.
Cla. 'Heart: nere a rogue in *Spaine* ſhall wrong my (brother
Whil'ſt I can hold a ſword.
Pio. Hold, Maddam, Maddam.
Alv. *Clara.*
Eug. Daughter.
Bob. Miſtreſſe:
Pio. *Bradamante.*
Hold, hold I pray.
Alv. The devil's in her, o'the other ſide: ſure,
There's Gold for you: they have chang'd what ye call't's:
Will no cure help? well, I have one experiment,
And if that faile, Ile hang him, then here's an end on't.
Come you along with me: and you ſir: *Exit*
Bob. Now are you going to drowning. *Alv. Eug. Luc.*
Say. Ile ev'n along with ye: ſhe's too great a Lady *Bob.*
For me, and would prove more then my match. *Exit.*
Cla. You'r he ſpoke of *Vitelli* to the Steward?
Pio. Yes: and I thank you, you have beat me for't.
Cla. But are you ſure you doe not wrong him?
Pio. Sure?
So ſure, that if you pleaſe venture your ſelfe
Ile ſhow you him, and his Cockatrice together,
And you ſhall heare 'em talke.
Cla. Will you? by —— ſir
You ſhall endeere me ever: and I aſk
You mercy.
Pio. You were ſomewhat boyſtrous.
Cla. There's Gold to make you amends: and for this (paines,
Ile gratifie you further: i'le but maſque me
And walke along with ye: faith let's make a night (on't. *Exit.*

Scæna quinta.

Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Mendoza.
Metaldi, Lazarillo.

Alg. Come on my brave water-Spaniels: you that hunt Ducks in the night: and hide more knavery under your gownes then your betters: obſerve my precepts, and edifie by my doctrine: at yond corner will I ſet you; if drunkards moleſt the ſtreet, & fall to brabling, knock you down the malefactors, and take you up their cloaks and hats, and bring them to me: they are lawfull priſoners, and muſt be ranſom'd ere they receive liberty: what elſe you are to execute upon occaſion, you ſufficiently know: and therefore I abbreviat my Lecture.
Met. We are wiſe enough, and warme enough.
Men. Vice this night ſhall be apprehended.
Pach. The terror of rug-gownes ſhall be known: and (our bils
Diſcharge us of after recknings.
Laz. I will doe any thing, ſo I may eat.
Pach. *Lazarillo*, We will ſpend no more; now we are growne worſe, we will live better: let us follow our calling faithfully.
Alg. Away, then the Common-wealth is our Miſtreſſe: (and who
Would ſerve a common Miſtreſſe, but to gaine by her?
Exeunt.

Actus quartus. Scæna prima.

Enter Vitelli, Lamorall, Genevora, Anaſtro,
and two Pages with lights.

Lam. I pray you ſee the Maſque, my Lord,
Ana. 'Tis early night yet.
Gen. O if it be ſo late, take me along:
I would not give advantage to ill tongues
To tax my being here, without your preſence
To be my warrant.
Vit. You might ſpare this, Siſter,
Knowing with whom I leave you; one that is
By your allowance, and his choice, your Servant,
And may my councell and perſwaſion work it,
Your husband ſpeedily: For your entertainement
My thankes; I will not rob you of the meanes
To doe your Miſtreſſe ſome acceptable ſervice
In waiting on her to my houſe.
Gen. My Lord,
Vit. As you reſpect me, without further trouble
Retire, and taſte thoſe pleaſures prepar'd for you,
And leave me to my own wayes.
Lam. When you pleaſe ſir. *Exeunt.*

Scæna ſecunda.

Enter Malroda, and Alguazier.

Mal. You'l leave my Chamber?
Alg. Let us but bill once,
My Dove, my Sparrow, and I, with my office
Will be thy ſlaves for ever.

Mal. Are you ſo hot?
Alg. But taſte the difference of a man in place,
You'l finde that when authoritie pricks him forward,
Your Don, nor yet your Diego comes not neere him
To doe a Lady right: no men pay deerer
For their ſtolne ſweetes, then we: three minutes trading
Affords to any ſinner a protection
For three yeeres after: thinke on that, I burne;
But one drop of your bounty.
Mal. Hence you rogue,
Am *I* fit for you? is't not grace ſufficient
To have your ſtaffe, a bolt to bar the doore
Where a *Don* enters, but that you'l preſume
To be his taſter?
Alg. Is no more reſpect
Due to this rod of juſtice?
Mal. Doe you diſpute?
Good Doctor of the Dungeon, not a word more,
—— If you doe, my Lord *Vitelli* knowes it.
Alg. Why I am bigge enough to anſwer him,
Or any man.
Mal. 'Tis well. *Vitelli within.*
Vit. Malroda.
(Cur
Alg. How?
Mal. You know the voice, and now crowch like a
Tane worrying ſheepe: I now could have you guelded
For a Bawd rampani: but on this ſubmiſſion
For once I ſpare you
Alg. I Will be reveng'd
My honourable Lord.
Vit. There's for thy care
Alg. I am mad, ſtarck mad: proud Pagan ſcorn her hoſt
I would I were but valiant enough to kick her,
Enter Piorato & Clara, above.
Il'd wiſh no manhood elſe.
Mal. What's that?
Alg. I am gone. *Exit.*
Pio. You ſee, I have kept my word.
Cla. But in this object
Hardly deſerv'd my thanks.
Pio. Is there ought elſe
You will command me?
Cla. Onely your ſword
Which I muſt have: nay willingly I yet know
To force it, and to uſe it.
Pio. 'Tis yours Lady.
Cla. I ask no other guard.
Pio. If ſo, I leave you:
And now, if that the Conſtable keepe his word,
A poorer man may chance to gull a Lord. *Exit.*
Mal. By this good —— you ſhall not.
Vit. By this ——
I muſt, and will, *Malroda*; What doe you make
A ſtranger of me?
Mal. Ile be ſo to you,
And you ſhall find it.
Vit. Theſe are your old arts
T'endeere the game you know I come to hunt for,
Which I have borne too coldly.
Mal. Doe ſo ſtill,
For if I heat you, hang me.
Vit. If you doe not
I know who'll ſtarve for't: why, thou ſhame of women,
Whoſe folly, or whoſe impudence is greater
Is doubtfull to determine; this to me
That know thee for a whore.
Mal. And made me one,
Remember that.
Vit. Why ſhould I but grow wiſe
And tye that bounty up, which nor diſcretion
Nor honour can give way too; thou wouldſt be
A Bawd e're twenty, and within a moneth
A barefoot, lowzie, and diſeaſed whore,
And ſhift thy lodgings oftner then a rogue
That's whipt from poſt to poſt.
Mal. Piſh: all our Colledge
Know you can raile well in this kinde.
Cla. For me
He never ſpake ſo well.
Vit. I have maintain'd thee
The envy of great fortunes, made thee ſhine
As if thy name were glorious: ſtuck thee full
Of jewels, as the firmament of Starrs,
And in it made thee ſo remarkable
That it grew queſtionable, whether vertue poore,
Or vice ſo ſet forth as it is in thee,
Were even by modeſties ſelfe to be prefer'd,
And am I thus repaid?
You are ſtill my debtor;
Can this (though true) be weigh'd with my loſt honour,
Much leſſe my faith? I have liv'd private to you,
And but for you, had ne're known what luſt was,
Nor what the ſorrow for't.
Vit. 'Tis falſe.
Mal. 'Tis true,
But how return'd by you, thy whole life being
But one continued act of luſt, and Shipwrack
Of womens chaſtities.
Vit. But that I know
That ſhe that dares be damn'd dares any thing,
I ſhould admire thy tempting me: but preſume not
On the power you thinke you hold o're my affections,
It will deceive you: yeeld, and preſently
Or by the inflamed blood, which thou muſt quench
Ile make a forcible entrie.
Mal. Touch me not:
You know I have a throat, —— if you doe
I will cry out a rape, or ſheath this here,
Ere i'le be kept, and us'd for Julip-water
T'allay the heate which luſhious meats and wine
And not deſire hath rais'd.
Vit. A deſperate devill,
My blood commands my reaſon: I muſt take
Some milder way.
Mal. I hope (deere *Don*) I fit you.
The night is mine, although the day was yours
You are not faſting now: this ſpeeding trick
Which I would as a principle leave to all,
That make their maintenance out of their own Indies
As I doe now; my good old mother taught me,
Daughter, quoth ſhe, conteſt not with your lover
His ſtomach being empty; let wine heat him,
And then you may command him: 'tis a ſure one:
His lookes ſhew he is coming.
Vit. Come this needs not,
Eſpecially to me: you know how deere
I ever have eſteemed you.
Cla. Loſt again.
Vit. That any ſight of yours, hath power to change
My ſtrongeſt reſolution, and one teare
Sufficient to command a pardon from me,
For any wrong from you, which all mankinde
Should kneel in vaine for.
Mal. Pray you pardon thoſe
That need your favour, or deſire it
Vit. Prethee.

Be better temper'd: Ile pay as a forfeit
For my raſh anger, this purſe fil'd with Gold.
Thou ſhalt have ſervants,gownes,attires, what not?
Only continue mine.
Mal.'Twas this I fiſh'd for
*Vit.*Look on me,and receive it.
*Mal.*Well, you know
My gentle nature,and take pride t'abuſe it:
You ſee a trifle pleaſes me,we are friends;
This kiſſe,aud this confirmes it.
*Cla.*With my ruine.
*Mal.*I'le have this dyamond,and this pearle.
*Vit.*They are yours.
*Mal.*But wil you not,when you have what you came (for,
Take them from me to morrow? tis a faſhion
Your Lords of late have us'd.
*Vit.*But Ile not follow.
Cla. That any man at ſuch a rate as this
Should pay for his repentance.
Vit. Shall we to bed now?
*Mal.*Inſtantly,Sweet: yet now I think on't better
Ther's ſomething firſt that in a word or two
I muſt acquaint you with.
*Cla.*Can I cry ayme,
To this againſt my ſelfe? Ile break this match,
Or make it ſtronger with my bloud. *Deſcends.*

Enter Alguazier, Piorato, Pachieco, Metaldi,
Mendoza,Lazarillo, &c.

Alg. I am yours,
A Don's not priviledgd here more then your ſelf,
Win her,and weare her.
Pio Have you a Prieſt ready?
*Alg.*I have him for thee,Lad;and when I have
Married this ſcornefull whore to this poor gallant,
She wil make ſuit to me; there is a trick
To bring a high-priz'd wench upon her knees:
For you my fine neat Harpyes ſtretch your tallons
And prove your ſelves true night-Birds.
Pach. Take my word
For me and all the reſt.
Laz. If there be meat
Or any banquet ſtirring, you ſhall ſee
How ile beſtow my ſelfe.
*Alg.*When they are drawn,
Ruſh in upon 'em: al's faire prize you light on:
I muſt away:your officer may give way
To the Knavery of his watch,but muſt not ſee it.
You all know where to finde me. *Exit.*
*Met.*There look for us.
Vit. Who's that?
Mal. My *Piorato*, welcome, welcome:
Faith had you not come when you did,my Lord
Had done I know not what to me.
*Vit.*I am gul'd,
Firſt cheated of my Jewels,and then laugh'd at:
Sirha, what make you here?
*Pio.*A buſineſſe brings me,
More lawfull then your own,
*Vit.*How's that,you ſlave?
*Mal.*He's ſuch, that would continue his a whore
Whom he would make a wife of.
*Vit.*Ile trea'd upon
The face you doat on, ſtrumpet.
Enter Clara.
*Pach.*Keep the peace,there.
*Vit.*A plot upon my life too?
Met. Down with him.
*Cla.*Show your old valour,and learn from a woman,
One Eagle has a world of odds againſt
A flight of Dawes, as theſe are.
*Pio.*Get you off,
Ile follow inſtantly.
*Pach.*Run for more help there. *Exeunt all but Vit. and Clara.*
*Vit.*Loſſe of my gold,& jewels,& the wench too
Afflicts me not ſo much, as th'having *Clara*
The witneſſe of my weakneſſe.
*Cla.*He turns from me,
And yet I may urge merit,ſince his life
Is made my ſecond gift.
Vit. May I ne'r proſper
If I know how to thank her.
*Cla.*Sir, your pardon
For preſſing thus beyond a Virgins bounds
Upon your privacies: and let my being
Like to a man,as you are,be th'excuſe
Of my ſolliciting that from you,which ſhall not
Be granted on my part, although deſir'd
By any other: ſir,you underſtand me,
And 'twould ſhew nobly in you, to prevent
From me a farther boldneſſe, which I muſt
Proceed in,if you prove not mercifull,
Though with my loſſe of bluſhes,and good name.
*Vit.*Madam,I know your wil,and would be thankfull
If it were poſſible I could affect
The Daughter of an enemy.
Cla. That faire falſe one
Whom with fond dotage you have long purſu'd
Had ſuch a father: ſhe to whom you pay
Deerer for your diſhonour, then all titles
Ambitious men hunt for are worth.
Vit.'Tis truth.
*Cla.*Yet,with her,as a friend you ſtill exchange
Health for diſeaſes, and to your diſgrace
Nouriſh the rivals to your preſent pleaſures,
At your own charge,uſ'd as a property
To give a ſafe protection to her luſt,
Yet ſhare in nothing but the ſhame of it.
*Vit.*Grant all this ſo,to take you for a wife
Were greater hazard, for ſhould I offend you
(As tis not eaſy ſtill to pleaſe a woman)
You are of ſo great a ſpirit, that I muſt learn
To weare your petticoat, for you wil have
My breeches from me.
Cla. Rather from this houre
I here abjure all actions of a man,
And wil eſteem it happineſſe from you
To ſuffer like a woman: love,true love
Hath made a ſearch within me,and expel'd
All but my naturall ſoftneſſe, and made perfect
That which my parents care could not begin.
I wil ſhow ſtrength in nothing, but my duty,
And glad deſire to pleaſe you, and in that
Grow every day more able.
*Vit.*Could this be,
What a brave race might I beget? I finde
A kind of yeelding; and no reaſon why
I ſhould hold longer out: ſhe's yong, and faire,
And chaſt for ſure,but with her leave the Devil
Durſt not attempt her:Madam,though you have
A Souldiers arme, your lips appear as if
They were a Ladies.
*Cla.*They dare ſir from you
Endure the tryall.
*Vit.*Ha: once more I pray you:

The beſt I ever taſted; and tis ſaid
I have prov'd many, 'tis not ſafe I feare
To aske the reſt now: wel,I will leave whoring
And luck herein ſend me with her: worthieſt Lady,
Ile wait upon you home, and by the way
(If ere I marry, as ile not forſwear it)
Tell you, you are my wife.
Cla. Which if you do,
From me all man-kinde women,learne to woe. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Alguazier, Pachieco, Metaldi,
Mendoza, Lararillo.

Alg. A cloak? good purchaſe,and rich hangers? well,
Wee'l ſhare ten Piſtolets a man
Laz. Yet ſtill
I am monſtrous hungry: could you not diduct
So much out of the groſſe ſome,as would purchaſe
Eight loynes of Veale,and ſome two dozen of Capons?
Pach. O ſtrange proportion for five.
Laz. For five? I have
A legion in my ſtomach that have kept
Perpetuall faſt theſe ten years: for the Capons,
They are to me but as ſo many black Birds:
May I but eate once,and be ſatisfied,
Let the fates call me, when my ſhip is fraught,
And I ſhall hang in peace.
Alg. Steale well to night,
And thou ſhalt feed to morrow; ſo now you are
Your ſelves againe,ile raiſe another watch
To free you from ſuſpition: ſet on any
You meet with boldly: ile not be far off,
T'aſſiſt you,and protect you. *Exit.*
Met. O brave officer.

Enter Alvarez,Lucio,Bobadilla.

Pach. Would every ward had one but ſo well given,
And we would watch for rug, in gownes of velvet.
Mend. Stand cloſe: a prize.
Met. Satten, and gold Lace, Lads.
Alv. Why do'ſt thou hang upon me?
Luc. 'Tis ſo darke
I dare not ſee my way: for heaven ſake father
Let us go home.
Bob. No,ev'n here wee'l leave you:
Let's run away from him,my Lord.
Luc. Oh 'las.
Alv. Thou haſt made me mad: and I wil beat thee dead
Then bray the in a morter,and now mold thee
But I wil alter thee.
Bob. 'Twill never be:
He has bin three dayes practiſing to drink,
Yet ſtill he ſips,like to a waiting woman,
And looks as he were murdring of a fart
Among wild Iriſh ſwaggerers.
Luc. I have ſtill
Your good word,*Zancho*,father.
Alv. Milk-ſop coward;
No houſe of mine receives thee: I diſclam thee,
Thy mother;on her knees ſhall not entreat me
Hereafter to acknowledge thee.
Luc. Pray you ſpeak for me.
Bob. I would; but now I cannot with mine honour.
Alv Ther's only one courſe left,that may redeem thee,
Which is, to ſtrike the next man that you meet,
And if we chance to light upon a woman,
Take her away, and uſe her like a man,
Or I wil cut thy hamſtrings.
Pach. This makes for us
Alv. What do'ſt thou do now?
Luc. Sir,I am ſaying my prayers;
For being to undertake what you would have me,
I know I cannot live.

Enter Lamorall, Genevora, Anaſtro, and
Pages with lights.

Lam Madam, I fear
You'l wiſh you had uſd your coach:your brothers houſe
Is yet far off.
Gen. The better ſir: this walk
Will help digeſtion after your great ſupper,
Of which I have fed largely.
Alv. To your task,
Or els you know what followes:
Luc. I am dying:
Now Lord have mercy on me: by your favour,
Sir I muſt ſtrike you.
Lam. For what cauſe?
Luc. I know not:
And I muſt likewiſe talke with that young Lady,
An houre in private.
Lam. What you muſt,'is doubtfull,
But I am certain ſir,I muſt beat you.
Luc. Help,help
Alv. Not ſtrik againe?
Lam. How, *Alvarez?*
An. This for my Lord *Vitelli's* love.
Pach. Break out,
And like true theeves,make pray on either ſide,
But ſeem to help the ſtranger.
Bob. Oh my Lord,
They have beat him on his knees.
Luc. Though I want courage:
I yet have a ſons duty in me, and
Compaſſion of a fathers danger; that,
That wholy now poſſeſſes me.
Alv. Lucio.
This is beyond my hope.
Met. So *Lazarillo*,
Take up all boy: well done.
Pach. And now ſteale off
Cloſely, and cunningly.
An. How? have I found you?
Why Gentlemen,are you madde,to make your ſelves
A prey to Rogues?
Lam. Would we were off.
Bob. Theeves, theeves.
Lam. Defer our own contention:and down with them.
Luc. Ile make you ſure.
Bob. Now he playes the Devil.
Gen. This place is not for me. *Exit.*
Luc. Ile follow her
Half of my pennance is paſt ore. *Exit.*
Entes Alguazier, Aſſiſtente and other Watches.
Alg. What noyſe?
What tumult's there?keep the Kings peace I charge you.
Pach. I am glad he's come yet.
Alv. O, you keep good Guard
Upon the City when men of our ranck
Are ſet upon in the ſtreetes.

Lam. The aſſiſtance
Shall heare of't be aſſur'd.
An. And if he be
That carefull Governour he is reported,
You will ſmart for it.
Alg. Patience, good Signiours:
Let me ſurvey the Raſcals: O, I know them,
And thank you for them: they are pillfring rogues
Of *Andaluzia*, that have perus'd
All Priſons in Caſtile: I dare not truſt
The dungeon with them: no, ile have them home
To my own houſe.
Pach. We had rather go to priſon.
Alg. Had you ſo dog-bolts? yes, I know you had:
You there would uſe your cunning fingers on
The ſimple locks; you would: but ile prevent you.
Lam My Miſtris loſt? good night. *Exit.*
Bob. Your Son's gon to,
What ſhould become of him?
Alv. Come of him, what will:
Now he dares fight, I care not: i'le to bed:
Look to your priſoners *Alguazier.* *Exit with Boba.*
Alg. Al's cleer'd:
Droop not for one diſaſter: let us hug,
And triumph in our knaveries.
Aſſiſt. This confirmes
What was reported of him.
Met. 'Twas done bravely.
Alg. I muſt a little glory in the meanes
We officers have, to play the Knaves, and ſafely:
How we breake through the toyles, pitch'd by the Law,
Yet hang up them that are far leſſe delinquents:
A ſimple ſhopkeeper's carted for a baud
For lodging (though unwittingly) a ſmock-Gamſter;
Where, with rewards, and credit I have kept
Malroda in my houſe as in a cloyſter,
Without taint, or ſuſpition.
Pach. But ſuppoſe
The Governour ſhould know't?
Alg. He? good Gentleman,
Let him perplex himſelf with prying into
The meaſures in the market, and th'abuſes
The day ſtands guilty of: the pillage of the night
Is only mine, mine own feeſimple;
Which you ſhall hold from me, tennants at will,
And pay no rent for't.
Pach. Admirable Landlord.
Alg. Now wee'l go ſearch the taverns, commit ſuch
As we finde drinking: and be drunk our ſelves
With what we take from them: theſe ſilly wretches
Whom I for forme ſake only have brought hither
Shall watch without, and guard us.
Aſſiſt. And we wil.
See you ſafe lodg'd, moſt worthy *Alguazier*,
With all of you his comrads.
Met. Tis the Governour.
Alg. We are betray'd?
Aſſiſt. My guard there: bind them faſt:
How men in high place, and authority
Are in their lives, and eſtimation wrong'd
By their ſubordinate Miniſters? yet ſuch
They cannot but imploy: wrong'd juſtice finding
Scarce one true ſervant in ten officers.
T'xpoſtulate with you, were but to delay
Your crimes due puniſhment, which ſhall fall upon you
So ſpeedily, and ſeverely, that it ſhall
Fright others by th'example: and confirme
However corrupt officers may diſgrace
Themſelves, 'tis not in them to wrong their place.
Bring them away.
Alg. Wee'l ſuffer nobly yet,
And like to Spaniſh Gallants.
Pach. And wee'l hang ſo.
Laz. I have no ſtomach to it: but i'le endeavour.
Exeunt.

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Lucio, and Genevora.

Gen. Nay you are rude; pray you forbeare; your offer (now
More then the breeding of a Gentleman
Can give you warrant for.
Luc. Tis but to kiſſe you,
And think not ile receive that for a favour
Which was enjoyn'd me for a pennance, Lady.
Gen. You have met a gentle confeſſor, and for once
(So then you wil reſt ſatisfied) I vouchſafe it.
Luc. Reſt ſatisfide with a kiſſe? why can a man
Deſire more from a woman? is there any
Pleaſure beyond it? may I never live
If I know what it is.
Gen. Sweet Innocence.
Luc. VVhat ſtrange new motions do I feele? my veines
Burn with an unknown fire: in every part
I ſuffer alteration: I am poyſond,
Yet languiſh with deſire againe to taſte it,
So ſweetly it works on me.
Gen. I ne'r ſaw
A lovely man, till now.
Luc. How can this be?
She is a woman, as my mother is,
And her I have kiſs'd often, and brought off
My lips unſcortch'd; yours are more lovelie, Lady,
And ſo ſhould be leſſe hurtfull: pray you vouchſafe
Your hand, to quench the heat tane from your Lip,
Perhaps that may reſtore me.
Gen. VVillinglie.
Luc. The flame increaſes: if to touch you, burne thus,
VVhat would more ſtrict embraces do? I know not,
And yet methinks to die ſo, were to aſcend
To Heaven, through Paradiſe.
Gen. I am wounded too,
Though modeſty forbids that I ſhould ſpeake
VVhat ignorance makes him bold in: why do you fix
Your eyes ſo ſtronglie on me?
Luc. Pray you ſtand ſtill,
There is nothing els, that is worth the looking on:
I could adore you, Ladie.
Gen. Can you love mee?
Luc. To waite on you, in your chamber, and but touch
VVhat you, by wearing it, have made divine,
Were ſuch a happineſſe. I am reſov'd,
Ile ſell my libertie to you for this glove,
And write my ſelfe your ſlave.

Enter Lamorall.

Gen. On eaſier termes,
Receive it as a friend.
Lam. How! giving favour!
I'le have it with his heart.
Gen. VVhat will you doe?
Luc. As you are mercifull, take my life rather.
Gen. VVill you depart with't ſo?

Lam. Do's that grieve you ?
Gen. I know not: but even now you appeare valiant.
Luc. Twas to preſerve my father : in his cauſe
I could be ſo again.
Gen .Not in your own ? Kneel to thy rivall and thine enemy?
Away unworthy creature,I begin
To hate my ſelfe, for giving entrance to
A good opinion of thee: For thy torment,
If my poore beauty be of any power,
Mayſt thou doat on it deſperately: but never
Preſume to hope for grace, till thou recover
And weare the favour that was raviſh'd from thee.
Lam. He weares my head to then.
Gen. Poore foole,farewell. *Exit.*
Luc. My womaniſh ſoul,which hitherto hath governd
This coward fleſh,I feele departing from me ;
And in me by her beauty is inſpir'd
A new, and maſculine one : inſtructing me
What's fit to doe or ſuffer; powerfull love
That haſt with loud,and yet a pleaſing thunder
Rous'd ſleeping manhood in me,thy new creature,
Perfect thy worke ſo that I may make known
Nature (though long kept back) wil have her owne.
Exeunt.

Actus Quintus. Scæna prima.

Enter Lamorall and Lucio.

Lam. Can it be poſſible,that in ſix ſhort houres
The ſubject ſtill the ſame,ſo many habits
Should be remov'd? or this new *Lucio*,he
That yeſternight was baffeld and diſgrac'd,
And thankt the man that did it, that then kneeld
And blubberd like a woman,ſhould now dare
One terme of honour ſeeke reparation
For what he then appear'd not capable of?
Luc. Such miracles, men that dare doe injuries
Live to their ſhames to ſee,and for puniſhment
And ſcourge to their proud follies.
Lam. Prethee leave me :
Had I my Page, or foot-man here to fleſh thee,
I durſt the better heare thee.
Luc. This ſcorn needs not :
And offer ſuch no more.
Lam. Why ſay *I* ſhould,
You'l not be angry ?
Luc. Indeed *I* think *I* ſhal,
Would you vouchſafe to ſhew your ſelfe a Captaine,
And lead a little further,to ſome place
That's leſſe frequented.
Lam. He looks pale.
Luc. If not,
Make uſe of this.
Lam There's anger in his eyes too:
His geſture,voyce,behaviour,all new faſhion'd ;
Wel,if it does endure in act the triall
Of what in ſhow it promiſes to make good,
Vlyſſes Cyclops, *Io's* transformation,
Eurydice fetcht from Hell,with all the reſt
Of *Ovids* Fables,ile put in your Creed ;
And for proofe, all incredible things may be
Writ down that *Lucio*, the coward *Lucio*,
The womaniſh *Lucio* fought.
Luc. and *Lamorall*,
The ſtil imployd great duelliſt *Lamorall*
Took his life from him.
Lam. Twill not come to that ſure :
Methinks the onely drawing of my Sword
Should fright that confidence.
Luc. It confirmes it rather.
To make which good,know you ſtand now oppos'd
By one that is your Rivall,one that wiſhes
Your name and title greater, to raiſe his ;
The wrong you did,leſſe pardonable then it is,
But your ſtrength to defend it,more then ever
It was when juſtice friended it. The Lady
For whom we now contend, *Genevora*
Of more deſert, (if ſuch incomparable beauty
Could ſuffer an addition) your love
To Don *Vitelli* multipli'd, and your hate
Aagainſt my father and his houſe increas'd;
And laſtly, that the Glove which you there wear,
To my diſhonour, (which I muſt force from you)
Were deerer to you then your life.
Lam. You'l finde
It is,and ſo ile guard it:
Luc. All theſe meet then
With the black infamy,to be foyld by one
That's not allowd a man: to help your valour,
That falling by your hand,I may,or die,
Or win in this one ſingle oppoſition
My Miſtris,and ſuch honour as I may
Inrich my fathers Armes with.
Lam. Tis ſaid Nobly;
My life with them are at the ſtake.
Luc. At all then. *Fight.*
Lam. She's yours: this,and my life,to follow your fortune;
And give not onely back that part the looſer
Scorns to accept of —
Luc. What's that ?
Lam. My poor life,
Which do not leave me as a further torment,
Having diſpoild me of my Sword,mine honour,
Hope of my Ladies grace,fame,and all elſe
That made it worth the keeping.
Luc. I take back
No more from you,then what you forc'd from me;
And with a worſer title: yet think not
That Ile diſpute this, as made inſolent
By my ſucceſſe, but as one equall with you,
If ſo you wil accept me; that new courage,
Or call it fortune if you pleaſe,that is
Confer'd upon me by the onely ſight
Of fair *Genevora*,was not beſtow'd on me
To bloody purpoſes: nor did her command
Deprive me of the happineſſe to ſee her
But till I did redeem her favour from you;
Which onely I rejoyce in, and ſhare with you
In all you ſuffer elſe.
Lam. This curteſie
Wounds deeper then your Sword can,or mine owne;
Pray you make uſe of either, and diſpatch me.
Luc. The barbarous Turke is ſatisfied with ſpoile;
And ſhall I,being poſſeſt of what I came for,
Prove the more Infidell ?
Lam. You were better be ſo,
Then publiſh my diſgrace,as tis the cuſtome,
And which I muſt expect.
Luc. Judge better on me :
I have no tongne to trumpet mine owne praiſe
To your diſhonour : tis a baſtard courage

That ſeekes a name out that way, no true born one;
Pray you be comforted, for by all goodneſſe
But to her vertuous ſelfe, the beſt part of it,
I never wil diſcover on what termes
I came by theſe: which yet I take not from you,
But leave you in exchange of them,mine own,
With the deſire of being a friend; which if
You wil not grant me, but on further triall
Of manhood in me, ſeeke me when you pleaſe,
(And though I might refuſe it with mine honour)
Win them again,and weare them:ſo good morrow.*Exit.*
*Lam.*I nere knew what true valour was till now;
And have gain'd more by this diſgrace,then all
The honours I have won: they made me proud,
Preſumptuous of my fortune; a meere beaſt,
Faſhion'd by them,onely to dare and doe:
Yeelding no reaſons for my wilfull actions
But what I ſtuck on my Swords point, preſuming
It was the beſt Revenew. How unequall
Wrongs wel maintain'd makes us to others,which
Ending with ſhame teach us to know our ſelves,
I wil think more on't.

Enter Vitelli.

Vit. *Lamorall.*
Lam. My Lord?
Vit. I came to ſeeke you.
*Lam.*And unwillingly;
You nere found me till now: your pleaſure ſir?
*Vit.*That which wil pleaſe thee friend: thy vowd love
Shall now be put in action: means is offer'd (to me
To uſe thy good Sword for me; that which ſtill
Thou wearſt,as if it were a part of thee.
Where is it?
*Lam.*Tis changd for one more fortunate:
Pray you enquire not how.
*Vit.*Why,I nere thought
That there was muſick int,but aſcribe
The fortune of it to the arme.
*Lam.*Which is grown weaker too.I am not(in a word)
Worthy your friendſhip: I am one new vanquiſh'd,
Yet ſhame to tell by whom.
Vit. But Ile tell thee
'Gainſt whom thou art to fight,and there redeeme
Thy honour loſt,if there be any ſuch:
The King,by my long ſuit,at length is pleas'd
That *Alvarez* and my ſelf,with eithers Second,
Shall end the difference between our houſes,
Which he accepts of.I make choice of thee;
And where you ſpeak of a diſgrace, the means
To blot it out,by ſuch a publique triall
Of thy approved valour,wil revive
Thy ancient courage.If you imbrace it,doe;
If not,Ile ſeeke ſome other.
*Lam.*As I am
You may command me.
*Vit.*Spoke like that true friend
That loves not onely for his private end. *Exeunt.*

Scæna ſecunda.

Enter Genevora with a Letter and Bobadilla.

*Gen.*This from *Madona Clara?*
Bob. Yes,and't pleaſe you.
Gen. *Alvarez* daughter?
*Bob.*The ſame, Lady.
Gen. She,
That ſav'd my brothers life?
*Bob.*You are ſtill in the right,
She wil'd me wait your walking forth: and knowing
How neceſſary a diſcreet wiſe man
Was in a buſineſſe of ſuch weight, ſhe pleas'd
To think on me: it may be in my face
Your Ladiſhip not acquainted with my wiſdome
Finds no ſuch matter: what I am,I am;
Thought's free: and think you what you pleaſe.
*Gen.*Tis ſtrange,
*Bob.*That I ſhould be wiſe, Madam?
Gen. No, thou art ſo;
There's for thy paines: and prethee tell thy Lady
I wil not faile to meet her: Ile receive
Thy thanks and duty in thy preſent abſence:
Farewell,farewel,I ſay,now thou art wiſe. *Exit Bob.*
She writes here,ſhe hath ſomething to impart
That may concerne my brothers life; I kuow not,
But generall fame does give her out ſo worthy,
That I dare not ſuſpect her: yet wiſh *Lucio*

Enter Lucio.

Were Maſter of her mind: but fie upon't;
Why do I think on him? ſee,I am puniſh'd for it,
In his unlookd for preſence: Now I muſt
Endure another tedious piece of Courtſhip,
Would make one forſweare curteſie.
Luc. Gracious Madam,
The ſorrow paid for your juſt anger towards me
Ariſing from my weakneſſe, I preſume
To preſſe into your preſence, and diſpaire not
An eaſie pardon.
Gen. He ſpeaks ſence: oh ſtrange.
Luc. And yet believe,that no deſire of mine,
Though all are too ſtrong in me,had the power
For their delight, to force me to iufringe
What you commanded, it being in your part
To leſſen your great rigour when you pleaſe,
And mine to ſuffer wirh an humble patience
What you'l impoſe upon it.
*Gen.*Courtly too.
*Luc.*Yet hath the poore,and contemn'd *Lucio*,Madam,
(Made able onely by his hope to ſerve you)
Recover'd what with violence,not juſtice,
Was taken from him: and here at your feet
With theſe, he could have laid the conquer'd head
Of *Lamorall* (tis all I ſay of him)
For rudely touching that,which as a relique
I ever would have worſhip'd,ſince twas yours.
*Gen.*Valiant,and every thing a Lady could
Wiſh in her ſervant.
Luc. All that's good in me,
That heavenly love, the oppoſite to baſe luſt,
Which would have all men worthy, hath created;
Which being by your beames of beauty form'd,
Cheriſh as your own creature.
Gen. I am gone
Too far now to diſſemble: riſe, or ſure
I muſt kneele with you too: let this one kiſſe
Speake the reſt for me: tis too much I doe,
And yet,if chaſtity would,I could wiſh more.
*Luc.*In overjoying me,you are grown ſad;
What is it Madam? by ——
There's nothing that's within my nerves (and yet
Favour'd by you, I ſhould as much as man)
But when you pleaſe,now or on all occaſions
You can think of hereafter,but you may
Diſpoſe of at your pleaſure.

Gen. If you breake
That oath again,you loſe me. Yet ſo wel
I love you, I ſhall never put you to't;
And yet forget it not: reſt ſatisfied
With that you have receiv'd now: there are eyes
May be upon us,till the difference
Between our friends are ended: I would not
Be ſeen ſo private with you.
Luc. I obey you.
Gen. But let me heare oft from you, and remember
I am *Vitellies* ſiſter.
Luc: What's that Madam?
Gen. Nay nothing,fare you well: who feeles loves fire,
Would ever aske to have means to deſire. *Exeunt*

Scena tertia.

Enter Aſſiſtente, Sayavedra, Anaſtro, Herald, Attendants.

Aſſiſ. Are they come in?
Har. Yes.
Aſſiſ. Read the Proclamation,
That all the people here aſſembled may
Have ſatisfaction,what the Kings deere love,
In care of the Republique,hath ordained;
Attend with ſilence: read aloud.

Herald reads.

FOraſmuch as our high and mighty Maſter, Philip, *the potent and moſt Catholique King of Spaine, hath not onely in his own Royall perſon, been long, and often ſollicited, and grieved, with the deadly and uncurable hatred, ſprung up betwixt the two ancient and moſt honourably diſcended Houſes of theſe his two deerely and equally beloved Subjects,* Don Ferdinando de Alvarez, *and* Don Pedro de Vitelli: *(all which in vaine his Majeſty hath often endeavoured to reconcile and qualifie:) But that alſo through the debates, quarrels, and outrages daily ariſing, falling, and flowing from theſe great heads, his publique civill Government is ſeditiouſly and barbarouſly moleſted and wounded, and many of his chiefe Gentry (no leſſe tender to his Royall Majeſty then the very branches of his own ſacred blood) ſpoyld, loſt, and ſubmerged, in the impious inundation and torrent of their ſtill-growing malice: It hath therefore pleaſed His ſacred Majeſty, out of His infinite affection to preſerve his Common-wealth, and generall peace, from farther violation, (as a ſweet and heartily loving father of his people) and on the earneſt petitions of theſe Arch-enemies, to Order, and Ordaine, That they be ready, each with his wel-choſen and beloved friend, arm'd at all points like Gentlemen, in the Caſtle of* St. Jago, *on this preſent Munday morning betwixt eight and nine of the clocke; where (before the combatants be allowed to commence this granted Duell) This to be read aloud for the publique ſatisfaction of his Majeſties welbeloved Subjects.*

'Save the King. *Drums within.*

Say. Hark how their Drums ſpeak their inſatiate thirſt
Of blood, and ſtop their eares 'gainſt pious peace,
Who gently whiſpering, implores their friendſhip?
Aſſiſ. Kings,nor authority can maſter fate;
Admit 'em then,and blood extinguiſh hate.

Enter ſeverally, Alvarez' and Lucio, *Vitelli and* Lamora.

Say. Stay,yet be pleaſd to think,and let not daring
Wherein men nowadaies exceed even beaſts,
And think themſelves not men elſe, ſo tranſport you
Beyond the bounds of Chriſtianity:
Lord *Alvarez*, *Vitelli*, Gentlemen,
No Town in Spaine, from our Metropolis
Unto the rudeſt hovell, but is great
With your aſſured valours daily proofes:
Oh wil you then,for a ſuperfluous fame,
A ſound of honour,which in theſe times,all
Like heretiques profeſſe (with obſtinacy)
But moſt erroneouſly, venture your ſoules,
Tis a hard taſque,thorough a Sea of blood
To ſaile, and land at Heaven?
Vit. I hope not
If juſtice be my Pilot: but my Lord,
You know,if argument,or time,or love,
Could reconcile,long ſince we had ſhook hands;
I dare proteſt, your breath cooles not a veine
In any one of us,but blowes the fire
Which nought but blood reciprocall can quench.
Alv. *Vitelli*,thou ſayſt bravely, and ſayſt right,
And I wil kill thee for't, I love thee ſo.
Vit. Ha,ha,old man: upon thy death Ile build
A ſtory (with this arme) for thy old wife
To tell thy daughter *Clara* ſeven yeeres hence
As ſhe ſits weeping by a wintet fire,
How ſuch a time *Vitelli* ſlew her husband
With the ſame Sword his daughter favour'd him,
And lives,and weares it yet: Come *Lamorall*,
Redeeme thy ſelfe.
Lam. *Lucio*, *Genevora*
Shall on this Sword receive thy bleeding heart,
For my preſented hat,laid at her feet.
Luc. Thou talkſt wel *Lamorall*,but tis thy head
That I wil carry to her to thy hat:
Fie father,I do coole too much.
Alv. Oh boy:
Thy fathers true ſonne:
Beat Drums,---and ſo good morrow to your Lordſhip.

Enter above Eugenia, Clara, Genevora.

Say. Brave reſolutions.
Anaſt. Brave,and Spaniſh right.
Gen. *Lucio.*
Cla. *Vitelli.*
Eug. *Alvarez.*
Alv. How the devill
Got theſe Cats into th' gutter? my puſſe too?
Eug. Heare us.
Gen. We muſt be heard.
Cla. We will be heard
Vitelli; looke,ſee *Clara* on her knees
Imploring thy compaſſion: Heaven,how ſternly
They dart their emulous eyes,as if each ſcorn'd
To be behind the other in a look!
Mother,death needs no Sword here: oh my ſiſter
(Fate faine would have it ſo) perſwade,entreat,
A Ladies teares are ſilent Orators
(Or ſhould be ſo at leaſt) to move beyond

The honeſt tongu'd-Rethoritian:
Why will you fight? why do's an uncles death
Twentie yeare old, exceed your love to me
But twentie daies? whoſe forc'd cauſe, and faire manner
You could not underſtand, onely have heard.
Cuſtome, that wrought ſo cunningly on nature
In me, that I forgot my ſex, and knew not
Whether my body femall were, or male,
You did unweave, and had the power to charme
A new creation in me, made me feare
To think on thoſe deeds I did perpetrate,
How little power though you allow to me
That cannot with my ſighes, my teares, my prayers
Move you from your own loſſe, if you ſhoule gaine.
Vit. I muſt forget you *Clara*, 'till I have
Redeem'd my uncles blood, that brands my face
Like a peſtiferous Carbuncle: I am blinde
To what you doe: deafe to your cries: and Marble
To all impulſive exorations.
When on this point, I have pearch'd thy fathers ſoule,
Ile tender thee this bloody reeking hand
Drawne forth the bowels of that murtherer:
If thou canſt love me then, i'le marry thee,
And for thy father loſt, get thee a Sonne;
On no condition elſe.
Aſſiſt. Moſt barbarous.
Say. Savage.
Anaſt. Irreligious.
Gen. Oh *Lucio*!
Be thou more mercifull: thou bear'ſt fewer yeers,
Art lately wean'd from ſoft effeminacy,
A maidens manners, and a maidens heart
Are neighbours ſtill to thee: be then more milde,
Proceed not to this combat; bee'ſt thou deſperate
Of thine owne life? yet (deereſt) pitty mine
Thy valour's not thine owne, I gave it thee,
Theſe eyes begot it, this tongue bred it up,
This breaſt would lodge it: doe not uſe my gifts
To mine own ruine: I have made thee rich,
Be not ſo thankleſſe, to undoe me for't.
Luc. Miſtreſſe, you know I doe not weare a vaine.
I would not rip for you, to doe you ſervice:
Life's but a word, a ſhadow, a melting dreame,
Compar'd to eſſentiall, and eternall honour.
Why, would you have me value it beyond
Your brother: if I firſt caſt down my ſword
May all my body here, be made one wound,
And yet my ſoule not finde heaven thorough it.
Alv. You would be catter-walling too, but peace,
Goe, get you home, and provide dinner for
Your Sonne, and me: we'l be exceeding merry:
Oh *Lucio*, I will have thee cock of all
The proud *Vitellies* that doe live in *Spaine*:
Fie, we ſhall take cold: hunch: —— I am hoarſe
Already.
Lam. How your Siſter whets my ſpleene!
I could eate *Lucio* now:
Gen. *Lamorall*: you have often ſworne
You'ld be commanded by me.
Gen. *Vitelli*, Brother,
Ev'n for your Fathers ſoule, your uncles blood,
As you doe love my life: but laſt, and moſt
As you reſpect your own Honour, and Fame,
Throw downe your ſword; he is moſt valiant
That herein yeelds firſt.
Vit. Peace, you foole.
Cla. Why *Lucio*,
Doe thou begin; 'tis no diſparagement:
He's elder, and thy better, and thy valour
Is in his infancy.
Gen Or pay it me,
To whom thou ow'ſt it: Oh, that conſtant time
Would but goe back a week, then *Lucio*
Thou would'ſt not dare to fight.
Eug. *Lucio*, thy Mother,
Thy Mother beggs it: throw thy ſword down firſt.
Alv. Ile throw his head downe after then.
Gen. *Lamorall*.
You have often ſwore you'ld be commanded by me.
Lam. Never to this: your ſpight, and ſcorn *Genevora*,
H'as loſt all power in me:
Gen. Your hearing for ſix words.
Aſſ. Say. An. Strange obſtinacy!
Al. Vit. Lu. Lam. We'l ſtay no longer.
Cla. Then by thy oath *Vitelli*,
Thy dreadfull oath, thou wouldſt returne that ſword
When I ſhould aske it, give it to me, now,
This inſtant I require it.
Gen. By thy vow,
As dreadfull, *Lucio*, to obey my will
In any one thing I would watch to challenge,
I charge thee not to ſtrike a ſtroake: now he
Of our two brothers that loves perjurie
Beſt, and dares firſt be damn'd, iufringe his vow.
Say. Excellent Ladies.
Vit. Piſh you tyrannize.
Luc. We did equivocate.
Alv. On.
Cla. Then *Lucio*,
So well I love my husband, for he is ſo,
(wanting but ceremony) that I pray
His vengefull ſword may fall upon thy head
ſuccesfully for falſe-hood to his Siſter.
Gen. I likewiſe pray (*Vitelli*) *Lucio's* ſword
(who equally is my husband, as thou hers)
May finde thy falſe heart, that durſt gage thy faith,
And durſt not keepe it.
Aſſiſt. Are you men, or ſtone.
Alv. Men, and we'l prove it with our ſwords:
Eug. Your hearing for ſix words, and we have done,
Zancho come forth — we'l fight our challenge too:
Now ſpeake your reſolutions.
Enter Bobadilla with two ſwords and a Piſtoll.
Gen. Theſe they are,
The firſt blow given betwixt you, ſheathes theſe ſwords
In one anothers boſomes.
Eug. And rogue, looke
You at that inſtant doe diſcharge that Piſtoll,
Into my breaſt: if you ſtart back, or quake,
Ile ſtick you like a Pigge.
Alv. —— hold: you are mad.
Gen. This we ſaid: and by our hope of bliſſe
This we will doe: ſpeake your intents.
Cla. Gen. Strike.
Eug. Shoot.
Al. Vit. Lu. La. Hold, hold: all friends.
Aſſiſt. Come downe.
Alv. Theſe devilliſh women
Can make men friends and enemies when they liſt.
Say. A gallant undertaking and a happie;
Why this is noble in you: and will be
A well comer preſent to our Maſter *Philip*
Then the returne from his Indies.
Enter Clara, Genevora Eugenia and Bobadilla.
Cla. Father your bleſſing.
Alv. Take her: if he bring not
Betwixt you, boyes that will finde out new worlds,
And win 'em too I'm a falſe Prophet.

Vit. Brother.
There is a Siſter: long divided ſtreames
Mix now at length, by fate.

Bob. I am not regarded: I was the carefull Steward that provided theſe Inſtruments of peace, I put the longeſt weapon in your Siſters hand, (my Lord) becauſe ſhe was the ſhorteſt Lady: For likely the ſhorteſt Ladies, love the longeſt---men: And for mine own part, I could have diſcharged it: my Piſtoll is no ordinary Piſtoll, it has two ramming Bullets; but thought I, why ſhould I ſhoot my two bullets into my old Lady? if they had gon, I would not have ſtaid long after: I would ev'n have died too, bravely y'faith, like a Roman-Steward: hung my ſelfe in mine owne Chaine, and there had been a ſtory of *Bobadilla, Spindola, Zancho*, for after ages to lament: hum: I perceive I am not onely not regarded, but alſo not rewarded.

Alv, Prethee peace: 'ſhalt have a new chaine, next Saint *Iaques* day, or this new gilt:

Bob. I am ſatisfied: let vertue have her due: And yet i am melancholy upon this atonement: pray heaven the State rue it not: I would my Lord *Vitellies* Steward, and I could meet: they ſhould finde it ſhould coſt 'em a little more to make us friends: well, I will forſweare wine, and women for a yeere: and then I will be drunk to morrow, and runne a whoring like a dogge with a broken bottle at's taile; then will I repent next day, and forſweare 'em againe more vehemently: be for-ſworne next day againe, and repent my repentance: for thus a melancholy Gentleman doth, and ought to live.

Aſſiſt. Nay, you ſhall dine with me: and afterward
Ile with 'ye to the King: But firſt, I will
Diſpatch the Caſtles buſineſſe, that this day
May be compleat Bring forth the malefactors. *Enter Al-*
You *Alguazier*, the Ringleader of theſe *guazier,*
Poore fellowes, are degraded from your office, *Pachieco,*
You muſt reſtore all ſtolne goods you receiv'd, *Metaldi,*
And watch a twelve moneth without any pay: *Mendoza,*
This, if you faile of, (all your goods confiſcate) *Lazaril.*
You are to be whipt, and ſent into the Gallies. *Piorato,*

Alg. I like all, but reſtoring that Catholique *Malroda,*
doctrine *& Guard.*
I doe diſlike: Learn all ye officers
By this to live uprightly (if you can) Exit.

Aſſiſt. You Cobler, to tranſlate your manners new,
Are doom'd to th' Cloyſter of the Mendicants,
With this your brother, botcher there, for nothing
To cobble, and heel hoſe for the poor Friers,
Till they allow your pennance for ſufficient,
And your amendment; then you ſhall be freed,
And may ſet up againe,

Pach. *Mendoza*, come.
Our ſoules have trod awry in all mens ſight, (*Mend.*
We'l underlay 'em, till they goe upright. *Exit. Pach. &*

Aſſiſt. *Smith*, in thoſe ſhackles you for your hard heart
Muſt lye by th' heeles a yeer.

Met. I have ſhod your horſe, my Lord. Exit.

Aſſiſt. Away: for you, my hungry white-loaf'd face,
You muſt to th' Gallies, where you ſhall be ſure
To have no more bits, then you ſhall have blowes.

Laz. Well, though herrings want, I ſhall have rowes.

Aſſiſt. Signior, you have prevented us, and puniſh'd
Your ſelfe ſeverelier then we would have done.
You have married a whore: may ſhe prove honeſt.

Pio. 'Tis better my Lord, then to marry an honeſt wo-
That may prove a whore. (man

Vit. 'Tis a hanſome wench: and thou canſt keepe her
Ile ſend you what I promis'd. (tame:

Pio. Joy to your Lordſhips.

Alv. Here may all Ladies learne, to make of foes
The perfect'ſt friends: and not the perfect'ſt foes
Of deereſt friends, as ſome doe now a dayes.

Vit. Behold the power of love, to nature loſt
By cuſtome irrecoverably, paſt the hope
Of friends reſtoring, love hath here retriv'd
To her own habit, made her bluſh to ſee
Her ſo long monſtrous metamorphoſes,
May ſtrange affaires never have worſe ſucceſſe. *Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Our Auhor feares there are ſome Rebell hearts,
Whoſe dulneſſe doth oppoſe loves peircing darts;
Such will be apt to ſay there wanted wit,
The language low, very few ſcænes are writ
With ſpirit and life; ſuch odde things as theſe
He cares not for, nor ever meanes to pleaſe;
For if your ſelves a Miſtreſſe or loves friends,
Are lik't with this ſmooth Play he hath his ends.

FINIS.

A PROLOGUE

At the reviving of this Play.

STatues and Pictures challenge price and fame;
If they can juſtly boaſt, and prove they came
From *Phidias* or *Apelles*. None deny,
Poets and Painters hold a ſympathy;
Yet their workes may decay and loſe their grace,
Receiving blemiſh in their limbs or face.
When the minds art has this preheminence,
She ſtill retaineth her firſt excellence.
Then why ſhould not this deere peece be eſteem'd
Child to the richeſt fancies that ere teem'd?
When not their meaneſt off-ſpring,that came forth,
But bore the image of their fathers worth.
Beaumonts,and *Fletchers*,whoſe deſert outwayes
The beſt applauſe,and their leaſt ſprig of Bayes
Is worthy *Phœbus*; and who comes to gather
Their fruits of wit,he ſhall not rob the treaſure.
Nor can you ever ſurfeit of the plenty,
Nor can you call them rare,though they be dainty:
The more you take,the more you do them right,
And wee will thanke you for your own delight.

The Honeſt mans Fortune.

Actus primus —— Scena prima:

Enter the Duke of Orleans, and the Earle of Amiens at ſeverall doores.

Ame. MOrrow my Lord of *Orleance.*

Orl. You ſalute me like a ſtranger; brother *Orleance* were to me a Title more belonging, whom you call the husband of your ſiſter.

Ami. Would the circumſtances of your brotherhood had never offer'd rauſe to make our converſation leſſe familiar: I meet you like a hinderance in your way: your great law ſuit is now upon the tongue, and ready for a judgement.

Orl. Came you from the Hall now?

Ami. Without ſtay; the Court is full, and ſuch a preſſe of people does attend the iſſue, as if ſome great man were brought to his araignment.

Orl. Every mothers ſonne of all that multitude of hearers went to be a witneſſe of the miſery your ſiſters fortunes muſt have come to, if my adverſary who did love her firſt, had been her husband.

Ami. The ſucceſſe may draw a teſtimony from them to confirme the ſame opinion, but they went prepar'd with no ſuch hope or purpoſe.

Orl. And did you intreat, the number of them that are come with no ſuch hope or purpoſe.

Ami. Tuſh, your own experience of my heart can anſwer ye.

Orl. This doubtfull, makes me clearly underſtand your diſpoſition.

Ami. If your cauſe be juſt,
I wiſh you a concluſion like your cauſe.

Orl. I can have any common charity to ſuch a prayer
From a friend I would expect a love to proſper in;
Without exceptions ſuch a love as might
Make all my undertakings thankfull to't;
Preciſely juſt is ſeldome faithfull in our wiſhes
To another mans deſires: Farewell. *Exit Orl.*

Enter Montague having a Purſe, Duboys, Longueville, and Voramer the Page with two Caskets.

Dub. Here comes your adverſaries brother in law.

Long. The Lord of *Amiens.*

Dub. From the Hall I thinke.

Ami. I did ſo: ſave your Lordſhip.

Mont. That's a wiſh my Lord, as courteous to my preſent ſtate,
As ever honeſt mind was thankfull for;
For now my ſafety muſt expoſe it ſelfe
To queſtion: yet to look for any free
Or hearty ſalutation (ſir from you)
Would be unreaſonable in me.

Ami. Why?

Mont. Your ſiſter is my adverſaries wife;
That neerneſſe needs muſt conſequently draw
Your inclination to him.

Ami. I will grant
Him all the neerneſſe his alliance claimes,
And yet be nothing leſſe impartiall
My Lord of *Montague.*

Mont. Lord of *Montague* yet:
But (ſir) how long the dignity or ſtate
Belonging to it will continue, ſtands
Upon the dangerous paſſage of this houre,
Either for ever more to be confirm'd,
Or like the time wherein twas pleaded, gone:
Gone with it, never to be call'd again.

Ami. Juſtice direct your proceſſe to the end;
To both your perſons my reſpect ſhall ſtil
Be equall; but the righteous cauſe is that
Which bears my wiſhes to the ſide it holds,
Where,ever may it proſper. *Exit Amiens.*

Mont. Then my thanks
Are proper to you, if a man may raiſe
A confidence upon a lawfull ground
I have no reaſon to be once perplexed
With any doubtfull motion, *Longueville,*
That Lord of *Amiens,* (didſt obſerve him?) has
A worthy nature in him.

Long. Either tis his nature or his cunning.

Mont. That's the vizard of moſt mens actions,
Whoſe diſſembled lives
Do carry onely the ſimilitude
Of goodneſſe on 'em, but for him
Honeſt behaviour makes a true report,
What diſpoſition does inhabit him,
Eſſentiall vertue.

Long. Then tis pitty that
Injurious *Orleance* is his brother.

Dub. He is but his brother in law.

Long. Law? that's as bad.

Dub. How is your Law as bad? I rather wiſh
The hangman thy executor then that
Equivocation ſhould be ominous.

Enter two Lawyers, and two Creditors.

Long. Some of your Lawyers.——

1 *Law.* What is ominous?

2 *Law.* Let no diſtruſt trouble your Lordſhips thought.
1 *Law.* The evidences of your queſtion'd land
Ha' not much as any literall
Advantage in 'em to be made againſt
Your title.
2 *Law.* And your Councell underſtands
The buſineſſe fully.
1 *Law.* Th'are induſtrious, juſt.
2 *Law.* And very confident.
1 *Law.* Your ſtate endures
A voluntary tryall; like a man
Whoſe honours are maliciouſly accus'd.
2 *Law.* The Accuſation ſerves to cleare his cauſe.
1 *Law.* And to approve his truth more.
2 *Law.* So ſhall all
Your adverſaries pleadings ſtrengthen your
Poſſeſſion.
1 *Law.* And be ſet upon record
To witneſſe the hereditary right
Of you and yours.
2 *Law.* Courage, you have the law.
Long. And you the profits.
Mont. If diſcouragement
Could worke upon me, your aſſurances
Would put me ſtrongly into heart again;
But I was never fearfull: and let fate
Deceive my expectation, yet I am
Prepared againſt dejection.
1 *Cred.* So are we.
2 *Cred.* We have received a comfortable hope
That all will ſpeed well.
Long. What is he *Duboys?*
Dub. A Creditor.
Long. I thought ſo, for he ſpeaks
As if he were a partner in his ſtate.
Mont. Sir, I am largely indebted to your loves.
Long. More to their purſes.
Mont. Which you ſhall not loſe.
1 *Cred.* Your Lordſhip.
Dub. That's another creditor.
1 *Cred.* Has intereſt in me.
Long. You have more of him.
1 *Cred.* And I have had ſo many promiſes
From theſe and all your learned Conncellors,
How certainly your cauſe wil proſper: that—
Long. You brought no Serjeants with you?
Dub. To attend his ill ſucceſſe.
Mont. Good ſir, I will not be
Unthankfull either to their induſtries
Or your affections.
1 *Law.* All your land (my Lord)
Is at the bar now, give me but ten Crowns
Ile ſave you harmleſſe.
Long. Take him at his word;
If he does loſe, you're ſav'd by miracle,
For I never knew a lawyer yet undone.
1 *Law.* Then now you ſhall ſir, if this proſpers not.
Long. Sir, I beſeech you doe not force your voyce
To ſuch a loudneſſe, but be thrifty now;
Preſerve it till you come to plead at bar
It wil be much more profitable in
The ſatisfaction then the promiſe.
1 *Law.* Is not this a ſatisfaction to engage
My ſelfe for this aſſurance, if he---
Mont. No ſir, my ruine never ſhall import
Anothers loſſe, if not by accident,
And that my purpoſe is not guilty of:
You are engaged in nothing but your care. *Exit Law.*
Attend the Procurator to the Court,
Obſerve how things incline, and bring me word.
Long. I dare not ſir; if I be taken there,
Mine eares will be in danger.
Mont. Why? haſt thou
Committed ſomething that deſerves thine eares?
Long. No, but I feare the noyſe; my hearing will be
Periſhed by the noiſe; tis as good 't want
A member, as to looſe the uſe---
Mont. The ornament is excepted.
Long. Well my Lord
Ile put 'em to the hazzard. *Exit Long.*
1 *Cred.* Your deſires be proſperous to you.
2 *Cred.* Our beſt prayers waite
Upon your fortune. *Exeunt Cred.*
Dub. For your ſelves, not him.
Mont. Thou canſt not blame 'em: I am in their debts.
Ver. But had your large expence (a part whereof
You owe 'em) for unprofitable Silkes
And Laces, been beſtowed among the poore,
That would have prayd the right way for you:
Not upon you.
Mont. For unprofitable Silkes
And Laces? now believe me honeſt boy
Th'aſt hit upon a reprehenſion that belongs
Unto me.
Ver. By——my Lord,
I had not ſo unmannerly a thought,
To reprehend you.
Mont. Why I love thee for't.
Mine own acknowledgement confirmes thy words:
For once I do remember, comming from
The Mercers, where my Purſe had ſpent it ſelfe
On thoſe unprofitable toyes thou ſpeakſt of,
A man halfe naked with his poverty
Did meet me, and requeſted my reliefe:
I wanted whence to give it, yet his eyes
Spoke for him, thoſe I could have ſatisfied
With ſome unfruitfull ſorrow, (if my teares
Would not have added rather to his griefe,
Then eaſ'd it) but the true compaſſion that
I ſhould have given I had not: this began
To make me think how many ſuch mens wants
The vaine ſuperfluous coſt I wore upon
My outſide would have clothed, and left my ſelfe
A habit as becomming: to encreaſe
This new conſideration there came one
Clad in a garment plaine and thrifty, yet
As decent as theſe faire deare follies; made
As if it were of purpoſe to deſpiſe
The vanity of ſhow: his purſe had ſtill
The power to doe a charitable deed,
And did it.
Dub. Yet your inclination, ſir,
Deſervd no leſſe to be commended, then his action.
Mont. Prethee do not flatter me;
He that intends well, yet deprives himſelfe
Of means to put his good thoughts into deed,
Deceives his purpoſe of the due reward
That goodneſſe merits: O antiquity
Thy great examples of Nobility
Are out of imitation, or at leaſt
So lamely follow'd, that thou art as much
Before this age in vertue, as in time.
Dub. Sir, it muſt needs be lamely followed, when
The chiefeſt men love to follow it
Are for the moſt part cripples.
Mont. Who are they?

Dub. Souldiers,my Lord,ſouldiers.
Mont. Tis true *Duboys*: but if the Law diſables me no
For Noble actions,then good purpoſes, (more
Ile practice how to exerciſe the worth
Commended to us by our anceſtors;
The poore neglected ſouldier ſhall command
Me from a Ladies Courtſhip, and the forme
Ile ſtudy ſhall no more be taught me by
The Taylor,but the Scholler; that expence
Which hitherro has been to entertaine
Th' intemperate pride and pleaſure of the taſte
Shall fill my Table more to ſatisfie,
And leſſe to ſurfeit.
What an honeſt worke it would be; when we finde
A Virgin in her poverty, and youth
Inclining to be tempted, to imploy
As much perſwaſion,and as much expence
To keep her upright as men uſe to do upon her falling.
Dub. Tis charity that many mayds wil be unthankful
And ſome will rather take it for a wrong, (for,
To buy 'em out of their inheritance,
The thing that they were born to.

Enter Longueville. (thy face.

Mont. Longueville thou bringſt a cheerfull promiſe in
There ſtands no pale report upon thy cheeke, (lively.
To give me feare or knowledge of my loſſe, tis red and
How proceeds my ſuit?
Long. That's with labour ſir,a labour that to thoſe of
May adde another; or(at leaſt) be cald (*Hercules*
A imitation of this burning ſhirt:
For twas a paine of that unmercifull
Perplexity,to ſhoulder through the throng
Of people that attended your ſucceſſe:
My ſweaty linnen fixt upon my skin,
Still as they puld me,tooke that with it; 'twas
A feare I ſhould have left my fleſh among 'em:
Yet I was patient,for (me thought) the toyle
Might be an emblem of the difficult
And weary paſſage to get out of Law.
And to make up the deare ſimilitude,
When I was forth ſeeking my handkircher
To wipe my ſweat off, I did finde a cauſe
To make me ſweat more,for my Purſe was loſt
Among their finger.
Dub. There twas rather found.
Long. By them.
Dub. I mean ſo.
Mont. Well,I will reſtore
Thy dammage to thee: how proceeds my ſuit?
Lang. Like one at Brokers; I thinke forfeited.
Your promiſing councell at the firſt
Put ſtrongly forward with a labour'd ſpeed,
And ſuch a violence of pleading, that
His fee in Sugar-candie ſcarce will make
His throat a ſatisfaction for the hurt
He did it, and he carried the whole cauſe
Before him with ſo cleare a paſſage, that
The people in the favour of your ſide
Cried *Montague, Montague*: in the ſpight of him
That cryed out ſilence, and began to laugh
Your adverſaries Advocate to ſcorn:
Who like a cunning foot-man? ſet me forth
With ſuch a temperate eaſie kind of courſe
To put him into exerciſe of ſtrength,
And follow'd his advantages ſo cloſe, (wonne,
That when your hot mouthed pleader thought 'had
Before he reacht it,he was out of breath,
And then the other ſtript him.
Mont. So all is loſt.
Long. But how I know not;for (me thought)I ſtood
Confounded with the clamour of the Court,
Like one embarqued upon a ſtorm at Sea,
Where the tempeſtuous noiſe of Thunder mixt
With roaring of the billows, and the thick
Imperfect language of the Sea-men, takes
His underſtanding aud his ſafety both
Together from him.
Mont. Thou doſt bring ill news
Long. Of what I was unwilling to have been
The firſt reporter.
Mont. Didſt obſerve no more?
Long. At leaſt no better.
Mont. Then th' art not inform'd
So well as I am; I can tell thee that
Will pleaſe thee,for when all elſe left my cauſe;
My very adverſaries tooke my part.
Long. ——whoſoever told you that abuſed you.
Mont. Credit me,he took my part
When all forſook me.
Long. Took it from you.
Mont Yes I meane ſo, and I think he had juſt cauſe
To take it when the verdict gave it him.
Dub. His Spirit would ha' ſunke him,ere he could
Have carried an ill fortune of this waight ſo lightly.
Mont. Nothing is a miſery unleſſe our weakneſſe apprehend it ſo;
We cannot be more faithfull to our ſelves
In any thing that's manly, then to make
Ill fortune as contemptible to us
As it makes us to others.

Enter Lawyers.

Long. Here come they
Whoſe very countenances will tell you how
Contemptible it is to others.
Mont. Sir?
Long. The ſir of Knighthood may be given him, ere
They heare you now.
Mont. Good ſir but a word.
Dub. How ſoon the loſſe of wealth makes any man
Grow out of knowledge.
Long. Let me ſee I pray ſir,
Never ſtood you upon the pillory?
1 *Law.* The Pillory?
Long. O now I know you did not.
Y'ave eares,I thought ye had loſt 'em; pray obſerve,
Here's one that once was gracious in our eyes.
1 *Law.* O my Lord,have an eye upon him.
Long. But ha' you nere a Counſell to redeeme
His Land yet from the judgement?
2 *Law.* None but this,a writ of errour to remove the cauſe.
Long. No more of errour, we have been in that too much already.
2 *Law.* If you will reverſe the judgement, you muſt truſt to that delay.
Long. Delay? Indeed he's like to truſt to that,
With you has any dealing. (*ſeſſionem.*
2 *Law.* Ere the Law proceeds to an *habere facias poſ-*
Dub. That's a language ſir,I underſtand not.
Long. Th'art a very ſtrange unthankfull fellow to have taken Fees of ſuch a liberall meaſure,and then give a man hard words for's money.
1 *Law.* If men will hazzard their ſalvations,
What ſhould I ſay? I've other buſineſſe.
Mont. Y'are ith' right;
That's it you ſhould ſay now proſperity has left me.

Enter two Creditors.

1 *Cred.* Have an eye upon him; if
We loſe him now, he's gone for ever; ſtay
And dog him: Ile goe fetch the officers.

Long. Dog him you blood-hound: by this point thou ſhalt more ſafely dog an angry Lion then attempt him.

Mont. What's the matter? (your loſſe
Long. Doe but ſteere to fetch a Serjeant; and (beſides
Of labour) Ile have you beaten, till
Thoſe caſements in your faces be falſe lights.

Dub. Falſer then thoſe you ſell by.

Mont. Who gave you Commiſſion to abuſe my friends thus?

Lon. Sir, are thoſe your friends that would betray you?

Mont. Tis to ſave themſelves rather then betray me.

1 *Cred.* Your Lordſhip makes a juſt conſtruction of it.

2 *Cred.* All our deſire is but to get our own.

Long. Your wives deſires and yours do differ then.

Mont. So far as my ability will goe
You ſhall have ſatisfaction *Longeville*,

Long. And leave your ſelfe neglected; every man
Is firſt a debtor to his own demands, being honeſt.

Mont. As I take it ſir, I did
Not entertaine you for my counſellor.

Long. Counſel's the office of a ſervant,
When the maſter fals upon a danger: as
Defence is never threaten with your eyes,
They are no cockatrices; do you heare?
Talke with a Girdler, or a Milner,
He can informe you of a kind of men
That firſt undid the profit of thoſe trades
By bringing up the forme of carrying
There morglachs in their hands: with ſome of thoſe
A man may make himſelfe a priviledge
To aske a queſtion at the priſon gates,
Without your good permiſſion.

2 *Cred.* By your leave.

Mont. Stay ſir, what one example ſince the time
That firſt you put your hat off to me, have
You noted in me to encourage you
To this preſumption? by the juſtice now
Of thine own rule, I ſhould begin with thee,
I ſhould turn thee away ungratified
For all thy former kindneſſe, forget
Thou ever didſt me any ſervice: tis not feare
Of being arreſted makes me thus incline
To ſatisfie you; for you ſee by him,
I loſt not all defences with my ſtate;
The curſes of a man to whom I am
Beholding terrifie me more, then all
The violence he can purſue me with.
Duboys, I did prepare me for the worſt;
Theſe two ſmall Cabinets doe comprehend
The ſum of all the wealth that it hath pleaſed
Adverſity to leave me, one as rich
As th' other, both in Jewels; take thou this,
And as the Order put within it ſhall
Direct thee, diſtribute it half between
Thoſe Creditors, and th' other halfe among
My ſervants: for (ſir) they are my creditors
As well as you are, they have truſted me
With their advancement: if the value faile,
To pleaſe you all, my firſt increaſe of meanes
Shall offer you a fuller payment; be content
To leave me ſomething, and imagine that
You put a new beginner into credit.

Cred. So proſper our own bleſſings, as we wiſh you to your merit.

Mont. Are your ſilences of diſcontent, or of ſorrow?

Dub. Sir, we would not leave you.

Long. Do but ſuffer us to follow you, and what our preſent means, or induſtries hereafter can provide, ſhall ſerve you.

Mont. O deſire me not to live
To ſuch a baſeneſſe, as to be maintained
By thoſe that ſerve me; pray be gone, I wil
Defend your honeſties to any man
That ſhal report you have forſaken me;
I pray be gone. *Exeunt Servants and Creditors.*
Why doſt thou weep my boy,
Becauſe I doe not bid thee goe too?

Ver. No, I weep (my Lord) becauſe I would not goe;
I feare you will command me.

Mont. No my child,
I wil not; that would diſcommend th' intent
Of all my other actions: thou art yet
Unable to adviſe thy ſelfe a courſe,
Should I put thee to ſeeke it; after that
I muſt excuſe or at the leaſt forgive
Any uncharitable deed that can be done againſt my ſelfe.

Ver. Every day (my Lord) I tarry with you, Ile account
A day of bleſſing to me; for I ſhall
Have ſo much leſſe time left me of my life
When I am from you: and if miſery
Befall you (which I hope ſo good a man
Was never born to) I wil take my part,
And make my willingneſſe increaſe my ſtrength
To beare it. In the Winter I will ſpare
Mine own clothes from my ſelfe to cover you;
And in the Summer, carry ſome of yours
To eaſe you: Ile doe any thing I can.

Mont. Why, thou art able to make miſery
Aſhamed of hurting, when thy weakneſſe can
Both beare it, and deſpiſe it: Come my boy
I will provide ſome better way for thee
Then this thou ſpeakſt of; tis the comfort that
Ill fortune has undone me into the faſhion:
For now in this age moſt men do begin,
To keep but one boy, that kept many men. *Exeunt.*

Enter Orleans, a Servant, his Ladie following.

Orl. Where is ſhe? call her.

Lady. I attend you ſir.

Orl. Your friend ſweet Madam.

Lady. What friend, good my Lord?

Orl. Your *Montague*, Madam, he will ſhortly want
Thoſe Courtly graces that you love him for;
The means wherewith he purchaſed this, and this,
And all his own proviſions to the leaſt
Proportion of his feeding or his clothes,
Came out of that inheritance of land
Which he unjuſtly lived on: but the law
Has given me right in't, and poſſeſſion; now
Thou ſhalt perceive his bravery vaniſh, as
This Jewell does from thee now, and theſe Pearles
To him that owes 'em.

Lady. Ye are the owner ſir of every thing that does belong to me.

Orl. No, not of him, ſweet Lady.

Lady. O good God!

Orl. But in a while your mind will change, and be
As ready to diſclaime him; when his wants
And miſeries have periſh'd his good face,
And taken off the ſweetneſſe that has made
Him pleaſing in a womans underſtanding.

Lady.

La. O Heaven,how gratious had Creation been
To women, who are borne without defence,
If to our hearts there had been doores through which
Or husbands might have lookt into our thoughts,
And made themſelves undoubtfull.
Orl. Made 'em madde.
La. With honeſt women.
Orl. Thou doſt ſtile pretend
A title to that vertue : prethee let
Thy honeſty ſpeak freelie to me now.
Thou knoweſt that *Montaigue*,of whoſe Land
I am the maſter, did affect three firſt,
And ſhould have had thee,if the ſtrength of friends
Had not prevail'd above thine own conſent.
I have undone him;tell me how thou doeſt
Conſider his ill fortune and my good.
La. Ile tell you juſtly his undoing is
An argument for pitty ? and for teares
In all their diſpoſitions that have known
The honour and the goodneſſe of his life:
Yet that addition of proſperity,
Which you have got by't, no indifferent man
Will malice or repine at,if the Law
Be not abuſed in't ; howſoever ſince
You have the upper fortune of him, 'twill
Be ſome diſhonour to you to beare your ſelfe
With any pride or glory over him.
Orl. This may be truly ſpoken,but in thee
It is not honeſt.
La. Yes, ſo honeſt, that I care not if the chaſt ***Penelope***
Were now alive to hear me.

Enter Amiens.

Orl. Who comes there?
La. My brother.
Am. Save yee.
Orl. Now ſir, you have heard of proſperous *Montague*.
Am. No ſir, I have heard of *Montague*,
But of your proſperity.
Orl. Is he diſtracted.
Am. He does beare his loſſe with ſuch a noble ſtrength
Of patience that,
Had fortune eyes to ſee him, ſhe would weepe
For having hurt him,and pretending that
Shee did it but for triall of his worth :
Hereafter ever love him.
Orl. I perceive you love him,and becauſe(I muſt confeſſe)
He does deſerve that though for ſome reſpects,
I have not given him that acknowledgement,
Yet in mine honour I did ſtill conclude to uſe him
nobly.
Am. Sir,that will become your reputation, and make
me grow proud of your alliance.
Orl. I did reſerve the doing of this friendſhip till I had
His fortunes at my mercy, that the world
May tell him 'tis a willing courteſie.
La. This change wil make me happy.
Orl. Tis a change; thou ſhalt behold it, then obſerve
That *Montague* had poſſeſſion of my Land, (me when
I was his rivall,and at laſt obtain'd
This Lady who by promiſe of her own
Affection to him, ſhould ha bin his wife;
I had her,and withheld her like a pawne,
Till now my Land is rendred to me againe,
And ſince it is ſo, you ſhall ſee I have
The conſcience not to keep her---give him her--- *draws*
For by the faithfull temper of my ſword, ſhee ſhall
not tarry with me.
Am. Give me way—— *draws.*
Thou moſt unworthy man—give me way
Or by the wrong he does the Innocent,
Ile end thy miſery and his wickedneſſe, together.
Lady Stay and let me juſtifie
My husband in that, I have wrong'd his bed

Enter Amiens in amazement, the ſervants following him.

Never——all ſhames that can afflict me fall
Upon me if I ever wrong'd you ;
Orl. Didſt thou not confeſſe it?
La. Twas to ſave your bloud from ſhedding, that has
Turn'd my brothers edge;
He that beholdes our thoughts as plainely as
Our faces, knowes it, I did never hurt
My honeſty but by accuſing it.
Orl. Womens conſents are ſonner credited
Then their denials : and Ile never truſt
Her body that prefers any defence
Before the ſafety of her honour—here----*Enter ſervant*
Show forth that ſtranger——give me not a word
Thou ſeeſt a danger readie to be tempted.
La. Caſt that upon me rather then my ſhame,
And as I am now dying I wil now——
That I am honeſt.
Orl. Put her out of dores; but that I feare my land
May go againe to *Montague*, I would kill thee, I am
loth,
To make a beggar of him that way; or elſe——
Go now you have the liberty of fleſh,
And you may put it to a double uſe,
One for your pleaſure, th'other to maintaine
Your welbeloved,he wil want. *Exit Lady*
In ſuch a charitable exerciſe
The vertue wil excuſe you for the vice. *Exit Orleans.*

Enter Amiens drawne, Montague, Vercamor meeting.

Mont. What meanes your Lordſhip?
Ver. For the love of God——
Am. Thou haſt advantage of mee, caſt away this
Mont. So he is Sir,for he lives (buckler.
With one that is undone——a voyd us boy.
Ver. Ile firſt avoid my ſafety,
Your Rapier ſhall be button'd, with my heade before
it touch my Maſter.
Am. *Montague?*
Mont. Sir.
Am. You know my ſiſter?
Mont. Yes ſir.
Am. For a whore?
Mont. You lye,and ſhall lie lower if you dare abuſe her
Enter Lady. (honor.
La. I am honeſt.
Am. Honeſt!
La. Upon my faith I am.
Am. What did then perſwade thee to condemn thy ſelf?
La. Your ſafety.
Am. I had rather be expoſ'd
To danger,then diſhonor; th'aſt betray'd
The reputation of my familie
More baſely by the falſeneſſe of that word,
Then that thou haſt delivered me aſleepe
Into the hands of baſe enemie.
Reliefe will never make thee ſenſible

Of thy diſgraces;let thy wants compell thee to it. *Exit*

*La.*O I am a miſerable woman.

*Mont.*Why Madam?are you utterly without means to (relieve you?

La. I have nothing ſir, unleſſe by changing of theſe cloaths for worſe, and then at laſt the worſt for nakedneſſe.

*Mont.*Stand off boy, nakedneſſe would be a change
To pleaſe us Madam,to delight us both.

La. What nakedneſſe ſir?

*Mont.*Why the nakedneſſe of body Madam, we were (Lovers once.

*La.*Never diſhoneſt Lovers.

Mont. Honeſtie has no allowance now to give our (ſelves.

*La.*Nor you allowance againſt honeſtie.

*Mont.*Ile ſend my Boy hence, opportunitie
Shall be our ſervant, come and meet me firſt
With kiſſes like a ſtranger at the doore,
And then invite me neerer to receive
A more familiar inward welcome--where,
Inſtead of tapers made of Virgins wax
Th'increaſing flames of our deſires ſhall light
Us to a banquet: and before the taſte
Be dull with ſatisfaction, Ile prepare
A nouriſhment compos'd of every thing
That beares a naturall friendſhip to the bloud,
And that ſhall ſet another edge upon't,
Or elſe between the courſes of the feaſt
Wee'l dallie out an exerciſe of time,
That ever as one appetite expires another may ſucceede (it.

*La.*O my Lord, how has your nature loſt her worthineſſe?
When our affections had their liberty,
Or kiſſes met as temperatelie as
The hands of ſiſters, or of brothers,that
Our blouds were then as moving;then you were
So noble, that I durſt have truſted your
Embraces in an opportunity
Silent enough to ſerve a raviſher,
And yet come from you---undiſhonor'd--how
You think me altered, that you promiſe your
Attempt ſucceſſe I know not;but were all
The ſweet temptations that deceive us ſet
On this ſide, and one that ſide all the waiters,
Theſe neither ſhould perſwade me nor the force.

*Mont.*Then miſery may waſte your body.

*Lady.*Yes,but luſt ſhall never.

Mont. I have found you ſtill as uncorrupted as I left (you firſt
Continue ſo; and I wil ſerve you with
As much devotion as my word,my hand
Or purſe can ſhow you;and to juſtifie
That promiſe,here is half the wealth I have,
Take it, you owe me nothing, till you fall
From vertue,which the better to protect
I have bethought me of a preſent meanes
Give me the Letter; this commends my Boy
Into the ſervice of a Lady, whoſe
Free goodneſſe you have bin acquainted with *Lamira.*

Lady. Sir I know her.

*Mont.*Then believe her entertainment wil be noble to (you;
My boy ſhall bring you thither: and relate
Your manner of miſfortune if your own
Report needs any witneſſe: ſo I kiſſe your hand good (Lady.

*Lady.*Sir, I know not how to promiſe, but I cannot be unthankfull.

Mont. All that you can implore in thankſulneſſe
Be yours,to make you the more proſperous.
Farwell my boy,—I am not yet oppreſſ'd. *Exit Lady*
Having the power to helpe one that's diſtreſſ'd. *Vera.*

Exeunt.

Actus Secundi Scæna Prima.

Enter Longaville and Dubois

Long. What ſhall we do now:ſwords are out of uſe,
And words are out of credit.

Dub. We muſt ſerve.

*Long.*The meanes to get a ſervice will firſt ſpend
Our purſes; and except we can allow
Our ſelves an entertainment, ſervice will
Neglect us; now tis grown into a doubt
Whether the Mr. or the ſervant gives the countenance.

Dub. Then fall in with Miſtreſſes.

*Long.*They keep more ſervants now(indeed)then men,
But yet the age is grown ſo populous
Of thoſe attendants,that the women are
Grown full to.

Dub. What ſhall we propund our ſelves?

*Long.*I'le think on't.

*Dub.*Do;Old occupations have too many ſetters up to proſper,ſome uncommon trade would thrive now.

Long. Wee'l ee'n make up ſome half a dozen proper (men,
And ſhould not we get more
Then all your female ſinners?

*Dub.*If the houſe be ſeated as it ſhould be privately.

*Long.*I but that would make a multitude of witches.

Dub. VVitches? how prethee?

*Long.*Thus the bauds would all turn witches to revenge
Themſelves upon;us and the women that
Come to us,for diſguiſes muſt wear beards,
And that's they ſay, a token of a witch.

*Dub.*VVhat ſhall we then do.

Long. VVe muſt ſtudy on't,
VVith more conſideration; ſtay *Duboyes*
Are not the Lord of *Orleans* and the Lord
Of *Amiens* enemies?

Dub. Yes,what of that.

Long. Methinks the factions of two ſuch great men.
Should give a promiſe of advancement now
To us that want it.

*Dub.*Let the plot be thine, and in the enterprize Ile ſecond thee.

Long. I have it, wee will firſt ſet down our ſelves
The Method of a quarrell; and make choyce
Of ſome frequented Taverne; or ſuch a place
Of common notice to perform it in
By way of undertaking to maintaine
The ſeverall honours of thoſe enemies.
Thou for the Lord of *Orleanes*; I for *Amiens.*

*Dub.*I like the project, and I think 'twill take
The better,ſince their difference firſt did riſe
From his occaſion whom we followed once.

*Long.*We cannot hope leſſe after the report,
Then entertainment or gratuity,
Yet thoſe are ends, I do not aime at moſt;
Greater ſpirits that are needy, and will thrive,
Muſt labour whiles ſuch troubles are alive. *Exeunt*

Enter Laverdine, and La-poope.

*La p.*Slander is ſharper then the ſword.I have fed this three dayes upon leafe *Tobacco*, for want of other Victuals.

*Lav.*You have liv'd the honeſter Captaine; but be not ſo dejected,but hold up thy head, and meate wil ſooner fall i'thy mouth.

La-p. I care not ſo much for meat, ſo I had but good liquor, for which my guts croak like ſo many Frogs for raine.

Lav. It ſeemes, you are troubled with the wind-Collick Captaine, ſwallow a bullet: tis preſent remedy i'le aſſure you.

La-p. A bullet; if you be Captain, my panch is nothing but a pile of bullets; when I was in any ſervice I ſtood between my Generall and the ſhot, like a mud-wall; I am all lead, from the crown of the head to the ſoale of the foot, not a ſound bone about me.

Lav. It ſeems you have bin in terrible hot ſervice Captaine.

La-p. It has ever bin the fate of the low Country wars to ſpoile many a man, I ha' not bin the firſt nor ſhall not be the laſt: but ile tell you ſir, (hunger has brought it into minde) I ſerved once at the Siege of Braſte 'tis memorable to this day, where we were in great diſtreſſe for victuals, whole troops fainted more for want of food then for blood, and died, yet we were reſolved to ſtand it out; I my ſelf was but then Gentleman of a Company, and had as much need as any man, and indeed I had periſhed had not a miraculous providence preſerved me.

Lav. As how good Captaine?

La-p. Marry ſir ee'n as I was fainting and falling down for want of ſuſtenance, the enemy made a ſhot at me, and ſtruck me full ith' paunch with a penny loaf.

Lav. Inſtead of a bullet!

La-p. In ſtead of a bullet.

Lav. That was miraculous in deed; and that loaf ſuſtained you.

La-p. Nouriſhed me or I had famiſhed with the reſt.

Lav. You have done worthy acts being a ſouldier, and now you ſhall give me leave to requite your tale, and to acquaint you with the moſt notorious deeds that I have done being a Courtier. I proteſt Captain I wil lie no more then you have done.

La-p. I can indure no lies.

Lav. I know you cannot Captaine, therefore ile only tell you of ſtrange things, I did once a deed of charity for it ſelf; I aſſiſted a poor widdow in a ſute, and obtained it, yet I proteſt I took not a penny for my labour.

La-p. Tis no ſuch ſtrange thing.

Lav. By *Mars* Captaine, but it is, and a very ſtrange thing too in a Courtier, it may take the upper hand of your penny loaf for a miracle. I could ha' told you how many Ladies have languiſhed for my love, and how I was once ſollicited by the mother, the daughter, and grand-mother out of the leaſt of which I might have digg'd my ſelfe a fortune; they were all great Ladies, for two of them were ſo big I could hardly embrace them: but I was ſluggiſh in my riſing courſes, and therefore let them paſſe; what meanes I had is ſpent upon ſuch as had the wit to cheat me; That wealth being gon, I have only bought experience with it, with a ſtrong hope to cheat others: but ſee here comes the much declined *Montague*, who had all the Manor houſes, which were the body of his eſtate overthrowen by a great winde.

Enter Montague, Mallicorne.

La-p. How by a great winde? was he not overthrown by law?

Lav. Yes, marry was he: but there was terrible puffing and blowing before he was overthrown, if you obſerv'd, and believe it Captain, ther's no wind ſo dangerous to a building as a lawyers breath.

La-p. What's he with him?

Lav. An eminent Citizen. Mounſier *Mallicorne*, lets ſtand a ſide and liſten their deſign.

Mal. Sir, profit is the Crown of labour, it is the life, the ſoule of the induſtrious Merchant, in it he makes his paradiſe, and for it neglects Wife, Children, Friends, Parents, nay all the world, and delivers up himſelfe to the violence of ſtormes, and to be tos'd into unknown ayres; as there is no faculty ſo perillous, ſo ther's none ſo worthy profitable.

Mont. Sir, I am very well poſſeſt of it, and what of my poore fortunes remaines, I would gladly hazzard upon the Sea; it cannot deale worſe with me then the Land, though it ſinck or throw it in the hands of Pirats. I have yet five hundred pounds left, and your honeſt and worthy acquaintance may make me a young Merchant; th'one moity of what I have I would gladly adventure.

Mal. How adventure? you ſhall hazzard nothing: you ſhall only joyne with me in certaine commodities that are ſafe arrived unto the Key; you ſhall neither be in doubt of danger nor dammage; But ſo much mony disburſt, ſo much receive; ſir I would have you conceive I purſue it not for any good your money wil do me, but meerly out of mine own freeneſſe and courteſie to pleaſure you.

Mont. I can believe no leſſe, and you expreſſe a noble nature, ſeeking to build up a man ſo ruin'd as my ſelfe.

Lav. Captaine here is ſubject for us to worke upon if we have wit; you hear that there is money yet left, and it is going to be layd out in Rattels, Bels, Hobby-Horſes, brown paper, or ſome ſuch like ſale commodities; now it would do better in our purſes, upon our backs in good Gold-lace, and Scarlet, and then we might purſue our projects, and our devices towards my Lady *Annabella*; go to, ther's a conceit newly landed; harck I ſtand in good reputation with him, and therefore may the better cheat him: Captaine, take a few inſtructions from me.

Mont. What monies I have is at your diſpoſing, and upon twelve I will meete you at the Pallace with it.

Mal. I wil there expect you, and ſo I take my leave. *Exit*

Lav. You apprehend me?

La-p. Why do ye think I am a dunce?

Lav. Not a dunce Captaine, but you might give me leave to miſdoubt that pregnancy in a Souldier, which is proper and hereditary to a Courtier; but proſequute it, I wil both ſecond, and give credit to it. Good Mounſier *Montague*, I would your whole revenues lay within the circuit of mine armes, that I might as eaſily beſtow, or reſtore it unto you as my curteſie.

La-p. My zealous wiſhes ſir, do accompany his for your good fortunes.

Lav. Believe it ſir, our affection towards you is a ſtrong band of friendſhip.

Mont. To which I ſhall moſt willingly ſeale. But believe me Gentlemen in a broken eſtate, the bond of friendſhip oft is forfeited, but that it is your free and ingenuous nature to renew it.

Lav. Sir, I wil amply extend my ſelf to your uſe, and am very zealouſly afflicted as not one of your leaſt friends for your croocked fate; But let it ſeiſe you with any dejection, you have as I hear a ſufficient competency left, which wel diſpoſed may erect you as high in the worlds account as ever.

Mont. I cannot live to hope it, much leſſe injoy it, nor is it any part of my endeavour; my ſtudy is to render every man his own, and to containe my ſelf within the limits of a Gentleman.

Lav. I have the grant of an Office given me by ſome noble favorites of mine in Court, there ſtands but a ſmall matter between me and it, if your ability be ſuch to lay down the preſent ſum, out of the love I bear you, before any other man, it ſhall be confirmed yours.

Mont. I have heard you often ſpeak of ſuch a thing; if it be aſſur'd to you I wil gladly deale in it that portion I have, I would not hazard upon one courſe, for I ſee the moſt certaineſt is incertain.

La-p. Having money ſir, you could not light upon men that could give better direction; there is at this time a friend of mine upon the Seas; to be plain with you, he is a Pyrate, that hath wrote to me to work his fredom, and by this Gentlemans meanes, whoſe acquaintance is not ſmall at Court; we have the word of a worthy man for it, only there is ſome money to be ſuddainly disburſt, and if your happineſſe be ſuch to make it up you ſhall receive treble gaine by it, and good aſſurance for it.

Mont. Gentlemen out of the weakneſſe of my eſtate you ſeem (to have ſome knowledge of my breſt) that wood if it were poſſible advance my declined fortunes, to ſatisfie all men of whom I have had credit, and I know no way better then theſe which you propoſe; I have ſome money ready under my command, ſome part of it is already promiſ'd, but the remainder is yours to ſuch uſes as are propounded.

Lav. Appoint ſome certain place of meeting, for theſe affaires requires expedition.

Mont. I wil make it my preſent buſineſſe: at twelve, I am to meet *Mallicorne* the Marchant at the Pallace, you know him ſir, about ſome negotiation of the ſame nature, there I wil be ready to tender you that money, upon ſuch conditions as wee ſhall conclude off.

Lav. The care of it be yours, ſo much as they affaire concernes you.

Mont. Your caution is effectuall, and till then I take my leave.

Lav. Good Mr *Montague.* *Exit*

Whithin a clamor, down with their weapons.
Enter Longavile *and Dubois, their ſwords drawn,*
ſervants and *others between them.*

Ser. Nay Gentlemen what meane you pray be quiet, have ſome reſpect unto the houſe.

Long. A treacherous ſlave.

Du. Thou doſt revile thy ſelf baſe L*ongavile.*

Long. I ſay thou art a villaine and a corrupt one, that haſt ſome ſeaven years fed on thy maſters trencher, yet never bredſt good bloud towards him: for if, thou hadſt have a ſounder heart.

Du. So ſir, you can uſe your tongue ſomething nimbler then your ſword.

Long. Wood you cood uſe your tongue well of your Maſter, friend you might have better imployment for your ſword.

Du. I ſay againe and I wil ſpeak it loud and often, that *Orleans* is a noble Gentleman with whom *Amiens* is to light to poyſe the ſcale.

Long. He is the weaker for taking of a prayſe out of thy mouth.

Du. This hand ſhall ſeale his merit at thy heart.

Lav. Part them my maſters part them.

Ser. Part them ſir, why do you not part them, you ſtand by with your ſword in your hand, and cry part 'em.

Lav. Why you muſt know my friend my cloaths are better then yours, and in a good ſuit, I do never uſe to part any body.

La-p. And it is diſcretion.

Lav. I marry is it Captaine.

Long. *Duboies* though this place priviledge thee, know where next we meet, the bloud which at thy heart flowes drops at thy feet.

Enter Amienee in haſt, his ſword drawne.

Du. I would not ſpend it better then in this quarrell, and on ſuch a hazard.

Ami. What uprores this, muſt my name here be queſtion'd in Tavern brawels, and by affected Ruffins?

Lav. Not we indeed ſir.

Du. Fear cannot make me ſhrink out of your fury, though you were greater then your name doth make you, I am one, and the oppoſer; if your ſwoln rage have ought in mallice to inforce expreſſe it.

Ami. I ſeek thee not nor ſhalt thou ever gaine
That credit, which a blow from me wood give thee,
By my —— *I* more deteſt that fellow
Which took my part then thee, that he durſt offer
To take my honour in his feeble armes,
And ſpend it in a drinking room; which way went he?

Lav. That way ſir, I wood you wood after for I do fear we ſhall have ſome more ſcuffling.

Ami. Ile follow him, and if my ſpeed o're take him, I ſhall ill thank him for his forwardneſſe. *Exit*

Lav. I am glad he's gon, for I do not love to ſee a ſword drawn in the hand of a man that lookes ſo furious, ther's no jeſting with edge tooles, how ſay you Captaine?

Cap. I Say tis better jeſting then to be in earneſt with them. *Enter Orleance.*

Orl. How now? what's the difference? they ſay there have bin ſwords drawn, and in my quarrell, let me know that man, whoſe love is ſo ſincere to ſpend his bloud for my ſake, I will bounteouſly requite him.

Lav. We were all of your ſide, but there he ſtands begun it.

Orl What's thy name?

Dub. *Duboyes?*

Orl. Give me thy hand, thou haſt receaved no hurt?

Dub. Not any, nor wear this body ſtuck full of wounds, I ſhould not count them hurts, being taken in ſo honorable a cauſe as the defence of my moſt worthy Lord.

Orl. The dedication of thy love to me requires my ample bounty, thou art mine, for I do finde thee made unto my purpoſes. Mounſieur L*averdine*, pardon my neglect I not obſerved you, and how runs rumour.

Lav. Why, it runs my Lord like a foot man without a cloak, to ſhow that what's once rumour'd it cannot be hidde.

Orl. And what ſay the rable, am not I the ſubject of their talk?

Lav. Troth my Lord the common mouth ſpeakes foule words.

Orl. Of me, for turning away my wife do they not?

Lav. Faith the men do a little murmer at it and ſay, 'tis an ill preſident in ſo great a man, marry the women they rayle, out right.

Orl. Out upon them rampallions, Ile keepe my ſelfe ſafe enough out of their fingers, but what ſay my prity

jolly

Jelly compoſed gallant that cenſure every thing more deſperate then it is dangerous; what ſay they?

Lav. Marry they are laying wagers, what death you ſhall die; one offers to lay five hundred pounds; And yet he had but a groat about him, & that was in two two-pences too to any man that wo'd make it up a ſhilling; that you were kil'd with a Piſtoll charg'd with white Powder; another offerd to pawne his ſoule for five ſhillings, and yet no body wo'd take him, that you were ſtab'd to death and ſho'd die with more wounds then *Ceſar.*

Orl. And who ſho'd be the Butchers that ſho'd do it? *Montague* and his aſſociates?

Lav. So tis conjectured.

La-p. And believe it, ſweet Prince, it is to be feared, and therefore prevented.

Orl. By turning his purpoſe on himſelf, were not that the way?

Lav. The moſt direct path for your ſafety. For where doth danger ſit more furious then in a deſperate man?

La-p. And being you have declined his meanes, you have increaſt his malice.

Lav. Beſides the generall report that ſteems in every mans breath, and ſtaines you all over with infamy, that Time the devourer of all things cannot eat out.

La-p. I, for that former familiarity, which he had with your Lady.

Lav. Men ſpeak it as boldly as words of complement; good morrow, good even, or God ſave you ſir, are not more uſuall; if the word cuckold had been written upon your forehead in great Capitall Letters, it could not have been dilated with more confidence.

Orl. He ſhall not ſleepe another night, I will have his blood, though it be required at my hands again.

Lav. Your Lordſhip may, and without hazzarding your own perſon; he's a Gentleman in whoſe looks I ſee a reſolution to perform it.

Dub. Let his Lordſhip give me but his honourable word for my life, Ile kill him as he walks.

Lav. Or piſtoll him as he ſits at meat.

La-p. Or at game.

Lav. Or as he is drinking.

Dub. Any way.

Orl. Wot thou? call what is mine thine own, thy reputation ſhall not be brought in queſtion for it, much-leſſe thy life; it ſhall be namd a deed of valour in thee, not murder: Farewell. *Exit.*

Dub. I need no more encouragement, it is a worke I will perſwade my ſelfe that I was borne to.

Laver. And you may perſwade your ſelfe to that you ſhall be ſav'd by it, being that it is for his honourable Lordſhip.

Dub. But you muſt yield me means, how, when and where.

Lav. That ſhall be our taskes;
Nay more, we will be agents with thee: (moneys,
This houre we are to meet him, on the receipt of certain
Which indeed we purpoſe honeſtly to cheat him of,
And that's the many cauſes I wo'd have him ſlain,
Who works with ſafety makes a double gain. *Exeunt.*

Enter Longaville, Amiens following him.

Ami. Stay ſir, I have took ſome pains to overtake you. —Your name is *Longaville?*

Long. I have the word of many honeſt men for't, I crave your Lordſhips pardon, your ſudden apprehenſion on my ſteps made me to frame an anſwer unwitting and unworthy your reſpect.

Ami. Doe you know me?

Long. Yes, my Lord.

Ami. I know not you; nor am I well pleaſed to make this time, as the affaire now ſtands, the induction of your acquaintance; you are a fighting fellow?

Long. How my Lord?

Ami. I thinke I too much grace you; rather you are a fellow dares not fight, but ſpet and puffe and make a noyſe whilſt your trembling hand drawes out your Sword, to lay it upon Andirons, ſtooles or tables, rather then on a man.

Long. Your honour may beſt ſpeake this; yet —— with little ſafety, if I thought it ſerious.

Ami. Come, you are a merry braggart, and you have given me cauſe to tell you ſo: what weakneſſe have you ever ſeen in me to prompt your ſelfe, that I could need your helpe, or what other reaſons could induce you to it? you never yet had a meales meat from my Table, nor as I remember from my Wardrop any caſt Suite.

Lon. Tis true, I never durſt yet have ſuch a ſervile ſpirit, to be the minion of a full ſwolne Lord; but alwaies did deteſt ſuch ſlavery: a meales meat, or a caſt ſute? I wo'd firſt eate the ſtones, and from ſuch rags the dunghils does afford pick me a garment.

Ami. I have miſtook the man, his reſolute ſpirit
Proclaimes him generous, he has a noble heart
As free to utter good deeds as to act them;
For had he not been right, and of one piece,
He would have crumpled, curled, and ſtruck himſelfe
Out of the ſhape of man into a ſhaddow.
But prethee tell me, if no ſuch fawning hope
Did lead thee on to hazzard life for my ſake;
What was it that incited thee?
Tell me; ſpeak it without the imputation of a Sicophant.

Long. Your own deſert, and with it was joyn'd the unfained friendſhip that I judged you ever held unto my former Lord.

Ami. The noble *Montague?*

Long. Yes, the noble and much injured *Montague.*

Ami. To ſuch a man as thou art, my heart ſhall be
A Casket: I will lock thee up there,
And eſteem thee as a faithfull friend,
The richeſt Jewell that a man enjoyes;
And being thou didſt follow once my friend,
And in thy heart ſtill doſt, not with his fortunes
caſting him off,
Thou ſhalt goe hand in hand with me, and ſhare
As well in my ability as love; t's not my end
To gaine men for my uſe, but a true friend. *Exeunt.*

Enter Duboys.

Dub. There's no ſuch thriving way to live in grace,
As to have no ſence of it; his backe nor belly
Shall not want warming that can practiſe me miſchiefe;
I walke now with a full purſe, grow high and wanton,
Prune and briske my ſelfe in the bright ſhine
Of his good Lordſhips favours; and for what vertue?
For faſhioning my ſelfe a murderer.
O noble *Montague*, to whom I owe my heart,
With all my beſt thoughts, tho my tongue have promiſ'd
To exceed the malice of thy deſtiny,
Never in time of all my ſervice knew I
Such a ſinne tempt thy bounty; thoſe that did feed
Upon thy charge had merit or elſe need.

Enter

Enter Laverdine *and* Lapoope, *with diſguiſes.*

Lav. Duboys, moſt proſperouſly met.

Dub. How now? will he come this way.

Lav. This way, immediately; therefore thy aſſiſtance, deere *Duboys*.

Dub. What have you cheated him of the money you ſpoke of?

Lav. Fough, as eaſily as a ſilly Countrey wench of her maydenhead; we had it in a twinkling.

Dub. Tis well Captaine, let me helpe you, you muſt be our leader in this action.

La-p. Tut, feare not, Ile warrant you if my Sword hold, we'l make no ſweating ſickneſſe of it.

Dub. Why that's well ſaid, but let's retire a little, that we may come on the more bravely,; this way, this way.

Exeunt.

Enter Montague *in the hands of three Officers, and three Creditors.*

1 *Cre.* Officers look to him, and be ſure you take good ſecurity before he part from you.

Mont. Why but my friends, you take a ſtrange courſe with me; the ſums I owe you are rather forgetfulneſſe they are ſo ſlight, then want of will or honeſty to pay you.

1 *Cred.* I ſir, it may be ſo; but we muſt be paid, and we will be paid before you ſcape: we have wife and children, and a charge, and you are going down the wind, as a man may ſay; and therefore it behooves us to looke to't in time.

2 *Cred.* Your cloak here wo'd ſatisfie me, mine's not above a three pound matter, beſides the arreſt.

3 *Cred.* Faith and mine is much about that matter too; your Girdle and Hangers, and your Beaver, ſhall be ſufficient baile for't.

1 *Cred.* If you have ever a plain black ſute at home, this Silken one, with your Silke-ſtockings, Garters, and Roſes ſhall pacifie me too; for I take no delight, if I have a ſufficient pawne, to caſt any Gentleman in priſon; therefore tis but an untruſſing matter, and you are free, we are no unreaſonable creatures you ſee; for mine own part, I proteſt I am loth to put you to any trouble for ſecurity.

Mont. Is there no more of you? he wo'd next demand my skinne.

1 *Cred.* No ſir, here's no more of us, nor do any of us demand your skin, we know not what to doe with it: but it may be if you ow'd your Glover any money, he knew what uſe to make of it.

Mont. Ye dregs of baſeneſſe, vultures amongſt men,
That tyer upon the hearts of generous ſpirits.

1 *Cred.* You doe us wrong ſir, we tyre no generous ſpirits, we tyre nothing but our hackneys.

Enter Mallicorne.

Mont. But here comes one made of another piece;
A man well meriting that free born name
Of Citizen; welcome my deliverer, I am falne
Into the hands of blood-hounds, that for a ſum
Leſſer then their honeſties, which is nothing,
Wo'd teare me out of my skin.

Mal. Why ſir, what's the matter?

1 *Cre.* Why ſir, the matter is, that we muſt have our money, which if we cannot have, we'l ſatisfie our ſelves with his carcaſſe, and be payd that waies: you had as good ſir not have been ſo peremptory. Officer, hold faſt.

1 *Offi.* The ſtrenuous fiſt of vengeance now is clutcht; therefore feare nothing.

Mal. What may be the debt in groſſe?

Mont. Some forty Crowns, nay rather not ſo much, tis quickly caſt.

Mal. Tis ſtrange to me, that your eſtate ſho'd have ſo low an ebbe, to ſticke at ſuch ſleight ſums: why my friends, you are too ſtrict in your accounts, and call too ſudden on this Gentleman, he has hopes left yet to pay you all.

1 *Cred.* Hopes? I marry bid him pay his friends with hopes, and pay us with currant Coyne: I knew a gallant once that fed his creditors ſtill with hopes, and bid'em they ſho'd feare nothing, for he had 'em tyed in a ſtring; and truſt me ſo he had indeed, for at laſt he and all his hopes hopt in a haltar.

Mont. Good ſir, with what ſpeed you may free out the company of theſe ſlaves, that have nothing but their names to ſhow 'em men.

Mal. What wo'd you wiſh me do ſir? I proteſt I ha' not the preſent ſumme (ſmall as it is) to lay down for you; and for giving my word, my friends no latter then yeſternight made me take bread and eate it, that I ſho'd not do it for any man breathing ith' world; therefore I pray hold me excuſed.

Mont. You doe not ſpeake this ſeriouſly?

Mal. As ever I ſaid my prayers, I proteſt to you.

Mont. What may I think of this?

Mal. Troth ſir thought is free for any man; we abuſe our betters in it, I have done it my ſelfe.

Mont. Truſt me, this ſpeech of yours doth much amaze me, pray leave this language, and out of that ſame ſum you lately did receive of me, lay down as much as may diſcharge me.

Mal. You are a merry man ſir, and I am glad you take your croſſes ſo temperately; fare you well ſir, and yet I have ſomething more to ſay to ye, a word in your eare I pray; to be plaine with you I did lay this plot to arreſt you to enjoy this money I have of yours, with the more ſafety. I am a foole to tell you this now; but in good faith I could not keepe it in. And the money wo'd a done me little good elſe. An honeſt Citizen cannot wholly enjoy his own wife for you, they grow old before they have true uſe of them, which is a lamentable thing, and truely much hardens the hearts of us Citizens againſt you: I can ſay no more, but am heartily ſorry for your heavineſſe, and ſo I take my leave.

Exit Mallycorne.

1 *Cred.* Officers take hold on him againe, for Mounſier *Mallycorne* will doe nothing for him I perceive.

Enter Duboys, Lapoope, and Laverdine.

Dub. Nay come my maſters, leave dauncing of the old meaſures, and let's aſſault him bravely.

Lav. By no means; for it goes againſt my ſtomacke to kill a man in an unjuſt quarrell.

La-p. It muſt needs be a clog to a mans conſcience all his life time.

Lav. It muſt indeed Captaine: beſides doe ye not ſee he has gotten a guard of friends about him, as if he had ſome knowledge of our purpoſe?

Dub. Had he a guard of Devils as I think them little better, my Sword ſhould doe the meſſage that it came for.

Lav. If you will be ſo deſperate, the blood lie upon your own neck, for we'l not meddle in't.

Duboys runs upon Montague, and ſtrugling yeelds him his Sword; the Officers draw, Laverdine *and* La-poope *in the ſcuffling retire, Montague chaſeth them off the Stage, himſelfe wounded.*

Dub. I am your friend and ſervant,
Struggle with me and take my Sword;
Noble ſir make your way, you have ſlaine an Officer.

Mont. Some one of them has certainly
Requited me; for I do loſe much blood.

1 *Offic.* Udſprecious, we have loſt a brother, purſue the Gentleman.

2 *Offic.* Ile not meddle with him: you ſee what comes on't; beſides I know he will be hang'd ere he be taken.

1 *Offic.* I tell thee yeoman he muſt be taken ere he be hanged; he is hurt in the guts, run afore therefore and know how his wife will rate his Sawſiges a pound.

3 *Offic.* Stay brother, I may live, for ſurely I finde i'm but hurt in the leg a dangerous kick on the ſhin-bone.

Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scæna prima.

Enter Madam Lamira, *Madam le Orleans, Veramour.*

Lam. You ſee Lady
What harmleſſe ſports ous Countrey life affords;
And though you meet not here with City dainties,
Or Courtly entertainment, what you have
Is free and hearty.

L. Orl. Madam, I finde here
What is a ſtranger to the Court, content,
And receive curteſies done for themſelves,
Without an expectation of returne,
Which binds me to your ſervice.

Lam. Oh your love;
My homely houſe built more for uſe then ſhew
Obſerves the Golden mean equally diſtant
From glittering pompe, and ſordid avarice;
For Maskes we will obſerve the workes of nature
And in the place of viſitation read.
Our Phyſick ſhall be wholſome walkes, our viandes,
Nouriſhing not provoking: for I finde
Pleaſures are tortures, that leave ſtings behind.

L. Orl. You have a great eſtate.

Lam. A competency
Sufficient to maintaine me and my ranke,
Nor am I, I thank Heaven, ſo Courtly bred
As to imploy the utmoſt of my Rents
In paying Tailors for phantaſtick Roabes;
Or rather then be ſecond in the faſhion,
Eate out my Officers and my Revenues
With grating uſury: my back ſhall not
Be the baſe on which your ſoothing Citizen
Erects his Summer-houſes; nor on the other ſide
Will I be ſo penuriouſly wiſe,
As to make money (thats my ſlave) my Idoll,
Which yet to wrong, merits as much reproof,
As to abuſe our ſervant.

L. Orl. Yet with your pardon
I thinke you want the Crown of all contentment.

Lam. In what good Madam?

L. Orl. In a worthy husband.

Lam. —— It is ſtrange the galley-ſlave ſhould praiſe
His Oare, or ſtroakes; or you, that have made ſhipwracke
Of all delight upon this Rock cal'd marriage,
Should ſing Encomions o't.

L. Orl. Madam, though one fall
From his horſe and breake his neck, will you
Conclude from that it is unfit to ride?
Or muſt it follow, becauſe *Orleance*
My Lord's pleaſed to make his paſſionate triall
Of my ſuſpected patience, that my brother,
(Were he not ſo, I might ſay, worthy *Amiens*)
Will imitate his ills, that cannot fancy
What's truely Noble in him?

Lam. I muſt grant
There's as much worth in him as can be lookt for
From a young Lord, but not enough to make
Me change my golden liberty and conſent
To be a ſervant to it, as wives are
To the Imperious humors of their Lords:
Me thinks I'm well, I riſe and goe to bed
When I thinke fit, eate what my appetite
Deſires without controle, my ſervants ſtudy
Is my contentment, and to make me merry
Their fartheſt ayms; my ſleeps are enquired after,
My riſing up ſaluted with reſpect:
Command and liberty now waite upon
My Virgin ſtate; what would I more? change all,
And for a husband? no; theſe freedomes die,
In which they live with my Virginity;
Tis in their choice that's rich to be a wife,
But not being yoakt to chuſe the ſingle life.

Ver. Madam.

Lam. How like you the Countrey?

Ver. I like the ayre of it well Madam, and the rather becauſe as on Iriſh Timber your Spiders will not make his web, ſo for ought I ſee yet your Cheater, Pander, and Informer being in their diſpoſitions too foggy for this piercing climate, ſhun it, and chooſe rather to walk in miſts in the City.

Lam. Who did you ſerve firſt boy?

Ver. A rich Merchants widdow, and was by her preferred to a young Court-lady.

L. Orl. And what difference found you in their ſervice?

Ver. Very much: for looke how much my old City Madam gave to her young viſitants, ſo much my Lady received for her hoary Court-ſervants.

Lam. And what made you to leave her?

Ver. My father (Madam) had a deſire to have me a taleman, took me from thence.

Lam. Well, I perceive you inherit the wag, from your father.

Ver. Doves beget Doves; and Eagles, Eagles, Madam: A Citizen here, tho left never ſo rich, ſeldome at the beſt proves a Gentleman: the ſonne of an Advocate, tho dub'd like his father, will ſhew a reliſh of his diſcent, and the fathers thriving practice, as I have heard: ſhe that of a Chambermayd is metamorphoſed into a Madam, will yet remember how oft her daughter by her mother ventured to lie upon the ruſhes before ſhe could get in that which makes many Ladies.

L. Orl. But what think you of your late Maſter?

Ver. Oh Madam —— *Sigh.*

Lam. Why doe you ſigh? you are ſorry that you left (him,
He made a wanton of you.

Ver. Not for that:
Or if he did, for that my youth muſt love him.
Oh pardon me, if I ſay liberty
Is bondage, if compared with his kind ſervice;

And but to have power now to ſpeake his worth
To its deſert; I ſhould be well content
To be an old man when his praiſe were ended:
And yet, if at this inſtant you were pleaſed,
I ſhould begin, the livery of age
Would take his lodging upon this head
Ere I ſhould bring it to a period.
In briefe he is a man (for God forbid
That I ſhould ever live to ſay he was
Of ſuch a ſhape as would make one beloved,
That never had good thought;)and to his body
He hath a mind of ſuch a conſtant temper
In which vertues throng to have a room:
Yet 'gainſt this noble Gentleman, this *Montague*,
For in that name I comprehend all goodneſſe,
Wrong, and the wreſted law, falſe witneſſes,
And envy ſent from hell, have roſe in Armes,
And tho not pierced, battered his honourd ſhield.
What ſhall I ſay? I hope you will forgive me,
That if you were but pleas'd to love,
I know no *Juno* worthy ſuch a *Jove*.

Enter Charlot with a letter.

Lam. Tis well yet that I have the ſecond place
In your affection: From whence?
Charl. From the Lord *Amiens*, Madam.
Lam. Tis welcome, though it beare his uſual language:
I thought ſo much, his love-ſuit ſpeake his health.
What's he that brought it?
Charl. A Gentleman of good ranke, it ſeems.
Lam. Where is he?
Charl. Receiving entertainment in your houſe
Sorting with his degree.
Lam. Tis well.
Charl. He waites your Ladiſhips pleaſure.
Lam. He ſhall not waite long:
Ile leave you for a while; nay ſtay you boy,
Attend the Lady. *Exeunt* Lam. *Charl.*
Vir. Would I might live once
To waite on my poore Maſter.
L.Orl. That's a good boy:
This thankfulneſſe looks lovely on thy forehead,
And in it, as a book, me thinks I read
Inſtructions for my ſelfe, that am his debtor,
And wo'd do much that I might be ſo happy
To repaire that which to our griefe is ruin'd.
Vir. It were a worke a King might glory in,
If he ſaw with my eyes: If you pleaſe Madam,
For ſure to me you ſeem to me unapt to walke,
To ſit, although the churliſh Birds deny
To give us muſicke in this grove, where they
Are prodigall to others: Ile ſtrain my voyce
For a ſad Song, the place is ſafe and private.
L.Orl. Twas my deſire; begin good *Viramour*.

Muſick, a Song, at the end of it enter Montague fainting, his Sword drawn.

L.Orl. What's he *Viramour*?
Vir. A goodly perſonage.
Mont. Am I yet ſafe? or is my flight a dream?
My wounds and hunger tell me that I wake:
Whither have my feares borne me? no matter where,
Who hath no place to goe to, cannot erre:
What ſhall I doe? cunning calamity
That others groſſe wits uſes to refine,
When I moſt need it duls the edge of mine.
L.Orl. Is not this *Montagues* voyce?
Vir. My Maſters? fie.
Mont. What ſound was that, piſh,
Feare makes the wretch think every leafe oth' Jury:
What courſe to live, beg? better men have done it,
But in another kind: ſteale? *Alexander*
Though ſtiled a Conquerour, was a proud thiefe
Though he robd with an Army; fie how idle
Theſe meditations are: though thou art worſe
Then ſorrows tongue can ſpeak thee, thou art ſtill
Or ſhouldſt be, honeſt *Montague*.
L.Orl. Tis too true.
Vir. Tis he: what villaines hands did this? oh that my (fleſh
Were Balme; in faith ſir, I would plucke it off
As readily as this; pray you accept
My will to doe you ſervice: I have heard
The Mouſe once ſav'd the Lyon in his need,
As the poore Scarab ſpild the Eagles ſeed.
L.Orl. How do you?
Mont. As a forſaken man.
L.Orl. Do not ſay ſo, take comfort,
For your misfortunes have been kind in this,
To caſt you on a hoſpitable ſhoare,
Where dwels a Lady--
Vir. She to whom, good Maſter,
You prefer'd me.
L.Orl. In whoſe houſe, whatſoere
Your dangers are, Ile undetake your ſafety.
Mont. I feare that I am purſued, and doubt that I
In my defence have kild an Officer.
Vir. Is that all? there's no law under the Sunne
But will I hope confeſſe, one drop of blood
Shed from this arme is recompence enough
Though you had cut the throats of all the Catchpoles
In France, nay in the world.
Mont. I would be loth
To be a burthen, or feed like a drone
On the induſtrious labour of a Bee,
And baſer far I hold it to owe for
The bread I eate, what's not in me to pay;
Then ſince my full fortunes are declined,
To their low ebb Ile faſhion my high mind.
It was no ſhame to *Hecuba* to ſerve
When Troy was fired: ift be in your power
To be a means to make her entertainment,
And far from that I was; but to ſupply
My want with habit fit for him that ſerves,
I ſhall owe much to you.
L.Orl. Leave that care to me.
Vir. Good ſir, leane on my ſhoulder; helpe good Madam: oh that I were a horſe for halfe an houre, that I might carry you home on my backe: I hope you wil love me ſtill?
Mont. Thou doſt deſerve it boy, that I ſhould live
To be thus troubleſome.
L.Orl. Good ſir, tis none.
Vir. Trouble moſt willingly; I would be changd
Like *Apuleius*, weare his Aſſes eares,
Provided I might ſtill this burthen beare.
L.Orl. Tis a kind boy.
Mont. I finde true proofe of it. *Exeunt.*

Enter Amiens and Longeville with a Paper.

Ami. You'l carry it.
Long. As I live although my packet were like Bellerophons, what have you ſeen in me or my behaviour ſince your favours ſo plentifully ſhowed upon my wants, that may beget diſtruſt of my performance?
Ami. Nay, be not angry, if I entertained
But the leaſt ſcruple of your love, or courage,

I would make of one which my ſtate
Should do me right in this, nor can you blame me
If in a matter of ſuch conſequence
I am ſo importunate. (jurations

*Long.*Good my Lord tell me,prevent your further con-
To rayſe my ſpirit, I know this is a challenge
To be delivered unto *Orleance* hand,
And that my undertaking ends not there,
But I muſt be your ſecond, and in that
Not alone ſearch your enemy,meaſure weapons,
But ſtand in all your hazzards, as our blouds
Ran in the ſelf ſame veines, in which if I
Better not your opinion, as a limbe
That's putrifyed and uſeleſſe, cut me off,
And underneath the Gallous bury it.

*Ami.*At full you underſtand me, and in this
Binde me and what's mine to you and yours,
I wil not ſo much wrong you as to adde
One ſylable more,let it ſuffice I leave
My honor to your guard : and in that prove
You hold the firſt place in my heart and love. *Exit Ami.*

*Long.*The firſt place in a Lords affection ? very good ; and how long doth that laſt ? perhaps the changing of ſome three ſhirts in the Tennis Court ; wel it were very neceſſary that an order were taken (if it were poſſible,) that younger brother, might have more wit, or more money : for now how ever the foole hath long bin put upon him that inherits his revenew hath brought him a ſpunge, and wip't off the imputation, and for the underſtanding of the younger, let him get as much rhetorick as he can to grace his language.

Enter Dubois.

They wil ſee he ſhall have gloſſe little enough to ſet out his barck;ſtand *Dubois* look about all ſafe.

*Dub.*Approach not neer me but with reverence
Lawrell and adorations,I have done more then deſerve a

*Long.*How now what's the matter ? (1 o thanks.

*Dub.*With this hand only aided by this brain,
Without an *Orpheus* Harp redeem'd from hels
Three headed Porter, our *Euridice.*

*Long.*Nay prithee ſpeak ſence,this is like the ſtale braggart in a Play.

Dub. Then in plaine Proſe thus, and with as little action as thou canſt deſire,the three headed Porter,were three unexorable Catch-poles out of whoſe jawes with out the help of *Orpheus* Harp, baite or bribe, for thoſe too ſtringes, makes the Muſique that mollifies thoſe flinty furies, I reſcued our *Euridice*, I meane my old Maſter *Montague.*

Long. And is this all, a poor reſcue, I thought thou hadſt reverſt the judgement for his overthrow, in his ſute,or wrought upon his adverſary *Orleance*, taken the ſhape of a Ghoſt,frighted his mind into diſtraction, and for the appeaſing of his conſcience forc'd him to make reſtitution of *Montagues* Lands, or ſuch like reſcued ; ſlight I would have hired Crohieture for two Cardekues to have done ſo much with his whip.

Dub. You wood ſir, and yet tis more then three on their foot-cloathes durſt do for a ſworne Brother, in a Coach.

*Long.*Beſides what proofs of it,for ought I know this may be a trick, I had rather have him a Priſoner,where I might viſit him,and do him ſervice, then not at all,or I know not where.

Dub. Well ſir, the end wil ſhew it,what's that a challenge ?

*Long.*Yes,wher's *Orleance* ? though we fight in jeſt he muſt meet with *Amiens* in earneſt, ——fall off, we are diſcovered ; my horſe garcon ha'.

Dub. Were it not in a houſe and in his preſence,
To whom I owe all duty——

Long. What would it do ? prate as it do's?but be as far from ſtricking as he that owes it *Orleans.*

*Dub.*How ?

*Long.*I think thou art his Porter,
Set here to anſwer creditors, that his Lordſhip
Is not within or takes the diet. I am ſent,
And wil grow here untill I have an anſwer,
Not to demand a debt of money, but
To call him to a ſtrict account for wrong
Done to the honors of a Gentleman,
Which nothing but his heart-bloud ſhall waſh off.

Dub. Shall I hear this ?

*Long.*And more,that if I may not
Have acceſſe to him, I will fix this here
To his diſgrace and thine.

Dub. And thy life with it.

*Long.*Then have the coppies of it paſted on poſts,
Like Phamplet titles that ſue to be ſold ;
Have his diſgrace talk for Tobacco ſhops,
His picture bafful'd.

*Dub.*All reſpect away, wer't in a Church---*draw both*

*Long.*This is the book I pray with.

*Orl.*Forbear upon your lives.

Long. What are you rous'd?I hope your Lordſhip can read(though he ſtaine not his birth with ſcholler-ſhip) doth it not pleaſe you now ? if you are a right Mounſier,muſter up the reſt of your attendance, which is a page, a cook,a pander, coach-man, and a foot man, in theſe dayes a great Lords traine, pretending I am unworthy to bring you a challenge, in ſtead of anſwering it,have me kik't.

Dub. If he does thou deſerv'ſt it.

Long. I dare you all to touch me, I'le not ſtand ſtill,
What anſwer you ?

*Orl.*That thou haſt done to *Amience*
The office of a faithfull friend which I
Would cheriſh in thee were he not my foe,
How ever ſince on honorable tearmes
He cals me forth, ſay I will meet with him,
And by *Dubois* ere Sun-ſet make him know
The time and place,my ſwords length, and what ever
Scruple of circumſtance he can expect.

*Long.*This anſwer comes unlookt for, far you well,
Finding your temper thus, wood I had ſayd leſſe. *Exit.*

Orl Now Comes thy love to the teſt.

Dub. My Lord 'twill hold,
And in all dangers prove it ſelfe true gold. *Exeunt*

Enter Laverdine La-poop Malicorne,ſervant.

Ser. I wil acquaint my Lady with your comming.
Pleaſe you repoſe your ſelves here.

Mal. Ther's a teſter, nay now I am a woer I muſt be bountifull.

Ser. If you would have two three-pences for it ſir,
To give ſome of your kindred as you ride,I'le ſee if I can get them;we uſe not(tho Servants)to take Bribes. *Exit.*

Lav. Then thou art unfit, to be in office either in Court or City.

*La-p.*Indeed corruption is a Tree whoſe branches are of an unmeaſurable length they ſpread every where,and the dew that drops from thence have infected ſome chayres and ſtooles of authority.

*Mal.*Ah Captaine,lay not all the fault upon Officers you know you can ſhark though you be out of action, witneſſe *Montague*.

Lav Hang him, hee's ſafe enough ; you had a hand in it to and have gained by him ; but I wonder you Citizens that keep ſo many bookes, and take ſuch ſtrict accounts for every farthing due to you from others, reſerve not ſo much as a memorandum for the curteſies you receive.

Mal. Would you have a Citizen book thoſe? thankfulnes is a thing we are not ſworn to in our indentures: you may as well urge conſcience.

Lav. Talke no more of ſuch vanities. *Montague* is irrecoverably ſunk, I would we had twenty more to ſend after him; the Snake that would be a Dragon and have wings muſt eate; and what imployes that but this, that in this Canniball age he that would have the ſute of wealth muſt not care——whom he feeds on ? and as I have heard no fleſh battens better, then that of a profeſt friend; and he that would mount to honour muſt not make dainty to uſe the head of his mother, back of his father, or neck of his brother, for ladders to his preferment; for but obſerve, and you ſhall finde for the moſt part cunning villany ſit at a feaſt as principall gueſt, and Innocent honeſty waite as a contemn'd ſervant with a trencher.

La-p. The Ladies.

Enter Mountague bare-headed, Lamira, Lady Orleance, Charlo, Veramour, ſalute.

Mont. Do yee ſmell nothing?

Cha. Not I ſir.

Mont. The carrion of knaves is very ſtrong in my noſtrels.

Lav. We came to admire, and finde fame was a niggard
Which we thought prodigall in our report
Before we ſaw you.

Lam. Tuſh ſir, this Courtſhip's old.

La-p. Ile fight for thee ſweet wench,
This is my tongue and woes for me?

Lam. Good man of War,
Hands of; if you take me it muſt be by ſiege,
Not by an onſet; and for your valour, I
Think that I have deſerved few enemies,
And therefore need it not.

Mal. Thou needſt nothing ſweet Lady, but an obſequious husband, and where wilt thou finde him, if not in the City? we are true Moſcovits to our Wives, and are never better pleaſed, then when they uſe us as ſlaves, bridle and ſaddle us; have me, thou ſhalt command all my wealth as thine own, thou ſhalt ſit like a Queen in my ware houſe; And my factors at the returne with my ſhips ſhall pay thee tribute of all the rarities of the earth; thou ſhalt wear gold, feed on delicates, the firſt peaſcods-ſtrauberies, grapes, cherries ſhall——

Lam. Be mine; I apprehend what you would ſay,
Thoſe dainties which the City payes ſo dear for,
The Country yeilds for nothing, and as early;
And credit me your far fet viandes pleaſe not
My appetite better then thoſe that are neer hand.
Then for your promis'd ſervice and ſubjection
To all my humors, when I am your wife,
Which as it ſeemes is frequent in the City,
I cannot finde what pleaſure they receive
In uſing there fond husbands like their Maydes;
But of this more hereafter; I accept
Your proffer kindly, and yours; my houſe ſtands open
To entertain you; take your pleaſure in it,
And eaſe after your journey.

La. Orl. Do you note the boldneſſe of the fellowes?

Lam. Alas Madam, a virgin muſt in this be like a lawyer,
And as he takes all fees, ſhee muſt hear all ſuitors; the
One for gaine, the other for her mirth; ſtay with the
Gentlemen, wee'l to the Orchards. *Exeunt Lamira, La. Orle. Veram. Charl.*

La-p. ——what art thou?

Mont. An honeſt man, though poor;
And look they like to monſters, are they ſo rare?

Lav. Roſe from the dead.

Mal. Do you heare Mounſier Serviture, didſt thou never heare of one *Montague* a prodigall gull, that lives about Paris?

Mont. So ſir.

Lav. One that after the loſſe of his maine eſtate in a Law ſute, bought an Office in the Court.

La-p. And ſhould have letters of Mart, to have the Spaniſh treaſure as it came from the Indies; were not thou and he twins? put of thy hat, let me ſee thy forehead.

Mont. Though you take priviledge to uſe your tongues,
I pray you hold your fingers,
'Twas your baſe cozenage made me as I am,
And were you ſome where elſe I would take off
This proud filme from your eyes, that will not tell you,
Know I am *Montague*.

Enter Lamira behinde the Arras.

Lam. I will obſerve this better.

Lav. And art thou he? I wil do thee grace; give me thy hand; I am glad thou haſt taken ſo good a courſe; ſerve God and pleaſe thy Miſtris; if I prove to be thy Maſter as I am very likely, I will do for thee.

Mal. Faith the fellow's well made for a ſervingman, and will no doubt carry a chyne of Beefe with good grace.

La-p Prithee be carefull of me in my chamber, I will remember thee at my departure.

Mont. All this I can indure under this roof,
And ſo much owe I her, whoſe now I am,
That no wrong ſhall incenſe me to moleſt
Her quiet houſe; while you continue here,
I will not be aſhamed to do you ſervice
More then to her, becauſe ſuch is her pleaſure.
But you that have broke thrice, and foureteen times
Compounded for two ſhillings in the pound,
Know I dare kick you in your ſhop; do ye hear?
If ever I ſee Paris, though an army
Of muſty Murrions, ruſty brown bils and clubs,
Stand for your guard——I have heard of your tricks,
And you that ſmell of Amber at my charge,
And triumph in your cheat; well I may live
To meet thee, be it among a troop of ſuch
That are upon the faire face of the Court
Like running ulcers, and before thy whore
Trampell upon thee.

La-p. This a language for a livery? take heed, I am a Captaine.

Mont. A Cox-comb are you not? that thou and I
To give proof, which of us dares moſt, were now
In mid'ſt of a rough Sea, upon a piece
Of a ſplit ſhip, where only one might ride, *Exit Lamira from the Arras.*
I would —but fooliſh anger makes me talke
Like a Player.

Lam Indeed you act a part
Doth ill become you my ſervant; is this your
duty?

Mont. I crave your pardon, and wil hereafter be more circumſpect.

Lav. Oh the power of a Womans tongue! it had done more then we three with our ſwords durſt undertake: put a madde man to ſilence.

Lam. Why Sirra theſe are none of your comrades
To drink with in the celler; one of them
For ought you know may live to be your Maſter.

La-p. Ther's ſome comfort yet.

Lam. Here's choyce of three, a wealthy Merchant.

Mal. Hem, ſhee's taken, ſhe hath ſpy'd my good Calf,
And many Ladies chuſe their husbands by that.

Lam. A Courtier that's in grace, a valiant Captaine,
And are theſe mates for you? away be gon.

Mont. I humbly pray you will be pleaſed to pardon,
And to give ſatisfaction to you Madam.
(Although I break my heart) I will confeſſe
That I have wrong'd them too, and make ſubmiſſion.

Lam. No I'le ſpare that; goe bid the Cook haſte Supper. *Exit Mont.*

La-p. Oh brave Lady thou art worthy to have ſervants, to be commandreſſe of a Family, that knowſt how to uſe and govern it.

Lav. You ſhall have many Miſtreſſes that will ſo miſtake as to take their horſe keepers, and footemen inſteed of their Husbands, thou art none of thoſe.

Mal. But ſhe that can make diſtinction of men, and knowes when ſhe hath gallants, and fellowes of rank and quality in her houſe——

Lam. Gallants indeed, if it be the Gallants faſhion
To triumph in the miſeries of a man,
Of which they are the cauſe: one that tranſcends
(In ſpight of all that fortune hath, or can be done)
A million of ſuch things as you, my doores
Stand open to receive all ſuch as wear
The ſhape of Gentlemen, and my gentlier nature
(I might ſay weaker) weighes not the expence
Of entertainment; think you i'le forget yet
What's due unto my ſelfe? do not I know,
That you have dealt with poor *Montague*, but like
Needy Commanders, cheating Citizens,
And perjured Courtiers? I am much mov'd, elſe uſe not
To ſay ſo much, if you will bear your ſelves
As fits ſuch you would make me think you are,
You may ſtay; if not the way lies before you. *Exit.*

Mal. What think you of this Captaine?

La-p. That this is a baudy houſe, with Pinacles and Turrets, in which this diſguiſed *Montague* goes to rut gratis, and that this is a landed pandreſſe, and makes her houſe a brothell for charity.

Mal. Come, that's no miracle; but from whence derive you the ſuppoſition?

Lav. Obſerve but the circumſtance; you all know that in the height of *Montagues* proſperity, hee did affect and had his love return'd by this Lady *Orleans*; ſince her divorcement, and his decay of eſtate, it is knowne, they have met not ſo much as his boy is wanting; and that this can be any thing elſe then a meer plot for their night work, is above my imagination to conceive.

Mal. Nay it carries probability, let us obſerve it better, but yet with ſuch caution as our prying be not diſcovered: here's all things to be had without coſt, and therefore good ſtaying here.

La-p. Nay that's true, I would we might woe her twenty years like *Penelopes* ſutors; come *Laverdine.*

Exeunt Malli. La-Poop.

Lav. I follow inſtantly, yonder he is.

Enter Viramor.

The thought of this Boy hath much coold my affection to his Lady, and by all conjectures, this is a diſguiſed whore; I will try if I can ſearch this Mine. Page——

Ver. Your pleaſure ſir?

Lav. Thou art a pritty Boy.

Ver. And you a brave man: now I am out of your debt.

Lav. Nay prithy ſtay.

Ver. I am in haſte ſir.

Lav By the faith of a Courtyer.

Ver. Take heed what you ſay, you have taken a ſtrange Oath.

Lav. I have not ſeene a youth that hath pleaſed me better, I would thou could'ſt like me, ſo far as to leave thy Lady and waite on me, I would maintaine thee in the braveſt Cloaths.

Ver. Though you took them up on truſt, or bought 'em at the brokers.

Lav. Or any way: then thy imployments ſhould bee ſo neate and cleanly, thou ſhouldſt not touch a payre of Pantables in a Moneth, and thy lodging—— ——

Ver. Should be in a brothell.

Lav. No, but in mine armes.

Ver. That my be the circle of a Baudy houſe, or worſe.

Lav. I meane thou ſhouldeſt lie with me.

Ver. Lie with you? I had rather lie with my Ladies Monkey; 'twas never a good World ſince our French Lords learned of the Neopolitans; to make their Pages their Bed-fellowes, doth more hurt to the Suburbe Ladies then tweenty dead Vacations; Tis Supper time ſir. *Exit Veram.*

Lav. I thought ſo, I know by that 'tis a Woman, for becauſe peradventure ſhe hath made tryall of the Monkey, ſhe preferrs him before me, as one unknown; well theſe are ſtanding Creatures, and have ſtrange deſires; And men muſt uſe ſtrange meanes to quench ſtrange fires.

Exit

Actus Quartus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Montague, alone, in meane habit.

Mont. Now *Montague*, who diſcerns thy ſpirit now?
Thy breeding or thy bloud? here's a poor cloud
Ecclipſeth all thy ſplendor; who can reade
In thy pale face, dead eye, or lenten ſhute,
The liberty thy ever giving hand
Hath bought for others, manacling it ſelfe
In gives of parchment indiſſoluble?
The greateſt hearted man ſupplyed with meanes,
Nobility of birth and gentleſt parts,
I though the right hand of his Soveraigne,
If vertue quit her ſeat in his high ſoule,
Glitters but like a Pallace ſet on fire,
Whoſe glory whilſt it ſhines, but ruins him,
And his bright ſhow each houre to aſhes tending
Shall at the laſt be rak't up like a ſparkle,
Unleſſe mens lives and fortunes feede the flame.
Not for my *own* wants though blame I my Stars,
But ſuffering others to caſt love on me,
When I can neither take nor thankfull be.
My Ladies woman, faire and vertuous

Young as the preſent moneth, ſollicits me
For love and marriage now being nothing worth---

Enter Veramour with Counters.

Ver. Oh Maſter,I have ſought you a long hour,
Good faith,I never joyd out of your ſight;
For Gods ſake ſir be merry, or elſe beare
The Buffets of your fortunes with more ſcorn;
Do but begin to raile, teach me the way,
And Ile ſit down and help your anger forth:
I have known you weare a ſuit full worth a Lordſhip,
Give to a man whoſe need nere frighted you
From calling of him friend, five hundred Crowns
Ere ſleep had left your ſences to conſider
Your own important preſent uſes; yet
Since I have ſeen you with a trencher waite,
Voide of all ſcorne,therefore Ile waite on you.

Mont. Would God thou wert leſſe honeſt.

Ver. Would to God you were leſſe worthy: I am even w'ee ſir.

Mont. Is not thy Maſter ſtrangely fallen, when thou
Serveſt for no wages,but for charity?
Thou doſt ſurcharge me with thy plenteous love:
The goodneſſe of thy vertue ſhown to me,
More opens ſtill my diſability
To quit thy pains: Credit me loving boy,
A free and honeſt nature may be oppreſt,
Tir'd with curteſies from a liberall ſpirit,
When they exceed his means of gratitude.

Ver. But tis a due in him that to that end
Extends his love or duty.

Mont. Little world
Of vertue,why doſt love and follow me?

Ver. I will follow you through all Countries,
Ile run (faſt as I can) by your horſe ſide,
Ile hold your ſtirrop when you doe alight,
And without grudging waite till you returne:
Ile quit offerd meanes,and expoſe my ſelfe
To cold and hunger ſtill to be with you;
Fearleſſe Ile travell through a wilderneſſe,
And when you are weary,I will lay me down
That in my boſome you may reſt your head,
Where whilſt you ſleep,Ile watch that no wild beaſt
Shall hurt or trouble you: and thus we'l breed a ſtory
To make every hearer weep,
When they diſcourſe our fortunes and our loves.

Mont. Oh what a ſcoffe might men of Wormes make,
If they did know this boy? but my deſire
Is that thou wouldeſt not (as thou uſeſt ſtill
When like a ſervant I'mong ſervants ſit)
Waite on my Trencher, fill my cups with wine:
Why ſhouldit thou doe this boy? prethee conſider,
I am not what I was.

Ver. Curſt be the day when I forget that *Montague* was my Lord, or not remember him my Maſter ſtill.

Mont. Rather curſe me, with whom thy youth hath
So many houres,and yet untaught to live (ſpent
By any worldly qualitie.

Ver. Indeed you never taught me how to handle Cards
To cheat and cozen men with oathes and lies;
Thoſe are the wordly qualities to live:
Some of our Scarlet Gallants teach their boyes
Theſe worldly qualities.
Since ſtumbling fortune then leaves vertue thus
Let me leave fortune, ere be vicious.

Mont. Oh lad,thy love will kill me.

Ver. In truth, I think in conſcience I ſhall die for you:
Good Maſter weep not,doe you want aught ſir?
Will you have any money? here's ſome Silver;
And here's a little Gold, 'twill ſerve to play,
And put more troubleſome thoughts out of your mind:
I pray ſir take it, Ile get more with ſinging.
And then Ile bring it you; my Lady ga't me,
And --- it was not covetouſneſſe,
But I forgot to tell you ſooner on't.

Mont. Alaſſe boy,thou art not bound to tell it me,
And leſſe to give it, buy thee Scarfes and Garters,
And when I have money,I will give thee a Sword:
Nature made thee a beauteous Cabinet
To lock up all the godneſſe of the Earth.

Enter Charlote.

Ver. I have loſt my voyce with the very ſight of this Gentlewoman: good ſir ſteale away, you were wont to be a curious avoyder of womens company.

Mont. Why boy, thou darſt truſt me any where, darſt thou not?

Ver. I had rather truſt you by a roaring Lyon, then a ravening woman.

Mont. Why boy.

Ver. Why truly ſhe devoures more mans fleſh—

Mont. I,But ſhe roares not boy.

Ver. No ſir,why ſhe is never ſilent but when her mouth is full.

Charl. Mounſier *Montague*.

Mont. My ſweet fellow,ſince you pleaſe to call me ſo.

Ver. Ah my conſcience ſhe would be pleaſed well enough to call you bedfellow: oh Maſter, do not hold her by the hand ſo:a woman is a lyme-buſh,that catcheth all ſhe toucheth.

Charl. I do moſt dangerouſly ſuſpect this boy to be a wench; art thou not one? come hither, let me feele thee.

Ver. With all my heart.

Charl. Why doſt thou pull off thy glove?

Ver. Why,to feele whether you be a boy, or no.

Charl. Fie boy, goe too, Ile not looke your head, nor combe your locks any more,if you talke thus.

Ver. Why,ile ſing to you no more then.

Charl. Fie upon't, how ſad you are? a young Gentleman that was the very Sunne of France.

Mont. But I am in the eclipſe now.

Charl. Suffer himſelfe to be over-run with a Lethargy of melancholy and diſcontent! rouze up thy ſpirit, man,and ſhake it off:
A Noble ſoule is like a ſhip at Sea,
That ſleepes at Anchor when the Ocean's calme;
But when ſhe rages, and the wind blows high,
He cuts his way with ſkill and Majeſty.
I would turn a foole,or Poet, or any thing, or marry, to make you merry; prethee let's walke: good *Veramour* leave thy Maſter and me, I have earneſt buſineſſe with him.

Ver. Pray doe you leave my Maſter,and me; we were very merry before you came, he does not covet womens companie.
What have you to do with him? come ſir will you goe?
And ile ſing to you again:
I'faith his mind is ſtronger then to credit womens vows,
and too pure to be capable of their loves.

Charl. The boy is jealous;ſweet lad leave us; my Lady call'd for you I ſweare: that's a good child, there's a piece of Gold for thee, go buy a Feather.

Ver. There's two pieces for you,do you goe and buy one, or what you will, or nothing ſo you goe. Nay then I ſee you would have me go ſir; why, 'faith I will; but now I perceive you love her better then you doe me; but

God bleſſe you whatever you do,or intend; I know
you are a very honeſt man. *Exit.*

Charl. Still ſhall I woe thee,whilſt thy eares reply
I cannot,or I will not marry thee?
Why haſt thou drawn the blood out of my cheekes,
And given a quicker motion to my heart?
Oh thou haſt bred a fever in my veines
Call'd love,which no Phyſitian can cure;
Have mercy on a maid whoſe ſimple youth---

Mont. How your example faireſt teacheth me
A ceremonious Idolatry! *kneels.*
By all the joy of love I love thee better
Then I or any man can tell another;
And will expreſſe the mercy which thou crav'ſt,
I will forbeare to marry thee: conſider
Thou art natures heire in feature,and thy parents
In faire inheritances;riſe with theſe thoughts,
And look on me; but with a womans eye,
A decayd fellow,voyd of means and ſpirit.

Charl. Of ſpirit?

Mont. Yes,could I tamely live,
Forget my fathers blood, waite and make legs,
Staine my beſt breeches, with the ſervile drops
That fall from others draughts. (ſpirit

Charl. This vizard wherewith thou wouldſt hide thy
Is perſpective, to ſhew it plainlier.
This under-value of thy life is but
Becauſe I ſhould not buy thee;what more ſpeaks
Greatneſſe of man,then valiant patience,
That ſhrinks not under his fates ſtrongeſt ſtrokes?
Theſe Roman deaths, as falling on a Sword,
Opening of veines, with poyſon quenching thirſt,
(Which we erroneouſly doe ſtile the deeds
Of the heroicke and magnanimous man)
Was dead-eyd cowardiſe,and white cheeke feare,
Who doubting tyranny,and fainting under
Fortunes falſe Lottery, deſperately runne
To death for dread of death; that ſoules moſt ſtout,
That bearing all miſchance,dares laſt it out;
Will you performe your word,and marry me,
When I ſhall call you to't?

Enter Longueville with a riding-rod.

Mont. I'faith I will.

Charl. Who's this alights here?

Long, With leave faire creature, are you the Lady Miſtris of the houſe?

Charl. Her ſervant ſir.

Long. I pray then favour me,to inform your Lady,and
Duke *Orleans* wife,
A buſineſſe of emport awaites 'em here,
And craves for ſpeedy anſwer.

Charl. Are you in poſt ſir?

Long. No,I am in Satin Lady; I would you would be in poſt.

Charl. I will returne Sweet. *Exit.*

Long. Honeſt friend, doe you belong to the houſe?
I pray be covered.

Mont. Yes Sir,I doe.

Long. Ha,dreamſt thou *Longaville?* ſure tis not he: ſir
I ſhould know you.

Mont. So ſhould I you, but that I am aſham'd.
But though thou knowſt me,prethee *Longaville,*
Mock not my poverty,pray remember your ſelfe;
Showes it not ſtrangely for thy cloathes to ſtand
Without a hat to mine?mocke me no more.

Long. The—— embroyder me all over ſir,
If ever I began to mocke you yet.
The — on me,why ſhould I weare Velvet
And Silver Lace,——I will teare it off.

Mont. Why mad-man?

Long. Put on my Hat? yes,when I am hangd I will:
--- I could break my head
For holding eyes that knew not you at firſt:
But time and fortune run your courſes with him,
He'l laugh and ſtorm you, when you ſhew moſt hate.

Enter Lamira, Orleans Lady, Laverdine, La Poope,
Malycorne,Veramour,Charlot.

Lam. You're a fair Mounſier.

Long. Doe you mocke me Lady?

Lam. Your buſineſſe ſir,I mean.

Lady. Regard your ſelfe good Mounſier *Longueville.*

Lam. You are too negligent of your ſelfe and place,
Cover your head ſweet Mounſier.

Long. Miſtake me not faire Ladies,
Tis not to you,nor you, that I ſtand bare.

Lav. Nay ſweet deere Mounſier, let it not be to us
(then.

La-p. --- a complement.

Mal. And --- of manners.
Pray hide your head, your gallants uſe to do't.

Long. And you your foreheads,why you needfull
acceſſary raſcals,
That cannot live without your mutuall knaveries,
More then a Bawd, a Pandor, or a Whore
From one another; how dare you ſuſpect
That I ſtand bare to you? what make you here?
Shift your houſe Lady of 'em, for I know 'em,
They come to ſteale Napkins,and your Spoons;
Look to your Silver-bodkin,(Gentlewoman)
Tis a dead utenſil,and Page 'ware your pockets;
My reverence is unto this man,my maſter,
Whom you with proteſtations, and oaths
As high as Heaven,as deep as hell,which would
Deceive the wiſeſt man of honeſt nature,
Have cozned and abus'd; but I may meet you,
And beate you one with t'other.

Mont. Peace,no more.

Long. Not a word ſir.

Lav. I am ſomething thicke of hearing; what ſaid he?

La-p. I heare him, but regard him not.

Mal Nor I,I am never angry faſting.

Long. My love keeps back my duty,nobleſt Lady;
If husband or brother merit love from you,
Prevent their dangers, this houre brings to triall
Their hereto ſleeping hates; by this time each
Within a yerd is of the others heart,
And met to prove their cauſes and their ſpirits
With their impartiall Swords points; haſte and ſave,
Or never meet them more but at the grave.

Lady. Oh my diſtracted heart,that my wrackt honour
Should for a brothers, or a husbands life, through thy
undoing die.

Lam. *Amiens* engagd;if he miſcarry all my hopes and
I now confeſſe it loudly,are undone: (joys,
Caroch,and haſte, one minute may betray
A life more worth then all time can repay.

Exeunt Ladies, & Mont.

Mal. Hump: Mounſier *Laverdine* purſues this boy extreamly. Captaine what will you doe?

La-p. Any thing but follow to this Sea-ſervice; I am a Sea-captaine you know, and to offer to part 'em, without we could do't like water-men with long ſtaves, a quarter of a mile off, might be dangerous.

Mal. Why then let's retire and pray for 'em, I am reſolv'd to ſtop your intent; abus'd more then we have been we cannot be, without they fall to flat beating o'us.

Exeunt. Maly. La-poop.

Lav. And that were unkindly done i'faith.

Ver. ---- but you are the troubleſomeſt Aſſe that ere I met with; retire, you ſmel like a womans chamber, that's newly up, before ſhe have pinſht her vapours in with her cloathes.

Lav. I will haunt thee like thy Grandames ghoſt, thou ſhalt never reſt for me.

Ver. Well, I perceive tis vaine to conceale a ſecret from you: believe it ſir, indeed I am a woman.

Lav. Why la; I knew't, this Propheticall tongue of mine never faild me; my mother was halfe a witch, never any thing that ſhe foreſpake, but came to paſſe: a woman? how happy am I? now we may lawfully come together without feare of hanging; Sweet wench, be gracious, in honourable ſort I woe, no otherwiſe.

Ver. Faith the truth is I have loved you long.

Lav. See, ſee.

Ver. But durſt not open it.

Lav. --- I think ſo.

Ver. But briefly, when you bring it to the teſt, if there be not one Gentleman in this houſe, wil challenge more intereſt in me, then you can, I am at your diſpoſure. *Exit.*

Lav. Oh *Fortunatus*, I envie thee not
For cap, or pouch, this day Ile prove my Fortune,
In which your Lady doth elect her husband,
Who will be *Amiens*, 'twill ſave my wedding dinner,
Povera, La-poop and Malicorne: if all faile,
I will turne Citizen, a beauteous wife
Is the horn-booke to the richeſt Tradeſmans life.
Exeunt.

Enter Duboys, Orleans, Longueville, Amiens, two Lacques, a Page with two Piſtols.

Dub. Here's a good even piece of ground my Lords:
Will you fix here?

Orl. Yes anywhere; Lacquey, take off my ſpurs;
Upon a bridge, a raile but my Swords bredth, upon a battlement,
Ile fight this quarrell.

Dub. O' the ropes, my Lord.

Orl. Upon a line.

Dub. So all our Countrie Duels are carried, like a fireworke on a thred.

Orl. Go now ſtay with the horſes, and doe you heare
Upon your lives, till ſome of us come to you,
Dare not to looke this way.

Dub. Except you ſee ſtrangers or others that by chance or purpoſe are like to interrupt us.

Orl. Then give warning.

Long. Who takes a Sword? the advantage is ſo ſmall,
As he that doubts hath the free leave to chooſe.

Orl. Come give me any, and ſearch me; tis not
The ground, weapon, or ſeconds that can make
Oddes in thoſe fatall trials: but the cauſe.

Ami. Moſt true, and but it is no time to wiſh
When men are come to do, I would deſire
The cauſe 'twixt us were other then it is;
But where the right is, there prevaile our Swords.
And if my ſiſter have outliv'd her honour,
I doe not pray I may outlive her ſhame.

Orl. Your ſiſter *Amiens*, is a whore, at once.

Ami. You oft have ſpoke that ſence to me before,
But never in this language *Orleance*;
And when yov ſpoke it faire, and firſt, I told you
That it was poſſible you might be abuſ'd:
But now, ſince you forget your manners, you ſhall finde,
If I tranſgreſſe my cuſtome, you doe lie,
And are a villaine, which I had rather yet
My Sword had prov'd, then I been forc'd to ſpeake:
Nay give us leave, and ſince you ſtand ſo haughtily
And highly on your cauſe, let you and I,
Without engaging theſe two Gentlemen, ſingly determine it.

Long. My Lord, you'l pardon us.

Dub. I truſt your Lordſhips may not doe us that affront.

Ami. As how?

Dub. We kiſſe your Lordſhips hand, and come to ſerve you here with Swords.

Long. My Lord, we underſtand our ſelves.

Dub. We have had the honour to be call'd unto the buſineſſe, and we muſt not now quit it on terms.

Ami. Not terms of reaſon?

Long. No, no reaſon for the quitting of our calling.

Dub. True if I be call'd to't I muſt aske no reaſon.

Long. Nor heare none neither, which is leſſe:
It is a favour if my throat be cut,
Your Lordſhip does me; which I never can,
A noiſe within, crying down with their Swords.
Nor muſt have hope how to requite: what noiſe,
What cry is that my Lord upon your guard?
Some treachery is a foot.

Enter Lady Orleans, Lamira, Montague.

Lady. O here they are:
My Lord (deare Lady helpe me) helpe me all;
I have ſo woefull intereſt in both,
I know not which to feare for moſt: and yet
I muſt prefer my Lord. Deare brother,
You are too underſtanding, and too Noble
To be offended, when I know my duty,
Though ſcarce my teares will let me ſo to do it.

Orl. Out loathed ſtrumpet.

Lady. O my deareſt Lord,
If words could on me caſt the name of whore,
I then were worthy to be loath'd; but know,
Your unkindneſſe cannot make me wicked;
And therefore ſhould leſſe uſe that power upon me.

Orl. Was this your art to have theſe actors come,
To make this interlude? withdraw, cold man,
And if thy ſpirit be not frozen up,
Give me one ſtroke yet at thee for my vengeance.

Ami. Thou ſhalt have ſtroakes, and ſtroakes, thou glorious man,
Till thou breathſt thinner ayre then that thou talkeſt.

Lam. My Lord Count *Amiens.*

Lady. Princely husband.

Orl. Whore.

Lam. You wrong her impudent Lord; O that I had the bulke
Of thoſe dull men; look how they ſtand, and no man
Will revenge an innocent Lady.

Ami. You hinder it Madam.

Lam. I would hinder you; is there none elſe to kill him?

Lady. Kill him Madam? have you learn'd that bad Language? O repent,
And be the motive, rather both kill me.

Orl. Then die my infamy.

Mont. Hold bloody man.

Orl. Art thou their Baſiliske?

Mont. To ſtrike thee dead, but that thy fate deſerves ſome weightier hand.

Dub. Sweet my Lord.

Orl. O here's a plot; you bring your champions with you; the adultreſſe with the adulterer: Out howling---

Dub. Good my Lord.

Orl. Are you her Graces countenance Lady, the receiver to the poore vicious couple.

Dub. Sweet my Lord.

Orl. Sweet raſcall, didſt not thou tell me, falſe fellow,
This *Montague*, here was murdered?

Dub. I did ſo; but he was falſer, and a worthleſſe Lord,
Like thy foule ſelfe, that would have had it ſo.

Long. Orleance tis true, and ſhall be prov'd upon thee.

Mont. Thy malice Duke, and this thy wicked nature, are all as viſible as thou; but I borne to contemne thy injuries, doe know, that though thy greatneſſe may corrupt a Jury, and make a Judge afraid, and carry out a world of devils with thy title: yet thou art not quiet at home, thou beareſt about thee that, that doth charge thee, and condemne thee too. The thing that grieves me more, and doth indeed diſpleaſe me, is, to thinke that ſo much baſeneſſe ſtands here to have encountered ſo much honour: Pardon me my Lord what late my paſſion ſpake, when you provok'd my innocence.

Orl. Yes doe, O flattery becomes him better then the ſute he weares; give him a new one *Amiens*. (raile

Ami. Orleance, tis here no time nor place, to jeſt or
Poorely with you, but I will finde a time to
Whiſper you forth to this or ſome fit place,
As ſhall not hold a ſecond interruption.

Mont. I hope your Lordſhips honour, and your life
Are deſtined unto higher hazzards; this is of
A meaner arme.

Dub. Yes faith, or none.

Long. He is not fit to fall by an honeſt Sword,
A Prince and lie!

Dub. And ſlander, and hire men
To publiſh the falſe rumours he hath made.

Long. And ſticke 'em on his friends, and innocents.

Dub. And practice againſt their lives after their fames.

Long. In men that are the matter of all leudneſſe,
Bauds, thieves, and cheaters, it were monſtrous.

Dub. But in a man of blood, how more conſpicuous?

Ami. Can this be?

Lady. They doe ſlander him.

Orl. Hang them, a paire of railing hangbies.

Long. How? ſtand *Orleance*; ſtay, give me my Piſtols boy,
Hinder me not, by——
I will kill him.

Lady. O ſtay his fury,

Ami. Longueville, my friend.

Long. Not for my ſelfe, my Lord, but for mankind,
And all that have an intereſt to vertue,
Or title unto innocence.

Ami. Why heare me.

Long. For juſtice ſake.

Ami. That cannot be.

Long. To puniſh his wives, your honour, and my Lords wrongs here, whom I muſt ever call ſo; for your loves Ile ſweare, Ile ſacrifice——

Ami. Longaville, I did not thinke you a murtherer before.

Long. I care not what you thought me.

Ami. By ——————If thou attempt
His life, thy own is forfeit.

Mont. Fooliſh frantick man, the murder will be of us, not him.

Lady. O God.

Mont. We could have kild him, but we would not take
The juſtice out of fates. ———
Singe but a haire of him, thou dieſt.

Long. No matter, ſhoot.

Ami. Villaine.

Dub. My Lord, your ſiſter is ſlaine.

Ami. Biancha?

Mont. O hapleſſe aud moſt wretched chance. (made

Lam. Standſt thou looking upon the miſchief thou haſt
Thou Godleſſe man, feeding thy blood-ſhot eyes
With the red ſpectacle, and art not tnrn'd to ſtone
With horrour? hence and take the wings of thy blacke
Infamy, to carry thee beyond the ſhoot of looks,
Or ſound of curſes, which will purſue thee ſtill:
Thou haſt out-fied all but thy guilt.

Orl. O wiſh it off again, for I am crack'd
Under the burden, and my heart will breake.
How heavy guilt is, when men come to feele
If you could know the mountaine I ſuſtaine
With horror, you would each take off your part,
And more, to eaſe me: I cannot ſtand,
Forgive where I have wrong'd I pray.

Ami. Looke to him *Montague*.

Long. My Lords and Gentlemen, the Lady is well, but
Unleſſe that have ſhot her; for feare,
I have the worſt on't, that needs would venture
Upon a tricke had like to ha' coſt my guts:
Look to her, ſhe'l be well, it was but Powder
I chargd with, thinking that a guilty man
Would have been frighted ſooner; but I am glad
He's come at laſt.

Lam. How is *Byancha*? well?

Ami. Lives ſhe? ſee ſiſter, doth ſhe breath?

Lady. O Gentlemen, thinke you I can breath,
That am reſtored to the hatefull ſenſe
Of feeling in me my deare husbands death?
O no, I live not; life was that I left;
And what you have cal'd me to, is death indeed;
I cannot weep ſo faſt as he doth bleed.

Dub. Pardon me Madam, he is well.

Lady. Ha my husband.

Orl. I cannot ſpeake whether my joy or ſhame
Be greater, but I thank the Heavens for both.
O look not black upon me, all my friends,
To whom I will be reconciled, or grow unto
This earth, till I have weept a trench
That ſhall be great enough to be my grave,
And I will think them too moſt manly teares,
If they do move your pities: it is true,
Man ſhould do nothing that he ſhould repent;
But if he have, and ſay that he is ſorry,
It is a worſe fault if he be not truly.

Lam. My Lord, ſuch ſorrow cannot be ſuſpected:
Here take your honoured wife, and joyn your hands.
——ſhe hath married you again:
And Gentlemen, I do invite you all,
This night to take my houſe, where on the morrow,
To heighten more the reconciling feaſt,
Ile make my ſelfe a husband and a gueſt. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna prima.

Enter Montague and Charlote.

Char. Well now I am ſure you are mine.

Mont. I am ſure I am glad
I have one to own then; you'l finde me honeſt
As theſe daies go, enough; poore without queſtion,
Which beggars hold a vertue; give me meat, and I
Shall do my worke, elſe knock my ſhooes off,
And turn me out again.

Char. You are a merry fellow.
Mont. I have no great cauſe.
Char. Yes thy love to me.
Mont. That's as we make our game.
Char. Why you repent then.
Mon. Faith no worſ then I am I cannot be;
Much better I expect not: I ſhall love you,
And when you bid me goe to bed, obey,
Lie ſtill or move, as you ſhall miniſter,
Keep a foure-nobles Nag, and a black
Merling, learn to love Ale, and play at two-hand Iriſh,
And there's then all I aime at.
Char. Nay ſweet fellow, Ile make it ſomething better.
Mont. If you doe, you'l make me worſe:
Now I am poore, and willing to doe wel,
Hold me in that courſe, of all the Kings creatures,
I hate his coyne, keep me from that, and ſave me;
For if you chance out of your houſewifery
To leave a hundred pound or two, beſtow it
In Plum-broth ere I know it, elſe I take it;
Seeke out a hundred men that want this money,
Share it among 'em, they'l cry noble *Montague*,
And ſo I ſtand again at livery.
Char. You have pretty fancies ſir, but married once,
This charity will fall home to your ſelfe.
Mont. I would it would, I am afraid my looſeneſſe.
Is yet ſcarce ſtopt, though it have nought to worke on
But the meere aire of what I have had.
Char. Pretty.
Mont. I wonder ſweet heart why you'l marry me,
I can ſee nothing in my ſelfe deſerves it,
Unleſſe the handſome wearing of a band,
For that's my ſtocke now, or a paire of garters,
Neceſſity will not let me looſe.
Char. I ſee ſir a great deale more, a hanſome man, a husband
To make a right good woman truely happy.
Mont. Lord, where are my eyes? either you are fooliſh
As wenches once a yeere are, or far worſe,
Extreamly vertuous, can you love a poore man
That relies on cold meat and caſt ſtockings,
One onely ſuit to his backe, which now is mewing?
But what will be the next coate will poſe *Triſtram.*
If I ſhould leavy from my friends a fortune:
I could not raiſe ten groats to pay the Prieſt now.
Char. Ile do that duty; tis not means nor money
Makes me purſue your love; were your mind bankrupt,
I would never love you.

Enter Lamira.

Mont. Peace wench, here's my Lady.
Lam Nay never ſhrinke i'th wetting, for my preſence;
D'ee finde her willing *Montague*?
Mont. Willing Madam?
Lam. How dainty you make of it, doe not I know
You two love one another?
Mont. Certaine Madam, I thinke ye'ave revelations of theſe matters:
Your Ladyſhip cannot tell me when I kiſt her.
Lam. But ſhe can, ſir.
Mont. But ſhe will not Madam;
For when they talke once, tis like fairy-money,
They get no more cloſe kiſſes.
Lam. Thou art wanton.
Mont. God knows I need not, yet I would be luſty:
But —— my provender ſcarce pricks me.
Lam. It ſhall be mended *Montague*, I am glad you are
grown ſo merry.
Mont. So am I too Madam.
Lam. You two will make a pretty hanſome conſort.
Mont. Yes Madam, if my fiddle faile me not.
Lam. Your Fiddle? why your Fiddle? I warrant thou
meaneſt madly:
Mont. Can you blame me? alaſſe I am in love.
Char. Tis very well ſir.
Lam. How long have you been thus?
Mont. How thus in love?
Lam. You are very quick ſir: no, I mean thus pleaſant.
Mont. --- Ever ſince I was poore.
Lam. A little wealth would change you then.
Mont. Yes Lady into another ſuit, but never more
Into another man: Ile bar that mainly,
The wealth I get henceforward ſhal be charm'd
For ever hurting me, Ile ſpend it faſting:
As I live noble Lady there is nothing
I have found directly cures the melancholy,
But want and wedlocke; when I had ſtore of money
I ſimper'd ſometime, and ſpoke wondrous wiſe,
But never laught out-right; now I am empty
My heart ſounds like a bell, and ſtrikes at both ſides.
Lam. You are finely temper'd *Montague.*
Mont. Pardon Lady, if any way my free mirth have offended,
Twas meant to pleaſe you: if it prove too ſawſie,
Give it a frown, and I am ever ſilenc'd.
Lam. I like it paſſing well; pray follow it:
This is my day of choice, and ſhall be yours too,
Twere pity to delay ye: call to the Steward,
And tell him tis my pleaſure he ſhould give you
500 Crowns: make your ſelfe hanſome *Montague*,
Let none weare better cloathes, tis for my credit;
But pray be merry ſtill.
Mont. If I be not, and make a foole of twice as many hundreds,
Clap me in Canvas Lady. *Exeunt.*

Enter La-poope, Laverdine, and *Malycorne.*

Lav. I am ſtrangely glad, I have found the myſtery
Of this diſguiſed boy out: I ever truſted
It was a woman, and how happily
I have found it ſo; and for my ſelfe, I am ſure
One that would offer me a thouſand pound now
(And that's a pretty ſum to make one ſtagger)
In ready Gold for this concealment, could not
Buy my hope of her, ſhe's a dainty wench,
And ſuch a one I finde I want extreamly
To bring me into credit: beauty does it.
Mal. Say we ſhould all meach here, and ſtay the feaſt,
now what can the worſt be? we have plai'd the knaves,
that's without queſtion.
La-p. True, and as I take it this is the firſt truth
We told theſe ten yeeres, and for any thing
I know may be the laſt: but grant we are knaves,
Both baſe and beaſtly knaves ---
Mal. Say ſo then. *Lav.* Well.
La-p. And likewiſe let it be conſidered, we have wrongd
And moſt maliciouſly, this Gentlewoman,
We caſt to ſtay with, what muſt we expect now?
Mal. I there's the point, we would expect good eating.
La-p. I know we would, but we may find good beating
Lav. You ſay true Gentlemen, and by ---
Though I love meat as well as any man,
I care not what he be, if a eate a Gods name;
Such crab-ſauce to my meat wil turn my pallate.
Mal. There's all the hazzard, for the frozen *Montague*
Has now got ſpring againe, and warmth in him,
And without doubt dares beat us terribly.
For not to mint the matter, we are cowards,
And have and ſhall be beaten when men pleaſe
To call us into cudgelling.
La-p. I feele we are very prone that way.
Lav. The ſonnes of *Adam.*

*La-p.*Now here then reſts the ſtate o'th queſtion?
Whether we yeild our bodies for a dinner
To a ſound dog-whip, for I promiſe ye
If men be given to correction;
We can expect no leſſe, or quietly
Take a hard Egge or two, and ten mile hence
Baite in a ditch, this we may do ſecurely;
For to ſtay here about will be all one,
If once our morall miſchiefes come in memory.
Mal. But pray ye hear me, is not this the day
The Virgin Lady doth elect her husband?
Lav. The dinner is to that end.

Mal. Very well then, ſay we all ſtay, and ſay we all ſcape this whipping, and be well entertained, and one of us carry the Lady.

La-p. 'Tis a ſeemly ſaying, I muſt confeſſe, but if we (ſtay, how fitly
We may apply it to our ſelves (i'th end)
Will aske a Chriſtian feare; I cannot ſee
If I ſay true, what ſpetiall ornaments
Of art or nature, lay aſide our lying
Whoring and drinking, which are no great vertues,
We are endued withall to win this Lady.

Mal. Yet women go not by the beſt parts ever; that I have found directly.

Lav. Why ſhould we fear then? they chooſe men
As they feed; ſome times they ſettle
Upon a white broth'd face, a ſweet ſmooth gallant,
And him they make an end of in a night;
Sometimes a Gooſe, ſometimes, a groſſer meat,
A rump of beef will ſerve 'em at ſome ſeaſon,
And fill their bellies too: though without doubt
They are great devourers: ſtock fiſh is a diſh,
If it be well dreſt, for the tufneſſe ſake
Wil make the proud'ſt of 'em long and leap for't.
They'l run mad for a pudding ere they'l ſtarve,
La-p. For my own part I care not, come what can come,
If I be whipt, why ſo be it; if cudgel'd,
I hope I ſhall out live it, I am ſure
'Tis not the hundreth time I have bin ſerv'd ſo,
And yet I thank God I am here.
Mal. Here's reſolution.
La-p. A little patience, and a rotten Apple
Cures twenty worſe diſeaſes; what ſay you ſir?
Lav. Marry I ſay ſir, if I had bin acquainted
With lamming in my youth, as you have bin
With whipping, and ſuch benefits of nature,
I ſhould do better: as I am, i'le venture,
And if it be my luck to have the Lady,
I'le uſe my fortune modeſtly; if beaten
You ſhall not hear a word, one I am ſure of,
And if the worſt fall ſhe ſhall be my phyſick.
Lets go then, and a merry winde be with us.
Mal. Captaine your ſhooes are old, pray put 'em off,
And let one fling 'em after us; be bold ſirs,
And howoſever our fortune fals, lets beare
An equall burden; if there be an odde laſh,
Wee'l part it afterwards.
La-p. I am arm'd at all points. *Exeunt*

Enter foure ſerving in a Banquet.

1. Then my Lady will have a bedfellow to night.

2. So ſhe ſayes, heaven what a danty armefull ſhall he enjoy that has the launching of her, what a fight ſhee'l make.

3. I mary boyes, there will be ſport indeed, there will be grapling, ſhe has a murderer lies in her prow, I am affraid will fright his maine maſt *Robin.*

4. Who doſt thou think ſhall have her of thy conſcience, thou art a wiſe man.

3. If ſhe go the old way, the way of lot, the longeſt cut ſweeps all without queſtion?

1. She has loſt a friend of me elſe; what think yee of the Courtier.

2. Hang him hedgehogge, h'as nothing in him but a piece of Euphues, and twenty dozen of twelve penny riband all about him, he is but one *Pedlers* ſhop of gloves and garters, pickteeth and pomander.

3. The Courtier! marry God bleſſe her *Steven*, ſhe is not mad yet, ſhe knowes that trindle tayle too well, he's creſt falne, and pinbuttock't with leaping Landreſſes.

4. The Merchant ſure ſhee will not be ſo baſe to have him.

1. I hope ſo *Robin*, hee'l ſell us all to the Moors to make mummy; nor the Captaine.

4. Who *Potgun*, that's a ſweet youth indeed, will he ſtay thinke ye?

3. Yes, without queſtion, and have half din'd too ere the grace be done; he's good for nothing in the world but eating, lying and ſleeping; what other men devour in drink, he takes in Pottage, they ſay has bin at Sea, a Herring fiſhing, for without doubt he dares not hayle an Ele-boate, ith way of War.

2. I think ſo, they would beate him off with Butter.

3. When he brings in a prize, unleſſe it be Cockles, or Callis ſand to ſcoure with, I'le renounce my five mark a year, and all the hidden art I have in carving, to teach young Birds to whiſtle Walſingham; leave him to the lime boates; now, what think you of the brave *Amiens?*

1. That's a thought indeed.

2. I marry ther's a perſon fit to feed upon a diſh ſo danty, and hee'l do't I warrant him ith nick boyes, has a body world without end.

4. And ſuch a one my Lady will make no little off; but is not *Montague* married to day?

3. Yes faith, honeſt *Montague* muſt have his bout too.

2. Hee's as good a lad as ever turnd a trencher; muſt we leave him?

3. Hee's to good for us *Steven*, I'le give him health to his good luck to night ith old Beaker, and it ſhall be ſack too.

4. I muſt have a Garter; and boyes I have beſpoke, a a Poſſet, ſome body ſhall give me thanks for't, 'tas a few toyes in't will raſe commotions in a bed lad.

1. Away; my Lady. *Exeunt*

Enter Orleance, and his Lady arme in arme, Amiens, Lamira,
Charlote, like a Bride, Montague brave, Laverdine,
Longavile Dubois, Mallycorn, La-*Poope.*

Lam. Stur your ſelves noble Lords and Gentlemen,
You know your places; many royall welcomes
I give your grace; how lovely ſhewes this change?
My houſe is honor'd in this reconcilement.
Orl. Thus Madam muſt you do, my Lady now ſhall ſee
You made a Woman;
And give you ſome ſhort leſſons for your voyage.
Take her inſtructions Lady, ſhe knowes much.
Lam. This becomes you ſir.
La. My Lord muſt have his will.
Orl. Tis all I can do now ſweet heart, faire Lady;
This to your happy choyce brother *Amiens*,

You are the man I meane it to.

Ami. I'le pledge you.

Orl. And with my heart.

Ami. With all my love I take it.

Lam. Noble Lords I am proud ye have done this day,
ſo much content, and me ſuch eſtimation that this hour
(In this poor houſe) ſhall be a league for ever,
For ſo I know ye mean it.

Ami. I do Lady.

Orl. And I my Lord.

Omnes. Y'ave done a work of honor.

Ami. Give me the Cup, where this health ſtops, let
That man be either very ſick, or very ſimple;
Or I am very angry; ſir, to you;
Madam me thinks this Gentleman might ſit to;
He would become the beſt on's.

Orl. Pray ſit down ſir, I know the Lady of the feaſt expects not this day ſo much old cuſtom.

Lam. Sit down *Mountague*; nay never bluſh for the matter.

Mon. Noble Madam, I have too reaſons againſt it, and I dare not; duty to you firſt, as you are my Lady, and I your pooreſt ſervant; next the cuſtome of this dayes ceremony.

Lam. As you are my ſervant, I may command you then.

Mon. To my life Lady.

Lam. Sit down, and here, i'le have it ſo.

Ami. Sit down man, never refuſe ſo faire a Ladies offer.

Mont. It is your pleaſure Madam, not my pride,
And I obey; ile pledge yee now my Lord, Mounſier *Longavile.*

Lon. I thank you ſir.

Mon. This to my Lady, and her faire choyce to day, and happineſſe.

Lon. Tis a faire health, i'le pledge you though I ſinke for't.

Lam. *Montague* you are too modeſt; come i'le adde a little more wine t'ee, 'twill make you merry, this to the good I wiſh.——

Mont. Honord Lady, I ſhall forget my ſelfe with this great bounty.

Lami. You ſhall not ſir; give him ſome Vine.

Ami. By heaven you are a worthy woman, and that Man is bleſt can come neer ſuch a Lady.

Lami. Such a bleſſing wet weather waſhes.

Mont. At all, I will not go a lip leſſe my Lord.

Orl. Tis well caſt ſir.

Mal. If *Montague* get more Wine, we are like to heare on't.

Lav. I do not like that ſitting there.

Mal. Nor I, me thinks he looks like a Judge.

La-p. Now have I a kinde a grudging of a beating on me, I fear my hot fit.

Mal. Drink apace, ther's nothing allays a cudgell like it.

Lami. *Montague*, now I'le put my choyce to you; who do you hold in all this honor'd company a husband fit to enjoy thy Lady? ſpeak directly.

Mont. Shall I ſpeak Madam?

Lami. *Montague*, you ſhall.

Mont. Then as I have a ſoule i'le ſpeak my conſcience,
Give me more wine, *in vino veritas*,
Here's to my ſelf, and *Montague* have a care.

Lami. Speak to th'cauſe.

Mont. Yes, Madam; firſt i'le begin to thee.

Lav. Have at us.

La-p. Now for a Pſalme of mercy.

Mont. You good Mounſier, you that bely the noble
Name of Courtier, and think your claime good here,
hold up your hand; your VVorſhip is endited here, for
a vaine glorious foole.

Lav. Good, oh ſir.

Mont. For one whoſe wit
Lies in a ten pound waſtcoat, yet not warme;
Ye have travel'd like a Fidler to make faces,
And brought home nothing but a caſe of tooth-picks.
You would be married, and no leſſe then Ladies,
And of the beſt ſort can ſerve you; thou ſilke worm
What haſt thou in thee to deſerve this woman?
Name but the pooreſt piece of man, good manners,
Ther's nothing ſound about thee, faith thou'aſt none,
It lies pawn'd at thy ſilke mans, for ſo much lace;
Thy credit which is worſe cannot redeem it,
Thy cloaths are all the ſoule thou haſt, for ſo
Thou ſav'ſt them hanſome for the next great tilting
Let who wil take the t'other, thou wert never chriſten'd
Upon my conſcience (but in barbers water)
Thou art never out o'th baſen, thou art rotten,
And if thou darſt tell truth, thou wilt confeſſe it;
————thy skin
Looks of a Cheſtnut colour, greas'd with Amber
All women that on earth do dwell thou lov'ſt,
Yet none that underſtand love thee again,
But thoſe that love the Spittle, get thee home
Poor painted butter fly, thy ſummers pa'ſt;
Go ſweat and eat dry Mutton, thou mayſt live
To do ſo well yet; a bruis'd Chamber Maide
May fall upon thee, and advance thy follies.
You have your ſentence; now it followes Captaine,
I treat of you.

La-p. Pray God I may deſerve it.

Orl. Beſhrow my heart he ſpeaks, plaine.

Ami. That's plain dealing.

Mont. You are a raſcall Captaine.

La-p. A fine calling.

Mont. A water coward.

Ami. He would make a prety ſtuffe.

Mont. Nay I ſpeak freely Madam.

Lami. Her's none ties you.

Mont. Why ſhould'ſt thou dare come hither with a
To finde a wife here fit for thee? are all (thought
Thy ſingle money whores that fed on Carrots,
And fild the high graſſe with familiars
Falne of to footmen? prethee tell me truly,
For now I know thou dar'ſt not lie, couldſt thou not
Wiſh thy ſelfe beaten well with all thy heart now,
And out of paine? ſay that I broke a rib,
Or cut thy noſe off, wert not mercifull for this ambition?

La-p. Do your pleaſure ſir, beggars muſt not be chooſers.

Orl. He longs for beating.

Mon. But that I have nobler thoughts poſſeſſe my ſoule,
Then ſuch brown bisket, ſuch a peice of dog-fiſh,
Such a moſt mangy Mackrell eater as thou art
That dares do nothing that belongs toth'Sea,
But ſpue, and catch rats, and fear men of war,
Though thou haſt nothing in the world to looſe
Abord thee, but one piece of beefe, one Musket
Without a cock for peace ſake, and a pitch barrell,
I'le tell thee if my time were not more pretious
Then thus to looſe it, I would rattle thee,
It may be beat thee, and thy pure fellow,
The Merchant there of Catskins, till my words,
Or blowes, or both, made ye two branded wretches
To all the world hereafter; you would faine to
Venture your bils of lading for this Lady;

What would you give now for her?ſome five frayle
Of rotten Figs good, Godſon, would you not ſir?
Or a Parrat that ſpeaks high Dutch? can all thou ever
Of thine own fraughts from Sea, or coſonage (ſaw'ſt
(At which thou art as expert as the devill)
Nay ſell thy ſoul for wealth to, as thou wilt do,
Forfeit thy friends, and raiſe a mint of Money,
Make thee dream all theſe double could procure
A kiſſe from this good Lady? can'ſt thou hope
She would lie with ſuch a nook of hell as thou art,
And hatch young Merchant-furies? oh ye dog-bolts
That fear no God but Dunkirks, I ſhall ſee you
Serve in a lowſy Limeboat, ere I die,
For mouldy cheeſe and butter Billingſgate
Would not endure, or bring in rotten Pippins
To cure blew eyes, and ſwear they came from China.

Lami. Vex 'em no more, alas they ſhake:

Mont. Down quickly on your marrow bones, and thank this Lady.
I would not leave you thus elſe, there are blankets,
And ſuch delights for ſuch knaves; but fear ſtill;
'Twill be revenge enough, to keep you waking.
Ye have no minde of Marriage, ha' ye?

La-p. Surely no great mind now.

Mont. Nor you.

Mal. Nor I, I take it.

Mont. Two eager ſutors.

Lav. Troth tis wonderous hot, God bleſſe us from

Lami. You have told me *Montague* (him
Who are not fit to have me, let me know
The man you would point out for me.

Mont. There he ſits; my Lord of *Amiens*, Madam, is my choyce, hee's noble every way, and worthy a wife with all the dowries of——

Ami. Do you ſpeak ſir out of your friendſhip to me?

Mont. Yes, my Lord, and out of truth, for I could never flatter.

Ami. I would not ſay how much I owe you for it,
For that were but a promiſe, but Ile thank ye,
As now I find you, in deſpite of fortune,
A faire and noble Gentleman.

Lami. My Lords I muſt confeſſe the choyce this man
Is every way a great one, if not too great, (hath made
And no way to be ſlighted: yet becauſe
We love to have our own eyes, ſometimes now
Give me a little liberty to ſee,
How I could fit my ſelfe, if I were put to't.

Ami. Madam we muſt.

Lami. Are yee all agreed?

Omnes. We be?

Lami. Then as I am a maid, I ſhall chooſe here.
Montague, I muſt have thee.

Mont. Why Madam I have learnt to ſuffer more then you can (out of pitty) mock me with this way eſpecially.

Lami. Thou think'ſt I jeſt now;
But by the love I bear thee, I will have thee.

Mont. If you could be ſo weak, to love a falne man,
He muſt deſerve more then I ever can,
Or ever ſhall (deer Lady;) look but this way
Upon that Lord and you will tell me then
Your eyes are no true chooſers of good men.

Ami. Do you love him truely?

Lam. Yes my Lord, I will obey him truly, for i'le marry him, and juſtly thinke he that has ſo well ſerv'd mee with his obedience being borne to greatneſſe, muſt uſe mee nobly of neceſſity when I ſhall ſerve him.

Ami. 'Twere a deepe ſin to croſſe ye, noble *Montague*,
I wiſh ye all content, and am as happy
In my friends good as it were meerly mine.

Mont. Your Lordſhip does ill to give up your right;
I am not capable of this great goodneſſe,
There ſits my wife that holds my troth.

Cha. I'le end all, I wooed you for my Lady, and now give up my title, alas poor wench, my aimes are lower far.

Mont. How's this ſweet heart?

Lami. Sweet heart tis ſo, the drift was mine to hide
My purpoſe till it ſtruck home.

Omnes. God give you joy.

Lami. Prethee leave wondring, by this kiſſe i'le have thee.

Mont. Then by this kiſſe, and this i'le ever ſerve ye.

Long. This Gentleman and I ſir muſt needs hop once more to follow yee.

Mont. As friends and fellows, never as ſervants more.

Long. Dub. You make us happy.

Orl. Friend *Montague*, ye have taught mee ſo much honor, I have found a fault in my ſelf, but thus I'le purge my conſcience of it, the late land I took by falſe play, from you with as much Contrition, and entireneſſe of affection to this moſt happy day again, I render; be Maſter of your own, for get my malice, and make mee worthy of your love, L. *Montague*.

Mont. You have won me and honor to your name.

Mal. Since your Lordſhip has begun good deeds, wee'l follow; good ſir forgive us, we are now thoſe men fear you for goodnes ſake; thoſe ſums of money unjuſtly we detaine from you, on your pardon ſhall bee reſtord again, and we your ſervants.

La-p. You are very forward ſir, it ſeems you have money, I pray you lay out, i'le pay you or pray for you, as the Sea works.

Lav. Their pennance ſir i'le undertake, ſo pleaſe ye
To grant me on concealement.

Long. Right courtier, ſtill a begging.

Mont. What is it ſir?

Lav. A Gentlewoman.

Mont. In my gift?

Lav. Yes ſir, in yours.

Mont. Why bring her forth and take her.

Lami. What wench would he have?

Mont. Any wench I think.

Enter Laverdine *and* Veramour, *like a Woman.*

Lav. This is the Gentlewoman.

Mont. 'Tis my Page ſir.

Ver. No ſir, I am a poor diſguis'd Lady? (god-wot.
That like a Page have followed you full long for love

Omnes. A Lady—*Laverdine*—yes, yes, tis a Lady.

Mont. It may be ſo, and yet we have laine together,
But by my troth I never found her, Lady.

L. Orl. Why wore you boyes cloathes?

Vir. I'le tell you Madam,
I took example by 2 or 3. playes, that methought
Concernd me.

Mont. Why made you not me acquainted with it.

Ver. Indeed ſir I knew it not my ſelfe,
Untill this Gentleman opend my dull eyes,
And by perſwaſion made me ſee it.

Ami. Could his power in words make ſuch a change?

Ver. Yes, as truly woman as your ſelfe my Lord.

Lav. Why but hark you, are not you a woman?

Ver. If hands and face make it not evident, you ſhall

Mal. Breeches, breeches, *Laverdine.* (ſee more.

La-p. Tis not enough, women may wear thoſe caſes.
Search further Courtier.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

La-p. Oh thou freſhwater Gudgeon, wouldſt thou come
To point of Marriage with an Ignoramus?
Thou ſhouldſt have had her urin to the doctors,
The fooliſheſt Phiſitian could have made plaine
The liquid Epicæne; a blind man by the hand
Could have diſcoverd the ring from the ſtone.
Boy, come, to Sea with me, ile teach thee to climb,
And come down by the rope, nay to eate Rats.

Ver. I ſhall devour my Maſter before the priſon then,
Sir, I have began my Trade.

Mal. Trade? to the Citie, child, a flatcap will become (thee.

Mont. Gentlemen I beſeech you moleſt your ſelves no (further,
For his preferment it is determin'd.

Lav. I am much aſhamed, and if my cheek
Gives not ſatisfaction, break my head.

Mont. Your ſhame's enough ſir.

Ami. *Montague*, much joy attend thy marriage Bed;
By thy example of true goodneſſe, envie is exil'd,
And to all honeſt men that truth intend,
I wiſh good luck, faire fate be ſtill thy friend.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

Vpon an Honeſt Mans Fortune.

By Mr. *John* Fletcher.

YOu that can look through Heaven, and tell the Stars,
Obſerve their kind conjunctions, and their wars;
Find out new lights, and give them where you pleaſe,
To thoſe men honors, pleaſures, to thoſe eaſe;
You that are Gods ſurveyers, and can ſhow
How far, and when, and why the wind doth blow;
Know all the charges of the dreadfull thunder,
And when it will ſhoot over, or fall under:
Tell me, by all your art I conjure ye,
Yes, and by truth, what ſhall become of me?
Find out my ſtar, if each one, as you ſay,
Have his peculiar Angel, and his way;
Obſerve my fate, next fall into your dreames,
Sweep clean your houſes, and new line your ſceames,
Then ſay your worſt: or have I none at all?
Or is it burnt out lately? or did fall?
Or am I poor, not able, no full flame?
My ſtar, like me, unworthy of a name?
Is it, your art can only work on thoſe
That deale with dangers, dignities, and cloaths?
With love, or new opinions? you all lye,
A fiſhwife hath a fate, and ſo have I,
But far above your finding; he that gives,
Out of his providence, to all that lives,
And no man knowes his treaſure, no not you:
He that made Egypt blind, from whence you grew
Scaby and lowſy, that the world might ſee
Your calculation's are as blind as ye,
He that made all the ſtars, you dayly read,
And from thence filtch a knowledge how to feed;
Hath hid this from you, your conjectures all
Are drunken things, not how, but when they fall;
Man is his own ſtar, and the ſoule that can
Render an honeſt, and a perfect man,
Command all light, all influence, all fate,
Nothing to him fals early or too late.
Our acts our Angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatall ſhadowes that walke by us ſtill,
And when the ſtars are labouring, we believe
It is not that they govern, but they grive
For ſtubborn ignorance; all things that are
Made for our generall uſes are at war,
Even we among our ſelves, and from the ſtrife
Your firſt unlike opinions got a life.
O man, thou image of thy makers good,
What canſt thou fear, when breath'd into thy blood
His ſpirit is, that built thee? what dull ſence
Makes thee ſuſpect, in need, that providence?
Who made the morning, and who plact the light
Guid to thy labours? who cal'd up the night,
And bid her fall upon thee, like ſweet ſhowers
In hollow murmurs, to lock up thy powers?
Who gave thee knowledge, who ſo truſted thee,
To let thee grow ſo neer himſelfe, the Tree?
Muſt he then be diſtruſted? ſhall his frame
Diſcourſe with him, why thus, and thus I am?
He made the Angels thine, thy fellowes all,
Nay even thy ſervants, when devotions call.
Oh canſt thou be ſo ſtupid then, ſo dim,
To ſeek a ſaving influence, and looſe him?
Can Stars protect thee? or can poverty,
Which is the light to Heaven, put out his eye?
He is my ſtar, in him all truth I find,
All influence, all fate, and when my mind
Is furniſhed with his fullneſſe, my poor ſtory
Shall outlive all their Age, and all their glory.
The hand of danger cannot fall amiſſe,
When I know what, and in whoſe power it is.
Nor Want, the cauſe of man, ſhall make me groan,
A holy hermit is a mind alone.
Doth not experience teach us all we can
To work our ſelves into a glorious man?
Love's but an exhalation to beſt eyes
The matter ſpent, and then the fooles fire dyes?
Were I in love, and could that bright ſtar bring
Increaſe to wealth, honour, and every thing:
Were ſhe as perfect good as wee can aime,
The firſt was ſo, and yet ſhe loſt the Game.
My miſtris then be knowledge and faire truth;
So I enjoy all beauty and all youth,
And though to time her lights and lawes ſhe lends,
She knowes no Age that to corruption bends.
Friends promiſes may lead me to believe,
But he that is his own friend knowes to live.
Affliction when I know it is but this,
A deep allay whereby man tougher is
To bear the hammer, and the deeper ſtill,
We ſtill ariſe more image of his will.
Sickneſſe an humorous cloud twixt us and light,
And Death, at longeſt but another night.
Man is his own Star, and that ſoule that can
Be honeſt is the only perfect man.

FINIS.

The Queene of Corinth.

Actus primus, Scæna prima.

Enter Neaneres, Soſicles, Eraton.

Era. THe Generall is returned then?
Nean. With much honour.
Sol. And peace concluded with the Prince of Argos?
Nean. To the Queens wiſhes: the conditions ſign'd
So farre beyond her hopes, to the advantage
Of *Corinth*, and the good of all her Subjects;
That though *Leonidas* our brave Generall
Ever came home a faire and great example,
He never yet return'd, or with leſſe loſſe
Or more deſerved honour.
Era. Have you not heard
The motives to this generall good?
Nean. The maine one
Was admiration firſt in young *Agenor*,
(For by that name we know the Prince of *Argos*)
Of our *Leonidas* wiſedome, and his valour,
Which though an enemy, firſt in him bred wonder;
That liking, Love ſucceeded that, which was
Followed by a deſire to be a friend
Upon what termes ſoever to ſuch goodneſſe;
They had an enterview; and that their friendſhip
Might with our peace be ratified, 'twas concluded,
Agenor yeelding up all ſuch ſtronge places
As he held in our Territories, ſhould receive
(With a ſufficient Dower, paid by the Queene)
The faire *Merione* for his wife.
Era. But how
Approves the Queene of this? ſince we well know,
Nor was her Highneſſe ignorant, that her Sonne
The Prince *Theanor* made love to this Lady,
And in the nobleſt way.
Nean. Which ſhe allowed of,
And I have heard from ſome familiar with
Her neereſt ſecrets, ſhe ſo deeply priz'd her
Being from an Infant train'd up in her ſervice,
(Or to ſpeake better, rather her owne Creature)
She once did ſay, That if the Prince ſhould ſteale
A Marriage without her leave, or knowledge,
With this *Merione*, with a little ſuit
She ſhould grant both their pardons: where as now
To ſhew her ſelfe forſooth a *Spartan* Lady,
And that 'tis in her power, now it concernes
The common good, not alone to ſubdue
Her owne affections, but command her Sons;
She has not onely forc'd him with rough threats
To leave his Miſtris, but compell'd him when
Agenor made his entrance into *Corinth*
To wait upon his Rivall.
Sos. Can it be
The Prince ſhould ſit downe with this wrong?
Nean. I know not,
I am ſure I ſhould not.
Era. Truſt me nor I,
A Mother is a name, but put in ballance
With a yong wench 'tis nothing; where did you leave him?
Nean. Neere *Veſta's* Temple, for there he diſmiſs'd me,
And full of troubled thoughts, calling for *Crates*:
He went with him, but whither or to what purpoſe
I am a ſtranger.

Enter Theanor and Crates.

Era. They are come backe *Neanthes.*
The. I like the place well.
Cra. Well Sir? it is built
As if the Architect had been a Prophet,
And faſhion'd it alone for this nights action;
The vaults ſo hollow, and the walls ſo ſtrong,
As *Dian* there might ſuffer violence,
And with loud ſhrikes in vaine call *Jove* to helpe her;
Or ſhould he heare, his thunder could not finde
An entrance to it.
The. I give up my ſelfe
Wholly to thy direction, worthieſt *Crates*;
And yet the deſperate cure that we muſt practice
Is in it ſelfe ſo foule, and full of danger,
That I ſtand doubtfull whether 'twere more manly
To dye not ſeeking helpe, or that helpe being
So deadly, to purſue it.
Cra. To thoſe reaſons
I have already urg'd, I will adde theſe.
For but conſider Sir——
Era. It is of weight
What ere it be, that with ſuch vehement action,
Of eye, hand, foot, nay all his bodies motion,
Crates incites the Prince to.
Nean. Then obſerve,
With what variety of paſſions he
Receives his reaſons; now he's pale, and ſhakes
For feare or anger; now his naturall red
Comes backe againe, and with a pleaſing ſmile
He ſeemes to entertaine it; 'tis reſolv'd on
Be it what 'twill: to his ends may it proſper
Though the State ſinke for't.
Cra. Now you are a Prince
Fit to rule others, and in ſhaking off
The Bonds in which your Mother fetters you
Diſcharge your debt to nature, ſhe's your guide,

Follow her boldly Sir.
The. I am confirm'd,
Fall what may fall,
Cra. Yet ſtill diſguiſe your malice
In your humility.
The. I am inſtructed.
Cra. Though in your heart there rage a thouſand tempeſts,
All calmeneſſe in your lookes.
The. I ſhall remember.
Cra. And at no hand,though theſe are us'd as agents
Acquaint them with your purpoſe till the inſtant
That we employ them; tis not fit they have
Time to conſider, when 'tis done, reward
Or feare will keep them ſilent: yet you may
Grace them as you paſſe by, 'twill make them ſurer,
And greedier to deſerve you.
The. Ile move onely
As you would have me: Good day gentlemen;
Nay, ſpare this ceremonious forme of duty
To him that brings love to you, equall love,
And is in nothing happier, then in knowing
It is return'd by you; we are as one.
Soſ. I am ore-joyd, I know not
How to reply: but———
Era. Hang all buts; my Lord,
For this your bounteous favour——
Nean. Let me ſpeake,
If to feed Vultures hereafter the halter
Has done his part, or if there be a Hell
To take a ſwindge or two there, may deſerve this.
Soſ. We are ready.
Era. Try us any way.
Nean. Put us to it.
The. What jewels I have in you?
Cra. Have theſe ſoules,
That for a good looke, and a few kinde words
Part with their eſſence?
The. Since you will compell me
To put that to the tryall, which I doubt not,
Crates may be ſuddenly will inſtruct you
How, and in what to ſhew your loves; obey him
As you would binde me to you.
Cra. Tis well grounded;
Leave me to reare the building.
Nean. We will doe.
Cra. I know it.
Era. Any thing youl put us to. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Leonidas, Merione, Beliza, Servant.

Leo. Siſter, I reape the harveſt of my labours
In your preferment, be you worthy of it,
And with an open boſome entertaine
A greater fortune then my love durſt hope for;
Be wiſe,and welcome it: play not the coy
And fooliſh wanton, with the offerd bounties
Of him that is a Prince. I was woo'd for you,
And won *Merione:* then if you dare
Beleeve the object that tooke me was worthy,
Or truſt my judgement, in me think you were
Courted, ſued to, and conquerd.
Mer. Noble brother,
I have, and ſtill eſteeme you as a Father,
And will as farre obey you; my heart ſpeakes it:
And yet without your anger give me leave
To ſay, That in the choice of that on which
All my lifes joyes or ſorrowes have dependance,
It had been fit ere you had made a full
And abſolute grant of me to any other,
I ſhould have us'd mine owne eyes, or at leaſt
Made you to underſtand, whether it were
Within my power to make a ſecond gift
Of my poore ſelfe.
Leo. I know what tis you point at,
The Prince *Theanos* love; let not that cheat you;
His vowes were but meere courtſhip; all his ſervice
But practiſe how to entrap a credulous Lady:
Or grant it ſerious, yet you muſt remember
He's not to love but where the Queene his Mother
Muſt give allowance, which to you is barr'd up:
And therefore ſtudy to forget that ever
You cheriſht ſuch a hope.
Mer. I would I could.
Leo. But brave *Agenor*, who is come in perſon
To celebrate this Marriage, for your love
Forgives the forfeit of ten thouſand lives,
That muſt have falne under the ſword of war
Had not this peace been made; which generall good
Both Countries owe to his affection to you:
O happy Siſter, aske this noble Lady
Your boſome friend (ſince I faile in my credit)
What palme *Agenors* name above all Princes
That Greece is proud of carries, and with luſtre.
Rel. Indeed fame gives him out for excellent;
And friend, I doubt not but when you ſhall ſee him
He'l ſo appeare to you. Art ſure 'tis he?
Ser. As I live Madam——
Bel. Vertue enable me to containe my joy.
'Tis my *Euphanes.*
Ser. Yes.
Bel. And he's in health?
Ser. Moſt certainly Madam,
Bel. Ile ſee him inſtantly.
So prethee tell him. *Exit Ser.*
Mer. I yeeld my ſelfe too weake
In argument to oppoſe you: you may leade me
Whither you pleaſe.
Leo. 'Tis anſwer'd like my Siſter;
And if in him you finde not ample cauſe
To pray for me,and daily on your knees,
Conclude *I* have no judgement.
Mer. May it prove ſo:
Friend, ſhall we have your company?
Bel. Two houres hence
I will not faile you.
Leo. At your pleaſure Madam. *Exit Leo. and Mer.*

Enter Euphanes.

Bel. Could I in one word ſpeake a thouſand welcomes
(And hearty ones) you have 'em: Fie, my hand,
We ſtand at no ſuch diſtance, by my life
The parting kiſſe you tooke before your travell
Is yet a virgin on my lips, preſerv'd
With as much care as I would doe my fame,
To entertaine your wiſh'd returne.
Euph. Beſt Lady,
That I doe honour you, and with as much reaſon
As ever man did vertue; that I love you,
Yet looke upon you with that reverence
As holy men behold the Sun, the Starrs,
The Temples, and their gods, they all can witneſſe;
And that you have deſerv'd this duty from me;
The life, and meanes of life, for which I owe you,
Commands me to profeſſe it, ſince my fortune
Affords no other payment.
Bel. Good *Euphanes*, where benefits are ill conferr'd,
I had thought,
That for the trifling courteſies as I call them,

(Though you give them another name) you had
Made ample ſatisfaction in th' acceptance,
And therefore did preſume you had brought home
Some other Language.

Euph. No one I have learn'd
Yeelds words ſufficient to expreſſe your goodneſſe;
Nor can I ever chuſe another theame
And not be thought unthankfull.

Bel. Pray you no more
As you reſpect me.

Euph. That charme is too powerfull
For me to diſobey it: 'Tis your pleaſure,
And not my boldneſſe Madam.

Bel. Good *Euphanes*,
Beleeve I am not one of thoſe weak Ladies,
That (barren of all inward worth) are proud
Of what they cannot truly call their owne,
Their birth or fortune, which are things without them,
Nor in this will I imitate the world,
Whoſe greater part of men think when they give
They purchaſe bondmen, not make worthy friends:
By all that's good I ſweare, I never thought
My great eſtate was an addition to me,
Or that your wants took from you.

Euph. There are few
So truly underſtanding or themſelves
Or what they doe poſſeſſe.

Bel. Good *Euphanes*,
Where benefits
Are ill conferr'd, as to unworthy men,
That turne them to bad uſes, the beſtower
For wanting judgement how, and on whom to place them,
Is partly guilty: but when we do favours
To ſuch as make them grounds on which they build
Their noble actions, there we improve our fortunes
To the moſt faire advantage. If I ſpeake
Too much, though I confeſſe I ſpeak well,
Prethee remember 'tis a womans weakneſſe,
And then thou wilt forgive it.

Euph. You ſpeake nothing
But what would well become the wiſeſt man:
And that by you deliver'd is ſo pleaſing
That I could heare you ever.

Bel. Fly not from
Your word, for I arreſt it: and will now
Expreſſe my ſelfe a little more, and prove
That whereas you profeſſe your ſelfe my debtor,
That I am yours.

Euph. Your Ladiſhip then muſt uſe
Some Sophiſtry I ne're heard of.

Bel. By plaine reaſons,
For looke you, had you never ſunk beneath
Your wants, or if thoſe wants had found ſupply
From *Crates*, your unkinde and covetous brother,
Or any other man, I then had miſs'd
A ſubject upon which I worthily
Might exerciſe my bounty: whereas now
By having happy opportunity
To furniſh you before, and in your travells,
With all conveniencies that you thought uſefull,
That Gold which would have ruſted in my Coffers
Being thus imploy'd, has rendred me a partner
In all your glorious actions. And whereas
Had you not been, I ſhould have di'd a thing
Scarce knowne, or ſoone forgotten: there's no Trophy
In which *Euphanes* for his worth is mentioned,
But there you have been carefull to remember,
That all the good you did came from *Beliza*.

Euph. That was but thankfulneſſe.

Bel. 'Twas ſuch an honour,
And ſuch a large returne for the poore traſh
I ventur'd with you, that if I ſhould part
With all that I poſſeſſe, and my ſelfe too
In ſatisfaction for it, 'twere ſtill ſhort
Of your deſervings.

Euph. You o're-prize them Madam.

Bel. The Queen her ſelfe hath given me gracious thanks
In your behalfe, for ſhe hath heard *Euphanes*
How gallantly you have maintain'd her honour
In all the Courts of Greece: and reſt aſſur'd,
(Though yet unknown) when I preſent you to her,
Which I will doe this evening, you ſhall finde
That ſhe intends good to you.

Euph. Worthieſt Lady,
Since all you labour for is the advancement
Of him that will live ever your poore ſervant,
He muſt not contradict it.

Bel. Here's your Brother,
'Tis ſtrange to ſee him here.

Enter Crates.

Cra. You are welcome home Sir,
(Your pardon Madam) I had thought my houſe,
Conſidering who I am, might have been worthy
Of your firſt viſit.

Euph. 'Twas not open to me
When laſt I ſaw you; and to me 'tis wonder
That abſence which ſtill renders men forgotten
Should make my preſence wiſh'd for.

Bel. That's not it,
Your too kinde Brother underſtanding that
You ſtand in no need of him, is bold to offer
His entertainment.

Cra. He had never wanted,
Or yours, or your aſſiſtance, had he practiz'd
The way he might have tooke, to have commanded
What ever I call mine.

Euph. I ſtudied many,
But could finde none.

Cra. You would not finde your ſelfe Sir,
Or in your ſelfe what was from you due to me:
The priviledge my birth beſtow'd upon me
Might challenge ſome regard.

Euph. You had all the Land Sir,
What elſe did you expect? and I am certaine
You kept ſuch ſtrong Guards to preſerve it yours
I could force nothing from you.

Cra. Did you ever
Demand helpe from me?

Euph. My wants have, and often,
With open mouthes, but you nor heard, nor ſaw them;
May be you look'd I ſhould petition to you
As you went to your Horſe; flatter your ſervants,
To play the Brokers for my furtherance,
Sooth your worſe humours, Act the Paraſite
On all occaſions, write my name with theirs
That are but one degree remov'd from ſlaves,
Be drunk when you would have me, then wench with you,
Or play the Pander; enter into Quarrels
Although unjuſtly grounded, and defend them
Becauſe they were yours; theſe are the tyrannies
Moſt younger Brothers groane beneath; yet beare them
From the inſulting Heire, ſelling their freedomes
At a leſſe rate then what the State allowes,
The ſallary of baſe and common Strumpets:
For my part, ere on ſuch low termes I feed
Upon a Brothers trencher, let me dye

The Beggers death, and ſtarve.
Cra. 'Tis bravely ſpoken,
Did what you doe ranke with it.
Bel. Why, what does he
You would not wiſh were yours?
Cra. Ile tell you Lady,
Since you riſe up his Advocate, and boldly,
(For now I finde, and plainly, in whoſe favour
My love and ſervice to you was neglected)
For all your wealth, nay, adde to that your beauty,
And put your vertues in if you have any,
I would not yet be pointed at, as he is,
For the fine Courtier, the womans man,
That tells my Lady ſtories, diſſolves riddles,
Uſhers her to her Coach, lyes at her feet
At ſollemne Maskes, applauding what ſhe laughs at;
Reads her aſleep a nights, and takes his oath
Upon her Pantoffles, that all excellence
In other Madams doe but zany hers:
Theſe you are perfect in, and yet theſe take not
Or from your birth or freedome.
Euph. Should another
Say this, my deeds, not lookes ſhould ſhew———
Bel. Contemne it:
His envie faines this, and he's but reporter,
Without a ſecond, of his owne dry fancies.
Cra. Yes Madam, the whole City ſpeakes it with me,
And though it may diſtaſte, 'tis certaine you
Are brought into the ſceane, and with him cenſur'd;
For you are given out for the provident Lady,
That not to be unfurniſh'd for her pleaſures
(As without them to what vaine uſe is greatneſſe)
Have made choyce of an able man, a young man
Of an Herculean back to doe you ſervice,
And one you may command too, that is active,
And does what you would have him.
Bel. You are foule mouth'd.
Cra. That can ſpeake well, write Verſes too, and good
Sharp and conceited, whoſe wit you may lie with (ones,
When his performance failes him; one you have
Maintain'd abroad to learne new waies to pleaſe you,
And by the gods you well reward him for it,
No night (in which while you lye ſick and panting)
He watches by you but is worth a tallent:
No conference in your Coach which is not paid with
A ſcarlet Suit; this the poore people mutter,
Though I beleeve, for I am bound to doe ſo,
A Lady of your youth, that feeds high too,
And a moſt exact Lady, may doe all this
Out of a vertuous love, the laſt bought vizard
That Leachery purchas'd.
Euph. Not a word beyond this,
The reverence I owe to that one wombe
In which we both were embrions, makes me ſuffer
What's paſt; but if continued———
Bel. Stay your hand,
The Queene ſhall right mine honour.
Cra. Let him doe it,
It is but marrying him; and for your anger
Know that I ſlight it: when your Goddeſſe here
Is weary of your ſacrifice, as ſhe will be,
You know my houſe, and there amongſt my ſervants
Perhaps youl finde a livery. *Exit.*
Bel. Be not mov'd,
I know the rancour of his diſpoſition,
And turne it on himſelfe by laughing at it;
And in that let me teach you.
Euph. I learne gladly. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Neanthes, Soſines, and Eraton, ſeverally.

Nea. You are met unto my wiſhes, if you ever
Deſir'd true mirth ſo far as to adventure
To dye with the extreamity of laughter,
I come before the object that will doe it;
Or let me live your foole.
Soſ. Who is't *Neanthes*?
Nea. *Lamprias* the Uſurers ſonne.
Era. *Lamprias?* the youth
Of ſix and fifty?
Soſ. That was ſent to travell
By rich *Beliza*, till he came to age,
And was fit for a Wife?
Nea. The very ſame,
This gallant with his Guardian, and his Tutor,
(And of the three who is moſt foole I know not)
Are newly come to *Corinth*, ile not ſtale them
By giving up their characters, but leave you
To make your owne diſcoveries: here they are Sir.
Enter Onos Vnckle and Tutor.
Tutor. That legge a little higher; very well.
Now put your face into the Travellors poſture;
Exceeding good.
Vnckle. Doe you mark how they admire him?
Tut. They will be all my Schollars, when they know
And underſtand him truly.
Era. *Phœbus* guard me
From this new *Python*.
Soſ. How they have trimm'd him up
Like an old Reveller?
Nea. Curl'd him and perfum'd him,
But that was done with judgement, for he lookes
Like one that purg'd perpetually; truſt me,
That Witches face of his is painted too,
And every ditch upon it buries more
Then would ſet off ten Bawds, and all their tenants.
Soſ. See how it moves towards us.
Nea. There's a ſalutation:
'Troth Gentlemen, you have beſtowed much travell
In trayning up your Pupill.
Tut. Sir, great buildings
Require great labours, which yet we repent not,
Since for the Countries good we have brought home
An abſolute man.
Vnc. As any of his yeares,
Corinth can ſhew you.
Era. He's exceeding meagre.
Tut. His contemplation———
Vnc. Beſides, 'tis fit
Learners ſhould be kept hungry.
Nea. You all contemplate;
For three ſuch wretched pictures of leane famine
I never ſaw together.
Vnc. We have fat minds Sir,
And travell'd to ſave charges. Doe you thinke
'Twas fit a young and hopefull Gentleman
Should be brought up a glutton? he's my Ward,
Nor was there ever where I bore the bagg
Any ſuperfluous waſte.
Era. Pray you can it ſpeake?
Tnt. He knowes all Languages, but will uſe none,
They are all too big for his mouth, or elſe too little
T'expreſſe his great conceits: and yet of late
With ſome ippulſion he hath ſet downe
In a ſtrange method by the way of queſtion,
And briefly, to all buſineſſe whatſoever
That may concerne a Gentleman.

Nea. Good Sir, let's heare him.
Tut. Come on Sir.
Nea. They have taught him like an Ape,
To doe his tricks by ſignes : now he begins.
Onos. When ſhall we be drunke together?
Tut. That's the firſt.
Onos. Where ſhall we whore to night?
Uncle. That ever followes.
Era. 'Odds me, he now lookes angry.
Onos. Shall we quarrell?
Nea. With me at no hand Sir.
Onos. Then let's proteſt.
Era. Is this all?
Tut. Theſe are Sir, the foure new Vertues
That are in faſhion : many a mile we meaſur'd
Before we could arrive unto this knowledge.
Nea. You might have ſpar'd that labour, for at home
Ther's little elſe in practice : Ha? the Queene? (here
Good friends, for halfe an houre remove your motion,
To morrow willingly when we have more leaſure
We'l looke on him againe.
Onos. Did I not rarely?
Uncle. Excellent well.
Tut. He ſhall have ſixe Plumbs for it. *Exeunt.*

Anter Agenor, Leonidas, Theanor, Queene, Merione,
Beliza, Euphanes, Crates, Ladies, attendants with Lights.

Queene. How much my Court is honour'd princely Bro-(ther
In your vouchaſing it your long'd for preſence
Were tedious to repeat, ſince 'tis already
(And heartily) acknowledg'd; may the gods
That looke into Kings actions ſmile upon
The league we have concluded; and their juſtice
Finde me out to revenge it if I breake
One article.
Age. Great miracle of Queenes,
How happy I eſteeme my ſelfe in being
Thought worthy to be numbred in the rank
Of your confederates, my love and beſt ſervice
Shall teach the world hereafter : but this gift
With which you have confirm'd it, is ſo farre
Beyond my hopes and meanes ere to returne,
That of neceſſity I muſt dye oblig'd
To your unanſwer'd bounty.
The. The ſweet Lady
In bluſhes gives your Highneſſe thankes.
Quee. Beleeve it
On the Queenes word, ſhe is a worthy one,
And I am ſo acquainted with her goodneſſe,
That but for this peace that hath chang'd my purpoſe,
And to her more advancement, I ſhould gladly
Have call'd her Daughter.
The. Though I am depriv'd of
A bleſſing 'tis not in the Fates to equall,
To ſhew my ſelfe a ſubject as a ſonne,
Here I give up my claime, and willingly
With mine owne hand deliver you what once
I lov'd above my ſelfe; and from this houre
(For my affection, yeelds now to my duty)
Vow never to ſollicite her.
Cra. 'Tis well cover'd
Neanthes, and the reſt. *Exit Cra. Nea. Soſ. Era.*
Quee. Nay, for this night
You muſt (for 'tis our Country faſhion Sir)
Leave her to her devotions, in the morning
We'l bring you to the Temple.
Leo. How in this
Your Highneſſe honours me?
Mer. Sweet reſt to all.
Age. This kiſſe, and I obey you.
Bel. Pleaſe it your Highneſſe,
This is the Gentleman.
Quee. You are welcome home Sir,
(Now as I live, one of a promiſing preſence)
I have heard of you before, and you ſhall finde
Ile know you better : finde out ſomething that
May doe you good, and reſt aſſur'd to have it.
Were you at *Sparta* lately?
Euph. Three daies ſince
Madam I came from thence.
Quee. 'Tis very late,
Good night my Lord; doe you Sir follow me,
I muſt talke further with you.
Ag. All reſt with you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Crates, Neanthes, Eraton, Soſicles diſguiz'd.

Cra. She muſt paſſe through this Cloyſter, ſuddainly
And boldly ſeaze upon her.
Nea. Where's the Prince?
Cra. He does expect us at the place I ſhew'd you.

Enter Merione and Servant.

I heare ones footing, peace, 'tis ſhe;
Mer. Now leave me,
I know the way, though *Veſta* witneſſe with me
I never trod it with ſuch feare : helpe, helpe.
Cra. Stop her mouth cloſe, out with the Light, ile guide you. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Scæna Prima.

Enter Merione (as newly raviſhed.)

Mer. TO whom now ſhall I cry? What pow'r thus kneele to?
And beg my raviſht honour back upon me?
Deafe, deafe, you gods of goodneſſe, deafe to me,
Deafe Heaven to all my cryes; deafe hope, deafe juſtice,
I am abus'd, and you that ſee all ſaw it;
Saw it, and ſmil'd upon the villaine did it :
Saw it, and gave him ſtrength : why have I pray'd to ye,
When all the worlds eyes have been ſunk in ſlumbers?
Why have I then powr'd out my teares? kneel'd to ye?
And from the Altar of a pure heart ſent ye
Thoughts like your ſelves, white, innocent, vowes purer
And of a ſweeter flame then all earths odours?
Why have I ſung your praiſes, ſtrew'd your Temples,
And Crown'd your holy Prieſts with Virgin Roſes?
Is it we hold ye powerfull, to deſtroy us?
Beleeve, and honour ye, to ſee us ruin'd?
Theſe teares of anger thus I ſprinckle toward ye,
You that dare ſleep ſecure whilſt Virgins ſuffer,
Theſe ſtick like Comets, blaze eternally,
Till with the wonder they have wak't your juſtice,
And forc't ye feare our curſes, as we yours.

Enter Theanor, Crates, with Vizards.

My ſhame ſtill followes me, and ſtill proclames me;
He turnes away in ſcorne, I am contemned too,
A more unmanly violence then the other;
Bitten, and flung away? What ere you are
Sir, you that have abus'd me, and now moſt baſely
And ſacrilegiouſly rob'd this faire Temple,

I fling all theſe behinde me, but looke upon me,
But one kinde loving look, be what ye will,
So from this hower you will be mine, my Husband;
And you his hand in miſchiefe, I ſpeake to you too,
Counſell him nobly now; you know the miſchief,
The moſt unrighteous act he has done, perſwade him,
Perſwade him like a friend, knock at his Conſcience
Till faire Repentance follow: yet be worthy of me,
And ſhew your ſelf, if ever good thought guided ye,
You have had your foul will, make it yet fair with marriage;
Open your ſelf and take me, wed me now:
More fruits of Villany? your Dagger? come *Draws his Dagger.*
Ye are mercifull, I thank ye for your medicine:
Is that too worthy too?

Enter the reſt diſguis'd.

Devill, thou with him,
Thou penny Bawd to his Luſt, will not that ſtir thee?
Do you work by tokens now? Be ſure I live not,
For your owne ſafeties knaves. I will ſit patiently:
But as ye are true Villaines, the Devills owne ſervants,
And thoſe he loves and truſts, make it as bloody
An Act, of ſuch true horrour Heaven would ſhake at,
'Twill ſhew the braver: goodneſſe hold my hope faſt,
And in thy mercies looke upon my ruines,
And then I am right: my eyes grow dead and heavy:

Enter ſixe diſguis'd, ſinging and dancing to a horrid Muſick, and ſprinkling water on her face.

Wrong me no more as ye are men.
The. She is faſt.
Cra. Away with her. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Agenor, and Gentlemen with Torches.

Ag. Now Gentlemen, the time's come now t'enjoy
That fruitfull happineſſe my heart has long'd for:
This day be happy call'd, and when old Time
Brings it about each yeare, crown'd with that ſweetneſſe
It gives me now, ſee every man obſerve it,
And laying all aſide beares ſhew of buſineſſe,
Give this to joy and triumph: How ſits my cloaths?
1 *Gent.* Handſome, and wondrous well Sir.
Ag. Do they ſhew richly?
For to thoſe curious eyes even beauty envies,
I muſt not now appeare poore, or low faſhion'd;
Me thinks I am younger then I was, farre younger;
And ſuch a promiſe in my bloud I feele now,
That if there may be a perpetuall youth
Beſtowed on man, I am that ſoule ſhall win it:
Do's my haire ſtand well, Lord how ill-favourdly
You have dreſt me to day? how baldly? why this Cloke?
2 *Gen.* Why 'tis the richeſt Sir.
Ag. And here ye have put me on
A paire of Breeches look like a paire of Bagpipes.
1 *Gent.* Beleeve Sir, they ſhew bravely.
Ag. Why theſe Stockings?
2 *Gent* Your Legg appeares——
Ag. Peuh I would have had 'em peach collour,
All young, and new about me: and this Scarſe here
A goodly thing: you have trickt me like a Puppet.
1 *Gent.* Ile undertake to rig forth a whole Navie,
And with leſſe labour then one man in love,
They are never pleas'd.
2 *Gent.* Me thinks he lookes well.
1 *Gent.* Well
As man can looke, as handſome: now do I wonder
He found not fault his Noſe was put on ugly,
Or his Eyes lookt too gray, and rayle at us,
They are the waywards things, theſe Lovers.
2 *Gent.* All will be right
When once it comes to th' puſh.
1 *Gent.* I would they were at it
For our owne quiet ſake.
Ag. Come, wait upon me,
And beare your ſelves like mine, my friends, and nobly. *Ex.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Theanor, Crates, and Erates, bringing Merione.

Erat. This is her Brothers Doore.
Cra. There lay her downe then.
Lay her along: ſhe is faſt ſtill.
Ser. As forgetfulneſſe.
Cra. Be not you ſtirr'd now, but away to your Mother,
Give all attendance, let no ſtaine appeare
Of feare, or doubt in your face: carry your ſelfe confidently.
The. But whither runs your drift now?
Cra. When ſhe wakes,
Either what's done will ſhew a meere dreame to her,
And carry no more credit: or ſay ſhe finde it,
Say ſhe remember all the circumſtances,
Twenty to one the ſhapes in which they were acted,
The horrours, and the ſtill affrights we ſhew'd her,
Riſing in wilder figures to her memory
Will run her mad, and no man gheſſe the reaſon:
If all theſe faile, and that ſhe riſe up perfect,
And ſo collect her ſelfe, beleeve this Sir,
Not knowing who it was that did this to her,
Nor having any power to gheſſe; the thing done too,
Being the utter uudoing of her Honour
If it be knowne, and to the worlds eye publiſh'd,
Eſpecially at this time when Fortune courts her,
She muſt and will conceale it; nay, forget it,
The woman is no *Lucrece*; get you gone Sir,
And as you would have more of this ſport, feare not.
The. I am confirm'd, farewell.
Cra. Farewell, away Sir:
Diſperſe your ſelves, and as you love his favour,
And that that crowns it, Gold, no tongues amongſt ye.
You know your charge, this way goes no ſuſpition. *Exeu.*

Enter Agenor and Leonides, with two Gent. with Lights.

Ag. You are ſtirring early Sir.
Leo. It was my duty
To wait upon your Grace.
Ag. How fares your Siſter,
My beauteous Miſtris, what is ſhe ready yet?
Leo. No doubt ſhe'l loſe no time Sir, yong Maids in her way
Tread upon thornes, and think an houſe an age
Till the Prieſt has done his part, that theirs may follow:
I ſaw her not ſince yeſterday ith' evening:
But Sir, I am ſure ſhe is not ſlack; beleeve me,
Your grace will finde a loving ſoule.
Ag. A ſweet one,
And ſo much joy I carry in the thought of it,
So great a happineſſe to know ſhe is mine;
Beleeve me noble Brother, that to expreſſe it
Me thinkes a Tongue's a poore thing, can do nothing,
Imagination leſſe: who's that that lies there?
Leo. Where Sir?
Ag. Before the doore, it lookes like a woman:
Leo. This way I came abroad, but then there was nothing,
One of the Maids o're-watch'd belike.
Ag. It may be.
Leo. But me thinks this is no fit place to ſleep in.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis ſure a woman Sir, ſhe has Jewels on too:
She feares no foule play ſure.
Leo. Bring a Torch hither,
Yet 'tis not perfect day: I ſhould know thoſe Garments.
Ag. How ſound ſhe ſleepes?

Leo. I am ſorry to ſee this.
Ag. Do you know her?
Leo. And you now I am ſure Sir.
Ag. My Miſtris, how comes this?
Enter Queen, Theanor, Beliza, Euphanes, Neanthes, attendants.
Leo. The Queene and her traine?
Quee. You know my pleaſure.
Eup. And will be moſt carefull.
Quee. Be not long abſent, the ſuit you preferr'd
Is granted.
Nea. This fellow mounts apace, and will
Towre o're us like a Falcon.
Quee. Good morrow to ye all, why ſtand ye wondring?
Enter the houſe Sir, and bring out your Miſtris,
You muſt obſerve our Ceremonies: what's the matter?
What's that ye ſtand at? How *Merione?*
Aſleep i'th ſtreet? belike ſome ſudden Palſie
As ſhe ſtept out laſt night upon devotion,
To tooke her farewell of her Virgin ſtate,
The Ayre being ſharp and piercing, ſtruck her ſuddenly:
See if ſhe breath.
Leo. A little.
Quee. Wake her then,
Tis ſure a fit.
Ag. She wakes her ſelfe,
Give roome to her.
Quee. See how the ſpirits ſtruggle to recover,
And ſtrongly re-inforce their ſtrengths; for certaine
This was no naturall ſleep.
The. I am of your minde Madam.
Quee. No Sonne, it cannot be.
The. Pray Heaven no trick in't;
Good ſoule ſhe little merits ſuch a miſchiefe.
Quee. She is broad awake now, and her ſence clears up,
Twas ſure a fit; ſtand off.
Mer. The Queene, my Love here,
And all my noble friends? Why where am I?
How am I traunc'd, and moaped? i'th ſtreet? Heaven bleſſe me,
Shame to my Sex; o'th ground too? O, I remember——
Leo. How wilde ſhe lookes?
Ag. Oh my cold heart, how ſhe trembles?
Mer. O I remember, I remember.
Quee. What's that?
Mer. My ſhame, my ſhame, my ſhame: O I remember
My never-dying ſhame.
The. Here has been villainie.
Quee. I feare ſo to.
Mer. You are no Furies are ye?
No horrid ſhapes ſent to affright me?
Ag. No ſweet,
We are your friends: looke up, I am *Agenor*,
O my *Merione*, that loves you dearely:
And come to marry ye.
Leo. Siſter, what ayle ye?
Speake out your griefes, and boldly——
Ag. Something ſticks here
Will choake ye elſe.
Mer. I hope it will.
Quee. Be free Lady,
You have your loving friends about ye.
Ag. Deare *Merione*,
By the unſpotted love I ever bore ye,
By thine owne goodneſſe——
Mer. O 'tis gone, 'tis gone Sir,
I am now I know not what: pray ye look not on me,
No name is left me, nothing to inherit
But that deteſted, baſe, and branded——
Ag. Speake it,
And how; diſeaſes of moſt danger
Their cauſes once diſcover'd are eaſily cur'd:
My faire *Merione*.
Mer. I thanke your love Sir;
When I was faire *Merione*, unſpotted,
Pure, and unblaſted in the bud you honour'd,
White as the heart of truth, then Prince *Agenor*,
Even then I was not worthy of your favour;
Wretch that I am, leſſe worthy now of pitty:
Let no good thing come neare me, vertue fly me;
You that have honeſt noble names deſpiſe me,
For I am nothing now but a maine peſtilence
Able to poyſon all. Send thoſe unto me
That have forgot their names, ruin'd their fortunes,
Deſpis'd their honours; thoſe that have been Virgins
Raviſh'd and wrong.d, and yet dare live to tell it.
The. Now it appeares too plaine.
Mer. Send thoſe ſad people
That hate the light, and curſe ſociety;
Whoſe thoughts are Graves, and from whoſe eyes continually
Their melting ſoules drop out, ſend thoſe to me;
And when their ſorrowes are moſt excellent,
So full that one griefe more cannot be added,
My Story like a torrent ſhall devoure 'em.
Hark, it muſt out; but pray ſtand cloſe together,
And let not all the world heare.
Leo. Speake it boldly.
Mer. And Royall Lady, think but charitably,
Your Grace has known my breeding.
Quee. Prethee ſpeake it.
Mer. Is there no ſtranger here? ſend off your ſervants,
And yet it muſt be knowne: I ſhake.
Ag. Sweet Miſtris.
Mer. I am abus'd, baſely abus'd; do you gheſſe yet?
Come cloſe ile tell ye plainer; I am Whor'd,
Raviſh'd, and robb'd of Honour.
Leo. O the Divell.
Ag. What helliſh Slave was this?
The. A wretch, a wretch,
A damned wretch: do you know the Villaine Lady?
Mer. No.
The. Not by gheſſe?
Mer. O no.
The. It muſt be knowne.
Quee. Where was the place?
Mer. I kuow not neither.
Ag. O Heaven,
Is this the happy time? my hope to this come?
Leo. Neither the man, nor circumſtances?
The. His tongue,
Did you not heare his tongue, no voice?
Mer. None, none Sir:
All I know of him was his violence.
Ag. How came ye hither Sweet?
Mer. I know not neither.
The. A cunning piece of Villany.
Mer. All I remember
Is onely this: Going to *Veſtas* Temple
To give the Goddeſſe my laſt Virgin prayers,
Neere to that place I was ſuddenly ſurpris'd,
By five or ſixe diſguis'd, and from thence violently
To my diſhonour hal'd: that Act perform'd,
Brought back, but how, or whether, till I wak'd here.——
The. This is ſo monſtrous the gods cannot ſuffer it;
I have not read in all the villanies
Committed by the moſt obdurate Raſcalls,
An act ſo truly impious.

Leo. Would I knew him.
The. He muſt be known, the Devill cannot hide him.
Quee. If all the Art I have, or power cen do it,
He ſhall be found, and ſuch a way of juſtice
Inflicted on him: A Lady wrong'd in my Court,
And this way rob'd, and ruin'd?
The. Be contented Madam,
If he be above ground I will have him.
Ag. Faire vertuous Maid, take comfort yet and flouriſh,
In my love flouriſh: the ſtaine was forc'd upon ye
None of your wills, nor yours; riſe, and riſe mine ſtill,
And riſe the ſame white, ſweet, faire ſoule, I lov'd ye,
Take me the ſame.
Mer. I kneele and thank ye Sir,
And I muſt ſay ye are truly honourable,
And dare confeſſe my will yet ſtill a Virgin;
But ſo unfit and weak a Cabinet
To keep your love and vertue in am I now,
That have been forc'd and broken, loſt my luſtre,
I meane this body, ſo corrupt a Volume
For you to ſtudy goodneſſe in, and honour,
I ſhall intreat your Grace, conferre that happineſſe
Upon a beauty ſorrow never ſaw yet:
And when this griefe ſhall kill me, as it muſt do,
Only remember yet ye had ſuch a Miſtris;
And if ye then dare ſhed a teare, yet honour me:
Good Gentlemen expreſſe your pitties to me,
In ſeeking out this villany; and my laſt ſuit
Is to your Grace, that I may have your favour
To live a poore recluſe Nun with this Lady,
From Court and Company, till Heaven ſhall heare me,
And ſend me comfort, or death end my miſery.
Que. Take your own will, my very heart bleeds for thee.
Ag. Farewell *Merione*, ſince I have not thee
Ile wed thy goodneſſe, and thy memory.
Leo. And I her faire revenge.
The. Away: let's follow it,
For he is ſo rank i'th wind we cannot miſſe him. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Crates and Conon.

Cra. *Conon* you are welcome home, yee are wondrous (welcome,
Is this your firſt arrivall?
Con. Sir, but now
I reacht the Towne.
Cra. Ye'ar once more welcome then.
Con. I thanke ye noble Sir.
Cra. Pray ye do me the honour
To make my poore houſe firſt——
Con. Pray Sir excuſe me,
I have not ſeene mine owne yet; nor made happy
Theſe longing eyes with thoſe I love there: what's this a (Taverne?
Cra. It ſeemes ſo by the outſide.
Con. Step in here then,
And ſince it offers it ſelfe ſo freely to us,
A place made only for liberall entertainment,
Let's ſeeke no further but make uſe of this,
And after the Greek faſhion, to our friends
Crown a round cup or two.

Enter Vintner and drawer.

Cra. Your pleaſure Sir.
Drawers, who waits within?
Draw. Anon, anon Sir.
Vint. Look into the Lilly-pot: why *Mark* there;
You are welcome Gentlemen; heartily welcome
My noble friend.
Cra. Let's have good Wine mine Hoſt,
And a fine private roome.
Vint. Will ye be there Sir?
What is't you'l drink? ile draw your Wine my ſelf:
Quiſſions ye knaves: why when?

Enter Drawer with Quiſſions.

Dra. Anon, anon Sir.
Vint. Chios, or Lebos, Greek?
Cra. Your beſt and neateſt.
Vint. Ile draw ye that ſhall dance.
Cra. Away, be quick then. *Exit Vintner.*
Con. How does your Brother Sir, my noble friend
The good *Euphanes?* in all my courſe of travell
I met not with a Gentleman ſo furniſh'd
In gentleneſſe and courteſie; beleeve Sir,
So many friendly Offices I receiv'd from him,
So great, and timely, and enjoy'd his company
In ſuch an open and a liberall ſweetneſſe,
That when I dare forget him———
Cra. He's in good health Sir,
But you will finde him a much alter'd man,
Growne a great Courtier Sir.
Con. He's worthy of it.
Cra. A man drawne up, that leaves no print behind him
Of what he was: thoſe goodneſſes you ſpeake of
That have been in him, thoſe that you call freedomes,
Societies, and ſweetneſſe, looke for now Sir,
You'le finde no ſhadowes of them left, no ſound,
The very Ayre he has liv'd in alter'd: now behold him,
And you ſhall ſee a thing walk by, looke big upon ye,
And cry for place; I am the Queenes, give roome there:
If you bow low, may be he'l touch the Bonnet,
Or fling a forced ſmile at ye for a favour.
Con. He is your brother Sir.
Cra. Theſe formes put off,
Which travell, and Court Holy-water ſprinkle on him,
I dare accept, and know him: you'l think it ſtrange Sir,
That even to me, to me his naturall Brother,
And one by birth he owes a little honour too—

Enter Vintner with Wine.

(But that's all one) come give me ſome Wine, mine Hoſt,
Here's to your faire returne.
Con. I wonder at it,
But ſure he has found a nature not worth owning
In this way; elſe I know he is tender carried.
I thank ye Sir: and now durſt I preſume
For all you tell me of theſe alterations,
And ſtops in his ſweet nature, which till I finde ſo,
I have known him now ſo long, & look'd ſo through him,
You muſt give me leave to be a little faithleſſe:
I ſay for all theſe, if you pleaſe to venter
Ile lay the Wine we drink, let me ſend for him
(Even I that am the pooreſt of his fellowſhip)
But by a Boy oth' houſe too, let him have buſineſſe,
Let him attend the Queene, nay let his Miſtris
Hold him betwixt her armes, he ſhall come to me,
And ſhall drink with me too; love me, and heartily,
Like a true honeſt man bid me welcome home.
I am confident.—
Cra. You will loſe.
Con. You'l ſtand toth' wager?
Cra. With all my heart.
Con. Go Boy, and tell *Euphanes.*
Boy. He's now gone up the ſtreet Sir,
With a great traine of Gallants.
Cra. What think you now Sir?
Con. Go, and overtake him,
Commend my love unto him: my name is *Conon*,
Tell him I am new arriv'd, and where I am,
And would requeſt to ſee him preſently:
Ye ſee I uſe old dudgen phraſe to draw him.

Cra. Ile hang and quarter when you draw him hether.
Con. Away Boy.
Boy. I am gone Sir. *Exit.*
Con. Here's to you now,
And you ſhall finde his travell has not ſtopt him
As you ſuppoſe, nor alter'd any freedome,
But made him far more cleare and excellent;
It drawes the groſneſſe off the underſtanding,
And renders active and induſtrious ſpirits:
He that knowes moſt mens manners, muſt of neceſſity
Beſt know his owne, and mend thoſe by example:
Tis a dull thing to travell like a Mill-horſe,
Still in the place he was borne in, lam'd and blinded;
Living at home is like it: pure and ſtrong ſpirits
That like the Fire ſtill covet to fly upward,
And to give fire as well as take it; caſ'd up, and mewd here
I meane at home, like luſty metled Horſes,
Onely ty'd up in Stables, to pleaſe their Maſters,
Beat out their fiery lives in their owne Litters,
Why doe not you travell Sir?
Cra. I have no beliefe in't
I ſee ſo many ſtrange things, halfe unhatcht, to
Returne, thoſe that went out men, and good men,
They looke like potch'd Eggs with the ſoules ſuckt out,
Empty and full of wind: all their affections
Are bak'd in Rye cruſt, to hold carriage
From this good Towne toth' other: and when they are
They are ſo ill cooked and mouldy—— (open'd,
Con. Ye are pleaſant.
Cra. Ile ſhew ye a pack of theſe: I have 'em for ye,
That have been long in travell too.
Con. Pleaſe you Sir.
Cra. You know the Merchants walk, Boy?
2 Boy. Very well.
Cra. And you remember thoſe Gentlemen were here
The other day with me?
2 Boy. Yes.
Cra. Then go thither,
For there I am ſure they are, pray 'em come hither,
(And uſe my name) I would be glad to ſee 'em.

Enter 1 Boy.

1 Boy. Your Brother's comming in Sir.
Vint. Odds my paſſion,
Out with the Plate ye knaves: bring the new Quiſhions,
And waſh thoſe Glaſſes I ſet by for high dayes,
Perfume the roomes along, why Sirrah.
1 Boy. Here Sir.
Vint. Bid my Wife make her ſelfe ready handſomely,
And put on her beſt Apron: it may be
The noble Gentleman will looke upon her.

Enter Euphanes and two Gentlemen.

Euph. Where is he Boy?
Vint. Your worſhip's heartily welcome,
It joyes my very heart to ſee ye here Sir.
The Gentleman that ſent for your Honour——
Euph. O good mine Hoſt.
Vint. To my poor homely houſe, and't like your honor.
Euph. I thank thine honour good mine Hoſt, where is he?
Con. What think ye now? my beſt *Euphanes.*
Euph. *Conon*, welcome my friend, my noble friend how
Are you in ſafety come, in health? (is it?
Con. All health, all ſafety,
Riches, and all that makes content and happineſſe
Now I am here I have: how have you far'd Sir?
Euph. Well, I thank Heaven, and never nearer friend
To catch at great occaſion.
Con. Indeed I joy in't.
Euph. Nor am I for my ſelfe borne in theſe fortunes,
In truth I love my friends.
Con. You were noble ever.
Cra. I thought you had not knowne me.
Euph. Yes, ye are my Brother,
My elder Brother too, would your affections
Were able but to aske that love I owe to ye,
And as I give, preſerve it: here friend *Conon*,
To your faire welcome home.
Con. Deare Sir, I thank ye,
Fill it toth' brim, Boy: *Crates.*
Cra. Ile pledge you,
But for that glorious Comet lately fired.
Con. Fie, fie Sir, fie.
Euph. Nay, let him take his freedomes,
He ſtirs not me I vow to ye; much leſſe ſtaines me.
Cra. Sir, I cannot talke with that neat travelling tongue.
Con. As I live, he has the worſt beleefe in men abroad.

Enter the 2. Boy.

I am glad I am come home.
2 Boy. Here are the Gentlemen.
Cra. O let 'em enter: now you that truſt in travell,
And make ſharp Beards, and little Breeches Deities,
You that inhaunce the daily price of Tooth-picks,
And hold there is no homebred hapineſſe,
Behold a modell of your minds and actions.
Euph. Though this be envious, yet done ith' way of
I am content to thank ye for't. (mirth,
Con. 'Tis well yet.
Cra. Let the Maske enter.

Enter Onos, his Unckle and Tutor.

Onos. A pretty Taverne 'faith, of a fine ſtructure.
Unc. Beare your ſelfe like a Gentleman, here's ſix pence,
And be ſure you breake no Glaſſes.
Tut. Harke ye Pupill,
Go as I taught you, hang more upon your hams,
And put your knees out bent: there, yet a little:
Now I beſeech ye, be not ſo improvident
To forget your travelling pace, 'tis a maine poſture,
And to all unayr'd Gentlemen will betray you:
Play with your Piſa Beard: why, where's your bruſh Pupil?
He muſt have a Bruſh Sir.
Unc. More charge yet?
Tut. Here, take mine,
Theſe elements of travell he muſt not want Sir.
Vnc. Ma' foy, he has had ſome nineteene pence in ele-
What would you more? (ments,
Tut. Durus me hercle pater.
Con. What Mounſieur *Onos*, the very pump of travell,
Sir, as I live you have done me the greateſt kindneſſe,
O my faire Sir, *Lampree*, the carefull Unckle
To this young hopefull iſſue; Mounſieur *Tutor* too,
The father to his minde; Come, come, let's hug Boyes,
Why what a bunch of travell doe I embrace now,
Me thinkes I put a Girdle about Europe;
How has the Boy profited?
Vnc. He has enough Sir,
If his too fiery mettle doe not mar it.
Con. Is he not thrifty yet?
Tut. That's all his fault,
Too bounteous minded being under age too,
A great conſumer of his ſtock in Pippins,
Had ever a hot ſtomack.
Con. Come hither *Onos*,
Will you love me for this fine Apple?
Onos. We.
Con. And will ye be rul'd by me ſometimes?
Onos. 'Faith I will.
Con. That's a good Boy.

Unc. Pray give not the childe ſo much fruit,
He's of a raw Complexion.
Euph. You Mounſieur hard egge,
Do you remember me? Doe you remember
When you and your Conſort travell'd through Hungary?
Con. He's in that circuit ſtill.
Euph. Do you remember
The cantell of immortall Cheeſe ye carried with ye,
The halfe cold Cabbedge, in a leather Sachell,
And thoſe invincible Eggs that would lye in your bowells
A fortnight together, and then turne to bedſtaves;
Your ſowre milk that would choak an *Iriſh* man,
And bread was bak'd in *Cæſars* time for the Army?
Con. Providence, providence.
Tut. The ſoule of travell.
Euph. Can the Boy ſpeak yet?
Tut. Yes, and as fine a Gentleman,
I thanke my able knowledge, he has arriv'd at,
Only a little ſparing of his Language,
Which every man of obſervation ———
Unc. And of as many tongues.
Tut. Pray be content Sir,
You know you are for the bodily part, the Purſe,
I for the magazine, the minde.
Euph. Come hither ſpringall.
On. That in the *Almain* Tongue ſignifies a Gentleman.
Euph. What think you of the formes of *Italy* or *Spain?*
Onos. I love mine owne Country Pippin.
Tut. Nobly anſwer'd,
Borne for his Country firſt.
Euph. A great Philoſopher:
What Horſes do you prefer?
Onos. The White horſe Sir,
There where I lye; honeſt and a juſt beaſt,
Tut. O *Caput lepidum*: a Childe to ſay this,
Are theſe figures for the mouthes of Infants?
Con. *Onos*, what wenches?
Come, tell me true.
On. I cannot ſpeake without booke.
Con. When ſhall we have one, ha?
On. Steale me from mine Unckle,
For looke you, I am broke out horribly
For want of fleſhly Phiſick: they ſay I am too yong,
And that 'twill ſpoyle my growth. but could you help me?
Con. Meet me to morrow man, no more.
Euph. You thinke now
Ye have open'd ſuch a ſhame to me of travell,
By ſhewing theſe thin Cubbs: ye have honour'd us
Againſt your will, proclam'd us excellent:
Three Frailes of Sprats carried from Mart, to Mart,
Are as much meat as theſe, to more uſe travell'd;
A bunch of bloted fooles: me thinkes your judgement
Should looke abroad ſometimes without your envie.
Cra. Such are moſt of you: ſo I take my leave,
And when you finde your womens favour faile,
'Tis ten to one you'l know your ſelfe, and ſeeke me
Upon a better Muſter of your manners.
Con. This is not hanſome Sir.
Euph. Pray take your pleaſure,
You wound the wind as much ——
Cra. Come you with me,
I have buſineſſe for you preſently: there's for your Wine,
I muſt confeſſe I loſt it.
On. Shall I ſteale to ye
And ſhall we ſee the Wench?
Con. A dainty one.
On. And have a diſh of Pippins?
Con. What a peck man.
Tut. Will you wait Sir.
Con. Pray let's meet oftner Gentlemen,
I would not loſe ye.
Tut. O ſweet Sir.
Con. Do you thinke I would,
Such noted men as you?
Onos, Unc. Tut. We are your Servants. *Exeunt.*
Euph. That thing they would keep in everlaſting nonage,
My Brother for his owne ends has thruſt on
Upon my Miſtris, 'tis true, he ſhall be rich
If ever he can get that Rogue his Unckle
To let him be of yeares to come to inherit it,
Now what the maine drift is ——
Con. Say ye ſo? no more words,
Ile keepe him company till he be of yeares,
Though it be a hundred yeares, but ile diſcover it;
And ten to one ile croſſe it too.
Euph. You are honeſt,
And I ſhall ſtudy ſtill your love: farewell Sir,
For theſe few houres I muſt deſire your pardon,
I have buſineſſe of importance: once a day
At leaſt I hope you'l ſee me: I muſt ſee you elſe:
So, once more ye are welcome.
Con. All my thankes Sir,
And when I leave to love you, life go from me. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Scæna Prima.

Enter Theanor and Crates.

Cra. WHy Sir, the Kingdomes his, and no man now
Can come to *Corinth*, or from *Corinth* goe
Without his Licence; he puts up the tithes
Of every Office through *Achaia*;
From Courtier to the Carter hold of him:
Our Lands, our Liberties, nay very lives
Are ſhut up in his Cloſet, and let looſe
But at his pleaſure; Bookes, and all diſcourſe
Have now no Patron, nor direction,
But glorifi'd *Euphanes*: our Cups are guilty
That quench our thirſts, if not unto his health:
Oh, I could eat my heart, and fling away
My very ſoule for anguiſh: gods, nor men
Should tollerate ſuch diſproportion.
The. And yet is he belov'd: whether't be vertue,
Or ſeeming vertue which he makes the cloake
To his ambition.
Cra. Be it which it will:
Your Highneſſe is to tame, your eyes too film'd
To ſee this, and ſit ſtill: the Lion ſhould not
Tremble to heare the bellowing of the Bull;
Nature excuſe me, though he be my Brother,
You are my Countries Father, therefore mine:
One paralell line of Love I bend on him,
All lines of love and duty meet in you
As in their Center: therefore heare, and weigh
What I ſhall ſpeake: You know the Queen your Mother
Did from a private ſtate your Father raiſe,
So all your Royalty you hold from her;
She is older then ſhe was, therefore more doating,
And what know we but blindneſſe of her love (That

(That hath from underneath the foot of fortune
Set, even *Euphanes* foot, on fortunes head).
Will take him by the hand, and cry, Leap now
Into my bed; 'tis but a trick of age;
Nothing impoſſible.
The. What do you infer on this?
Cra. Your pardon Sir:
With reverence to the Qneen; yet why ſhould I
Feare to ſpeak plaine what pointeth to your good?
A good old Widow is a hungry thing,
(I ſpeak of other Widows, not of Queens.)
The. Speak to thy purpoſe.
Cra. I approach it: Sir,
Should young *Euphanes* claſpe the Kingdome thus,
And pleaſe the good old Lady ſome one night;
What might not ſhe be wrought to put on you,
Quite to ſupplant your birth? neither is ſhe
Paſt children, as I take it.
The. Crates, Thou ſhak'ſt me;
Thou, that doſt hate thy Brother for my love,
In my love finde one; henceforth be my brother:
This Gyant I will fell beneath the earth;
I will ſhine out, and melt his artfull wings:
Euphanes, from my mothers ſea of favours
Spreads like a River, and runs calmly on,
Secure yet from my ſtormes; like a young pine
He growes up planted under a faire Oake,
Whoſe ſtrong large branches yet do's ſhelter him,
And every Traveller admires his beauty;
But like a winde, ile work into his crancks,
Trouble his ſtreame, and drowne all Veſſells that
Ride on his Greatneſſe: under my mothers armes,
Like to a ſtealing tempeſt will I ſearch,
And rend his root from her protection.
Cra. I, now *Theanor* ſpeaks like Prince *Theanor*.
The. But how ſhall we provoke him to our ſnares?
He has a temper malice cannot move
To exceed the bounds of judgement; he is ſo wiſe,
That we can pick no cauſe to affront him.
Cra. No?
What better then his croſſing your intent?
The ſuit I had to ye? *Conons* forfeit ſtate
(Before he travel'd) for a Riot, he
Hath from your Mother got reſtor'd to him:
The. Durſt he? What is this *Conon*?
Cra. One that hath,
As people ſay, in forraigne pleaſur'd him.

Enter Onos, Uncle, Tutor, Neanthes, Soſicles,
Eraton.

But now no more;
They have brought the Travellors I told you of,
That's the ſweet youth, that is my Brothers Rivall,
That curles his head, for he has little haire,
And paints his vizor, for it is no face,
That ſo deſires to follow you, my Lord:
Show 'em ſome countenance, and it will beget
Our ſport at leaſt.
The. What villanous Crab-tree legs he makes?
His ſhins are full of true-love knots.
Cra. His leggs were ever villanous, ſince I knew him.
Era. Faith his Uncles ſhanks are ſomewhat the better.
Nea. But is't poſſible he ſhould believe he is not of age?
He is 50. man, in's *Jubile* I warrant: s'light, he (why
Looks older then a groat, the very ſtamp on's face is
Worne out with handling. (him ſpeake,
Soſ. Why I tell you all men believe it when they heare
He utters ſuch ſingle matter in ſo infantly a voice.
Nea. He looks as like a fellow that I have ſeen accommodate Gentlemen with Tobacco in our Theaters.
Onos. Moſt illuſtrious Prince.
Era. A pox on him, he is guelt, how he trebles?
Onos. I am a Gentleman a both ſides.
Tut. He meanes (ſo'tpleaſe your highneſſe) both by Fa-
Soſ. Thou a Gentleman? thou an Aſſe. (ther & Mother.
Nea. He is nere the farther from being a Getl. I aſſure you.
Tut. May it pleaſe your Grace, I am another.
Nea. He is another Aſſe he ſaies, I believe him.
Uncle. We be three, Heroicall Prince.
Nea. Nay then we muſt have the Picture of 'em, and the Word *Nos ſumus.*
Tut. That have travail'd all parts of the Globe together.
Unc. For mypart, I have ſeen the viciſſitude of fortune before.
Onos. Peace *Uncle*, for though you ſpeak a little better
Nea. 'Tis a very little, in truth. (then I—
Onos. Yet we muſt both give place, as they ſay, to the beſt
The Tutor. (Speaker
Tut. Yet ſince it hath pleas'd your radience to decline ſo
Poore and unworthy dunghils.—— (low, as on us,
Nea. What a ſtinking knaves this?
Tut. Our Perigrination was nere ſo felicitated, as ſince we enter'd the line of your gracious favour, under whoſe beamy aſpect, and by which infallible Mathematicall compaſſe, may we but hereafter preſume to ſaile, our induſtries have reach't their deſir'd termination and period; and we ſhall voluntarily ſacrifice our lives to your reſplendent eyes, both the Altars and fires of our devoted offrings.
Onos. Oh divine Tutor!
Cra. Can you hold Sir? (in *Corinth*.
Era. He ha's ſpoken this very ſpeech to ſome Whore
Nea. A plague on him for a fuſtian Dictionary; on my conſcience this is the *Uliſſean* Travellor that ſent home his Image riding upon Elephants to the great Magoll.
Soſ. The ſame: his wit is ſo huge, nought but an Elephant could carry him.
Era. So heavy you meane.
Nea. Theſe three, are ev'n the fineſt one foole tripartite, that was ere diſcovered.
Soſ. Or a Treatiſe of famine divided into three branches.
Era. The Prince ſpeakes.
The. I thank ye for your loves; but as I told you,
I have ſo little meanes, to do for thoſe
Few followers I have already, that
I would have none ſhiprack themſelves, and fortune,
Upon my barren ſhelf: Sue to *Euphanes*.
For he is Prince, and Queen, I would have no man
Curſe me in his old age.
Cra. Alas Sir, they deſire to follow you
But a farre off, the farther off the better.
Tut. I Sir, and't be ſeven mile off, ſo we may but follow you, onely to countenance us in the confronts and affronts, which (according to your Highneſſe will) we meane on all occaſions to put upon the Lord *Euphanes.*
Onos. He ſhall not want gibing nor jeering, I warrant him; if he do, i'le forſweare wit.
Nea. It has forſworne thee, 'ile ſweare, it is the ancient enemy to thy houſe.
The. Well, be it ſo; I here receive ye, for my followers a great way off.
Nea. Seven miles, my Lord, no further.
Onos. By what time, Sir, (by this meaſure) may I come to follow him in his Chamber?
Nea. Why when his Chamber, Sir, is ſeven miles long.

Enter Euphanes, Conon, Page, Gent. Attendants.

Gent. Make way there, for my Lord *Euphanes*.

Cro. Looke Sir, *Jove* appeares,
The Peacock of our State, that ſpreads a traine
Brighter then Iris bluſhes after raine.
Euph. You need not thank me *Conon*, in your love
You Antidated what I can do for you,
And I in gratitude was bound to this,
And am to much more: and what ere he be
Can with unthankfulneſſe aſſoile me, let him
Dig out mine eyes, and ſing my name in verſe,
In Ballad verſe at every drinking-houſe,
And no man be ſo charitable to lend me
A Dogg to guide my ſteps.
Nea. Haile to *Euphanes.*
Sos. Mighty *Euphanes.*
Era. The great Prince *Euphanes.*
Tut. Key of the Court, and Jewell of the Queene.
Vnc. *Sol* in our Firmament.
Onos. Pearl in the States eye.
Nea. Being a black man.
Era. Miſtris of the Land.
Nea. Our humble, humble poore Petitions are,
That we may hold our places.
All. May we?
Euph. Yes; be you malicious knaves ſtill: and you fooles.
Con. This is the Princes, and your Brothers ſpight.
Euph. I know't, but will not know't it.
Con. Yonder they are,
Who's fine childe's this?
Vnc. Sir.
Onos. Unckle, le' be,
Let him alone, he is a mighty Prince.
Euph. *I* aske your Highneſſe pardon: I proteſt
By *Jupiter* I ſaw you not.
The. Humh, it may be ſo,
You have rais'd ſuch mountaines 'twixt your eyes and me,
That I am hidden quite: what do ye meane Sir?
You much forget your ſelfe.
Euph. I ſhould much more,
Not to remember my due duty to your Grace;
I know not wherein I have ſo tranſgreſſ'd
My ſervice to your Highneſſe, to deſerve
This rigour and contempt, not from you only
But from your followers, with the beſt of whom
I was an equall in my loweſt ebbe:
Beſeech you Sir, reſpect me as a Gentleman,
I will be never more in heart to you:
Five faire Diſcents I can derive my ſelfe,
From Fathers worthy both in Arts and Armes.
I know your goodneſſe companies your greatneſſe
But that you are perverted: Royall Sir,
I am your humbleſt ſubject, uſe your pleaſure,
But do not give protection to the wrongs
Of theſe ſubordinate Slaves, whom I could cruſh
By that great deſtin'd favour, which my Miſtris
And your majeſtick Mother deignes to me,
But in reſpect of you: I know leane envie
Waites ever on the ſteps of vertue advanc'd:
But why your Mothers grace gets me diſgrace,
Or renders me a ſlave to beare theſe wrongs
I do not know.
Oh Mediocrity,
Thou prizeleſſe jewell, only meane men have
But cannot value; like the precious Jem,
Found in the Mukhill by the ignorant Cock.
The. Your creamy words but cozen: how durſt you
Intercept me ſo lately to my Mother?
And what I meant your Brother, you obtain'd
Unto the forfeiture againe.
Cra. Your anſwer to that my Lord, my Brother.
Euph. May I periſh
If ere I heard you intended ſuch a Suit,
Though 'twould have ſtuck an ignominious brand
Vpon your Highneſſe, to have given your ſervant
A Gentlemans whole ſtate of worth and quality,
Confiſcate only for a youthfull brawle.
The. Your rudiments are too ſawcy: teach your Page.
Con. I, ſo are all things but your flatterers.
Onos. Hold you your prating.
Con. You know where you are, you fleeten face.
Euph. Yet Sir to appeaſe and ſatisfie your anger,
Take what you pleaſe from me, and give it him
In lieu of this: you ſhall not take it neither,
I freely will impart it, halfe my ſtate,
Which Brother if you pleaſe———
Cra. Ile ſtarve in Chaines firſt,
Eat my owne armes.
Euph. Oh that you ſaw your ſelfe:
You ne're made me ſuch offer in my pooreneſſe,
And 'cauſe (to do you eaſe) I ſought not to you
You thus maligne me; yet your nature muſt not
Corrupt mine, nor your rude examples lead me:
If mine can mend you, I ſhall joy; you know
I feare you not: you have ſeene me prov'd a man
In every way of fortune, 'tis my comfort
I know no more ſuch Brothers in the world
As *Crates* is.
Con. Nor I ſuch as *Euphanes*:
The temper of an Angell raignes in thee.
Euph. Your Royall Mother Sir, (I had forgot)
Entreates your preſence.
The. You have done her errand,
I may do yours. *Exit.*
Euph. Let it be truth my Lord.
Con. *Crates*, ile queſtion you for this.
Cra. Piſh, your worſt. *Exit.*
Con. Away you hounds after your ſent.
Onos. Come, we'l ſcorn to talk to 'm: now they are gone,
We'l away too. *Exeunt.*
Con. Why beare you this my Lord?
Euph. To ſhew the paſſive fortitude the beſt;
Vertues a ſolid Rock, whereat being aym'd
The keeneſt darts of envie, yet unhurt
Her Marble Heroes ſtand, built of ſuch Baſes,
Whilſt they recoyle, and wound the Shooters faces.

Enter Queene and Ladies.

Con. My Lord, the Queene.
Quee. Gentle *Euphanes*, how,
How do'ſt thou honeſt Lord? oh how I joy
To ſee what I have made, like a choyce Workman,
That having fram'd a Maſter-peece, doth reape
An univerſall comendations.
Princes are Gods in this. Ile build thee yet,
(The good foundation ſo pleaſes me)
A ſtory or two higher; let Doggs barke,
They are fooles that hold them dignifi'd by blood,
They ſhould be only made great that are good.
Euph. Oraculous Madam.
Quee. Sirrah, I was thinking
If I ſhould marry thee, what merry tales
Our neighbour Iſlands would make of us;
But let that paſſe, you have a Miſtris
That would forbid our Banes: troth I have wiſh'd
A thouſand times that I had been a man,
Then I might ſit a day with thee alone,
And talke,
But as I am I muſt not; there's no skill

In being good, but in not being thought ill.
Sirrah, who's that?
Euph. So't pleaſe your Majeſty
Conon, the friend I ſu'd for.
Quee. 'Tis diſpatch'd.
Con. Gracious Madam,
I owe the gods and you my life.
Quee. I thanke you,
I thank you heartily; and I do think you
A very honeſt man, he ſayes you are:
But now ile chide thee; what's the cauſe my Son,
For my eye's every where, and I have heard,
So inſolently do's thee Contumelies
Paſt ſufferance (I am told) yet you complaine not,
As if my juſtice were ſo partiall
As not to right the meaneſt: credit me,
Ile call him to a ſtrict accompt, and fright
By his example, all that dare curb me
In any thing that's juſt: I ſent you for him.
Euph. Humbly he did returne, he would wait on you:
But let me implore your Majeſty, not to give
His Highneſſe any check, for worthleſſe me;
They are Court canckers, and not Counſellors
That thus informe you: they do but hate the Prince,
And would ſubvert me: I ſhould curſe my fortune
Even at the higheſt, to be made the ginne
To unſcrew a Mothers love unto her Son:
Better had my pale flame in humble ſhades
Been ſpent unſeene, then to be rais'd thus high,
Now to be thought a meteor to the State,
Portending ruine and contagion:
Beſeech you then reſt ſatisfi'd, the Prince
Is a moſt noble natur'd Gentleman,
And never did to me but what I tooke
As favours from him, my blown billowes muſt not
Strive 'gainſt my ſhore, that ſhould confine me; nor
Juſtle with Rocks to break themſelves to peeces.
Quee. Well, thou'rt the compoſition of a god:
My Lion, Lamb, my Eaglet, and my Dove,
Whoſe ſoule runs clearer then *Dianas* Fount,
Nature pick'd ſeverall flowers from her choyce banks
And bound 'em up in thee, ſending thee forth
A Poſie for the boſome of a Queene.
Lady. The Prince attends you.
Quee. Farewell my good Lord,
My honeſt man; Stay, haſt no other ſuit?
I prethee tell me; Sirrah, thine eye ſpeakes
As if thou hadſt: out with it modeſt foole.
Euph. With favour Madam, I would crave your leave
To Marry, where I am bound in gratitude,
The immediat meanes ſhe was to all my being:
Nor do I think your wiſedome ſacred Queen
Fetters in favours, taking from me ſo
The liberty that meaneſt men enjoy.
Quee. To marry? you are a foole: thou'ſt anger'd me;
Leave me, ile think on't: *Exit Euph. and Conon.*
Only to try thee this, for though I love thee,
Enter Theanor.
I can ſubdue my ſelfe: but ſhe that can
Enjoy thee, doth enjoy more then a man.
Nay riſe without a bleſſing, or kneele ſtill:
What's Sir the reaſon you oppoſe me thus,
And ſeeke to darken what I would have ſhine?
Ecclipſe a fire much brighter then thy ſelfe,
Making your Mother not a competent Judge
Of her owne actions?
The. Gracious Madam, I
I have done no more then what in royalty
(And to preſerve your fame) was fit to do:
Heard you the peoples talke of you, and him
You favour ſo, his greatneſſe, and your love,
The pitty given to me, you would excuſe me;
They prate as if he did diſhonour you:
And what know I, but his owne laviſh tongue
Has utter'd ſome ſuch ſpeeches; he is call'd
The King of Corinth.
Quee. They are traitors all:
I weare a Chriſtall caſement 'fore my heart,
Through which each honeſt eye may looke in to't:
Let it be proſpect unto all the world,
I care not this.
The. This muſt not be my way;
Your pardon gracious Madam: theſe incitements
Made me not ſhew ſo cleare a countenance
Upon the Lord *Euphanes* as I would:
Which ſince your Majeſty affects ſo grievouſly
Ile cleare the black cloud of it, and henceforth
Uow on this knee all love and grace to him.
Quee. Riſe with my bleſſing, and to prove this true,
Beare him from me this Cabinet of Jewells
In your owne perſon, tell him, for his marrying
He may diſpoſe him how, and when he pleaſe. *Exit Quee.*
The. I ſhall diſcharge my duty and your will.
Crates?
Enter Crates.
Cra. I have heard all my Lord, how luckely
Fate pops her very ſpindle in our hands:
This marriage with *Beliza* you ſhall croſſe,
Then have I one attempt for *Lamprias* more
Upon this Phaeton: where's *Merione's* Ring,
That in the Rape you tooke from her?
The. 'Tis here.
Cra. In and effect our purpoſe: you my Lord
Shall diſobey your Mothers charge, and ſend
This Cabinet by ſome ſervant of her owne,
That what ſucceeds may have no reference
Unto your Highneſſe.
The. On, my engine on.
Cra. Now, if we be not ſtruck by Heavens owne hand,
We'l ruine him, and on his ruines ſtand. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Agenor, Leonidas, Merione, Beliza.
A ſad Song.

Ag. Theſe heavie Ayres feed ſorrow in her Lady,
And nouriſh it too ſtrongly; like a Mother
That ſpoiles her Childe with giving on't the will.
Bel. Some lighter note. *A lighter Song.*
Leo. How like a hill of Snow ſhe ſits, and melts
Before the unchaſt fire of others luſt?
What heart can ſee her paſſion and not break?
Ag. Take comfort gentle Madam; you know well
Even actuall ſins committed without will,
Are neither ſins nor ſhame, much more compell'd;
Your Honour's no whit leſſe, your Chaſtity
No whit impair'd, for faire *Merione*
Is more a Virgin yet then all her Sex:
Alas, 'tis done; why burne theſe Tapers now?
Wicked and frantick Creatures joy in night.
Leo. Imagine faire *Merione* had dream'd
She had been raviſh'd, would ſhe ſit thus then
Excruciate?
Mer. Oh.
Bel. Fye, fye, how fond is this?
What reaſon for this ſurfet of remorſe?
How many that have done ill, and proceed,
Women that take degrees in wantonneſſe,

Commence, and riſe in rudiments of Luſt,
That feele no ſcruple of this tenderneſſe?
Mer. Piſh.
Bel. Nor are you matches in miſhap, even I
Doe beare an equall part of miſery;
That love, belov'd, a man, the Crowne of men,
Whom I have friended, and how rais'd 'tis better
That all doe know and ſpeak it then my ſelfe:
When he ſail'd low I might have made him mine,
Now at his full gale, it is queſtionable
If ever I o're-take him.
Ag. Wherefore ſits
My *Phebe* ſhadowed in a ſable cloud?
Thoſe pearly drops which thou lets't fall like beades,
Numbring on them thy veſtall Oriſons
Alas are ſpent in vaine: I love thee ſtill,
In mid'ſt of all theſe ſhowres thou ſweetlier ſent'ſt,
Like a green Meadow on an *April* day,
In which the Sun and Weſt-wind play together,
Striving to catch and drink the balmy drops.

Enter Euphanes and Servant.

Ser. The Lord *Euphanes* Madam. *Exit Mer.*
Ag. Poore *Merione*,
She loathes the light, and men. *Exit.*
Euph. The vertuous gods preſerve my Miſtris.
Bel. O my moſt honour'd Lord, thoſe times are chang'd.
Euph. Let times and men change, could Heaven change,
Should never change, to be devoted ever (*Euphanes*
To faire *Beliza*, ſhould my load of honours,
Or any Grace which you were Author of
Detract mine honour, and diminiſh Grace?
The gods forbid: you here behold your Servant,
Your Creature, gentle Lady, whoſe ſound ſleepes
You purchas'd for him: whoſe food you paid for,
Whoſe garments were your charge, whoſe firſt preferment
You founded: then, what ſince the gracious Queene
Hath, or can reare, is upon your free Land,
And you are Miſtris of.
Bel. Mock me not gentle Lord,
You ſhine now in too high a ſpheare for me,
We are Plannets now disjoyn'd for ever: yet
Poore ſuperſtitious innocent that I am,
Give leave that I may lift my hands, and love
Not in Idolatry, but perfect zeale:
For credit me, I repent nothing I have done,
But were it to begin would do the ſame.
Euph. There are two Seas in *Corinth*, and two Queens,
And but there, not two ſuch in the ſpacious Univerſe;
I came to tender you the man you have made,
And like a thankfull ſtreame to retribute
All you my Ocean have enrich'd me with.
You told me once you'ld marry me.
Bel. Another mock? you were wont to play faireplay,
You ſcorne poore helps; he that is ſure to win,
May ſlight mean harts, whoſe hand commands the Queen
Euph. Let me be held the Knave through all the Stock
When I doe ſlight my Miſtris; you know well
The gracious inclination of the Queene,
Who ſent me leave this morning to proceed
To marry, as I ſaw convenience,
And a great gift of Jewels: Three daies hence
The generall ſacrifice is done to *Veſta*,
And can you by then be accommodated
Your ſervant ſhall wait on you to the Temple.
Bel. Till now
I never felt a reall joy indeed.
Euph. Here then I ſeale my duty, here my love,
Till which vouchſafe to weare this Ring, deare Miſtris;
'Twas the Queens Token, and ſhall celebrate
Our Nuptialls.
Bel. Honour ſtill raiſe, and preſerve
My honour'd Lord, as he preſerves all honour. *Exit Euph.*

Enter Agenor, Leonidas, Merione.

Ag. Why ſhift you places thus *Merione*,
And will not lend a word? Could'ſt thou ſo ſoone
Leave ſorrow as the place, how bleſt were I,
But 'twill not be; griefe is an impudent gueſt,
A follower every where, a hanger on,
That words nor blowes can drive away.
Leo. Deare Siſter.
Bel. Who can be ſad? out with theſe Tragick Lights,
And let day repoſſeſſe her naturall howres:
Teare downe theſe blacks, caſt ope' the Caſements wide,
That we may jocondly behold the Sun.
I did partake with ſad *Merione*
In all her mourning: let her now rejoyce
With glad *Beliza*, for *Euphanes* is
As full of love, full of humility
As when he wanted.
Mer. Oh —— that.
Leo. Help, ſhe faints:
Her griefe has broke her heart.
Mer. No—— that —— that.
Ag. Miſtris, what point you at?
Her lamps are out, yet ſtill ſhe extends her hand
As if ſhe ſaw ſomething antipathous
Unto her vertuous life.
Leo. Still, ſtill ſhe points,
And her lips move, but no articulate ſound
Breathes from 'em: Siſter, ſpeak, what moves you thus?
Bel. Her ſpirits returne.
Mer. Oh, hide that fatall Ring,
Where had it you *Beliza*?
Bel. What hid fate
Depends on it? *Euphanes* gave it me
As holy pledge of future Marriage.
Mer. Then is *Euphanes* the foule Raviſher?
Let me ſpeake this and dye. That diſmall night
Which ſeal'd my ſhame upon me, was that Ring,
The partner of my rob'd virginity.
Leo. *Euphanes*?
Ag. Strange.
Bel. Impoſſible.
Mer. Impoſſible to have redreſſe on him,
Chiefe ſervant to the Queene--- ha! I have read
Somewhere I am ſure, of ſuch an injury
Done to a Lady: and how ſhe durſt dye. *Exit.*
Ag. Oh follow her *Beliza*
Bel. To aſſure her,
The unlikelihood of this *Exit.*
Ag. Love hides all ſins.
What's to be done *Leonidas*?
Leo. Why this:
Amazement takes up all my faculties;
The plagues of gods and men will muſter all
To avenge this tyranny. Oh frontleſſe man,
To dare doe ill, and hope to beare it thus:
Firſt let's implore, then cure.
Ag. Who, who can truſt
The gentle lookes and words of two-fac'd man?
Like *Corinths* double torrent, you and I
Will ruſh upon the Land; nor ſhall the Queene
Defend this Villaine in his villany:
Luſts violent flames can never be withſtood
Nor quench'd, but with as violent ſtreames of blood.
Exeun

Actus Quartus.

Scæna Prima.

Enter Crates, Vnckle, Tutor, and Onos.

Ono. THinkes he to carry her and live?
Cra. It ſeemes ſo,
And ſhe will carry him the ſtory ſayes.
On. Well, hum——
Have I for this thou faire but falſeſt faire
Stretch'd this ſame ſimple legge over the Sea?
What though my baſhfulneſſe, and tender yeares,
Durſt ne're reveale my affection to thy teeth?
Deep love ne're tatles, and (ſay they) loves bit
The deeper dip'd, the ſweeter ſtill is it.
Tut. Oh, ſee the power of Love: he ſpeakes in ryme.
Cra. Oh, love will make a Dog howle in rime:
Of all the Lovers yet I have heard or read
This is the ſtrangeſt: but his Guardian,
And you his Tutor ſhould informe him better,
Thinkes he, that Love is anſwer'd by inſtinct?
Tut. He ſhould make meanes,
For certaine Sir his baſhfulneſſe undo's him,
For from his Cradle h'had a ſhamefull face.
Thus walkes he night and day, eates not a bit,
Nor ſleepes one jot, but's growne ſo humorous;
Drinkes Ale, and takes Tobacco as you ſee;
Weare's a Steeleto at his Codpeece cloſe,
Stabs on the leaſt occaſion: ſtroakes his beard,
Which now he puts i'th poſture of a *T.*
The Roman *T.* your *T.* beard is the faſhion,
And twifold doth expreſſe the enamour'd Courtier,
As full as your fork-carving Travellour.
On. Oh, black clouds of diſcontent invellop me,
Garters fly off: go Hatband, binde the browes
Of ſome dull Citizen that feares to ake:
And Leg appeare now in ſimplicity
Without the trappings of a Courtier:
Burſt Buttons, burſt, your Bachelor is worm'd.
Cra. A worm-eaten Batchelor th'art indeed.
On. And Devill melancholly poſſeſſes me now.
Unc. Croſſe him not in this fit I adviſe you Sir.
On. Dye crimſon Roſe, that didſt adorne theſe cheeks,
For ytch of love is now broke forth on me. (ſcabby.
Unc. Poore Boy, 'tis true: his wriſts and hands are
On. Burne eyes out in your ſockets, ſinck and ſtink:
Teeth I will pick ye to the very bones,
Hang haire like Hemp, or like the Iſling Curs,
For never Powder, nor the Criſping-iron
Shall touch theſe dangling locks——oh——Ruby lips,
Love hath to you been like Wine-vinegar,
Now you look wan and pale, lips, ghoſts ye are,
And my diſgrace ſharper than Muſtard-ſeed.
Cra. How like a Chaundler he do's vent his paſſions,
Riſum teneatis?
On. Well ſung the Poet,
Love is a golden bubo, full of Dreames:
That ripen'd breakes, and fills us with extreames.
Tut. A gold buble, pupill, Oh groſſe ſolæciſme
To chaſter eares, that underſtand the Latine.
On. I will not be corrected now:
am in love, revenge is now the Cud
That I do chaw: Ile challenge him.
Cra. I marry Sir.
Unc. Your Honour bids you Nephew, on, and proſper.
On. But none will beare it from me, times are dangerous.
Cra. Carry it your ſelfe man.
On. Tutor, your counſell: Ile do nothing Sir
Without him.
Unc. This may rid thee, (valiant Cuz)
Whom I have kept this forty yeare my Ward;
Faine would I have his ſtate, and now of late
He did enquire at *Epheſus* for his age,
But the Church Booke being burnt with *Dians* Temple
He loſt his ayme: I have try'd to famiſh him,
Marry he'l live o' ſtones: and then for Poyſons,
He is an Antidote 'gainſt all of 'em;
He ſprung from *Mithridates*; he is ſo dry and hot,
He will eat Spiders faſter then a Monkey:
His Maw (unhurt) keeps Quickſilver like a bladder,
The largeſt doſſe of Camphire, Opium,
Harmes not his braine; I think his Skul's as empty
As a ſuckt Egge; Vitrioll, and Oyle of Tartar
He will eat toſts of: Henbane I am ſure
And Hemblock I have made his Pot-hearbs often.
Cra. If he refuſe you, yours is then the honour:
If he accept, he being ſo great, you may
Crave both to chuſe the Weapon, time, and place,
Which may be ten yeares hence, and Calicut,
Or underneath the lyne to avoid advantage.
On. I am reſolved.
Tut. By your favour Pupill,
Whence ſhall this challenge riſe? for you muſt ground it
On ſome ſuch fundamentall baſe, or matter
As now the Gentry ſet their lives upon.
Did you ere cheat him at ſome Ordinary,
And durſt he ſay ſo, and be angry? if thus,
Then you muſt challenge him: hath he call'd your whore,
Whore; though ſhe be (beſide yours) twenty mens?
Your honour, reputation is touch'd then,
And you muſt challenge him: Has he deny'd
On thirty damne me's to accommodate money,
Though he have broke threeſcore before to you?
Here you muſt challenge him: Durſt he ever ſhun
To drink two pots of Ale wi' ye? or to wench,
Though weighty buſineſſe otherwiſe importun'd?
He is a proud Lord,
And you may challenge him: Has he familiarly
Diſlik'd your yellow Starch, or ſaid your Dublet
Was not exactly frenchiff'd? or that, that report
In faire tearmes was untrue? or drawn your Sword,
Cry'd 'twas ill mounted? Has he given the lye
In circle, or oblique, or ſemy-circle,
Or direct paralell? you muſt challenge him.
On. He never gave my direct apparrell the lye in's life.
Tut. But for the crown of all, Has he refus'd
To pledge your Miſtris health though he were ſick?

Enter Neanthes and Page.

And crav'd your pardon? you muſt challenge him,
There's no avoyding: one or both muſt drop.
On. Exquiſite Tutor. (here
Nean. *Crates*, I have ſought you long, what make you
Fooling with theſe three farthings, while the Towne
Is all in uproare, and the Prince our Maſter
(Ceas'd by *Leonidas*, and *Agenor*) carried
And Priſoner kept i'the Caſtle, flanckes
The weſt part of the City, where they vow
To hold him, till your Brother, Lord *Euphanes*
Be rendr'd to 'em, with his life to ſatisfie
The Rape, by him ſuſpected to *Merione*?

The Queene refuſes to deliver him,
Pawning her knowledge for his innocency,
And dares 'em do their worſt on Prince *Theanor*,
The whole State's in combuſtion.
Cra. Fatall Ring.
Unc. What will become of us?
Nea. And ſhe hath given Commiſſion to *Euphanes*
And *Conon* (who have leavied men already)
With violence to ſurprize the Towre, and take 'em.
What will you doe?
Cra. Along wi' ye, and prevent
A further miſchiefe: Gentlemen, our intents
We muſt defer: you are the Princes followers.
Nea. Will ye walk with us?
Unc. You ſhall pardon us.
Tut. We are his followers afarre off you know.
And are contented to continue ſo.
Exit Crates and Neant.
Onos. Sir Boy.
Page. Sir Foole? a Challenge to my Lord?
How dar'ſt thou, or thy ambs--ace here think of him,
Ye Crow-pick'd heads, which your thin ſhoulders beare
As doe the poles on *Corinth* Bridge the Traitors:
Why you three Nine-pins, you talke of my Lord,
And Challenges? you ſhall not need: come draw,
His Page is able to ſwindge three ſuch whelpes:
Unckle, why ſtand ye off: long-man advance.
Onos. S'light, what have we done Tutor?
Tut. He is a Boy,
And we may run away with honour.
Page. That ye ſhall not,
And being a Boy I am fitter to encounter
A Childe in Law as you are, under twenty:
Thou Sot, thou three-ſcore Sot, and that's a Childe
Againe I grant you.
Unc. Nephew, here's an age:
Boyes are turn'd men, and men are Children.
Page. Away you Pezants with your bought Gentry;
Are not you he, when your fellow Paſſengers,
Your laſt tranſportment being aſſayl'd by a Galley
Hid your ſelfe i'the Cabbin: and the Fight done
Peep'd above Hatches, and cry'd, Have we taken,
Or are we tane? Come, I doe want a ſlipper,
But this ſhall ſerve: Sweare all as I would have you,
Or I will call ſome dozen brother Pages,
(They are not farre off I am ſure) and we will blancket
You untill you piſſe againe.
All. Nay, we will ſweare Sir.
Page. 'Tis your beſt courſe:
Firſt, you ſhall ſweare never to name my Lord,
Or heare him nam'd hereafter, but bare-headed.
Next, to begin his health in every place,
And never to refuſe to pledge it, though
You ſurfeit to the death. Laſtly, to hold
The pooreſt, litleſt *Page* in reverence;
To think him valianter, and a better Gentleman
Then you three ſtamp'd together: and to give him
Wine and Tobacco whereſoe're you meet,
And the beſt meat if he can ſtay.
All. We ſweare it loyally.
Page. Then I diſmiſſe you
True Leigmen to the Pantaffle:
I had more Articles, but I have buſineſſe
And cannot ſtay now: ſo adieu deare Monſieur,
Tres nobles & tres puiſſant.
Unc. Adieu Monſieur.
On. *A voſtre ſervice & commaundement.*
Tut. I told you Pupill, you'ld repent this foolery.
On. Who, I repent? you are miſtaken Tutor,
I ne're repented any thing yet in my life,
And ſcorne to begin now: Come, let's be melancholly.
Exeunt.

Sæna Secunda.

Enter Queene, Euphanes, Conon, Lords.
Lord. 'Twere better treat with 'em.
Quee. I will no Treaties
With a League-breaker and a Rebell; ſhall I
Article with a Traitor? be compell'd
To yeeld an innocent unto their fury
Whom I have prov'd ſo to you?
Euph. Gracious Queene,
Though your owne god-like diſpoſition
Would ſuccour vertue, and protect the right,
Yet for the publike good, for the deare ſafety
Of your moſt Royall onely Son, conſent
To give me up the ſacrifice to their malice:
My life is aym'd at, and 'twere better farre
The blood of twenty thouſand ſuch as I
Purpled our Seas, then that your Princely Son
Should be endanger'd.
Quee. Still well ſaid honeſt Foole,
Were their demand but one haire from thy head,
By all the gods il'd ſcorne 'em: were they here,
The Majeſty that dwels upon this brow
Should ſtrike 'em on their knees: As for my Son,
Let 'em no more dare then they'l anſwer, I
An equall Mother to my Country, am,
And every vertuous Son of it is ſon
Unto my boſome, tender as mine owne.
Con. Oh, you are heavenly Madam, and the gods
Can ſuffer nothing paſſe to injure you:
The life that *Conon* promis'd, he ſtands now
Ready to pay with joy.
Quee. Farewell both,
Succeſſe attend you: you have Souldiers been,
Tam Marte quam Mercurio: if you bring not peace
Bring me their heads.
Con. I will put faire for one. *Exit Quee. Lords.*
Euph. Double the Guard upon her Highneſſe Perſon;
Conon, you muſt performe a friendly part,
Which I ſhall counſell you.
Con. I am your Servant
Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Theanor, Agenor, Leonidas above.
Leo. Make good that Fortification, and the Watch
Keepe ſtill upon the Battlements: Royall Sir,
Weigh but our injuries, we have told you fully
The manner and the matter hales us thus;
Nor ſhall this upſtart Muſhrum bred i'th night,
Sit brooding underneath your Mothers wings
His damn'd impieties.
Ag. For your ſelfe, brave Prince,
Feare nothing that this face of Armes preſents:
We aske the Raviſher, and have no meanes
To win him from your moſt indulgent Mother
But by this practice.
The. Stout *Leonidas*,
Princely *Agenor*, your wrongs cry ſo loud,
That who ſo would condemne you is not heard:
I blame you not, who but *Euphanes* durſt
Make Stories like to this? My wrong's as ſtrong
Aske my revengefull arme to ſtrengthen yours:
As for my feare, know you, and *Greece* throughout,
Enter Euphanes and Conon.
Our Mother was a *Spartan* Princeſſe borne,
That never taught me to ſpell ſuch a word.

Co

Con. Sir, you doe tempt your life.
Euph. Conon, no more.
Doe thus as thou wouldſt ſave it. *Sound Trumpet within.*
Ag. What Trumpet's this?
Leo. Beneath I doe perceive
Two armed men, ſingle, that give us ſummons
As they would treat.
Ag. Let us deſcend.
Con. My Lord,
I would you would excuſe me, and proceed
According to the Queenes directions.
Euph. Friend,
As thou wouldſt weare that title after death
Enter below Theanor, Agenor, Leonidas and Souldiers.
Performe my charge: no Souldier on his life
Approach us nearer.
Con. Safety to both the Princes, loyalty
To you Lord Generall, the Queene, your Miſtris
As well as ours, though not to feare, to cut
Civill diſſention from her Land, and ſave
Much guiltleſſe blood, that uprore ever thirſts,
And for the ſafe-guard of her Son, by me
(As you demand) hath ſent the Lord *Euphanes*
To plead his owne cauſe, or to ſuffer death
As you ſhall finde him worthy; ſo delivering
The Prince back, I ſhall leave him to your Guard.
Leo. The Queene is good and gracious: kiſſe her hand.
Ag. And ſeale our duties: Sir, depart in peace.
The. Oh Sir, you now perceive, when in the ſcales
Nature, and fond affection weigh together,
One poyzes like a feather, and you know my Lords
What's to be done.
Euph. Your Highneſſe is unarm'd,
Pleaſe you to uſe mine, and to lead the Army
Back to your Mother: *Conon*, march you with 'em.
Con. I will my Lord: But not ſo farre as not
To bring you help if danger looke upon you. *Exit.*
Euph. Why doe you looke ſo ſtrangely, fearefully,
Or ſtay your deathfull hande, be not ſo wiſe
To ſtop your rage: looke how unmoov'dly, here
I give my ſelfe my Countries ſacrifice,
An innocent ſacrifice: Truth laughs at death,
And terrifies the killer more then kill'd;
Integrity thus armeleſſe ſeekes her foes,
And never needs the Target, nor the Sword,
Bow, nor invenom'd ſhafts.
Leo. We are amaz'd,
Not at your eloquence, but impudence,
That dare thus front us.
Ag. Kill him, who knowes not
The iron forehead that bold miſchiefe weares.
Leo. Forbeare a while *Agenor*, I doe tremble,
And ſomething ſits like vertue in his face,
Which the gods keep.
Euph. Agenor, ſtrike *Leonidas*
You that have purchas'd fame on certaine grounds,
Looſe it on ſuppoſition? ſmeare your hands
In guiltleſſe blood, laugh at my Martyrdome:
But yet remember, when Poſterity
Shall read your Volumes fill'd with vertuous acts,
And ſhall arrive at this black bloody leafe,
Noting yout fooliſh barbariſme, and my wrong,
(As time ſhall make it plaine) what followes this
Diſciphering any noble deed of yours
Shall be quite loſt, for men will read no more.
Leo. Why? dare you ſay you are innocent?
Euph. By all the gods, as they
Of this foule crime, why Gent. pry clean through my life,
Then weigh theſe circumſtances: think you that he
Which made day night, and men to furies turn'd,
Durſt not truſt ſilence, vizors, nor her ſence
That ſuffer'd; but with Charmes and Potions
Caſt her aſleep, (for all this I have enquir'd)
Acted the Fable of *Proſerpines* Rape,
The place (by all deſcription) like to Hell:
And all to perpetrate unknowne his Luſt,
Would fondly in his Perſon bring a Ring,
And give it a betrothed Wife, ith' ſame houſe
Where the poore injur'd Lady liv'd, and groan'd.
Ag. Hell gives us Art to reach the depth of ſin,
But leaves us wretched Fooles, when we are in.
Euph. Had it given me that Art, and left me ſo,
I would not thus into the Lyons jawes
Have thruſt my ſelfe (defenceleſſe) for your good,
The Princes ſafety, or the Common-weales:
You know the Queene deny'd me, and ſent us
Commanders to ſurprize you, and to race
This Tower down, we had power enough to doe it,
Or ſtarve you, as you ſaw, and not to tender
My Perſon to your wrath, which I have done,
Knowing my heart as pure as infants ſleep.
Leo. What think you Sir?
Ag. No harme I am ſure: I weepe.
Euph. The gods are juſt, and mighty: but to give you
Further aſſurance, and to make your ſelves
Judges, and witneſſes of my innocency,
Let me demand this queſtion: On what night
Was this foule deed committed?
Ag. On the Eave
Before our Marriage meant.
Euph. Leonidas,
(Your rage being off, that ſtill drownes memory)
Where was your ſelfe and I that very night,
And what our conference?
Leo. By the gods 'tis true:
Both in her Highneſſe Chamber conferring
Even of this Match untill an houre of day,
And then came I to call you: we are ſham'd.
Ag. Vtterly loſt, and ſham'd.
Euph. Neither, be chear'd,
He that could finde this out can pardon it,
And know this Ring was ſent me from the Queene,
How ſhe came by it, yet is not exquir'd,
Deeper occurrents hang on't: and pray Heaven
That my ſuſpicions prove as falſe as yours,
Which (for the world) till I have greater proofe
I dare not utter what, nor whom they touch;
Only this build upon, with ail my nerves
Ile labour with ye, till time waken truth.
Ag. There are our ſwords Sir, turne the points on us,
Leo. Puniſh Rebellion, and revenge your wrong.
Euph. Sir, my revenge ſhall be to make your peace,
Neither was this Rebellion, but raſh love.
Enter Conon.
Con. How's this?unarm'd left, now found doubly arm'd?
And thoſe that would have ſlaine him at his feet?
Oh Truth, thou art a mighty Conquereſſe:
The Queene (my Lord) perplex'd in care of you,
That croſſe to her command hazard your ſelfe
In perſon, here is come into the Field,
And like a Leader, marches in the head
Of all her Troopes, vowes that ſhe will demoliſh
Each ſtone of this proud Tower be you not ſafe:
She chafes like ſtormes in Groves, now ſighs, now weepes,
And both ſometimes, like Raine and Wind commixt,

Abjures her Son for ever, leſſe himſelfe
Do fetch you off in perſon, that did give
Your ſelfe to ſave him of your owne free will,
And ſweares he muſt not, nor is fit to live.
Euph. Oh ſhe's a Miſtris for the gods.
Ag. And thou
A godlike ſervant fit for her.
Leo. Wide *Greece*
May boaſt becauſe ſhe cannot boaſt thy like.
Euph. Thus *Conon* tell her Highneſſe.
Con. My joy flyes.
Euph. Let's toward her march : ſterne Drum ſpeake gentle peace.
Leo. We are priſoners, lead us, ne're was knowne
A preſident like this : one unarm'd man
(Suſpected) to captive with golden words
(Truth being his ſheild) ſo many arm'd with ſwords. *Ex.*

Enter (at one Doore) Queen, Theanor, Crates, Conon, Lords, Souldiers, (at another) Euphanes (with two ſwords) Agenor, Leonidas, Souldiers : Euphanes preſents Leonidas on his knees to the Queen : Agenor bare-headed makes ſhew of ſorrow to the Queen, ſhe ſtamps and ſeemes to be angry at firſt, Euphanes perſwades her, layes their ſwords at her feet, ſhe kiſſes him, gives them their ſwords againe, they kiſſe her hand and embrace, the Souldiers lift up Euphanes, and ſhout : Theanor and Crates diſcovered, Conon whiſpers with Crates, Euphanes with Agenor, and Leonidas obſerves it, who ſeeme to promiſe ſomething, Euphanes directs his Page ſomewhat.
Exeunt all but Theanor and Crates.

The. We are not lucky *Crates*, this great torrent
Beares all before him.
Cra. Such an age as this
Shall ne're be ſeene againe : vertue growes fat,
And villany pines; the Furies are aſleep,
Miſchieſe 'gainſt goodneſſe aym'd is like a ſtone,
Unnaturally forc'd up an imminent hill,
Whoſe weight falls on our heads and buries us,
We ſpringe our ſelves, we ſink in our owne bogs.
The. What's to be done?
Cra. Repent and grow good.
The. Piſh,
'Tis not the faſhion (foole) till we grow old :
The peoples love to him now ſcares me more
Then my fond Mothers : both which like two floods
Bearing *Euphanes* up; will o're-flow me,
And he is worthy, would he were in Heaven,
Be that hereafter : *Crates* helpe me now,
And henceforth be at eaſe.
Cra. Your will my Lord?
The. *Beliza* is to marry him forth-with,
I long to have the firſt touch of her too,
That will a little quiet me.
Cra. Fie Sir,
You'l be the tyrant to virginity;
To fall but once is manly, to perſevere
Beaſtly, and deſperate.
The. Croſſe me not but do't :
Are not the meanes, the place, the inſtruments
The very ſame? I muſt expect you ſuddenly. *Exit.*
Cra. I muſt obey you.
Who is in evill once a companion
Can hardly ſhake him off, but muſt run on.
Here I appointed *Conon* to attend
Him, and his ſword : he promis'd to come ſingle
Enter Conon and Page.
To avoyd prevention : he is a man on's word.
Con. You are well met *Crates.*
Cra. If we part ſo *Conon.*
Con. Come, we muſt doe theſe mutuall offices,
We muſt be our owne ſeconds, our owne Surgeons,
And fairely fight, like men, not on advantage.
Caa. You have an honeſt boſome.
Con. Yours ſeemes ſo.
Cra. Let's paire our ſwords : you are a juſt Gentleman.
Con. You might be ſo : now ſhake hands if you pleaſe,
Though't be the cudgell faſhion, 'tis a friendly one.
Cra. So, ſtand off.
Page. That's my que to beckon 'em. *Exit.*
Con. *Crates*, to expoſtulate your wrongs to me
Were to doubt of 'em, or wiſh your excuſe
In words, and ſo returne like maiden Knights :
Yet freely thus much I profeſſe, your ſpleene
And rugged carriage toward your honour'd Brother
Hath much more ſtirr'd me up, then mine owne cauſe,
For I did ne're affect theſe bloody men,
But hold 'em fitter be made publike Hangmen,
Or Butchers call'd, then valiant Gentlemen :
'Tis true ſtamp'd valour do's upon juſt grounds,
Yet for whom juſtlier ſhould I expoſe my life
Than him, unto whoſe vertue I owe all.
Cra. *Conon*, you think by this great deed of yours
To inſinuate your ſelfe a lodging nearer
Unto my Brothers heart : ſuch men as you
Live on their undertakings for their Lords,
And more diſable them by anſwering for 'em
Then if they ſate ſtill, make 'em but their Whores,
For which end Gallants now adayes do fight :
But here we come not to upbraid; what men
Seeme, the raſh world will judge; but what they are
Heaven knowes : and this—— Horſes, we are diſcry'd,
One ſtroak for feare of laughter.
Enter Euphanes, Agenor, Leonidas, Page.
Con. Halfe a ſcore.
Euph. Hold, hold : on your allegeance hold.
Ag. He that ſtrikks next——
Leo. Falls like a Traytor on our ſwords.
Euph. Oh Heaven, my Brother bleeds : *Conon*, thou art
A villaine, an unthankfull man, and ſhalt
Pay me thy blood for his, for his is mine :
Thou wert my friend, but he is ſtill my Brother;
And though a friend ſometimes be nearer ſaid
In ſome gradation, it can never be
Where that ſame Brother can be made a friend,
Which deareſt *Crates* thus low I implore ;
What in my poverty I would not ſeeke,
Becauſe I would not burthen you, now here
In all my height of bliſſe I beg of you,
Your friendſhip; my advancement Sir is yours ;
I never held it ſtrange, pray uſe it ſo :
We are but two, which number Nature fram'd
In the moſt uſefull faculties of man,
To ſtrengthen mutually and releeve each other :
Two eyes, two eares, two armes, two leggs and feet,
That where one fail'd the other might ſupply;
And I, your other eye, eare, your arme and legge,
Tender my ſervice, helpe and ſuccour to ye.
Ag. Leo. A moſt divine example.
Euph. For deare Brother,
You have been blind, and lame, and deafe to me,
Now be no more ſo : in humility
I give ye the duty of a younger Brother,
Which take you as a Brother, not a Father,
And then you'l pay a duty back to me.
Cra. Till now I have not wept theſe thirty yeares.

Euph. Diſcording Brothers are like mutuall leggs
Supplanting one another: he that ſeekes
Aid from a ſtranger and forſakes his Brother,
Do's but like him that madly lops his arme,
And to his body joynes a wooden one:
Cuts off his naturall legge, and truſts a Crutch,
Plucks out his eye to ſee with Spectacles.
Cra. Moſt deare *Euphanes*, in this crimſon floud
Waſh my unkindneſſe out: you have ore-come me,
Taught me humanity and brotherhood;
Full well knew Nature thou wert fitter far
To be a Ruler ore me then a Brother,
Which henceforth be: *Jove* ſurely did deſcend
When thou wert gotten in ſome heavenly ſhape
And greet my Mother, as the Poets tell
Of other women.
Ag. Be this Holy-day.
Leo. And noted ever with the whiteſt ſtone.
Con. And pardon me my Lord, looke you, I bleed
Faſter then *Crates*; what I have done I did
To reconcile your loves, to both a friend,
With my blood ciment, never to part or end.
Ag. Moſt worthy *Conon*.
Leo. Happy riſe, this day
Contracts more good then a whole age hath done.
Euph. Royall *Agenor*, brave *Leonidas*,
You are maine cauſes, and muſt ſhare the fame.
Cra. Which in ſome part this hower ſhall requight,
For I have aym'd my black ſhafts at white markes,
And now ile put the clew into your hands
Shall guide ye moſt perſpicuouſly to the depth
Of this dark Laborinth, where ſo long ye were loſt
Touching this old Rape, and a new intent,
Wherein your counſell, and your active wit
My deareſt Brother will be neceſſary.
Euph. My Prophecy is come, prove my hopes true
Agenor ſhall have right, and you no wrong,
Time now will pluck her daughter from her Cave:
Let's hence to prevent rumour; my deare Brother,
Natures divided ſtreames the higheſt ſhelfe
Will over-run at laſt, and flow to it ſelfe. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus.

Scæna Prima.

Enter Crates, Euphanes, Neanthes, Soſicles, Eraton.

Euph. I Have won the Lady to it, and that good
Which is intended to her, your faith onely
And ſecrecie muſt make perfect: Thinke not Sir,
I ſpeake as doubting it, for I dare hazard
My ſoule upon the tryall.
Cra. You may ſafely,
But are *Agenor*, and *Leonidas* ready
To ruſh upon him in the Act, and ſeize him
In the height of his ſecurity?
Euph. At all parts
As you could wiſh them.
Cra. Where's the Lady?
Euph. There
Where you appointed her to ſtay.
Cra. 'Tis wiſely order'd.
Euph. Laſt, when you have him ſure compell him this way,
For as by accident here ile bring the Queene
To meet you, 'twill ſtrike greater terrour to him,
To be tane unprovided of excuſe,
And make more for our purpoſes. *Exit.*
Cra. Come *Neanthes*,
Our fames and all are at the ſtake.
Nea. 'Tis fit
That ſince relying on your skill we venture
So much upon one game, you play with cunning
Enter Theanor.
Or we ſhall riſe ſuch loſers: as——
Soſ. The Prince.
Cra. The plot is laid Sir, howſoe're I ſeem'd
A little ſcrupulous, upon better judgement
I have effected it.
The. 'Tis the laſt ſervice
Of this foule kinde I will employ you in.
Cra. We hope ſo Sir.
The. And I will ſo reward it——
Nea. You are bound to that; in every Family
That do's write luſtfull, your fine Bawd gaines more
(For like your Broker, he takes fees on both ſides)
Then all the Officers of the houſe.
Soſ. For us then
To be a great mans Panders, and live poore,
That were a double fault.
Cra. Come, you loſe time Sir,
We will be with you inſtantly: the deed done,
We have a Mask that you expect not.
The. Thou art ever carefull: for *Joves* Mercury
I would not change thee. *Exit.*
Era. There's an honour for you.
Nea. To be compar'd with the celeſtiall Pimp,
Joves ſmock-ſworne Squire, *Dan Hermes*.
Cra. Ile deſerve it,
And Gentlemen be aſſur'd, though what we do now
Will to the Prince *Theanor* looke like treaſon
And baſe diſloyalty, yet the end ſhall prove,
When he's firſt taught to know himſelfe, then you,
In what he judg'd us falſe we were muſt true. *Exeunt*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Euphanes, Agenor, Leonidas, Conon.

Euph. Only make haſte (my Lords) in all things elſe
You are inſtructed: you may draw your ſwords
For ſhew if you thinke good, but on my life
You will finde no reſiſtance in his ſervants,
And he's himſelfe unarm'd.
Ag. I would he were not,
My juſt rage ſhould not then be loſt.
Euph. Good Sir,
Have you a care no injury be done
Unto the Perſon of the Prince: but *Conon*,
Have you an eye on both, it is your truſt
That I relye on.
Con. Which I will diſcharge,
Aſſure your ſelfe moſt faithfully.
Euph. For the Lady,
I know your beſt reſpect will nor be wanting:
Then to avoyd ſuſpition and diſcovery,
I hold it requiſite, that as ſoone as ever
The Queene hath ſeene her, ſhe forſake the place,
And fit her ſelfe for that which is projected
For her good, and your honour.
Leo. If this proſper,
Beleeve it you have made a purchaſe of
My ſervice and my life.
Euph. Your love I ayme at.
Leo. Here I ſhall finde you?

Euph. With the Qteene.
Con. Enough Sir. *Exit.*

Enter Page.

*Page.*The Queene enquires for you my Lord, I have met
A dozen Meſſengers in ſearch of you.

Enter Queene, Ladies, Attendants.

Euph. I knew I ſhould be ſought for, as I wiſh'd
She's come her ſelfe in perſon.
Quee. Are you found Sir?
I wonder where you ſpend your houres, me thinkes
Since I ſo love your company, and profeſſe
'Tis the beſt comfort this life yeelds me; mine
Should not be tedious to you.
Euph. Gracious Madam,
To have the happineſſe to ſee and heare you,
Which by your bounty is conferr'd upon me,
I hold ſo great a bleſſing,that my honours
And wealth compar'd to that are but as Cyphers
To make that number greater : yet your pardon
For borrowing from my duty ſo much time
As the proviſion for my ſudden Marriage
Exacted from me.
Quee. I perceive this Marriage
Will keepe you often from me : but ile beare it.
She's a good Lady, and a faire, *Euphanes*,
Yet by her leave I will ſhare with her in you :
I am pleas'd that in the night ſhe ſhall enjoy you,
And that's ſufficient for a Wife : the day time
I will divorce you from her.
Leo. within. We will force you if you reſiſt.
Queen. What noyce is that ?
The. within. Baſe Traytors.
Euph. It moves this way.

Enter Agenor, Leonidas with Theanor, Merione like Beliza,
Conon, Crates, Neanthes, Soſicles, Eraton, Guard.

Quee. What ere it be ile meet it,
I was not borne to feare : Who's that *Beliza* ?
Euph. My worthieſt,nobleſt Miſtris. *Exit.*
Quee. Stay her, ha ?
All of you looke as you were rooted here,
And wanted motion : what new Gorgons head
Have you beheld, that you are all turn'd Statues ?
This is prodigious : ha's none a tongue
To ſpeake the cauſe ?
Leo. Could every haire great Queene
Upon my head yeeld an articulate ſound,
And all together ſpeake, they could not yet
Expreſſe the villany we have diſcover'd,
And yet, when with a few unwilling words
I have deliver'd what muſt needs be knowne,
You'l ſay I am too eloquent, and wiſh
I had been borne without a tongue.
Quee. Speak boldly,
For I unmov'd with any loſſe will heare.
Leo. Then know, we have found out the Raviſher
Of my poore Siſter, and the place, and meanes
By which th' unfortunate though faire *Beliza*
Hath met a ſecond violence.
Euph. This confirmes
What but before I doubted, to my ruine
My Lady raviſh'd.
Quee. Point me out the villaine,
That guilty wretched monſter that hath done this,
That I may looke on him, and in mine eye
He read his Sentence.
Leo. That I truly could
Name any other but the Prince, that heard
You have it all.
Queen. Wonder not that I ſhake,
The miracle is greater that I live,
Having endur'd the thunder that thy words
Have throwne upon me : dar'ſt thou kneele, with hope
Of any favour, but a ſpeedy death,
And that too in the dreadfull'ſt ſhape that can
Appeare to a diſpairing leaprous ſoule,
If thou haſt any ? no, libidinous beaſt,
Thy Luſt hath alter'd ſo thy former being,
By Heaven I know thee not.
The. Although unworthy
Yet ſtill I am your Son.
Quee. Thou lyeſt, lyeſt falſly,
My whole life never knew but one chaſte bed,
Nor e're deſir'd warmth but from lawfull fires,
Can I be then the Mother to a Goat,
Whoſe luſt is more inſatiate then the grave,
And like infectious ayre engenders plagues,
To murder all that's chaſte, or good in woman ?
The gods I from my youth have ſerv'd and fear'd,
Whoſe holy Temples thou haſt made thy Brothells;
Could a Religious Mother then bring forth
So damn'd an Atheiſt? read but o're my life,
My actions, manners, and made perfect in them
But looke into the ſtory of thy ſelfe
As thou art now, not as thou wert *Theanor*,
And Reaſon will compell thee to confeſſe,
Thou art a ſtranger to me.
Ag. Note but how heavie
The weight of guilt is : it ſo low hath ſunke him
That he wants power to riſe up in defence
Of his bad cauſe.
Quee. Perſwade me not *Euphanes*,
This is no Prince, nor can claime part in me :
My Son was borne a Free-man, this a Slave
To beaſtly paſſions, a Fugitive,
And run-away from vertue : bring bonds for him.
By all the honour that I owe to Juſtice
He loſes me for ever that ſeekes to ſave him :
Binde him I ſay, and like a wretch that knowes
He ſtands condemn'd before he heares the Sentence,
With his baſe Agents, from my ſight remove him,
And lodge them in the Dungeon : As a Queene
And Patroneſſe to Juſtice I command it :
Thy teares are like unſeaſonable ſhowres,
And in my heart now ſteel'd can make no entrance :
Thou art cruell to thy ſelfe (Foole) 'tis not want
In me of ſoft compaſſion; when thou left'ſt
To be a Son, I ceas'd to be a Mother;
Away with them : The children I will leave
To keepe my name to all poſterities
Shall be the great examples of my Juſtice,
The government of my Country, which ſhall witneſſe
How well I rul'd my ſelfe : bid the wrong'd Ladies
Appeare in Court to morrow, we will heare them;
And by one Act of our ſeverity
For feare of puniſhment, or love to vertue,
Teach others to be honeſt : all will ſhun
To tempt her Lawes, that would not ſpare her Son. *Ex.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Onos, Unckle, and Tutor.

Unc. Nay Nephew.
Tut. Pupill, heare but reaſon.
*On.*No,I have none,and will heare none; oh my honor,
My honour blaſted in the bud, my youth,
My hopefull youth, and all my expectation
Ever to be a man are loſt for ever.
Unc. Why Nephew, we as well as you are dub'd Knights

Knights of the Pantofle.

Tut. And are ſhouted at,
Kick'd,ſcorn'd,and laugh'd at by each Page and Groome,
Yet with erected heads we beare it.

Onos. Alas,
You have yeares, and ſtrength to doe it; but were you
(As I) a tender griſle,apt to bow,
You would like me with Cloakes envelloped,
Walke thus, then ſtamp, then ſtare.

Unc. He will run mad
I hope, and then all's mine.

Tut. Why looke you Pupill,
There are for the recovery of your honour
Degrees of Medicines, for a tweak by the Noſe
A man's to travell but ſixe moneths, then blow it
And all is well againe : the Baſtinado
Requires a longer time, a yeare or two,
And then 'tis buried : I grant you have been baffuI'd,
'Tis but a journey of ſome thirty yeares
And it will be forgotten.

Onos. Thinke you ſo?

Tut. Aſſuredly.

Unc. He may make a ſhorter cut,
But hange, or drowne himſelfe, and on my life
'Twill no more trouble him.

Onos. I could ne're endure
Or Hemp or Water, they are dangerous tooles
For youth to deale with : I will rather follow
My Tutors counſell.

Tut. Do ſo.

Onos. And put in
For my ſecurity, that ile not returne
In thirty yeares, my whole ſtate to my Unckle.

Unc. That I like well of.

On. Still provided Unckle,
That at my comming home you will allow me
To be of age, that I may call to accompt
This Page, that hath abus'd me.

Unc. 'Tis a match.

On. Then *Corinth*, thus the baſhfull *Lamprias*
Takes leave of thee : and for this little time
Of thirty yeares will labour all he can,
Though he goes yong forth,to come home a man. *Exeu.*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Euphanes and Martiall.

Euph. Are your Priſoners ready?

Mar. When it ſhall pleaſe the Queene
To call them forth my Lord.

Euph. Pray you doe me the favour
To tell me how they have borne themſelves this night
Of their impriſonment?

Mar. Gladly Sir; your Brother
With the other Courtiers willingly receiv'd
All courteſies I could offer; eat, and drank,
And were exceeding merry, ſo diſſembling
Their guilt,or confident in their innocence,
That I much wonder'd at it. But the Prince,
That (as borne higheſt) ſhould have grac'd his fall
With greateſt courage, is ſo ſunck with ſorrow,
That to a common judgement ye would ſeeme
To ſuffer like a woman : but to me,
That from the experience I have had of many
Looke further in him, I doe finde the deep
Conſideration of what's paſt, more fright him
Then any other puniſhment.

Euph. That is indeed
True magnanimity : the other but
A deſperate baſtard vallour.

Mar. I preſſed to him,
And notwithſtanding the Queenes ſtrict command,
(Having your Lordſhips promiſe to ſecure me)
Offer'd to free him from his bonds, which he
Refus'd, with ſuch a ſorrow mixt with ſcorne
That it amaz'd me; yet I urg'd his Highneſſe
To give one Reaſon for't : he briefly anſwer'd,
That he had ſate in Judgement on himſelfe,
And found that he deſerv'd them : that he was
A Raviſher, and ſo to ſuffer like one,
Which is the reaſon of my teares : he addeth,
For were't not I againe ſhould breake the Lawes,
By ſcorning all their rigour can inflict,
I ſhould dye ſmiling.

Euph. I forbeare to wonder
That you were mov'd that ſaw this : I am ſtrooke
With the relation ſo. 'Tis very well;
See all things ready. I doe wiſh I could
Send comfort to the Prince; be ready with him;
'Tis in the Queenes breaſt only, which for us
To ſearch into were ſawcineſſe, to determine
What ſhe thinkes fit.

Bar brought in

Enter Leonidas with Merione (in white) Euphanes with Beliza (in black) Queene, Agenor, Conon, Martiall, with Theanor, Crates, Soſicles, Eraton. Lords, Ladies, Guard.

Lord. Make way there for the Queene.

Quee. Read firſt the Law, and what our Anceſtors
Have in this caſe provided, to deter
Such like offenders : To you gentle Ladies
This onely, Would I could as well give comfort,
As bid you be ſecure from feare or doubt
Of our diſpleaſure : be as confident
As if your plea were 'gainſt a common man,
To have all right from us; *I* will not grieve
For what's not worth my pitty : Read the Law.

Clerke Reades.

Lycurgus the nineteenth againſt Rapes : It is provided, and publiquely enacted and confirmed, That any man of what degree ſoever, offering violence to the chaſtity of a Virgin, ſhall (Ipſo facto) *be lyable to her accuſation, and according to the ſaid Law be cenſur'd; Ever provided, that it ſhall be in the choyce of the ſaid Virgin ſo abuſed, either to compell the Offender to Marry her without a Dowre, if ſo ſhe will be ſatisfied, or demanding his head for the offenoe, to have that accordingly performed.*

Quee. You heare this : what doe you demand?

Mer. The benefit
The Law allowes me.

Bel. For the injury
Done to mine Honour, I require his head.

Mer. I likewiſe have an eye upon mine Honour,
But knowing that his death cannot reſtore it
I aske him for my Husband.

Bel. I was Raviſh'd,
And will have Juſtice.

Mer. I was Raviſh'd too,
I kneele for mercy.

Bel. I demand but what
The Law allowes me.

Mer. That which I deſire
Is by the ſame Law warranted.

Bel. The Rape
On me, hath made a forfeit of his life,
Which in revenge of my diſgrace I plead for.

Mer. The Rape on me gives me the priviledge

To be his wife, and that is all I ſue for.
Age. A doubtfull caſe.
Leo. Such pretty Lawyers, yet
I never ſaw, nor read of.
Euph. May the Queene
Favour your ſweet plea, Madam.
Bel. Is that juſtice?
Shall one that is to ſuffer for a Rape
Be by a Rape defended? Looke upon
The publike enemy of chaſtity,
This luſtfull Satyre, whoſe enrag'd deſires
The ruine of one wretched Virgins honour
Would not ſuffice; and ſhall the wrack of two
Be his protection? May be I was raviſh'd
For his luſt onely, thou for his defence;
O fine evaſion! ſhall with ſuch a ſleight
Your juſtice be deluded? your Lawes cheated?
And he that for one fact deſerv'd to die,
For ſinning often finde impunity?
But that I know thee, I would ſweare thou wert
A falſe Impoſtour, and ſubornd to this;
And it may be thou art *Merione*:
For hadſt thou ſuffer'd truly what I have done,
Thou wouldſt like me complaine, and call for vengeance,
And our wrongs being equall, I alone
Should not deſire revenge: But be it ſo,
If thou prevaile, even he will puniſh it,
And fooliſh mercy ſhew'd to him undoe thee,
Conſider, foole, before it be too late,
What joyes thou canſt expect from ſuch a husband,
To whom thy firſt, and what's more, forc'd embraces,
Which men ſay heighten pleaſure, were diſtaſtefull.
Mer. 'Twas in reſpect, that then they were unlawfull,
Unbleſſ'd by Hymen, and left ſtings behind them,
Which from the marriage bed are ever baniſh'd.
Let this Court be then the image of *Joves* throne,
Upon which grace and mercy ſtill attend,
To intercede betweene him and his Juſtice;
And ſince the Law allowes as much to me
As ſhe can challenge, let the milder ſentence,
Which beſt becomes a Mother, and a Queene
Now overcome; nor let your wiſdome ſuffer,
In doing right to her, I in my wrong
Indure a ſecond Raviſhment.
Bel. You can free him
Onely from that which do's concerne your ſelfe,
Not from the puniſhment that's due to me:
Your injuries you may forgive, not mine;
I plead mine owne juſt wreak, which will right both,
Where that which you deſire robs me of Juſtice;
'Tis that which I appeale to.
Mer. Bloody woman,
Doſt thou deſire his puniſhment? Let him live then;
For any man to marry where he likes not
Is ſtill a lingring torment.
Bel. For one Rape
One death's ſufficient, that way cannot catch me.
Mer. To you I fly then, to your mercy Madam,
Exempting not your Juſtice, be but equall;
And ſince in no regard I come behind her,
Let me not ſo be undervalu'd in
Your highneſſe favour, that the world take notice
You ſo prefer'd her, that in her behalf
You kil'd that Son, you would not ſave for me;
Mercy, O mercy Madam.
Bel. Great Queen, Juſtice.
Age. With what a Maſculine conſtancy the grave Lady hath heard them both?
Leo. Yet how unmov'd ſhe ſits
In that which moſt concernes her?
Con. Now ſhe riſes,
And having well waigh'd both their arguments,
Reſolves to ſpeak.
Euph. And yet againe ſhe pauſes;
O *Conon*, ſuch a reſolution once
A Roman told me he had ſeene in *Cato*
Before he kill'd himſelf.
Que. 'Tis now determin'd.
Merione, I could wiſh I were no Queene,
To give you ſatisfaction; no Mother
Beliza, to content you; and would part,
Even with my being, both might have their wiſhes;
But ſince that is impoſſible, in few words
I will deliver what I am reſolved on:
The end for which all profitable Lawes
Were made, lo oks two waies onely, the reward
Of innocent good men, and the puniſhment
Of bad Delinquents: Ours, concerning Rapes,
Provided that ſame latter clauſe of Marriage
For him that had falne once, not then foreſeeing
Mankinde could prove ſo monſtrous, to tread twice
A path ſo horrid. The great Law-giver
Draco, That for his ſtrange ſeverity
Was ſaid to write his ſterne Decrees in blood,
Made none for Parricides, preſuming that
No man could be ſo wicked; Such might be,
Lycurgus anſwere (did he live) for this.
But ſince I finde that in my Sonne, which was not
Doubted in any elſe, I will adde to it;
He cannot marry both, but for both dying,
Both have their full revenge: You ſee *Beliza*
You have your wiſh; with you *Merione*
Ile ſpend a teare or two, ſo Heaven forgive thee.
The. Upon my knees I do approve your judgement,
And beg that you would put it into act
With all ſpeed poſſible; onely that I may,
Having already made peace with my ſelf,
Part ſo with all the world: Princely *Agenor*
I aske your pardon; yours my Lord *Euphanes*;
And *Crates*, with the reſt too, I forgive you;
Do you the like for me: Yours, gracious Mother,
I dare not ask, and yet if that my death
Be like a Son of yours, though my life was not,
Perhaps you may vouchſafe it: Laſtly that
Both theſe whom I have wrong'd, may wiſh my aſhes
No heavy burden, ere I ſuffer death,
For the reſtoring of *Meriones* honour,
Let me be married to her, and then dye
For you *Beliza*.
Que. Thou haſt made in this
Part of amends to me, and to the world,
Thy ſuit is granted, call a *Flamyn* forth
To do this holy work; with him a Headſman.

Enter Flamyn, and Executioner.

Raiſe up thy weeping eyes *Merione*,
With this hand I confirme thy Marriage,
Wiſhing that now the Gods would ſhew ſome miracle,
That this might not divorſe it.
Cra. To that purpoſe
I am their Miniſter; ſtand not amaz'd,
To all your comforts I will do this wonder,
Your Majeſty (with your pardon I muſt ſpeak it)
Allow'd once heretofore of ſuch a Contract,
Which you repenting afterwards, revok'd it,
Being fully bent to match her with *Agenor*,
The griev'd Prince knowing this, and yet not daring

To croſſe what you determin'd, by an Oath
Bound me and theſe his followers to doe ſomething
That he might once enjoy her, we ſworne to it,
And eaſily perſwaded, being aſſur'd
She was his Wife before the face of Heaven,
Although ſome Ceremonious formes were wanting,
Committed the firſt Rape, and brought her to him,
Which broke the Marriage; but when we perceiv'd
He purpos'd to abuſe our ready ſervice
In the ſame kinde, upon the chaſte *Beliza*,
Holding our ſelves leſſe ty'd to him then goodneſſe;
I made diſcovery of it to my Brother,
Who can relate the reſt.
Euph. It is moſt true.
Quee. I would it were:
Euph. In every circumſtance
It is upon my ſoule: For this knowne to me,
I wan *Merione* in my Ladies habit,
To be againe (but willingly) ſurpriz'd,
But with *Agenor*, and her noble Brother,
With my approv'd friend *Conon*, with ſuch ſpeed
She was purſu'd, that the lewd act ſcarce ended,
The Prince (aſſur'd he had enjoy'd *Beliza*,
For all the time *Meriones* face was cover'd)
Was apprehended, and brought to your preſence,
But not till now diſcover'd, in reſpect
I hop'd the imminent danger of the Prince,
To which his looſe unquenched heats had brought him,
Being purſu'd unto the lateſt tryall
Would worke in him compunction, which it has done;
And theſe two Ladies in their feign'd contentions,
To your delight I hope have ſerv'd as Maskers
To their owne Nuptialls.
Quee. My choyce was worthy
When firſt I look'd on thee, as thou haſt order'd
All ſhall be done, and not the meaneſt that
Plaid in this unexpected Comedy,
But ſhall pertake our bounty: And my Lord,
That with the reſt you may ſeeme ſatisfi'd,
If you dare venture on a Queene, not yet
So farre in debt to yeares, but that ſhe may
Bring you a luſty Boy, I offer up
My ſelfe and Kingdome during my life to you.
Ag. It is a bleſſing which I durſt not hope for,
But with all joy receive.
All. We all applaud it.
Quee. Then on unto the Temple, where the rights
Of Marriage ended, we'l finde new delights. *Exeunt.*

Here endeth the Queene of Corinth.

VVomen pleaſ'd.

Actus primus, Scæna prima.

Enter Bartello, and Silvio.

Sil. TIs true ſhe is a right good Princes, and a juſt one,
And *Florence* when ſhe ſets has loſt a Planet.
Bar. My Miſtris? I tell thee gentle Nephew,
There is not ſuch another friend to goodneſſe,
To down-right dealing, to faith and true heart
Within the Chriſtian confines: Before ſhe bleſt us,
Juſtice was a Cheeſe-monger, a meere Cheeſe-monger,
Weigh'd nothing to the World but mytes and maggots,
And a maine ſtinke: Law like a Horſe-courſer,
Her rules, and precepts hung with gawdes and ribbonds,
And pamper'd up to couſen him that bought her,
When ſhe her ſelfe was hackney lame and founder'd.
Sil. But the ſweet Lady,
Belvidere the bright one——
Bar. I, there's a face indeed: O my deare Nephew,
Could a young fellow of thy fiery mettle
Freeze, and that Lady in his armes?
Sil. I think not.
Bar. Thou haſt a parlous judgement; but let that paſſe,
She is as truly vertuous, faire, and noble,
As her great Mother's good; and that's not ordinary.
Sil. But why (ſo many Princes, and ſo great ones
Being Suitors) ſhould the Dutcheſſe deny to match her?
Bar. She is a Jewell man, hangs in her boſome,
Her only Childe: with her eyes ſhe ſees all things,
Diſcourſes with her tongue, and pluck her from her
(So dotingly the old one loves her young one)
You pluck her heart out too: Beſides, of late daies,
The Duke of *Millaine*, who could never win her
By love, nor treaty, laid a cloſe traine for her
In her owne private walkes: ſome forty Horſe-men,
So to ſurprize her; which we found, and dealt with,
And ſent 'em running home to the Duke their Maſter,
Like Doggs with bottles at their tailes.
Sil. Since that, I heard Sir,
She has ſent her to your Cittadell to ſecure her,
My couſen *Rodope*, your wife attending her.
Bar. You heare a truth, and all convenient pleaſures
Are there proportion'd for her.
Sil. I would faine Sir,
Like one that owes a dutious ſervice to her
Sometimes, ſo pleaſe you——
Bar. Gentle Couſen pardon me,
I muſt not, nor you muſt not dare to offer,
The laſt Edict lyes on his life purſues it;
Your friend Sir to command, abroad to love you,
To lend ye any thing I have, to wait upon ye,
But in the Cittadell where I ſtand charg'd,
Not a bit upon a march: no ſervice Sir,
No, good Sir by no meanes: I kiſſe your hands Sir. *Exit.*
Sil. To your keeping only? none elſe to look upon her?
None but *Bartello* worthy her attendance?
No faith but his to ſerve her? O *Belvidere*,
Thou Saint to whom my youth is ſacrific'd,
Thou point to which my life turnes, and my fortune,
Art thou lock'd from me now? from all my comforts,
Art thou ſnatch'd violently? thou hear'ſt me not,
Nor canſt thou ſee (faire ſoule) thy Servants mournings,
Yet let thy gentle heart feele what his abſence,
The great divorſe of minds ſo truly loving,
So long, and nurs'd in one affection
Even from our infant eyes, ſuck'd in and nouriſh'd:
O let it feele but that, and there ſtand conſtant
And I am bleſt. My deare Neece *Rodope*, Ant
That is her Governeſſe, did love me dearely,
There's one hope yet to ſee her: when he is abſent
It may be ventur'd, and ſhe may work it cloſely:
I know the Ladies will goes equall with me,
And ſo the danger of the Edict avoyded;
Let me think more, for I muſt try all hazards.

Enter Claudio, and Soto.

Soto. Will ye go yonder Sir?
Cla. Yes marry will I Sir.
Soto. And by this Ladder?
Cla. By that Ladder, coxcomb.
Soto. Have ye any more necks at home when this is broken;
For this will crack with the beſt friend he has Sir?
Or can you pitch of all foure, like an Ape now?
Let me ſee you tumble.
Cla. You are very pleaſant Sir.
Soto. No truly Sir, I ſhould be loath to ſee ye
Come fluttering down like a yong Rooke, cry ſquab,
And take ye up with your brains beaten into your buttocks
Cla. Hold your peace Aſſe: who's this ſtands muſing here?
Silvio?
Sil. Who calls me?
Cla. One moſt glad to ſee you Sir.
Sil. My deareſt *Claudio*? what make you thus private,
And with a preparation of this nature?
Soto. We have leave to play, and are going to climbe Birds neſts.
Sil. Prethee what is it friend? why ſtart ye from me?
Is your old Miſtris growne ſo coy and cruell,
She muſt be ſcal'd? it ſeemes you are loath to tell me,
Since twenty yeares continuance of our friendſhip
May not be worth the weight of ſuch a ſecret,
'Twill be but rude to aske againe: 'ſave ye.
Cla. Nay ſtay, deare *Silvio*, if you love me take it:
For till you know it, never woman labour'd
As I do now.
Sil. Ile do my beſt to eaſe it.
Cla. You have heard the Lady *Belvidere*——
Sil. What heard Sir?
Cla. Heard to the Cittadell, upon ſome feares
She is confin'd.
Sil. Why dreames he on this beauty?
'Tis true, I have heard it.
Cla. And that no acceſſe,
No bleſſing from thoſe eyes but with much hazard,
Even hazard of a life.
Sil. He dares not love her;
I have heard that too: but whither points your purpoſe?
Cla. O *Silvio*, let me ſpeake that none may heare me,
None but thy truth: I have lov'd this Lady long,
Long given away my life to her devotion,
Long dwelt upon that beauty to my ruine.

Sil. Do's ſhe know this?
Cla. No, there begins my miſery,
Ixion-like, I have onely yet claſp'd Clouds,
And fed upon poore empty dreames that ſtarve me.
Sil. And what do you meane to do now?
Cla. Though I dye for't,
Though all the tortures in the world hung on me,
Arm'd with imperious Love, I ſtand prepar'd now,
With this to reach her Chamber: there to ſee her,
And tell her boldly with what truth I love her.
Sil. 'Twill not be eaſily done Sir.
Cla. O my *Silvio*,
The hardeſt things are ſweeteſt in poſſeſſion.
Sil. Nor will ſhew much diſcretion.
Cla. Love is blinde man,
And he that lookes for reaſon there far blinder.
Sil. Have ye conſider'd ripely?
Cla. All that may fall,
And arm'd againſt that all.
Sil. Her honour too?
What ſhe may ſuffer in this raſh adventure?
The beauty of her name?
Cla. Ile do it cloſely,
And only at her window, with that caution——
Sil. Are there no Guards?
Cla. Corruption chokes their ſervice.
Sil. Or do you hold her bred ſo light a woman
To hold commerce with ſtrange tongues?
Cla. Why this ſervice,
This only hazard of my life muſt tell her,
Though ſhe were *Veſtas* ſelfe, I muſt deſerve her.
Sil. I would not have ye go: pray let it ſinke here,
And think a nobler way to raiſe your ſervice,
A ſafer, and a wiſer.
Cla. 'Tis too late Sir.
Sil. Then I muſt ſay, You ſhall not go.
Cla. I ſhall not?
Sil. You ſhall not go: that part bred with ye, friendſhip
Bids me ſay boldly ſo, and you obſerve me.
Cla. You ſtretch that tye too far.
Sil. Ile ſtretch it farther:
The honour that I beare that ſpotleſſe vertue
You fouly ſeeke to taint, unnobly covet,
Bids me command ye ſtay: if not, thus force ye.
Soto. This will be worſe then climbing.
Cla. Why do ye draw Sir?
Sil. To kill thee, if thy baſe will be thy Maſter.
Cla. I ever was your friend.
Sil. Whilſt thou wert honeſt,
And not a Night-theife of anothers honour;
I never call'd a Foole my friend, a mad-man,
That durſt expoſe his fame to all opinions,
His life to unhoneſt dangers: I never lov'd him,
Durſt know his name, that ſought a Virgins ruine,
Nor ever tooke I pleaſure in acquaintance
With men, that give as looſe raynes to their fancies
As the wilde Ocean to his raging fluxes:
A noble ſoule I twin with, and my love
Followes, his life dares maſter his affections.
Will ye give off, or fight?
Cla. I will not fight with ye:
The ſacred name of friend tyes up that anger,
Rather ile ſtudy.
Sil. Do, to be a friend ſtill.
Cla. If this way, I ſhall never hold.
Sil. Ile watch ye:
And if I catch ye falſe: by Heaven ye dye for't,
All love forgot.
Cla. When I feare that I am fit for't. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Lopez at a Table with jewels and money upon it, an Egge roſting by a Candle.

Lop. Whilſt prodigall yong gaudy Fools are banqueting,
And launching out their ſtates to catch the giddy,
Thus do I ſtudy to preſerve my fortune,
And hatch with care at home the wealth that Saints me.
Here's Rubies of *Bengala*, rich, rich, glorious;
Theſe Diamonds of *Ormus* bought for little,
Here vented at the price of Princes Ranſomes;
How bright they ſhine like conſtellations,
The South ſeas treaſure here, Pearle, faire and orient
Able to equall *Cleapatra's* Banket,
Here chaines of leſſer ſtones for Ladies luſtres,
Ingotts of Gold, Rings, Brooches, barrs of Silver,
Theſe are my ſtudies to ſet off in ſale well,
And not in ſenſuall ſurfeits to conſume 'em;
How roſts mine egg? he heats apace, ile turne him:
Penurio, where you knave do you wait? *Penurio*,
You lazie knave.
Pen. Did you call Sir?
Lop. Where's your Miſtris?
What vanity holds her from her attendance?
Pen. The very ſight of this egge has made him cockiſh,
What would a dozen butter'd do? She is within Sir.
Lop. Within Sir, at what thrift ye knave? what getting?
Pen. Getting a good ſtomack Sir, & ſhe knew where to get
She is praying heartily upon her knees Sir, (meat to it,
That Heaven would ſend her a good bearing dinner.
Lop. Nothing but gluttony and ſurfeit thought on,
Health flung behinde: had ſhe not yeſternight ſirrah
Two Sprats to ſupper, and the oyle allowable?
Was ſhe not ſick with eating? Hadſt not thou,
(Thou moſt vngratefull knave, that nothing ſatisfies)
The water that I boyl'd my other egge in
To make thee hearty broth?
Pen. 'Tis true, I had Sir;
But I might as ſoone make the Philoſophers Stone on't,
You gave it me in water, and but for manners ſake,
I could give it you againe in wind, it was ſo hearty
I ſhall turne piſſing Conduit ſhortly: my Miſtris comes Sir.

Enter Iſabella.

Lop. Welcome my Dove.
Iſab. Pray ye keep your welcome to ye,
Unleſſe it carries more then words to pleaſe me,
Is this the joy to be a Wife? to bring with me,
Beſides the nobleneſſe of blood I ſpring from,
A full and able portion to maintaine me?
Is this the happineſſe of youth and beauty,
The great content of being made a Miſtris,
To live a Slave ſubject to wants, and hungers,
To jealouſies for every eye that wanders?
Unmanly jealouſie.
Lop. Good *Iſabella.*
Iſab. Too good for you: do you think to famiſh me,
Or keep me like an Almes-woman in ſuch rayment,
Such poore unhandſome weeds? am I old, or ugly?
I never was bred thus: and if your miſery
Will ſuffer wilfull blindneſſe to abuſe me,
My patience ſhall be no Bawd to mine owne ruine.
Pen. Tickle him Miſtris: to him.
Iſab. Had ye love in ye,
Or any patt of man——
Pen. Follow that Miſtris.
Iſab. Or had humanity but ever knowne ye,
You would ſhame to uſe a woman of my way thus,

So poore, and baſely : you are ſtrangly jealous of me
If I ſhould give ye cauſe.
Lop. How *Iſabella?*
Iſab. As do not venture this way to provoke me.
Pen. Excellent well Miſtris,
Lop. How's this *Iſabella ?*
Iſab. 'Twill ſtir a Saint, and I am but a woman,
And by that tenure may.
Lop. By no meanes Chicken,
You know I love ye : fie, take no example
By thoſe young gadding Dames:(you are noted vertuous)
That ſtick their Husbands wealth in trifles on 'em
And point 'em but the way to their owne miſeries :
I am not jealous, kiſſe me, —— I am not :
And for your diet, 'tis to keep you healthfull,
Surfits deſtroy more then the ſword : that I am carefull
Your meat ſhould be both neat, and cleanly handled
See, Sweet, I am Cook my ſelfe, and mine owne Cater.
Pen. A — of that Cook cannot lick his fingers.
Lop. Ile adde another diſh : you ſhall have Milke to it,
'Tis nouriſhing and good.
Pen. With Butter in't Sir ?
Lop. This knave would breed a famine in a Kingdom :
And cloths that ſhall content ye : you muſt be wiſe then,
And live ſequeſtred to your ſelfe and me,
Not wandring after every toy comes croſſe ye, (*Penurio.*
Nor ſtrooke with every ſpleene : what's the knave doing?
Pen. Hunting Sir, for a ſecond courſe of flyes here,
They are rare new Sallads.
Lop. For certaine *Iſabella*
This ravening fellow has a Woolf in's belly :
Untemperate knave, will nothing quench thy appetite ?
I ſaw him eat two Apples, which is monſtrous.
Pen. If you had given me thoſe 'thad bin more monſtrōs.
Lop. 'Tis a maine miracle to feed this villaine,
Come *Iſabella*, let us in to Supper,
And think the *Romane* dainties at our Table,
'Tis all but thought. *Exeunt.*
Pen. Would all my thoughts would do it :
The Devill ſhould think of purchaſing that Egge-ſhell,
To vittle out a Witch for the *Burmoothes* :
'Tis treaſon to any good ſtomack living now
To heare a tedious Grace ſaid, and no meat to't,
I have a Radiſh yet, but that's but tranſitory. *Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Soto.

Soto. Can any living man unleſſe a Raſcall
That neither knowes himſelfe, nor a faſhion'd Gentleman
Take me for a worſe man then my Maſter now ?
I am naturally proud in theſe cloths : but if pride now
Should catch a fall in what I am attempting,
'Tis but a Proverb found, and a Neck broken,
That's the worſt can come on't: a Gentleman's gone then,
A Gentleman oth' firſt houſe, there's the end on't :
My Maſter lyes moſt pittifully complaining,
Wringing and kicking up toth' eares in love yonder,
And ſuch a lamentable noyſe he keepes, it kills me :
I have got his cloths, and if I can get to her
By hooke or crooke here, ſuch a ſong ile ſing her——
I think I ſhall be hang'd, but that's no matter, (Elephant,
What's a hanging among friends : I am valiant now as an
I have conſider'd what to ſay too : let me ſee now,
This is the place, 'tis plaguy high: ſtay at that lower window
Let me ayme finely now, like a good Gunner,
It may prove but a whipping.

Enter Silvio.

Sil. I ſaw ſome-body
Paſſe by me now, and though it were dark, me thought yet
I knew the clothes : ha, let me not be cozen'd,
The Ladder too, ready to fling it? monſtrous,
'Tis he, 'tis *Claudio* : moſt voluptuous villaine,
Scandall to womans credit : Love, I forget thee. (there?
Soto. What will he do ith' name of heaven, what's that
Sil. And all the friendſhip that I bore thee, bury here.
Soto. What has he in's hand? I hope but a Cudgell.
Sil. Thy fault's forgive O Heaven: farewell thou traitor.
Soto. I am ſlaine : I am ſlaine.
Sil. He's downe, and dead : dead certaine,
'Twas too raſh, too full of ſpleene, ſtark dead :
This is no place now to repent in, onely
Would I had given this hand that ſhot the Piſtoll
I had miſſ'd thee, and thou wert once more *Claudio.* *Exit.*

Enter Claudio.

Cla. Why ſhould I love thus fooliſhly? thus deſperatly?
And give away my heart where no hope's left me?
Why ſhould not the true counſell of a friend reſtraine me?
The Devills mouth I run into affright me,
The honour of the Lady charme my wildneſſe ;
I have no power, no being of my ſelfe,
No reaſon ſtrong enough now left within me
To binde my will : O Love, thou God, or Devill,
Or what thou art that playes the tyrant in me.
Soto. Oh.
Cla. What's that cry ?
Soto. A Surgeon, a Surgeon,
Twenty good Surgeons.
Cla. 'Tis not far from me,
Some Murther o' my life,
Soto. Will you let me dye here ?
No drink come, nor no Surgeon ?
Cla. 'Tis my man ſure,
His voyce, and here he lyes : how is it with thee ?
Sot. I am ſlaine, Sir, I am ſlaine.
Cla. Slaine ? Who has ſlaine thee ?
Soto. Kill'd, kill'd, out-right kill'd.
Cla. Where's thy hurt ?
Soto. I know not,
But I am ſure I am kill'd.
Cla. Canſt thou ſit up,
That I may finde the hurt out ?
Soto. I can ſit up,
But ne're the leſſe I am ſlaine.
Cla. 'Tis not o'this ſide ?
Soto. No Sir, I thinke it be not.
Cla. Nor o' this ſide,
Was it done with a Sword ?
Soto. A Gun, a Gun ſweet Maſter.
Cla. The devill a' bullet has been here : thou art well,
Soto. No ſure, I am kill'd. (man.
Cla. Let me ſee thy thighes, and belly,
As whole as a fiſh for any thing I ſee yet :
Thou bleed'ſt no where.
Soto. I thinke I do not bleed Sir,
But yet I am afraid I am ſlaine.
Cla. Stand up Foole,
Thou haſt as much hurt as my naile : who ſhot thee,
A Pottle, or a Pinte ?
Soto. Signiour *Silvio* ſhot me
In theſe clothes, taking me for you, and ſeeing
The Ladder in my hand here, which I ſtole from ye,(for ye
Thinking to have gone to the Lady my ſelfe, & have ſpoke
Cla. If he had hit ye home, he had ſerv'd ye right ſirra,
You ſawcy rogue, how poore my intent ſhowes to me,
How naked now, and fooliſh?
Soto. Are ye ſure he has not hit me,
It gave a monſtruous bounce?

Cla. You riſſe of your right ſide,
And ſaid your prayers too, you had been payed elſe:
But what need'ſt thou a Bullet when thy feare kills thee?
Sirrah,keep your own counſell for all this,you'l be hang'd
If it be knowne. (elſe,
Soto. If it be by my meanes let me;
I am glad I am not kill'd, and far more gladder
My gentleman-like humours out: I feele 'tis dangerous,
And to be a gentleman,is to be kill'd twice a week.
*Cla.*Keepe your ſelfe cloſe ith' Country for a while ſirra.
There's Money, walk to your friends.
Soto. They have no Piſtolls,
Nor are no Gentlemen, that's my comfort. *Exit.*
Cla. I will retire too, and live private; for this *Silvio*
Inflam'd with nobleneſſe will be my death elſe;
And if I can forget this love that loades me,
At leaſt the danger: and now I think on't better,
I have ſome concluſions elſe invites me to it. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus.

Scæna Prima.

Enter Rodope, and Silvio at ſeverall doores.

Rod. Nephew.
Sil. My deare Ant.
Rod. Would you goe by thus ſlily
And never ſee me, not once ſend in to me
Your loving Neece? ſhe that above all thoſe
I call my Kindred honour'd you, and placed you
Neareſt my heart?
Sil. I thanke you worthy Couſen,
But ſuch at this time are my occaſions——
Rod. You ſhall not goe yet, by my faith you ſhall not,
I will not be deny'd: why looke ye ſad Nephew?
Sil. I am ſeldome other: O, this blood ſits heavy:
As I walk't this way late laſt night,
In meditation of ſome things concern'd me——
Rod. What Nephew?
Sil. Why me thought I heard a Peece, Lady,
A peece ſhot off, much about this place too,
But could not judge the cauſe,nor what it boaded,
Under the Caſtle wall.
Rod. We heard it too,
And the Watch purſu'd it preſently, but found nothing,
Not any tract.
Sil. I am right glad to heare it:
The Ruffians ſurely, that command the night
Have found him, ſtript him: and into the River
Convey'd the body.
Rod. You looke ſtill ſadder, Nephew,
Is any thing within theſe walls to comfort ye?
Speake, and be Maſter of it.
Sil. Ye are a right Courtier,
A great Profeſſor, but a poore performer.
Rod. Do you doubt my faith: you never found me that
I dare well ſpeake it boldly, but a true friend. (way
Sil. Continue then.
Rod. Try me, and ſee who falters.
Sil. I will, and preſently: 'tis in your power
To make me the moſt bound man to your courteſie.
Rod. Let me know how, and if I faile——
Sil. 'Tis thus then,
Get me acceſſe to the Lady *Belvidere*
But for a minute, but to ſee her: your Husband now
Is ſafe at Court, I left him full employ'd there.
Rod. You have ask'd the thing without my power to
The Law lyes on the danger:if I lov'd ye not (grant ye,
I would bid ye goe, and there be found, and dye for't.
Sil. I knew your love, and where there ſhew'd a danger
How far you durſt ſtep for me: give me a true friend,
That where occaſion is to doe a benefit
Aymes at the end, and not the rubs before it;
I was a foole to aske ye this, a more foole
To thinke a woman had ſo much noble nature
To entertaine a ſecret of this burthen;
Ye had beſt to tell the Dutcheſſe I perſwaded ye,
That's a fine courſe, and one will win ye credit;
Forget the name of Couſen, blot my blood out,
And ſo you raiſe your ſelfe,let me grow ſhorter.
A woman friend? he that beleeves that weakneſſe
Steeres in a ſtormy night without a Compaſſe.
Rod. What is't I durſt not do might not impeach ye?
Sil. Why this ye dare not do, ye dare not thinke of.
Rod. 'Tis a maine hazard.
Sil. If it were not ſo
I would not come to you to ſeeke a favour.
Rod. You will loſe your ſelfe.
Sil. The loſſe ends with my ſelfe then,
Rod. You will but ſee her?
Sil. Onely looke upon her.
Rod. Not ſtay?
Sil. Preſcribe your time.
Rod. Not traffique with her
In any cloſe diſhonourable actions?
Sil. Stand you your ſelfe by.
Rod. I will venture for ye,
Becauſe ye ſhall be ſure I am a touch'd friend,
Ile bring her to ye: come walke, you know the Garden,
And take this key to open the little Poſterne,
There ſtand no guards.
Sil. I ſhall ſoone finde it Couſen. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter two Souldiers.

1 *Sol.* Is the Captaine come home?
2 *Sol.* No, who commands the Guard to night?
1 *Sol.* I thinke *Petruchio.*
2 *Sol.* What's the Word?
1 *Sol.* None knowes yet.
2 *Sol.*I would this Lady were married out oth' way once,
Or out of our cuſtodies; I wiſh they wold take in more com
For I am ſure we feel her in our duties ſhrewdly. (panies,
1 *Sol.* 'Tis not her fault I warrant ye,ſhe is ready for't,
And that's the plague, when they grow ripe for marriage
They muſt be ſlipt like Hawkes.
2 *Sol.* Give me a meane wench,
No State doubt lyes on her,ſhe is alwaies ready.
1 *Sol.*Come to the Guard,'tis late,and ſure the Captaine
Can not be long away.
2 *Sol.* I have watch'd theſe three nights,
To morrow they may keep me tame for nothing. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Silvio, Belvidere, and Rodope with a light.

Sil. This is the place I think; what Light is that there?
The Lady and my Couſen?
Bel. Is this the Garden?
Rod. Yes Madam.
Sil. O my bleſſed Miſtris,
Saint of my ſoule.
Bel. Speake ſoftly: take me to ye,
O *Silvio* I am thine, thine ever *Silvio.*

Rod. Is this your promiſe Sir? Lady your honour?
I am undone if this be ſeene, diſgrac'd,
Fallen under all diſcredit.
Bel. Do you love ſtill?
Deere, do you keepe your old faith?
Sil. Ever Lady;
And when that failes me, all that's good forſake me.
Rod. Do not you ſhame? Madam, I muſt not ſuffer this,
I will not ſuffer it; men call you vertuous,
What do you meane to loſe your ſelfe thus? *Silvio*
I charge thee get away, charge you retire ye,
Ile call the watch elſe.
Sil. Call all the world to ſee us,
We live in one anothers happineſſe,
And ſo will die.
Bel. Here will I hang for ever.
Rod. As ye reſpect me, as hereafter Madam
You would enjoy his love—— nothing prevaile with ye?
Il'e try my ſtrength then; get thee gone thou villain,
Thou Promiſe-breaker.
Sil. I am tide, I cannot.
Rod. Ile ring the Bell then.
Sil. Ring it to death, I am fixt here.

Enter Bartello, two Souldiers with lights.

Bart. I ſaw a light over the Garden walke,
Hard by the Ladies Chamber, here's ſome knavery
As I live, I ſaw it twice.
Rod. The Guard, the Guard there;
I muſt not ſuffer this, it is too miſchievous.
Bart. Light up the torch, I fear'd this, ha? young *Silvio?*
How got he in?
1. Sold. The Divell brought him in ſure
He came not by us.
Bart. My wife between 'em buſling?
Guard, pull him off.
Rod. Now, now, ye feele the miſery.
Bart. You, Madam, at an houre ſo far undecent?
Death, O my ſoule! this is a foule fault in ye,
Your mothers care abuſd too, light's to her Chamber,
I am ſorry to ſee this.
Bell. Farewell my *Sylvio*,
And let no danger ſink thee.
Sil. Nor death Lady. *Exit. Bell. Rod.*
Bart. Are ye ſo hot? I ſhall prepare ye Phiſick
Will purge ye finely, neatly; you are too fiery,
Think of your prayers, Sir, and you have not forgot 'em;
Can ye fly i'th ayre, or creepe ye in at key-holes?
I have a gyn will catch ye though you conjur'd:
Take him to Guard to night, to ſtrong and ſure Guard;
Ile back to'th Dutcheſſe preſently: no leſſe ſport ſerve ye,
Then the Heire to a Dukedom? play at puſh-pin there Sir?
It was well aim'd, but plague upon't, you ſhot ſhort,
And that will loſe your game.
Sil. I know the loſſe then. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Claudio (like a Merchant.)

Cla. Now, in this habit may I ſafely ſee
How my incenſed friend carries my murther,
Who little I imagin'd had been wrought
To ſuch a height of rage; and much I grieve now
Mine owne blinde paſſion had ſo maſter'd me,
I could not ſee his love, for ſure he loves her,
And on a nobler ground then I pretended.

Enter Penurio.

It muſt be ſo, it is ſo; what *Penurio*,
My ſhotten friend, what winde blew you?
Pen. Faith 'tis true,
Any ſtrong winde will blow me like a feather,
I am all Ayre, nothing of earth within me,
Nor have not had this moneth, but that good Dinner
Your Worſhip gave me yeſterday, that ſtaies by me,
And gives me ballaſſe, elſe the Sun would draw me.
Cla. But do's my Miſtris ſpeake ſtill of me?
Pen. Yes Sir,
And in her ſleep, that makes my Maſter mad too,
And turne and fart for anger.
Cla. Art ſure ſhe ſaw me?
Pen. She ſaw ye at a window.
Cla. 'Tis moſt true,
In ſuch a place I ſaw a Gentlewoman,
A young, ſweet hanſome woman.
Pen. That's ſhe, that's ſhe Sir.
Cla. And well ſhe view'd me, I view'd her.
Pen. Still ſhe Sir.
Cla. At laſt ſhe bluſh'd, and then look't off.
Pen. That bluſh Sir,
If you can read it truly——
Cla. But didſt thou tell her,
Or didſt thou foole me, thou knew'ſt ſuch a one?
Pen. I told her, and I told her ſuch a ſweet tale——
Cla. Put did ſhe heare thee?
Pen. With a thouſand eares Sir,
And ſwallow'd what I ſaid as greedily,
As great-bellyed women do Cherries, ſtones and all Sir.
Cla. Methinkes ſhe ſhould not love thy Maſter?
Pen. Hang him Pilcher, (him,
There's nothing loves him: his owne Cat cannot endure
She had better lye with a Beare, for he is ſo hairie,
That a tame warren of flyes friſk round about him.
Cla. And wilt thou worke ſtill?
Pen. Like a Miner for ye.
Cla. And get acceſſe.
Pen. Or conjure you together,
'Tis her deſire to meet: ſhe is poyſon'd with him,
And till ſhe take a ſweet freſh ayre, that's you Sir.
Cla. There's money for thee: thou art a precious Varlet,
Be fat, be fat, and blow thy Maſter backward.
Pen. Blow you my Miſtris Sir, as flat as a flounder,
Then blow her up againe as Butchers blow their Veales;
If ſhe dye upon the ſame
Bury her, bury her in Gods name.
Cla. Thou art a merry knave: by this hand ile feed thee,
Till thou crack'ſt at both ends, if thou dar'ſt do this
Thou ſhalt eat no fantaſticall Porredge,
Nor lick the diſh where oyle was yeſterday,
Duſt, and dead flyes to day; Capons, fat Capons——
Pen. O hearty ſound.
Cla. Cramb'd full of itching Oyſters.
Pen. Will ye have the Dutcheſſe?
Cla. And Lobſters big as Gauntlets,
Thou ſhalt deſpiſe baſe Beefe.
Pen. I do deſpiſe it,
And now me thinkes I feele a Tart come ſliding.
Cla. Leaping into thy mouth: but firſt deale faithfully.
Pen. When will ye come?
Cla. To morrow.
Pen. Ile attend ye,
For then my Maſter will be out in buſineſſe.
Cla. What newes abroad?
Pen. 'Mas as I was comming to you,
I heard that Signiour *Silvio*, a good Gentleman,
Many a good meale I have eaten with him——
Cla. What of him?
Pen. Was this day to be Arraigned before the Ducheſſe,
But why I could not heare.
Cla. *Silvio* arraign'd?

Go, get ye gone, and thinke of me.
Pen. I fly Sir. *Exit Pen.*
Cla. Arraign'd? for what? for my ſuppoſed death? no,
That cannot be ſure, there's no rumour of it,
Be it what it will, I will be there and ſee it,
And if my help will bring him off he has it. *Exit.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Ducheſſe, Lords, Silvio priſoner, Belvidere, Bartello, Rodope, Clerke, Counſellours, Attendants.

Du. Read the Edict laſt made,
Keepe ſilence there.

Clerk. *If any man of what condition ſoever, and a ſubject, after the publiſhing of this Edict, ſhall without ſpeciall Licence from the great Ducheſſe, attempt or buy, offer, or make an attempt, to ſolicite the love of the Princeſſe* Belvidere, *the perſon ſo offending ſhall forfeit his life.*

Counſellour. The reaſon why my Royall Miſtris here
In her laſt Treaty with *Siennas* Duke,
Promis'd her beauteous Daughter there in marriage,
The Duke of *Millaine*, rivall in this fortune,
Un-nobly ſought by practiſe to betray her;
Which found, and croſs'd, the Cittadell receiv'd her
There to ſecure her Mothers word; the laſt cauſe
So many Gentlemen of late enamour'd
On this moſt beauteous Princeſſe, and not brooking
One more then other, to deſerve a favour,
Blood has been ſpilt, many brave ſpirits loſt,
And more unleſſe ſhe had been kept cloſe from their violence
Had like to have followed : therefore for due prevention
Of all ſuch hazards and unnoble actions,
This laſt Edict was publiſh'd, which thou *Silvio*
Like a falſe man, a bad man, and a Traitor
Haſt rent a peeces, and contemn'd; for which cauſe
Thou ſtandeſt a guilty man here now. *Ent. Claudio.*
Clark. Speak *Silvio*,
What canſt thou ſay to avoyd the hand of Juſtice ?
Sil. Nothing, but I confeſſe, ſubmit, & lay my head to it.
Bel. Have ye no eyes my Lords, no underſtandings?
The Gentleman will caſt himſelfe away,
Caſt himſelfe wilfully : are you, or you guilty ?
No more is he, no more taint ſticks upon him :
I drew him thether, 'twas my way betray'd him,
I got the entrance kept, I entertain'd him,
I hid the danger from him, forced him to me,
Poore gentle ſoule, he's in no part tranſgreſſing,
I wrot unto him.
Sil. Do not wrong that honour,
Caſt not upon that pureneſſe theſe aſperſions,
By Heaven it was my love, my violence,
My life muſt anſwer it : I broke in to her,
Tempted the Law, ſollicited unjuſtly.
Bel. As there is truth in Heaven I was the firſt cauſe,
How could this man have come to me, left naked
Without my counſell and proviſion?
What hower could he finde out to paſſe the Watchs,
But I muſt make it ſure firſt ? Reverend Judges,
Be not abus'd, nor let an innocent life lye
Upon your ſhaking Conſcience ; I did it,
My love the maine wheele that ſet him a going:
His motion but compell'd.
Sil. Can ye beleeve this,
And know with what a modeſty and whiteneſſe
Her life was ever ranck'd ? Can you beleeve this
And ſee me here before ye young, and wilfull ?
Apt to what danger Love dares thruſt me on,
And where Law ſtops my way, apt to contemne it?
If I were baſhfull, old, or dull, and ſleepy
In Loves allarmes, a woman might awake me,
Direct, and clew me out the way to happineſſe:
But I like fire, kindled with that bright beauty,
Catch hold of all occaſions, and run through 'em.
Bel. I charge ye as your honeſt ſoules will anſwer it.
Sil. I charge ye, as you are the friends to vertue,
That has no patterne living but this Lady.
Bel. Let not his blood——
Sil. Let not her wilfulneſſe——
For then you act a ſcene Hell will rejoyce at.
Bel. He is cleare.
Sil. She is as white in this as infants.
Cla. The god of Love protect your cauſe, and help ye,
Two nobler peeces of affection
Theſe eyes ne're look'd on, if ſuch goodneſſe periſh,
Let never true hearts meet againe, but break. *Exit.*
1 *Lord.* A ſtrange example of ſtrong love, a rare one.
2 *Lord.* Madam, we know not what to ſay to think on.
Duch. I muſt confeſſe it ſtrikes me tender too,
Searches my Mothers heart : you found 'em there?
Bar. Yes certaine Madam.
Duch. And ſo linked together ?
Bar. As they had been one peece of Alablaſter.
Duch. Nothing diſhonourable ?
Sil. So let my ſoule have happineſſe,
As that thought yet durſt never ſeeke this boſome.
Duch. What ſhall I do? 'has broke my Law, abus'd me,
Faine would I know the truth, either confeſſe it,
And let me underſtand the maine offender,
Or both ſhall feele the torture.
Sil. Are ye a Mother ?
The Mother of ſo ſweet a Roſe as this is?
So pure a Flower? and dare ye loſe that nature?
Dare ye take to your ſelfe ſo great a wickedneſſe,
(O holy Heaven) of thinking what may ruine
This goodly building ? this temple where the gods dwell?
Give me a thouſand tortures, I deſerve 'em,
And ſhew me death in all the ſhapes imagin'd.
Bel. No death but I will anſwer it, meet it, ſeeke it;
No torture but ile laugh upon't, and kiſſe it.
1 *Lord.* This is no way.
2 *Lord.* They ſay no more for certaine
Then their ſtrong hearts will ſuffer.
Duch. I have bethought me;
No Lords, although I have a Childe offending,
Nature dares not forget ſhe is a Childe ſtill ;
Till now I never look'd on love imperious :
I have bethought me of a way to breake ye,
To ſeparate, though not your loves your bodies :
Silvio attend, ile be your Judge my ſelfe now,
The ſentence of your death (becauſe my Daughter
Will beare an equall part in your afflictions)
I take away and pardon : this remaines then
An eaſie, and a gentle puniſhment,
And this ſhall be fulfill'd : becauſe unnobly
You have ſought the love, and marriage of a Princeſſe,
The abſolute and ſole Heire of this Dukedome,
By that meanes as we muſt imagine ſtrongly,
To plant your ſelfe into this Rule hereafter,
We here pronounce ye a man baniſh'd from us.
Sil. For ever baniſh'd Lady ?
Duch. Yet more mercy,
But for a yeare : and then againe in this place
To make your full appearance : yet more pitty,
If in that time you can abſolve a queſtion,
Writ down within this ſcrowle, abſolve it rightly,

This Lady is your wife, and ſhall live with ye;
If not, you looſe your head.
Sil. I take this honour,
And humbly kiſſe thoſe Royall hands.
Duch. Receive it: *Bartello*, to your old guard take the Princeſſe,
And ſo the Court break up.
Sil. Farewell to all,
And to that ſpotleſſe heart my endleſſe ſervice. *Exit.*
1. *Lord.* What will this prove?
2. *Lord.* Ile tell you a yeare hence, Sir. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Sexta.

Enter Penurio, Iſabella, Claudio.

Pen. Are you pleas'd now? have I not wrought this wonder
Non eben fatto Signieur.
Cla. Rarely *Penurio.*
Pen. Cloſe, cloſe then, and work wax.
Cla. I am ſtudying for thee
A dinner, that ſhall victuall thee for ten yeare.
Pen. Do you heare Miſtris?
You know what a dundier whelp my Maſter is,
I need not preach to ye, how unfit and wanting
To give a woman ſatisfaction:
How he ſtinks, and ſnores, a Bull's a better bed-fellow;
And for his love never let that deceive ye.
Iſab. Nay ſure he loves me not.
Pen. If he could coyne ye,
Or turne ye into mettle much might be then;
He loves not any thing but what is traffique:
I have heard him ſweare he would ſell ye to the grand Signior.
Iſab. The Turk.
Pen. The very Turke, and how they would uſe ye.
Iſab. Ile fit him fort: the Turke?
Pen. I know the price too:
Now ye have time to pay him, pay him home Miſtris;
Pay him o'th pate, clout him for all his curteſies;
Here's one that daunces in your eyes, young delicate
To work this vengeance; if ye let it ſlip now,
There is no pittying of ye, od's precious, Miſtris,
Were I his wife, I would ſo mall his Mazard,
'Tis charity, meere charity, pure charity,
Are you the firſt? has it not been from *Eves* time,
Women would have their ſafe revenges this way?
And good, and gracious women, excellent women;
Is't not a handſome Gentleman? a ſweet Gentleman?
View him from head to foot, a compleat Gentleman;
When can ye hope the like againe? I leave ye,
And my revenge too, with ye; I know my Office,
Ile not be farre off, be not long a fumbling,
When danger ſhall appeare, Ile give the larme. *Exit.*
Iſab. You are welcome Sir, and would it were my fortune
To afford a Gentleman of your faire ſeeming,
A freer entertainment then this houſe has,
You partly know Sir.——
Cla. Know, and pitty Lady,
Such ſweetneſſe in the bud, ſhould be ſo blaſted;
Dare you make me your Servant?
Iſab. Dare you make Sir,
That ſervice worthy of a womans favour
By conſtancy and goodneſſe?
Cla. Here I ſweare to ye,
By the unvalued love I beare this beauty,
(And kiſſe the Book too) never to be recreant,
To honour ye, to truly love, and ſerve ye,
My youth to wait upon ye, what my wealth has.
Iſab. O make me not ſo poore, to ſell affection,
Thoſe bought love's Sir, weare faſter then the moneys;
A handſome Gentleman.
Cla. A moſt delicate ſweet one,
Let my truth Purchaſe then.
Iſab. I ſhould firſt try it,
But you may happily.——
Cla. You ſhall not doubt me,
I hope ſhe loves me; when I prove falſe ſhame take me;
Will ye believe a little?
Iſab. I feare, too much, Sir.
Cla. And will ye love a little?
Iſab. That ſhould be your part.
Cla. Thus I begin then, thus and thus.
Iſab. A good beginning,
We have a Proverbe ſaies, makes a good ending.
Cla. Say ye ſo? 'tis well infer'd.
Iſab. Good Sir, your patience:
Me thinks I have ventur'd now, like a weak Bark
Upon a broken billow, that will ſwallow me,
Upon a rough ſea of ſuſpitions,
Stuck round with ieallous rocks.
Pen. within. A hem, a hem there.
Iſab. This is my man; my feares too ſoone have found me,

Enter Penurio.

Now what's the newes?
Pen. A pox of yonder old Rigell,
The Captaine, the old Captaine.
Iſab. What old Captaine?
Pen. Captaine couragious yonder of the Caſtle,
Captaine dondeigo, old *Bartello.*
Iſab. Where is he?
Pen. He's comming in:
'Twould vex the Divell, that ſuch an old Potgun as this,
That can make no ſport, ſhould hinder them that can do it.
Iſab. I would not have him ſee the Gentleman
For all the world, my credit were undone then.
Pen. Shall I fling a piſſe-pot on's head as he comes in,
And take him into'th Kitchin, there to dry him.
Iſab. That will not do; and he is ſo humerous too
He will come in.
Cla. What is he?
Iſab. One much troubles me.
Pen. And can do nothing, cannot eat.
Iſab. Your ſight now,
Out of a driveling dotage he beares to me,
May make him tell my husband, and undo me.
Cla. What would ye have me do?
Iſab. But for a while Sir,
Step here behind this hanging, preſently
I'le anſwer him, and then.——
Cla. I will obey ye.

Enter Bartello.

Bar. Where's my rich Jeweller? I have ſtones to ſet.
Pen. He is abroad, and ſure Sir.
Bart. Ther's for your ſervice:
Wher's the faire Lady? all alone ſweet beauty?
Iſab. She's never much alone Sir, that's acquainted
With ſuch companions as good honeſt thoughts are.
Bar. Ile ſit down by thee, and ile kiſſe thy hand too,
And in thine eare ſweare by my life I love thee.
Iſab. Ye are a merry Captaine.
Bar. And a mad one, Lady;
By th'mas thou haſt goodly eyes, excellent eyes, wench,
Ye twinkling rogue, look what thy Captain brings thee,
Thou muſt needs love me, love me heartily,
Hug me, and love me, hug me cloſe.
Iſab. Fye Captaine.
Bar. Nay, I have ſtrength, and I can ſtraine ye ſirrah,
And vault into my ſeat as nimbly, little one.
As any of your ſmooth chinn'd boyes in *Florence*,
I muſt needs commit a little folly with ye,

Ile not be long, a brideling caſe, and away wench;
The hobnaile thy husband's as fitly out o'th way now.
Iſab. Do you think he keeps a bawdy houſe?
Bar. That's all one.
Iſab. Or did you ever ſee that lightneſſe in my carriage,
That you might promiſe to your ſelf——
Bar. Away foole,
A good turn's a good turne; I am an honeſt fellow.
Iſab. You have a handſome wife, a vertuous Gentlewo-
Bar. They are not for this time o'th yeer. (man.
Iſab. A Lady,
That ever bore that great reſpect to you,
That noble conſtancy.
Bar. That's more then I know.
Enter Maid, and Penurio.
Maid. O Miſtris, ye are undone, my Maſter's coming.
Pen. Coming hard by here.
Bar. Plague Conſume the Raſcall,
Shall I make petty-patties of him?
Iſab. Now what love Sir?
Feare of your comming made him jealous firſt;
Your finding here, will make him mad and deſperate,
And what in that wilde mood he will execute——
Bar. I can think of nothing, I have no wit left me,
Certaine my heads a muſtard-pot.
Iſab. I have thought Sir.
And if you'l pleaſe to put in execution
What I conceive——
Bar. I'le do it, tell it quickly.
Iſab. Draw your Sword quickly, and go down inrag'd,
As if you had purſu'd ſome foe up hither,
And grumble to your ſelf extremely, terribly,
But not a word to him, and ſo paſſe by him.
Bar. Ile do it perfectly.
Enter Lopes.
Iſab. Stand you ſtill good Sir.
Bar. Raſcall, ſlave, villaine, take a houſe ſo poorely,
After thou haſt wrong'd a Gentleman, a Souldier,
Baſe Poultroon boy, you will forſake your neaſt ſirrah.
Lop. The matter, good ſweet Captain?
Bart. Run-away rogue,
And take a houſe to cover thy baſe cowardize,
Ile whip ye, Ile ſo ſcourge ye. (*Exit.*
Lop. Mercy upon me,
What's all this matter wife?
Iſab. Did you meet the mad man?
Lop. I never ſaw the Captain ſo provok't yet.
Iſab. O he's a Devill ſure, a moſt bloody devill,
He follow'd a young Gentleman, his ſword drawne,
With ſuch a fury, how I ſhake to think on't,
And foyn'd, and ſlaſh't at him, and ſwore he'd kill him,
Drove him up hither, follow'd him ſtill bloodily,
And if I had not hid him, ſure had ſlaine him;
A mercileſſe old man.
Cla. Moſt vertuous Lady,
Even as the giver of my life, I thank ye.
Lop. This fellow muſt not ſtay here, he is too hanſom;
He is gone Sir, and you may paſſe now with all ſecurity,
Ile be your guide my ſelfe, and ſuch a way
Ile lead ye, none ſhall croſſe, nor none ſhall know ye.
The doore's left open Sirrah, ile ſtarve you for this trick,
Ile make thee faſt o' Sondayes; and for you Lady,
Ile have your lodgings farther off, and cloſer,
Ile have no ſtreet lights to you; will you go Sir?
Cla. I thank ye Sir; the Devill take this fortune;
And once more all my ſervice to your goodneſſe. *Exit.*
Pen. Now could I eat my very arms for madneſſe,
Croſſ'd in the nick o'th matter? vengeance take it,
And that old Cavalier that ſpoil'd our Cock-fight;
Ile lay the next plot ſurer.
Iſab. I am glad and ſorry;
Glad, that I got ſo fairely off ſuſpition;
Sorry I loſt my new lov'd friend.
Pen. Not loſt Miſtris;
Ile conjure once againe to raiſe that ſpirit;
In, and looke ſoberly upon the matter,
Wee'l ring him one peale more, and if that fall,
The Devill take the clappers, bells, and all. *Exeunt*

Actus Tertius.

Scæna Prima.

Enter Ducheſſe, Lords, and Rodope,

Duch. Now, *Rhodope*, How do you finde my daughter?
Rho. Madam, I finde her now what you would have her,
What the State wiſhes her; I urg'd her fault to her,
Open'd her eyes, and made her ſee the miſchiefe
She was running with a headlong will into,
Made her ſtart at her folly, ſhake and tremble,
At the meere memory of ſuch an ignorance,
She now contemnes his love, hates his remembrance,
Cannot endure to heare the name of *Silvio*;
His perſon ſpits at.
Duch. I am glad to heare this.
Rho. And humbly now to your will, your care, Madam,
Bends her affections, bowes her beſt obedience;
Syennas Duke, with new eyes now ſhe looks on,
And with a Princely love, fit for his perſon,
Returnes that happineſſe and joy he look't for;
The generall good of both the neighbour Dukedoms,
Not any private end, or raſh affection
She aims at now: hearing the Duke ariv'd too,
(To whom ſhe owes all honour, and all ſervice,)
She charg'd me kneele thus at your Graces feet,
And not to riſe without a generall pardon.
Duch. She has it, and my love againe, my old love,
And with more tenderneſſe I meet this penitence,
Then if ſhe ne're had ſtarted from her honour;
I thank ye *Rhodope*, am bound to thank ye,
And dayly to remember this great ſervice,
This honeſt faithfull ſervice; go in peace,
And by this Ring, delivered to *Bartello*,
Let her enjoy our favour, and her liberty,
And preſently to this place, with all honour,
See her conducted. *Exit.*
Rho. Your Grace has made me happy.
Enter 1 Lord.
1 Lord. *Syennas* noble Duke, craves his admittance.
Enter Duke of Syenna with Attendants.
Duch. Go, wait upon his Grace; fair Sir, you are welcome,
Welcome to her ever admir'd your vertues:
And now, me thinks, my Court looks true nobly;
You have taken too much pains, Sir.
Syen. Royall Lady,
To wait upon your Grace is but my ſervice.
Duch. Keep that Sir, for the Saint ye have vow'd it to.
Syen. I keep a life for her: Since your Grace pleaſes
To jump ſo happily into the matter,
I come indeed to claime your royall promiſe,

The beauteous *Belvidere* in marriage,
I come to tender her my youth, my fortune,
My everlaſting love.

Enter Belvidere, Bartello, Rhodope, attendance.

Duch. You are like to win Sir:
All is forgot, forgiven too; no ſadneſſe
My good Childe, you have the ſame heart ſtill here,
The Duke of *Syenna*, Childe, pray uſe him nobly.

Sy. An Angell beauty.

Bel. Your Grace is fairely welcome,
And what in modeſty a bluſhing maid may
Wiſh to a Gentleman of your great goodneſſe;
But wiſhes are too poore a pay for Princes.

Sy. You have made me richer then all States and Titles,
One kiſſe of this white hand's above all honours,
My faith deare Lady, and my fruitfull ſervice,
My duteous zeale———

Bel. Your Grace is a great Maſter,
And ſpeake too powerfully to be reſiſted:
Once more you are welcome Sir, to me you are welcome,
To her that honoures ye; I could ſay more Sir,
But in anothers tongue 'twere better ſpoken,

Sy. As wiſe as faire, you have made your Servant happy;
I never ſaw ſo rich a Mine of ſweetneſſe.

Duch. Will your Grace pleaſe, after your painfull journy
To take ſome reſt? Are the Dukes Lodgings ready?

Lord. All Madam.

Duch. Then wait upon his Grace, all, and to morrow Sir
We'l ſhew ye in what high eſteeme we hold ye,
Till then a faire repoſe.

Sy. My faireſt ſervice *Exit Duke, &c.*

Duch. You have ſo honour'd me, my deareſt Daughter,
So truly pleas'd me in this entertainment,
I meane your loving carriage to *Syenna*,
That both for ever I forget all treſpaſſes,
And to ſecure you next of my full favour,
Aske what you will within my power to grant ye,
Aske freely: and if I forget my promiſe——
Aske confidently.

Bel. You are too royall to me,
To me that have ſo fooliſhly tranſgreſs'd you,
So like a Girle, ſo far forgot my vertue,
Which now appeares as baſe and ugly to me,
As did his Dream, that thought he was in Paradice,
Awak'd and ſaw the Devill; how was I wander'd?
With what eyes could I look upon that poore, that courſe (thing,
That wretched thing call'd *Silvio*? that (now) deſpis'd thing?
And loſe an object of that gracefull ſweetneſſe,
That god-like preſence as *Syenna* is?
Darkneſſe, and cheerfull day had not ſuch difference:
But I muſt ever bleſſe your care, your wiſedome,
That led me from this labirinth of folly,
How had I ſunk elſe? what example given?

Duch. Prethee no more, and as thou art my beſt one,
Aske ſomething that may equall ſuch a goodneſſe.

Bel. Why did ye let him go ſo ſlightly from ye,
More like a man in triumph, then condemn'd?
Why did ye make his pennance but a queſtion,
A riddle, every idle wit unlocks.

Duch. 'Tis not ſo,
Nor do not feare it ſo: he will not finde it,
I have given that (unleſſe my ſelfe diſcover it)
Will coſt his head.

Bel. 'Tis ſubject to conſtruction?

Duch. That it is too.

Bel. It may be then abſolv'd,
And then are we both ſcorn'd and laugh'd at, Madam;
Beſide the promiſe you have ty'd upon it,
Which you muſt never keepe.

Duch. I never meant it.

Bel. For heaven ſake let me know it, 'tis my Suit to ye,
The Boone you would have me aske; let me but ſee it,
That if there be a way to make't ſo ſtrong,
No wit nor powerfull reaſon can run through it,
For my diſgrace, I may beg of heaven to grant it.

Duch. Feare not, it has been put to ſharper judgements
Then ere he ſhall arrive at: my deare Father,
That was as fiery in his underſtanding,
And ready in his wit as any living,
Had it two yeares, and ſtudied it, yet loſt it:
This night ye are my Bed-fellow, there Daughter
Into your boſome ile commit this ſecret,
And there we'l both take counſell.

Bel. I ſhall finde
Some trick I hope too ſtrong yet for his minde. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Penurio.

Pen. Methinks I am batten'd well of late, growne luſty,
Fat, high, and kicking, thankes to the bounteous *Rugio*;
And now, methinkes I ſcorne theſe poore repaſts,
Cheeſe parings, and the ſtinking tongues of Pilchers;
But why ſhould I remember theſe? they are odious,
They are odious in mine eyes; the full fat diſh now,
The bearing diſh is that I reverence,
The diſh an able Serving-man ſweats under,
And bends ith' hams, as if the houſe hung on him,
That diſh is the diſh: hang your bladder Bankets,
Or halfe a dozen of Turnop, and two Muſhrumps,
Theſe when they breed their beſt, hatch but two Belches;
The ſtate of a fat Turkey, the decorum
He marches in with, all the traine and circumſtance;
'Tis ſuch a matter, ſuch a glorious matter,
And then his ſauce, with Orenges and Onions,
And he diſplay'd in all parts, for ſuch a diſh now,
And at my need I would betray my father,
And for a roaſted Conger, all my Country.

Enter Bartello.

Bar. What my friend *Lean-gut*, how do's thy beauteous (Miſtris?
And where's your Maſter Sirra? where's that horn-pipe?

Pen. My Miſtris Sir, do's as a poore wrong'd Gentlewoman,
Too much heaven knows oppreſt with injuries,
May do and live.

Bar. Is the old foole ſtill jealous?

Pen. As old fooles are, and will be ſtill the ſame Sir.

Bar. He muſt have cauſe: he muſt have cauſe.

Pen. 'Tis true Sir,
And would he had with all my heart.

Bar. He ſhall have.

Pen. For then he had Salt to his Saffron Porredge.

Bar. Why do not I ſee thee ſometime? why thou ſtarv'd (raſcal?
Why do not ye come to me, you precius bow-caſe?
I keepe good meat at home, good ſtore.

Pen. Yes Sir,
I will not faile ye all next weeke.

Bar. Thou art welcome,
I have a ſecret I would faine impart to thee,
But thou art ſo thin the wind will blow it from thee,
Or men will read it through thee.

Pen. Wrapt up in beefe Sir,
In good groſſe beefe, let all the world looke on me,
The *Engliſh* have that trick to keep intelligence.

Bar. A witty knave, firſt there's to tye your tongue up,

Pen. Dumbe as a Dog Sir.

Bar. Next, hark in your eare. Sirra.

Pen. Well, very well, excellent well: 'tis done Sir,
Say no more to me.

Bar. Say and hold.
Pen. 'Tis done Sir.
Bar. As thou lov'ſt butter'd eggs, ſweare.
Pen. Let me kiſſe the Booke firſt,
But here's my hand, brave Captaine.
Bar. Looke ye hold, ſirra. *Exit.*
Pen. O the moſt precious vanity of this world
When ſuch dry Neatſ-tongues muſt be ſok'd and larded
With young fat ſupple wenches? O the Devill,
What can he do, he cannot ſuck an egge off
But his back's looſe ith' hilts: go thy waies Captaine,
Well may thy Warlike name work Miracles,
But if e're thy founder'd courſer win match more,
Or ſtand right but one traine———

Enter three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Now Signiour *Shadow*,
What art thou thinking of, how to rob thy Maſter?
Pen. Of his good deeds? the Thief that undetakes that
Muſt have a hook will poze all Hell to hammer:
Have ye dined Gentlemen, or do you purpoſe?
2 *Gent.* Dined, two long houres ago.
Pen. Pray ye take me with ye.
3 *Gent.* To ſupper do'ſt thou meane?
Pen. To any thing
That has the ſmell of meat in't: tell me true, Gentlemen,
Are not you three now going to be ſinfull,
To jeabard a joynt, or ſo? I have found your faces,
And ſee whore written in your eyes.
1 *Gent.* A parlous Raſcall,
Thou art much upon the matter.
Pen. Have a care Gentlemen,
'Tis a ſore age, very ſore age, lewd age,
And women now are like old Knights adventures,
Full of inchanted flames, and dangerous.
2 *Gent*, Where the moſt danger is, there's moſt honour.
Pen. I grant ye, honour moſt conſiſts in ſufferance,
And by that rule you three ſhould be moſt honourable.
3 *Gent.* A ſubtle Rogue: but canſt thou tell *Penurio*
Where we might light upon———
Pen. A learned Surgeon?
3 *Gent.* Pox take ye foole; I meane good wholſome (wenches.
Pen. 'Faith wholſome women will but ſpoyle ye too,
For you are ſo us'd to ſnap-haunces: But take my counſell,
Take fat old women, fat, and five and fifty,
The Dog-dayes are come in.
2 *Gent.* Take fat old women?
Pen. The fatter and the older, ſtill the better,
You do not know the pleaſure of an old Dame,
A fat old Dame, you do not know the knack on't:
They are like our Country grotes, as coole as Chriſtmas,
And ſure ith' keeles.
1 *Gent.* Hang him ſtarv'd foole, he mocks us.
3. *Gent.* *Penurio*, thou know'ſt all the hanſome wenches?
What ſhall I give thee for a Merchants wife now?
Pen. I take no money Gentlemen, that's baſe,
I trade in meat, a Merchants wife will coſt ye
A glorious Capon, a great ſhoulder of Mutton,
And a Tart as big as a Conjurers circle.
3 *Gent.* That's cheap enough.
1 *Gent.* And what a Haberdaſhers?
Pen. Worſe meat will ſerve for her: a great Gooſe Pye,
But you muſt ſend it out oth' Country to me,
It will not do elſe: with a peece of Bacon,
And if you can a pot of Butter with it.
2 *Gent.* Now do I ayme at horſe-fleſh: what a Parſons?
Pen. A tithe Pig has no fellow, if I fetch her,
If ſhe be Puritane, Plumb-porridge do's it,
And a fat loyne of Veale well ſawc'd and roſted.
2 *Gent.* Wee'l meet one night, and thou ſhalt have all (theſe,
O' that condition we may have the wenches,
A dainty raſcall.
Pen. When your ſtomacks ſerve ye,
(For mine is ever ready) ile ſupply ye.
1 *Gent.* Farewell, and there's to fill thy paunch.
Pen. Brave Gentleman.
2 *Gent.* Hold ſirrah, there.
Pen. Any young wench ith' Towne Sir.
3 *Gent.* It ſhall go round. *Exit Gent.*
Pen. Moſt honourable Gentlemen,
All theſe are Courtiers, but they are meere Coxcombs,
And only for a wench, their purſes open,
Nor have they ſo much judgement left to chuſe her;
If e're they call upon me ile ſo fit 'em,
I have a pack of wry-mouth'd mackrell Ladies,
Stinke like a ſtanding ditch, and thoſe deare Damſels;
But I forgot my buſineſſe, I thank ye Mounſieurs,
I have a thouſand whimſies in my braines now. *Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter (to a Banket) Duches, Syenna, Lords, Attendants.

Duch. Your Grace ſhall now perceive how much we ho-
And in what deare regard we hold your friendſhip (nor ye
Will you ſit Sir, and grace this homely Banquet?
Sy. Madam, to your poor friend you are too magnificent.
Duc. To the Dukes health, and all the joyes I wiſh him,
Let no man miſſe this cup: have we no Muſick?
Sy. Your noble favours ſtill you heap upon me,
But where's my vertuous Miſtris, ſuch a Feaſt,
And not her ſparkling beauty here to bleſſe it?
Me thinkes it ſhould not be, it ſhewes not fully.
Duch. Young Ladies Sir, are long, and curious
In putting on their trims, forget how day goes,
And then 'tis their good morrow when they are ready:
Go ſome and call her, and wait upon her hither,
Tell her the Duke and I deſire her company:
I warrant ye, a hundred dreſſings now
She has ſurvey'd, this, and that faſhion look'd on,
For Ruffs and Gowns; caſt this away, theſe Jewels
Suited to theſe and theſe knots: o' my life Sir,
She feares your curious eye will ſoone diſcover elſe:
Why ſtand ye ſtill, why gape ye on one another?
Did I not bid ye go and tell my Daughter?
Are ye nayled here? nor ſtir? nor ſpeake? who am I,
And who are you?
1 *Lord.* Pardon me, gracious Lady,
The feare to tell you that you would not hear of
Makes us all dumb, the Princeſſe is gone, Madam.
Duch. Gone? whither gone? ſome wiſer fellow anſwer me.
2 *Lord.* We ſought the Court all over, and beleeve Lady,
No newes of where ſhe is, nor how convey'd hence.
Duch. It cannot be, it muſt not be.
1 *Lord.* 'Tis true Madam,
No roome in all the Court but we ſearch'd through it,
Her women found her want firſt, and they cry'd to us.
Duch. Gone? ſtolne away? I am abus'd, diſhonour'd.
Sy. 'Tis I that am abus'd, 'tis I diſhonour'd,
Is this your welcome, this your favour to me?
To foyſt a trick upon me, this trick too,
To cheat me of my love? Am I not worthy?
Or ſince I was your Gueſt, am I growne odious?
Duch. Your Grace miſtakes me, as I have a life, Sir.
Sy. And I another, I will never beare this,
Never endure this dor.
Duch. But heare me patiently.
Sy. Give me my love.
Duch. As ſoone as care can finde her,
And all care ſhall be uſed.

Sy. And all my care too,
To be reveng'd; I ſmell the trick, 'tis too ranke,
Fie, how it ſmells oth' Mother.
Duch. You wrong me, Duke.
Sy. For this diſgrace ten thouſand *Florentines*
Shall pay their deareſt bloods, and dying curſe ye,
And ſo I turne away, your mortall enemy. *Exit.*
Duc. Since ye are ſo high and hot Sir, ye have half arm'd
Be carefull of the Towne, of all the Caſtles, (us,
And ſee ſupplyes of Souldiers every where,
And Muſters for the Field, when he invites us,
For he ſhall know 'tis not high words can fright us.
My Daughter gone? has ſhe ſo finely cozen'd me?
This is for *Silvio's* ſake ſure, O cunning falſe one;
Publiſh a Proclamation thorough the Dukedome.
That whoſoe're can bring toth' Court young *Silvio*,
Alive or dead, beſide our thankes and favour,
Shall have two thouſand Duckets for his labour;
See it diſpatch'd, and ſent in haſte: O baſe one. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Iſabella, and Penurio with a Light.

Iſab. Was't thou with *Rugio*?
Pen. Yes marry was I cloſely.
Iſab. And do's he ſtill remember his poore Miſtris?
Do's he deſire to ſee me?
Pen. Yes, and preſently:
Puts off all buſineſſe elſe, lives in that memory,
And will be here according to directions.
Iſab. But where's thy Maſter?
Pen. Where a coxcombe ſhould be,
Waiting at Court with his Jewells,
Safe for this night I warrant ye.
Iſab. I am bound to thee.
Pen. I would ye were, as cloſe as I could tye ye,
Iſab. Thou art my beſt, my trueſt friend.
Pen. I labour,
I moyle and toyle for ye: I am your hackney.
Iſab. If ever I be able——.
Pen. Steale the great Cheeſe Miſtris,
Was ſent him out oth' Country.
Iſab. Any thing.
Pen. That's meat, 'tis lawfull Miſtris: where's the Caſtle
He got at Court? (Cuſtard
Iſab. He has lock't it in's ſtudy.
Pen. Get a warrant to ſearch for counterfeit gold.
Iſab. Give me thy Candle,
Ile finde a time to be thy carefull Cater.
Pen. And many a time Ile finde to be his Cook,
And dreſſe his Calves head to the ſweeteſt ſauce Miſtris.
Iſab. To bed *Penurio*, go, the reſt is my charge,
Ile keep the Watch out.
Pen. Now if you ſpare him.—— *Exit.*
Iſab. Peace foole,
I hope my *Rugio* will not faile, 'twould vexe me:
Now to my ſtring; ſo, ſure he cannot miſſe now,
And this end to my finger: ile lye downe,
For on a ſuddaine I am wondrous heavy,
Tis very late too; if he come, and finde this,
And pull it, though it be with eaſie motion
I ſhall ſoone waken, and as ſoone be with him.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. Thou ſecret friend, how am I bound to love thee,
And how to hug thee for thy private ſervice?
Thou art the Star all my ſuſpitions ſaile by,
The fixed point my wronged honour turnes to,
By thee I ſhall know all, finde all the ſubtilties
Of deviliſh women, that torment me daily:
Thou art my Conjurer, my Spell, my Spirit,
All's huſh'd and ſtill, no ſound of any ſtirring,
No tread of living thing: the Light is in ſtill,
And there's my Wife, how prettily the foole lyes,
How ſweet, and handſomely, and in her clothes too,
Waiting for me upon my life; her fondneſſe
Would not admit her reſt till I came to her:
O carefull foole, why am I angry with thee?
Why do I think thou hat'ſt thy loving Husband?
I am an Aſſe, an over-doating Coxcombe,
And this ſweet ſoule the mirrour of perfection:
How admirable faire and delicate,
And how it ſtirs me, ile ſing thy ſweets a Requiem,
But will not waken thee.

Song.

O Faire ſweet face, O eyes celeſtiall bright,
Twin-ſtars in Heaven that now adorn the night;
O fruitfull lips, where Cherries ever grow,
And Damask cheeks, where all ſweet beauties blow;
O thou from head to foot divinely faire,
Cupids *moſt cunning Nets made of that haire,*
And as he weaves himſelfe for curious eyes,
O me, O me, I am caught my ſelfe, he cryes:
Sweet reſt about this ſweets and golden ſleepe,
Soft peacefull thoughts your how'rely watches keepe,
Whilſt I in wonder ſing this ſacrifice,
To beauty ſacred, and thoſe Angell-eyes.

Now will I ſteale a kiſſe, a deare kiſſe from her,
And ſuck the Roſie breath of this bright beauty;
What a Devill is this? ty'd to her finger too?
A ſtring, a damned ſtring to give intelligence
O my lov'd key, how truly has'ſt thou ſerv'd me;
Ile follow this: ſoft, ſoft, toth' doore it goes,
And through toth' other ſide; a damned ſtring 'tis,
I am abus'd, topt, Cuckolded, fooled, jaded,
Ridden to death, to madneſſe; ſtay, this helps not:
Stay, ſtay, and now invention help me,
Ile ſit downe by her, take this from her eaſily,
And thus upon mine owne: Dog, I ſhall catch ye,
With all your cunning Sir: I ſhall light on ye,
I felt it pull ſure: yes, but wondrous ſoftly,
'Tis there againe, and harder now, have at ye:
Now and thou ſcap'ſt, the Devills thy ghoſtly father. *Exit.*
Iſab. Sure 'twas my Husbands voyce: The ſtring is gone
He has found the trick on't: I am undone, betray'd, (to,
And if he meet my friend he periſhes,
What fortune followes me, what ſpightfull fortune?
Hoa, *Jaquenet.*

Enter Jaquenet.

Jaq. Here Miſtris, do you call me?
Iſab. Didſt thou heare no noiſe?
Jaq. I heare my Maſter mad yonder,
And ſweares, and chafes——
Iſab. Dar'ſt thou do one thing for me?
One thing concernes mine honour, all is loſt elſe?
Jaq. Name what you will.
Iſab. It can bring but a beating,
Which I will recompence ſo largely——
Jaq. Name it.
Iſab. Sit here, as if thou wert aſleep.
Jaq. Is that all?
Iſab. When he comes in, what e're he do unto thee
(The worſt will be but beating) ſpeak not a word,
Not one word as thou loveſt me.
Jaq. Ile run through it.
Iſab. Ile carry away the Candle. *Exit.*
Jaq. And I the blowes Miſtris.

Enter Lopez.

Lop. Have you put your light out? I ſhall ſtumble to ye,
You whore,you cunning whore,I ſhal catch your rogue to,
Has light leggs elſe : I had ſo Ferret-claw'd him :
O have I found ye?do ye play at dog-ſleep ſtill whore?
Do you think that can protect ye? yes, I will kill thee,
But firſt ile bring thy friends to view thy villanies,
Thy whoriſh villanies : and firſt ile beat thee,
Beat thee to pin-duſt, thou ſalt whore, thou varlet,
Scratch out thine eyes ; ile ſpoile your tempting viſage ;
Are ye ſo patient? ile put my nayles in deeper,
Is it good whoring? whoring ye baſe raſcall ?
Is it good tempting men with ſtrings to ride ye?
So, ile fetch your kindred, and your friends, whore,
And ſuch a Juſtice I will act upon thee. *Exit.*

Enter Iſabella.

Iſab. What is he gone ?
Jaq. The Devill go with him Miſtris,
Has harrowed me, plow'd land was ne're ſo harrowed :
I had the moſt ado to ſave mine eyes.
Iſab. Has paid thee,
But ile heale all againe with good gold *Jaquenet* ;
Has damned nayles.
Jaq. They are ten-penny nayles I think Miſtris :
Ile undertake he ſhall ſtrike 'em through an inch board.
Iſab. Go up, and waſh thy ſelfe : take my *Pomatum*,
And now let me alone to end the Tragedy.
Joq. You had beſt beware.
Iſab. I ſhall deale ſtoutly with him,
Reach me my book, and ſee the doore made faſt wench,
And ſo good night : now to the matter politick.

Lopez knocks within.

Lop. within You ſhall ſee what ſhe is, what a ſweet jewell.
Iſab. Who's there, what mad-man knocks? is this an hower
And in mine husbands abſence ?
Lop. within. Will ye open ?
You know my voyce ye whore, I am that husband :
Do you mark her ſubtlety? but I have paid her,
I have ſo ferk'd her face : here's the blood Gentlemen,
Ecce ſignum: I have ſpoyl'd her Goatiſh beauty,
Obſerve her how ſhe lookes now, how ſhe is painted,
O 'tis the moſt wicked'ſt whore,and the moſt treacherous-

Enter Lopez, Bartello, Gent. and two Gentlewomen.

Gent. Here walkes my Couſen full of meditation,
Arm'd with religious thoughts.
Bar. Is this the monſter ?
1 *Gentlew.* Is this the ſubject of that rage you talk't of,
That naughty woman you had pull'd a peeces ?
Bar. Here's no ſuch thing.
1. *Gentlew.* How have ye wrong'd this beauty ?
Are not you mad my friend? what time o'th Moon is't?
Have not you Maggots in your braines ?
Lop. 'Tis ſhe ſure.
Gent. Where's the ſcratch'd face ye ſpoke of, the torne garments,
And all the haire pluck'd off her head ?
Bar. Beleeve me,
'Twere better far you had loſt your paire of pibbles,
Then ſhe the leaſt adornment of that ſweetneſſe.
Lop. Is not this blood ?
1 *Gentlew.* This is a monſtrous folly,
A baſe abuſe.
Iſab. Thus he do's ever uſe me,
And ſtickes me up a wonder, not a woman,
Nothing I do but ſubject to ſuſpition;
Nothing I can do able to content him.
Bar. Lopez, you muſt not uſe this.
2 *Gentlew.* 'Twere not amiſſe Sir,
To give ye ſauce to your meat, and ſuddainly.
1 *Gentlew.* You that dare wrong a woman of her goodneſſe,
Thou have a wife, thou have a Beare ty'd to thee,
To ſcratch thy jealous itch,were all o' my minde,
I meane all women , we would ſoone disburthen ye
Of that that breeds theſe fits, theſe dog-flawes in ye,
A Sow-guelder ſhould trim ye.
Bar. A rare cure Lady,
And one as fit for him as a Thief for a halter,
You ſee this youth : will you not cry him quittance,
Body ' me, I would pine, but I would pepper him,
Ile come anon, he, hang him, poore pompillion :
How like a wench bepiſt he lookes, ile come Lady :
Lopez, the Law muſt teach ye what a wife is,
A good, a vertuous wife.
Iſab. Ile ne're live with him,
I crave your loves all to make knowne my cauſe,
That ſo a faire Divorce may paſſe between us,
I am weary of my life : in danger hourely.
Bar. You ſee how rude you are, I will not miſſe ye,
Unſufferable rude : ile pay him ſoundly,
You ſhould be whipt in Bedlam : ile reward him.
2 *Gentlew.* Whipping's too good.
Lop. I think I am alive ſtill,
And in my wits.
Bar. Ile put a trick upon him,
And get his goods Confiſcate : you ſhall have 'em ;
I will not faile at nine.
Lop. I think I am here too,
And once I would have ſworn I had taken her napping,
I think my name is *Lopez*.
Gent. Fie for ſhame Sir,
You ſee you have abus'd her, foulely wrong'd her,
Hung ſcandalous and courſe opinions on her,
Which now you finde but children of ſuſpition:
Aske her forgiveneſſe, ſhew a penitence,
She is my Kinſ-woman, and what ſhe ſuffers
Under ſo baſe and beaſtly jealouſies,
I will redreſſe elſe, ile ſeeke ſatisfaction.
Bar. Why, every Boy ith' Towne will piſſe upon thee.
Lop. I am ſorry for't.
1 *Gentlew.* Downe o' your marrow-bones.
Lop. Even ſorry from my heart : forgive me ſweet wife,
Here I confeſſe moſt freely I have wrong'd ye,
As freely here I beg a pardon of ye,
From this hower no debate, no croſſe ſuſpition—
Iſab. To ſhew ye Sir I underſtand a wives part,
Thus I aſſure my love, and ſeale your pardon.
2 *Gentlew.* 'Tis well done, now to bed and there confirm it.
Gent. And ſo good night.
Bar. Aware relapſes, *Lopez*. *Exeunt.*
Lop. Now *Iſabella* tell me truth, and ſuddainly,
And do not juggle with me, nor diſſemble,
For as I have a life ye dye then : I am not mad,
Nor do's the Devill work upon my weakneſſe,
Tell me the trick of this, and tell me freely.
Iſab. Will then that ſatisfie ye ?
Lop. If ye deale ingenuouſly.
Iſab. Ile tell ye all, and tell ye true and freely,
Bartello was the end of all this jealouſie,
His often viſitations brought by you, firſt
Bred all theſe fits, and theſe ſuſpitions :
I knew your falſe key, and accordingly
I fram'd my plot, to have him take him finely,
Too poore a pennance for the wrong his wife beares,
His worthy vertuous wife : I felt it ſenſibly
When ye tooke off the ſtring, and was much pleas'd in't,
Becauſe I wiſh'd his importunate dotage paid well,
And

And had you ſtaid two minutes more, ye had had him.
Lop. This ſounds like truth.
Iſab. Becauſe this ſhall be certaine,
Next time he comes, as long he cannot tarry,
Your ſelf ſhall ſee, and heare, his lew'd temptations.
Lop. Till then I am ſatisfied, and if this prove true,
Henceforward Miſtris of your ſelf I give ye,
And I to ſerve ye: For my luſty Captaine,
Ile make him daunce, and make him think the Devill
Clawes at his breech, and yet I will not hurt him:
Come now to bed, and prove but conſtant this way,
Ile prove the man you ever wiſhed.
Iſab. You have bleſt me. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Scæna Prima.

Enter Silvio.

Sil. WHat labour and what travell have I runne Through?
And through what Cities to abſolve this Riddle?
Diviners, Dreamers, Schoolemen, deep Magitians,
All have I tride, and all give ſeverall meanings,
And from all hope of any future happineſſe,
To this place am I come at length, the country,
The people ſimple, plaine, and harmleſſe witty,
Whoſe honeſt labours Heaven rewards with plenty
Of Corne, Wine, Oyle, which they againe, as thankfull,
To their new Cropps, new paſtimes celebrate,
And crowne their joyfull harveſts with new voyces;
By a rich farmer here I am entertain'd,
And rank't among the number of his Servants,
Not gueſſing what I am, but what he would have me,
Here may be ſo much wit (though much I feare it)
To undo this knotty queſtion; and would to Heaven

Enter Soto with a Proclamation.

My fortunes had been hatch'd with theirs, as innocent,
And never knowne a pitch above their plainneſſe.
Soto. That it is, that it is, what's this word now? this
Is a plaguy word, that it is, *r. e. a.* that it is, reaſon,
By your leave, Mr. *Soto*, by your leave, you are too quick, Sir,
Ther's a ſtrange par'lous *T.* hefore the reaſon,
A very tall *T.* which makes the word *High Treaſon.*
Sil. What Treaſon's that? do's this fellow underſtand
Himſelfe?
Soto. Pitch will infect, ile meddle no more with this geere;
What a Devill ayles this fellow? this fooliſh fellow,
Being admitted to be one of us too,
That are the maſters of the Sports proceeding,
Thus to appeare, before me too, unmorriſſ'd?
Do you know me friend?
Sil. You are my Maſters Son, Sir.
Soto. And do you know what ſports are now in ſeaſon?
Sil. I heare there are ſome a foot.
Soto. Where are your Bells then?
Your Rings, your Ribanes, friend? & your clean Napkins?
Your noſegay in your hat, pinn'd up, am not I here?
My fathers eldeſt Son, and at this time, Sir,
I would have ye know it, though ye be ten times his ſervant,
A better man then my father far, Lord of this Harveſt, Sir,
And ſhall a man of my place want attendance?
Sil. 'Twas want of knowledge, Sir, not duty, bred this,
I would have made ſuit elſe for your Lordſhips ſervice.
Soto. In ſome ſort I am ſatisfied now, mend your mãners,
But thou art a melancholly fellow, veng'ance melancholly,
And that may breed a inſurrection amongſt us;
Go too, Ile lay the beſt part of two pots now
Thou art in love, and I can gueſſe with whom too,
I ſaw the wench that twir'd and twinkled at thee,
The other day; the wench that's new come hither,
The young ſmug wench.
Sil. You know more then I feele Sir.
Soto. Go too, Ile be thy friend, ile ſpeak a good word for thee,
And thou ſhalt have my Lordſhips countenance to her;
May be I have had a ſnap my ſelf, may be I, may be no,
We Lords are allow'd a little more.
Sil. 'Tis fit Sir;
I humbly thank ye, you are too too tender of me,
But what Sir, I beſeech ye, was that paper,
Your Lordſhip was ſo ſtudiouſly imployed in,
When ye came out a doores?
Soto. Thou meaneſt this paper.
Sil. That Sir, I think.
Soto. Why, 'tis a Proclamation,
A notable piece of villany, as ever thou heard'ſt in thy life,
By mine honour it is.
Sil. How Sir? or what concernes it?
Soto. It comes ye from the Ducheſſe, a plaguy wiſe woman,
To apprehend the body of one *Silvio*,
As arrant a Raſcall as ever piſt againſt poſt,
And this ſame *Silvio*, or this foreſaid raſcall,
To bring before her, live or dead; for which good ſervice
The man that brings him, has two thouſand Duckets;
Is not this notable matter now?
Sil. 'Tis ſo indeed,
This Proclamation beares my bane about it;
Can no reſt finde me? no private place ſecure me?
But ſtill my miſeries like blood-hounds haunt me?
Unfortunate young man, which way now guides thee,
Guides thee from death? the Countrey's laid round for thee;
O *Claudio*, now I feele thy blood upon me,
Now it ſpeaks lowdly here, I am ſure againſt me,
Time now has found it out, and truth proclam'd it,
And Juſtice now cries out, I muſt die for it.
Soto. Haſt thou read it?
Sil. Yes.
Soto. And doſt thou know that *Silvio.*
Sil. I never ſaw him, Sir.
Soto. I have, and know him too,
I know him as well as I know thee, and better,
And if I light upon him, for a trick he plaid me once,
A certaine kinde of dog-trick, ile ſo fiddle him,
Two thouſand Duckets, ile ſo pepper him,
And with that money ile turne Gentleman,
Worth a browne Bakers dozen of ſuch *Silvio's.*
Sil. There is no ſtaying here, this rogue will know me,
And for the money ſake betray me too;
I muſt bethink me ſuddenly and ſafely.

Enter Morriſdancers.

Soto. Mine owne deare Lady, have at thy honey-comb,
Now, for the honour of our Towne, Boyes, trace ſweetly,

Cry within of Arme, Arme.

What a vengeance ayles this whobub? pox refuſe 'em,
Cannot they let us dance in our owne defence here?

Enter Farmer and Captaine.

Capt. Arme, honeſt friends, arme ſuddenly & bravely,
And with your antient reſolutions follow me;
Look how the Beacons ſhow like comets, your poor neighbours
Run maddingly affrighted through the Villages;

Syennas Duke is up, burnes all before him,
And with his ſword, makes thouſand mothers childleſſe,
Soto. What's this to our Morriſdancers?
Sil. This may ſerve my turne. (May-game.
Soto. Theres ne're a Duke in Chriſtendome but loves a
Cap. At a Horſe you were alwaies ceaz'd, put your Son
on him,
And arme him well i'th States name, I command ye;
And they that dare go voluntary, ſhall receive reward.
Soto. I dare go no way, Sir, this is ſtrange, Maſter Captaine,
You cannot be content to ſpoile our ſport here,
Which I do not think your Worſhip's able to anſwer,
But you muſt ſet us together by the ears, with I know not
We are for the bodily part o'th dance. (who to?
Cap. Arme him ſuddenly,
This is no time to foole, I ſhall returne ye elſe,
A rebell to the Generall, State, and Ducheſſe,
And how you'l anſwer then——
Far. I have no more Sons, Sir,
This is my onely boy; I beſeech ye Maſter Captain.
Soto. I am a rank coward too, to ſay the truth, Sir,
I never had good luck at buffets neither.
Far. Here's vorty ſhillings, ſpare the childe.
Cap. I cannot.
Soto. Are ye a man? will ye caſt away a May-Lord?
Shall all the wenches in the Country curſe ye?
Sil. An't pleaſe you Captaine, ile ſupply his perſon,
'Tis pitty their old cuſtome ſhould be frighted,
Let me have Horſe, and good Armes, ile ſerve willingly,
And if I ſhrink a foot of ground, Hell take me.
Cap. A promiſing aſpect, face full of courage,
Ile take this man, and thank ye too.
Far. Ther's for thee,
'Tis in a clout, but good old gold.
Sil. I thank ye Sir.
Far. Goe ſaddle my fore-horſe, put his feather on too,
Hee'l praunce it bravely, friend, he feares no Colours,
And take the Armour down, and ſee him dizin'd, (ter,
Soto. Farewell, & if thou carrieſt thy ſelf well in this mat-
I ſay no more, but this, there muſt be more May-Lords,
And I know who are fit.
Sil. Dance you, Ile fight, Sir,
Cap. Away, away.
Sil. Farewell, I am for the Captaine. *Exit.*
Far. Now to this matter againe, my honeſt fellowes,
For if this go not forward, I foreſee friends,
This war will fright our neighbours out o'th villages;
Cheere up your hearts, we ſhall heare better news, boyes.
Hob. Surely, I will daunce no more, 'tis moſt ridiculous,
I finde my wives inſtructions now meere verities,
My learned wives, ſhe often hath pronounc'd to me
My ſafety *Bomby*, defie theſe ſports, thou art damn'd elſe,
This Beaſt of *Babylon*, I will never back againe,
His pace is ſure prophane, and his lewd wihies
The Sons of *Hymyn*, and *Gymyn*, in the wilderneſſe.
Far. Fie neighbour *Bomby*, in your fits againe,
Your zeale ſwets, this is not carefull, neighbour,
The Hobby-Horſe, is a ſeemely Hobby-Horſe.
Soto. And as pretty a Beaſt on's inches, though I ſay it.
Hob. The Beaſt is an unſeemely, and a lew'd Beaſt,
And got at *Rome* by the Popes Coach-Horſes,
His mother was the Mare of ignorance. (lers,
Soto. Cobler, thou lyeſt, and thou wert a thouſand Cob-
His mother was an honeſt Mare, & a Mare of good credit,
I know the Mare, and if need be, can bring witneſſe;
And in the way of honeſty I tell thee,
Scorn'd any Coach-Horſe the Pope had, thou art fooliſh,
And thy blind zeale makes thee abuſe the Beaſt.
Hob. I do defie thee, and thy foot-cloth too,
And tell thee to thy face, this prophaine riding
I feele it in my conſcience, and I dare ſpeake it,
This unedified ambling, hath brought a ſcourge upon us,
This Hobby-horſe ſincerity we liv'd in
War, and the ſword of ſlaughter: I renounce it,
And put the Beaſt off; thus, the Beaſt poluted,
And now no more ſhall hope on high *Bomby*,
Follow the painted Pipes of worldly pleaſures,
And with the wicked daunce the Devills meaſures;
Away thou pamper'd jade of vanity,
Stand at the Livery of lewd delights now,
And eat the provender of prickear'd folly,
My daunce ſhall be to the pipe of perſecution.
Far. Will you daunce no more Neighbour?
Hob. Surely no,
Carry the Beaſt to his Crib: I have renounc'd him,
And all his workes.
Soto. Shall the Hobby-horſe be forgot then?
The hopefull Hobby-horſe? ſhall he lye founder'd?
If thou do'ſt this, thou art but a caſt-away Cobler:
My anger's up, think wiſely, and think quickly,
And look upon the quondam beaſt of pleaſure,
If thou doſt this (mark me, thou ſerious Sowter)
Thou Bench-whiſtler of the old tribe of toe-peeces,
If thou do'ſt this there ſhall be no more Shooe-mending,
Every man ſhall have a ſpeciall care of his owne ſoule:
And, in his pocket carry his two Confeſſors,
His Yugell, and his Nawle: if thou do'ſt this——
Far. He will dance againe for certaine.
Hob. I cry out on't,
'Twas the fore-running ſin brought in thoſe Tilt-ſtaves,
They brandiſh 'gainſt the Church, the Devill calls May-
Take up your Horſe againe, and girth him to ye, (poles,
And girth him handſomely good neighbour *Bomby*.
Hob. I ſpit at him.
Soto. Spit in the Horſe face, Cobler?
Thou out of tune-Pſalm-ſinging Slave; ſpit in his viſ-
Hob. I ſpit againe, and thus I riſe againſt him: (nomy?
Againſt this Beaſt: that ſignifi'd deſtruction,
Fore-ſhew'd ith' falls of Monarchies.
Soto. Ith' face of him?
Spit ſuch another ſpit, by this hand Cobler
Ile make ye ſet a new peece o' your noſe there,
'Tak't up I ſay, and dance without more bidding,
And dance as you were wont: you have been excellent
And art ſtill, but for this new nicity,
And your wives learned Lectures: take up the Hobby-horſe
Come, 'tis a thing thou haſt lov'd with all thy heart *Bomby*
And would'ſt do ſtill but for the round-breecht Brothers:
You were not thus in the morning, tak't up I ſay,
Do not delay but do it: you know I am officer,
And I know 'tis unfit all theſe good fellowes
Should wait the cooling of your zealous porridge;
Chuſe whether you will dance, or have me execute:
Ile clap your neek ith' Stocks, and there ile make ye
Dance a whole day, and dance with theſe at night too,
You mend old Shooes well, mend your old manners bet-
And ſuddenly ſee you leave off this ſincereneſſe. (ter,
This new hot batch borrowed from ſome brown Baker,
Some learned Brother, or ile ſo bait ye for't,
Take it quickly up.
Hob. I take my perſecution,
And thus I am forced a by-word to my Brethren.
Soto. Strike up, ſtrike up: ſtrike merrily.
Far. To it roundly,
Now to the harveſt feaſt: then ſport againe Boyes. *Exeunt.*

Scen

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Silvio (arm'd.)

Sil. What ſhall I do? live thus unknown,a nd baſe ſtill?
Or thruſt my ſelf into the head oth' Battell?
And there, like that I am, a Gentleman,
And one that never fear'd the face of danger,
(So in her angry eyes ſhe carried honour)
Fight nobly, and (to end my cares) dye nobly?

Song within.

Silvio *go on, and raiſe thy noble minde*
To noble ends; fling courſe baſe thoughts behinde:
Silvio, *thou Sonne of everliving fame,*
Now aime at vertue, and a Noble Name.
Silvio *conſider, Honour is not wonne,*
Nor vertue reach't, till ſome brave thing be done:
Thy Country calls thee now; ſhe burnes, and bleeds,
Now raiſe thy ſelf, young man, to noble deeds.
Into the Battell Silvio, *there ſeeke forth*
Danger, and blood, by them ſtands ſacred worth.

What heavenly voice is this that followes me?
This is the ſecond time 't has waited on me,
Since I was arm'd, and ready for the Battell;
It names me often, ſteeles my heart with courage,

Enter Belvidere deformed.

And in a thouſand ſweet noates comforts me;
What Beldom's this? how old ſhe is,and ugly,
Why do's ſhe follow me?
Bel. Be not diſmaid, Son,
I wait upon thee, for thy good, and honour,
'Twas I that now ſung to thee, ſtir'd thy minde up,
And raiſ'd thy ſpirits to the pitch of nobleneſſe.
Sil. Though ſhe be old, and of a crooked carkaſſe,
Her voice is like the harmony of Angels.
Bel. Thou art my darling, all my love dwells on thee
The Son of vertue, therefore I attend thee;
Enquire not what I am, I come to ſerve thee,
For if thou beeſt inquiſitive, thou haſt loſt me:
A thouſand long miles hence my dwelling is,
Deep in a Cave, where but mine owne, no foot treads,
There by mine Art, I found what danger (*Silvio*)
And deep diſtreſſe of heart, thou wert growne into,
A thouſand leagues I have cut through empty aire,
Far ſwifter then the ſayling tack that gallops
Upon the wings of angry winds, to ſeeke thee.
Sometimes 'ore a ſwelling tide, on a Dolphins back I ride,
Sometimes paſſe the earth below, and through the unmoved Center go;
Sometimes in a flame of fire, like a Meteor I aſpire,
Sometimes in mine own ſhape, thus, when I helpe the vertuous,
Men of honourable minds, command my Art in all his kinds;
Purſue the noble thought of war, from thy Guard ile not be far,
Get thee worſhip on thy foe, laſting fame is gotten ſo.
Single *Syennas* Duke alone, heare thy friends, thy Country grone,
And with thy manly arme ſtrike ſure, then thou haſt wrought thine owne free cure.
Sil. Some *Sybell* ſure, ſome ſoule heaven loves, and favours.
And lends her their free powers, to worke their wonders?
How ſhe incites my courage?
Bel. Silvio,
I knew thee many daies a go,
Foreſaw thy love to *Belvidere*, the Ducheſſe Daughter, and her Heire;
Knew ſhe lov'd thee, and know what paſt, when you were found i'th Caſtle faſt
In one anothers armes; foreſaw the taking of ye, and the Law;
And ſo thy innocence I loved, the deepeſt of my skill I proved;
Be rul'd by me, for to this houre I have dwelt about thee with my powre.
Sil. I will, and in the courſe of all obſerve thee,
For thou art ſure an Angell good ſent to me.
Bel. Get thee gone then to the fight, longer ſtay but robs thy right;
When thou grow'ſt weary ile be neere, then think on beauteous *Belvidere*,
For every precious thought of her, ile lend thine honour a new ſpurre;
When all is done, meet here at night; Go and be happy in the fight. *Exit.*
Sil. I certainly believe I ſhall do nobly,
And that Ile bravely reach at too, or die. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Claudio, and Penurio.

Cla. Is ſhe ſo loving ſtill?
Pen. She is mad with love,
As mad as ever unworm'd dogge was, Signior,
And do's ſo weep, and curſe, for your prevention,
Your croſſes in your love; it frets me too,
I am falne away to nothing, to a ſpindle,
Growne a meere man of mat, no ſoule within me,
Pox o' my Maſter, Sir, will that content ye?
Cla. This rogue but cozens me, and ſhe neglects me,
Upon my life there are ſome other gamſters,
Neerer the winde then I, and that prevents me,
Is there no other holds acquaintance with her?
Prethee be true, be honeſt, do not mock me,
Thou knoweſt her heart, no former intereſt
She has vow'd a favour to? and cannot handſomly
Go off, but by regaining ſuch a friendſhip?
There are a thouſand handſom men, young, wealthy,
That will not ſtick at any rate, nor danger,
To gaine ſo ſweet a prize; nor can I blame her,
If where ſhe finds a comfort ſhe deale cunningly,
I am a ſtranger yet.
Pen. Ye are all ſhe looks for,
And if there be ány other, ſhe neglects all,
And all for you: I would you ſaw how grievouſly
And with what hourely lamentations.
Cla. I know thou flatter'ſt me; tell me but truth,
Looke here, look well, the beſt meat in the Dukedom,
The rareſt, and the choiceſt of all diets,
This will I give thee, but to ſatisfie me;
That is, not to diſſemble; this rare Lobſter,
This Pheaſant of the ſea, this diſh for Princes,
And all this thou ſhalt enjoy, eat all thy ſelfe,
Have good Greeke wine, or any thing belongs to it,
A wench if it deſire one.
Pen. All this,Signior?
Cla. All, and a greater far then this.
Pen. A greater?
Cla. If thou deſerve by telling truth.
Pen. A wench too?
Cla. Or any thing, but if you play the knave now,
The Cozening knave beſides the loſſe of this,
In which thou haſt parted with a paradiſe,
I neare will give thee meat more, not a morſell,
No ſmell of meat by my meanes ſhall come neere thee,
Nor name of any thing that's nouriſhing,
But to thy old part *Tantalus* againe,
Thou ſhalt returne, and there ſnap at a ſhadow.

Pen. Upon this point, had I intended Treaſon,
Or any thing might call my life in queſtion,
Follow'd with all the tortures time could think on,
Give me but time to eat this lovely Lobſter,
This Alderman o'th Sea, and give me wine to him,
I would reveale all, and if that all were too little,
More then I knew; *Bartello* holds in with her,
The Captain of the Cittadell, but you need not fear him,
His tongue's the ſtiffeſt weapon that he carries.
He is old, and out of uſe; there are ſome other,
Men young enough, handſome, and bold enough,
Could they come to make their game once;but they want
They want the *unde quare*, they are laid by then, (Sir,
Enter Bartello.
You onely are the man ſhall knock the nayle in——
Bar. How now *Penurio*?
Pen. Your Worſhip's fairely met, Sir.
You ſhall heare further from me, ſteale aſide Sir.
Cla. Remember your Maſter for thoſe Chaines.
Pen. They are ready, Sir. (Merchant;
Bart. What young thing's this? by his habit hee's a
I feare he trades my way too, you dryed dog-fiſh,
What bait was that?
Pen. Who Sir, the thing went hence now?
A notable young whelp.
Bart. To what end Sirrah?
Pen. Came to buy Chaines and Rings,is to be married,
An Aſſe, a Coxcomb, has nothing in his houſe, Sir;
I warrant you think he came to ſee my Miſtris?
Bart. I doubt it ſhrewdly.
Pen. Away, away, 'tis fooliſh;
He has not the face to look upon a Gentlewoman,
A poore skym'd thing, his Mothers maids are faine, Sir,
To teach him how to kiſſe, and againſt he is married,
To ſhew him on which ſide the ſtirrop ſtands.
Bart. That's a fine youth.
Pen. Thou wouldſt hang thy ſelf, that thou hadſt half
Thou empty Potgun. (his power,
Bart. Am I come fit *Penurio*?
Pen. As fit as a fiddle,
My Maſter's now abroad about his buſineſſe. (pected
Bart. When thou cam'ſt to me home to day, I half ſuſ-
My wife was jealous, that ſhe whiſpered to thee.
Pen. You deſerve well the whil'ſt, ther's no ſuch matter,
She talk'd about ſome toyes my Maſter muſt bring to her,
You muſt not know of.
Bart. Ile take noat, *Penurio*.
Pen. No, Nor you ſhall not, till you have it ſoundly.
This is the braveſt *Capitano Pompo*,
Enter Iſabella.
But I ſhall pump ye anon Sir.
Iſab. O my *Bartello*? (Rogue,
Bart. Ye pretty Rogue, you little Rogue, you ſweet
Away *Penurio*, go and walk i'th Horſe-Fayre.
Iſab. You do not love me?
Bart. Thou lyeſt thou little Raſcall;
There Sirrah, to your Centry.
Pen. How the Colt itches?
Ile help ye to a Curry-comb ſhall claw ye. *Exit.*
Iſab. And how much doſt thou love me?
Bart. Let's go in quickly,
Ile tell thee preſently, ile meaſure it to thee.
Iſab. No buſſes firſt? ſit 'o my knee, my brave boy,
My valiant boy; do not look ſo fiercely on me,
Thou wilt fright me with thy face; come buſſe againe
Smile in my face you mad thing. (Chick,
Bart. I am mad indeed wench,
Precious I am all o' fire.
Iſab. Ile warrant thee better. warm
Bar. Ile warme thee too, or ile blow out my bellowes;
Ha, ye ſweet rogue, you loving rogue, a Boy now,
A Souldier I will get ſhall prove a fellow.
Enter Jaquenet and Penurio.
Jaq. Miſtris, looke to your ſelfe, my Maſter's comming.
Bar. The Devill come, and go with him.
Pen. The Devill's come indeed, he brings your wife, Sir.
Iſab. We are undone, undone then.
Bar. My wife with him?
Why this is a diſmall day.
Pen. They are hard by too, Sir.
Bar. I muſt not, dare not ſee her.
Iſab. Nor my Husband,
For twenty thouſand pound.
Bar. That I were a Cat now,
Or any thing could run into a Bench-hole,
Saint *Anthonies* Fire upon the Rogue has brought her;
Where ſhall I be? juſt in the nick oth' matter?
When I had her at my mercy:think for heaven ſake,
My wife, all the wilde furies hell has.
Pen Up the Chimney.
Bar. They'l ſmoke me out there preſently.
Iſab. There, there, it muſt be there,
We are all undone elſe: it muſt be up the Chimney.
Bar. Give me a Ladder.
Iſab. You muſt uſe your Art Sir,
Alas, we have no Ladders.
Bar. Pox o' thy husband,
Do's he never mend his houſe?
Pen. No, nor himſelfe neither:
Up nimbly Sir, up nimbly.
Bar. Thou know'ſt I am fat,
Thou mercileſſe leane Rogue.
Pen. Will ye be kill'd?
For if he take ye——
Bar. Lend me thy ſhoulder.
Pen. Soft Sir,
You'l tread my ſhoulder-bones into my ſides elſe,
Have ye faſt hold oth' barrs?
Bar. A vengeance bar 'em.
Iſab. Patience good Captain, patience: quickly, quickly.
Bar. Do you think I am made of ſmoke?
Pen. Now he talkes of ſmoke,
What if my Maſter ſhould call for fire?
Bar. Will ye Martyr me?
Iſab. He muſt needs have it.
Bar. Will ye make me Bacon?
Iſab. We'l do the beſt we can, are all things ready?
Pen. All, all, I have 'em all.
Bar. Go, let 'em in then,
Not a word now on your life.
Bar. I hang like a Meteor.
Enter Lopez and Rodope.
Lop. You are welcome Lady.
Rho. You are too too curteous,
But I ſhall make amends, faire *Iſabella*.
Iſab. Welcome my worthy friend, moſt kindely welcome.
Rho. I heare on't, and ile fit him for his foolery.
Lop. Some ſweet meats wife: ſome ſweet meats preſently.
Bart. O my ſowre ſauce.
Lop. Away quick *Iſabella*. *Exit Iſab.*
Did you heare him?
Rho. Yes, yes, perfectly, proceed Sir.
Lop. Speake loud enough: Dare ye at length but pitty me?
Rho. 'Faith Sir, you have us'd ſo many reaſons to me,
And thoſe ſo powerfully——

Lop. Keep this kiſſe for me.
Bar. And do I ſtand and heare this?
Rho. This for me Sir,
This is ſome comfort now: Alas my Husband——
But why Do I think of ſo poore a fellow,
So wretched, ſo deboſh'd?
Bar. That's I, I am bound to heare it.
Rho. I dare not lye with him, he is ſo ranke a Whore-maſter.
Lop. And that's a dangerous point.
Rho. Upon my conſcience Sir,
He would ſtick a thouſand baſe diſeaſes on me.
Bar. And now muſt I ſay nothing.
Lop. I am ſound Lady.
Rho. That's it that makes me love ye.
Lop. Let's kiſſe againe then.
Rho. Do, do.
Bar. Do, the Devill
And the grand Pox do with ye.
Lop. Do ye heare him? well——

Enter Pennrio and Iſabella.

Now, what's the newes with you?
Pen. The ſound of War Sir,
Comes ſtill along: The Duke will charge the City,
We have loſt they ſay.
Lop. What ſhall become of me then,
And my poore wealth?
Bar. Even hang'd, I hope.
Rho. Remove your Jewells preſently,
And what you have of wealth into the Cittadell,
There all's ſecure.
Lop. I humbly thank ye Lady:
Penurio, get me ſome can climbe the Chimney,
For there my Jewells are, my beſt, my richeſt,
I hid'em, fearing ſuch a blow.
Pen. Moſt happily:
I have two Boyes, that uſe to ſweep fould Chimnies,
Truly I brought 'em Sir, to mock your worſhip,
For the great Fires ye keep, and the full diet.
Lop. I forgive thee knave, where are they?
Pen. Here Sir, here:
Mounſieur Black will your ſmall worſhip mount?

Enter two Boyes.

1 Boy. Madam è be com to creep up into your Chimney, and make you *Boy ſings.*
Cleane, as any Lady in de world: Ma litla, litla frera, and è,
Chanta, frere, chanta.
Pen. Come Mounſieur, mounte, mountè, mount Mounſieur Muſterd-pot. *Boy ſings.*
1 Boy. Mounſieur è have dis for votra barba, ple ta vou Mounſieur.
Pen. Mounte Mounſieur, mountè dere be ſome fine tings.
1 Boy. Me will creep like de Ferret Mounſieur.
Pen. Dere in the Chimney. *The Boy above ſinging.*
1 Boy. He be de ſheilde duè ſhauſon, Madam.

Boy goes in behinde the Arras.

Pen. There's a Birds-neaſt, I wound have yè climbe it Mounſieur,
Up my fine ſinging Mounſieur: that's a fine Mounſieur.
Lop. Watch him, he do not ſteale.
Pen. I warrant yè Sir.
Lop. Theſe Boyes are knaviſh. *Boy within, Madam here be de Rat, de Rat Madam.*
Pen. Ile looke to him tithly
Lop. Lord, what comes here,
A walking apparition? *Boy ſings upon Bartellas ſhoulder.*
Iſab. Saint *Chriſtopher.*
Rho. Mercy o' me, what is it?
How like my Husband it lookes?
Bar. Get ye downe Devill,
Ile breake your neck elſe: was ever man thus chimnied?
Lop. Go pay the Boyes well: ſee them ſatisfied.
Pen. Come Mounſieur Devills, come my Black-berries
Ile butter ye o' both ſides.

Boye Exit ſaying, Adieu Madam, adieu Madam.

Iſab. Nay, ev'n look Sir, are you cooled now, Captaine?
Bar. I am Cuckolled, and fool'd to boot too:
Fool'd fearefully, fool'd ſhamefully.
Lop. You are welcome Sir,
I am glad I have any thing within theſe doores Sir
To make ye merry: you love my wife, I thank ye,
You have ſhew'd your love.
Bar. Wife, am I this? this odde matter,
This monſtrous thing?
Rho. You ought, but yet you are not:
I have been bold with you Sir, but yet not baſely,
As I have faith I have not.
Lop. Sir, beleeve it,
'Twas all meant but to make you feele your treſpaſſe;
We knew your howre, and all this faſhion'd for it.
Bar. Were you oth' plot too?
Iſab. Yes by my troth, ſweet Captaine.
Bar. You will forgive me wife?
Rho. You will deſerve it?
Bar. Put that toth' venture.
Rho: Thus am I friends againe then,
And as you ne're had gone aſtray, thus kiſſe ye.
Bar. And ile kiſſe you, and you too ask forgiveneſſe,
Kiſſe my wife *Lopez*, 'tis but in jeſt remember;
And now all friends together to my Caſtle,
Where we'l all dine, and there diſcourſe theſe ſtories,
And let him be Chimney-ſwept in's luſt that glories. *Exe.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Silvio, and Belvidere ſeverally.

Sil. Haile reverent Dame, heaven wait upon thy ſtudies.
Bel. You are well met Son: what is the Battell ended?
Sil. Mother, 'tis done.
Bel. How has thy honour proſper'd?
Sil. The Dutcheſſe has the day, *Syenna's* Priſoner:
Arm'd with thy powrefull Art, this arme diſmounted him,
Receiv'd him then on foot, and in faire valour
Forc'd him mine owne, this Jewell I tooke from him,
It hung upon his cask, the Victors triumph:
And to the Dutcheſſe now a Priſoner
I have renderd him: Come off againe unknown, Mother.
Bel. 'Tis well done, let me ſee the jewell Son;
'Tis a rich one, curious ſet, fit a Princeſſe Burgonet:
This rich token late was ſent, by the Dutcheſſe with intent
The Marriage next day to begin: Do'ſt thou know what's hid within?
Wipe thine eyes, and then come neere, ſee the beaucious *Belvidere*:
Now behold it.
Sil. O my Saint.
Bel. Weare it nobly, do not faint.
Sil. How bleſt am I in this rich ſpoile, this picture,
For ever will I keep it here, here Mother,
For ever honour it: how oft, how chaſtly
Have I embrac'd the life of this, and kiſt it?
Bel. The day drawes on that thou muſt home returne,
And make thy anſwer to the Dutcheſſe queſtion
I know it troubles thee, for if thou faile in't——
Sil. O, I muſt dye.
Bel. Feare not, feare not, ile be nigh,
Caſt thy trouble on my back, art nor cunning ſhal not lack

To preſerve thee, ſtill to keepe, what thy envious foemen ſeeke;
Go boldly home, and let thy minde, no diſtruſtfull croſſes finde:
All ſhall happen for the beſt; ſouls walk through ſorrowes that are bleſt.
Sil. Then I go confident.
Bel. But firſt my Son, a thankfull ſervice muſt be done,
The good old woman for her paine, when every thing ſtands faire againe,
Muſt ask a poore Boon, and that granting, there's nothing to thy journey wanting.
Sil. Except the triall of my ſoul to miſchief,
And as I am a Knight, and love mine honour,
I grant it whatſoever.
Bel. Thy pure ſoule
Shall never ſinke for me, nor howle.
Sil. Then any thing.
Bel. When I ſhall aske remember.
Sil. If I forget, heavens goodneſſe forget me.
Bel. On thy journey then a while, to the next croſſe way and ſtile
Ile conduct thee, keepe thee true, to thy Miſtris and thy vow,
And let all their envies fall, ile be with thee and quench all.
Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Scæna Prima.

Enter Ducheſſe, Syenna, and Lords,

Sy. Lady, the ſtubborn war's more milde then you are,
That allowes Ranſome, and the Priſoner taken---
Duch. We muſt not be too haſty: Remember Sir,
The wrong and violence you have offer'd us,
Burnt up our Frontire Townes, made prey before ye
Both of our Beaſts, and Corne; ſlaine our deare Subjects,
Open'd the fountaine eyes of thouſand widowes,
That daily fling their curſes on your fury;
What ordinary ſatisfaction can ſalve this?
What haſty thought-on Ranſome give a remedy?
You muſt excuſe us yet, we'l take more counſell:
In the meane time, not as a Priſoner,
But as a noble Prince we entertaine ye.
Sy. I am at your mercy Lady, 'tis my fortune,
My ſtubborne fate; the day is yours, you have me,
The valour of one ſingle man has croſs'd me,
Croſt me and all my hope; for when the Battells
Were at the hotteſt game of all their furies,
And conqueſt ready then to crowne me Victor,
One ſingle man broke in, one ſword, one vertue,
And by his great example thouſands followed,
O how I ſhame to think on't, how it ſhakes me!
Nor could our ſtrongeſt head then ſtop his fury,
But like a tempeſt 'bore the field before him,
Till he arriv'd at me, with me he buckell'd,
A while I held him play; at length his violence
Beat me from my Saddle, then on foot purſu'd me,
There triumph'd once againe, then tooke me Priſoner:
When I was gone a feare poſſeſt my people.
Duch. One ſingle arme, in a juſt cauſe, heaven proſpers.
Is not this ſtranger Knight as yet diſcover'd,
That we may give his vertue a due honour?
Lord. Not yet that we hear Madam, but to that purpoſe,
Two dayes ago we publiſh'd Proclamations
Enter Soto with a Trumpet, and Silvio.
Soto. O dainty Ducheſſe, here I bring that Knight
Before thy fragrant face, that warlike wight,
He that *Syenna's* Duke, and all his Louts
Beat (as the Proverb ſeemly ſayes) to clouts:
He that unhorſ'd the man of fame to boot,
And bootleſſe taught his Grace to walk afoot:
He that your writings (pack'd to every pillar)
Promis'd promotion to, and ſtore of filler,
That very man I ſet before thy Grace,
And once againe pronounce this man it was.
Duch. A pretty fooliſh Squire, what muſt the Knight be?
Sy. Some Jugler, or ſome Mad-man.
Sil. I was not ſo,
When thy faint Troopes in flockes I beat before me,
When through the thickeſt of thy warlike horſe
I ſhot my ſelfe, even to thy Standard Duke,
And there found thee, there ſingled thee, there ſhew'd thee
The temper of my Sword. 'Tis true, thou ſtood'ſt me,
And like a noble Souldier bid'ſt me welcome;
And this ile ſay, More honour in that arme
I found and tryed, then all thy Army carried:
What followes thy impriſonment can tell thee.
Sy. His faire relation carries truth and vertue,
And by thoſe Armes I ſee (for ſuch were his,
So old, ſo ruſty) this may be he that forc'd me.
Sil. Do you know this Jewell, from your Cask I rent it,
Even as I clos'd, and forced ye from your ſaddle;
Do you now remember me?
Sy. This is the valour
Madam, for certaine he, it muſt be he,
That day I wore this Jewell, you remember it.
Duch. Yes, very well; not long before I ſent it.
Sy. That day I loſt this Jewell, in fight I loſt it,
I felt his ſtroakes, and felt him take it from me,
I wore it in my Cask; take it againe Sir,
You won it nobly, 'tis the prize of honour.
Soto. My Father, and my ſelfe are made for ever.
Duc. Kneele down brave Sir, thus my Knight firſt I raiſe ye,
Gird on a Sword; next Generall of my Army,
Give him a Staffe; laſt, one in Counſell neare me.
Now, make us happy with your ſight: how? *Silvio?*
Have I on thee beſtow'd this love, this honour?
The Treaſons thou haſt wrought ſet off with favours?
Unarme him preſently: O thou foule Traitor,
Traitor to me, mine honour, and my Country,
Thou kindler of theſe Warres.
Sil. Miſtake not Madam.
Duch. Away with him to priſon,
See him ſafe kept, the Law ſhall ſhortly Sirra,
Finde fitter titles for ye, then I gave ye.
Soto. This is the youth that kild me, ile be quit with him,
What a blinde rogue was I, I could never know him?
And't pleaſe your Grace, I claime the benefit
Of the Proclamation that proclam'd him Traitor,
I brought him in.
Duch. Thou ſhalt have thy reward for't.
Soto. Let him be hang'd, or drown'd then.
Duch. Away with him.
Sil. Madam, I crave your promiſe firſt; you are tyed to it,
You have paſt your Princely word.
Duch. Prove it, and take it.

Sil. This is the day appointed,
Appointed by your Grace for my appearance,
To anſwer to the Queſtion.
Duch. I remember it.
Sil. I claime it then,
Duch. If you performe it not,
The penalty you claime too.
Sil. I not repent it;
If I abſolve the words?
Duch. Your life is free then,
You have drawne a ſpeedy courſe above my wiſhes,
To my rezenge, be ſure ye hit it right,
Or ile be ſure you ſhall not ſcape the danger.
Sil. My reſt is up now Madam.
Duch. Then play it cunningly. (promiſes,
Sil. Now, where's the Hag? where now are all her
She would be with me, ſtrengthen me, informe me?
My death will now be double death, ridiculous:
She was wont ſtill to be neare, to feele my miſeries,
And with her Art, I ſee her no where now;
What have I undertaken? now ſhe failes me,
No comfort now I finde, how my ſoule ſtaggers?
Till this houre never fear, nor doubt poſſeſt me,
She cannot come, ſhe will not come, ſhe has fool'd me;
Sure, ſhe is the Devill, has drawne me on to ruine,
And now to death bequeaths me in my danger.
Sy. He ſtands diſtracted, and his colour changes.
Duch. I have given him that will make his blood forſake
Shortly his life. (him;
Sy. His hands and contemplation
Have motion ſtill, the reſt is earth already. (out Sir;
Duc. Come, will ye ſpeak or pray? your time growes
How every where he looks? he's at laſt caſt.
Enter Belvidere, and ſecretly gives him a paper, and Exit.
Sy. His colour comes againe freſh.
Duc. 'Tis a flaſh, Sir;
Before the flame burnes out; can ye yet anſwer?
Sil. Yes Madam, now I can.
Duch. I feare you'l faile in't.
Sil. And do not think my ſilence a preſage,
Or *Omen* to my end, you ſhall not finde it;
I am bred a Souldier, not an Orator,
Madam, peruſe this ſcrowle, let that ſpeake for me,
And as you are Royall, wrong not the conſtruction.
Duch. By Heaven you ſhall have faire play.
Sil. I ſhall looke for't.

Queſtion.

Tell me what is that onely thing,
For which all women long;
Yet having what they moſt deſire,
To have it do's them wrong.

Anſwer.

Tis not to be chaſte, nor faire,
Such gifts malice may impaire;
Richly trim'd, to walke or ride,
Or to wanton uneſpi'd;
To preſerve an honeſt name,
And ſo to give it up to fame;
Theſe are toyes. In good or ill
They deſire, to have their will;
Yet when they have it, they abuſe it,
For they know not how to uſe it.

Duch. You have anſwer'd right, and gain'd your life,
I give it.
Sil. O happy Hag! But my moſt gracious Madam,
Your promiſe tide a nobler favour to me.
Duch. 'Tis true, my daughter too.
Sil. I hope you will keep it.
Duc. 'Tis not in my powre now, ſhe is long ſince wanderd,
Stolne from the Court, and me; and what I have not
I cannot give: no man can tell me of her,
Nor no ſearch finde her out: and if not *Silvio*,
Which ſtrongly I beleeve——
Sil. Mock me not Lady,
For as I am a ſervant to her vertue,
Since my firſt howre of exile, I ne're ſaw her
Lord. That ſhe is gone 'tis too too true, and lamentable,
Our laſt hope was in you.
Sil. What do I heare then,
And wherefore have I life beſtow'd and honour?
To what end do I walk? for men to wonder at,
And fight, and foole? pray ye take your honours from me,
(My ſorrowes are not fit companions for 'em)
And when ye pleaſe my life: Art thou gone Miſtris,
And wander'ſt heaven knowes where? this vow I make
thee,
That till I finde thee out, and ſee thoſe faire eyes,
Thoſe eyes that ſhed their lights, and life into me,
Never to know a friend, to ſeeke a kindred,
To reſt where pleaſure dwells, and painted glory,
But through the world, the wide world thus to wander,
The wretched world alone, no comfort with me,
But the meeke meditations of thy goodneſſe:
Honour and greatneſſe, thus adieu.
Enter Belvidere.
Bel. Stay *Silvio*,
And Lady ſit againe, I come for Juſtice.
Sil. What would ſhe now?
Bel. To claime thy promiſe *Silvio*,
The Boone thou ſwor'ſt to give me.
Sy. What may this be,
A woman, or a Devill?
Duch. 'Tis a Witch ſure,
And by her meanes he came to untwiſt this Riddle,
Sil. That I am bound to her for my liffe, mine honour,
And many other thouſand waies for comfort
I here confeſſe: Confeſſe a promiſe too,
That what ſhe would aske me to requite theſe favours,
Within the endeavour of my life to grant,
I would; and here I ſtand my words full maſter.
Bel. I wiſh no more: great Lady, witneſſe with me,
The Boone I crave for all my ſervice to thee,
Is now to be thy wife, to grant me marriage.
Sil. How? for to marry thee? aske againe woman,
Thou wilfull woman, aske againe.
Bel. No more Sir.
Sil. Aske land, and life.
Bel. I aske thee for a Husband.
Soto. Marry her, and beat her into Gun-powder,
She would make rare Crackers.
Sil. Aske a better fortune,
Thou art too old to marry: I a Souldier,
And alwaies married to my ſword.
Bel. Thy word Foole,
Breake that, and ile breake all thy fortunes yet.
Duch. He ſhall not,
I am witneſſe to his faith: and ile compell it.
Sy. 'Tis fit ye hold your word, Sir.
Sil. O moſt wretched.
Duch. This was a fortune now beyond my wiſhes,
For now my Daughter's free, if e're I finde her.
Sy. But not from me.
Duch. You are ſharer in this happineſſe,
My ſelfe will wait upon this marriage,
And do the old woman all the honour poſſible. (ance,
Sy. Ile lead the Knight, and what there wants in dalli-

Wee'l take it out in drinke.
Sil. O wretched *Silvio.* *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Lopez and Iſabella.

Lop. Haſt thou ſent for him?
Iſab. Yes,
Lop. A young man, ſaiſt thou?
Iſab. Yes, very young, and very amarous.
Lop. And handſom?
Iſab. As the Town affords.
Lop. And dar'ſt thou
Be ſo farre good, and Miſtris of thine honour,
To ſleight theſe?
Iſab. For my husbands ſake to curſe'em,
And ſince you have made me Miſtris of my fortune,
Never to point at any joy, but husband,
I could have cozen'd ye, but ſo much I love ye,
And now ſo much I weigh the eſtimation
Of an unſpotted wife——
Lop. I dare believe thee,
And never more ſhall doubt torment my ſpirit.

Enter Penurio.

Iſab. How now *Penurio?*
Pen. The thing is comming, Miſtris.
Lop. Ile take my ſtanding.
Pen. Do, and ile take mine. *Exit Lopes.*
Iſab. Where didſt thou leave him?
Pen. I left him in a Cellar.
Where he has paid me titely, paid me home Miſtris,
We had an hundred & fifty healths to you, ſweet Miſtris,
And three ſcore and ten damnations to my Maſter;
Miſtris, ſhall I ſpeak a fooliſh word to ye?
Iſab. What's that *Penurio?*
The fellow's drunke.
Pen. I would faine know your body.
Iſab. How's that? how's that prethee?
Pen. I would know it carnally,
I would conglutinate.
Iſab. The reaſon ſirrah?
Pen. Lobſter, ſweet Miſtris, Lobſter.
Iſab. Thy Maſter heares.
Pen. Lobſter, ſweet Maſter, Lobſter.
Iſab. Thou art the moſt precious rogue.

Enter Claudio.

Pen. Moſt pretious Lobſter.
Iſab. Do you ſee who's here?go ſleep ye drunken raſcall.
Pen. Remember you refuſe me arm'd in Lobſter. *Exit.*
Iſab. O my loſt *Rugio*, welcome, welcome, welcome,
A thouſand welcomes here Ile ſeale.
Cla. Pray ye ſtay, Lady,
Do you love me ever at this rate? or is the fit now,
By reaſon of ſome wrong done by your husband,
More fervent on ye?
Iſab. Can I chuſe but love thee?
Thou art my Martyr, thou haſt ſuffered for me,
My ſweet, ſweet *Rugio.*
Cla. Do you do this ſeriouſly?
'Tis true, I would be entertained thus.
Iſab. Theſe are nothing,
No kiſſes, no embraces, no endeerements,
To thoſe——
Cla. Do what you will.
Iſab. Thoſe that ſhall follow,
Thoſe I will crowne our love withall; why ſigh ye?
Why look ye ſad my deere one?
Cla. Nay faith nothing,
But me thinks ſo ſweet a beauty, as yours ſhowes to me,
And ſuch an innocence as you may make it,
Should hold a longer Siege.
Iſab. Ha, you ſpeake truth, Sir.
Cla. I would not have it ſo.
Iſab. And now methinkes,
Now I conſider truly what becomes me,
I have been cozen'd, fearefully abus'd,
My reaſon blinded.
Cla. Nay, I did but jeſt with ye.
Iſab. Ile take ye at your word, and thank ye for't Sir;
And now I ſee no ſweetneſſe in that perſon,
Nothing to ſtir me to abuſe a Husband,
To ruine my faire fame.
Cla. Good *Iſabella.*
Iſab. No hanſome man, no any thing to doat on,
No face, no tongue to catch me, poore at all points,
And I an aſſe.
Cla. Why do ye wrong me Lady?
If I were thus, and had no youth upon me,
My ſervice of ſo meane a way to win ye,
(Which you your ſelfe are conſcious muſt deſerve ye,
If you had thrice the beauty you poſſeſſe, muſt reach ye)
If in my tongue your fame lay wrack't, and ruin'd
With every cup I drink: if in opinion
I were a loſt, defam'd man: but this is common
Where we love moſt, where moſt we ſtake our fortunes,
There leaſt and baſeſt we are rewarded: fare ye well,
Know now I hate you too as much, contemne ye,
And weigh my credit at as high a value.
Iſab. May be I did but jeſt.
Cla. Ye are a woman,
And now I ſee your wants, and mine owne follies,
And task my ſelfe with indiſcretion,
For doating on a face ſo poore.
Iſab. Say ye ſo Sir,
(I muſt not loſe my end) I did but jeſt with you,
Only fool'd thus to try your faith: my *Rugio*,
Do you think I could forget?
Cla. Nay, 'tis no matter.
Iſab. Is't poſſible I ſhould forſake a conſtancy,
So ſtrong, ſo good, ſo ſweet?
Cla. A ſubtle woman.
Iſab. You ſhall forgive me, 'twas a trick to try ye,
And were I ſure ye lov'd me——
Cla. Do you doubt now?
Iſab. I do not doubt, but he that would profeſſe this,
And beare that full affection you make ſhew of,
Should do——
Cla. What ſhould I do?
Iſab. I cannot ſhew ye.
Cla. Ile try thee damnedſt Devill: hark ye Lady,
No man ſhall dare do more, no ſervice top me,
Ile marry ye.
Iſab. How Sir?
Cla. Your husbands ſentenc'd,
And he ſhall dye.
Iſab. Dye?
Cla. Dye for ever to ye,
The danger is mine owne.
Iſab. Dye did ye tell me?
Cla. He ſhall dye, I have caſt the way.
Iſab. O foule man,
Malicious bloody man.

Enter Lopez.

Lop, When ſhall he dye Sir,
By whom, and how?
Cla. Haſt thou betray'd me, woman?
Iſab. Baſe man, thou wouldſt have ruin'd me, my name (too,
And like a Toad, poyſon'd my vertuous memory:

Further then all this, doſt thou ſee this friend here,
This only friend, ſhame take thy luſt and thee,
And ſhake thy ſoule, his life, the life I love thus,
My life in him, my only life thou aim'dſt at.
Cla. Am I catch't thus?
Lop. The Law ſhall catch ye better.
Iſab. You make a trade of betraying womens honours,
And think it noble in ye to be luſtfull,
Report of me hereafter ——
Cla. Fool'd thus finely?
Lop. I muſt intreat ye walk, Sir, to the Juſtice,
Where if hee'l bid ye kill me ——
Cla. Pray ſtay a while, Sir,
I muſt uſe a Players ſhift, do you know me now Lady?
Lop. Your brother *Claudio* ſure.
Iſab. O me, 'tis he Sir,
O my beſt brother.
Cla. My beſt ſiſter now too,
I have tryed ye, found ye ſo, and now I love ye,
Love ye ſo truly nobly.
Lop. Sir, I thank ye,
You have made me a moſt happy man.
Cla. Thank her Sir,
And from this houre preſerve that happineſſe,
Be no more fool'd with jealouſie.
Lop. I have loſt it,
And take me now new borne againe, new natur'd.
Iſab. I do, and to that promiſe tye this faith,
Never to have a falſe thought tempt my vertue.
Lop. Enough, enough, I muſt deſire your preſence,
My Cozen *Rhodope* has ſent in all haſt for us,
I am ſure you will be welcome.
Cla. Ile wait on ye.
Lop. What the Project is ——
Iſab. We ſhall know when we are there, Sir. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Ducheſſe, Syenna, Lords, Silvio.

Duch. Joy to you *Silvio*, and your young faire Bride,
You have ſtolne a day upon us; you cannot wooe Sir.
Sil. The joyes of Hell hang over me, O miſchiefe,
To what a fortune has the Devill driven me?
Am I reſerv'd for this?
Sy. Beſhrew me Sir,
But you have gotten you a right faire bedfellow,
Let you alone to chuſe.
Sil. I beſeech your Grace,
'Tis miſery enough to have met the Devill,
Not mens reproches too.
Sy. How old is ſhe?
Duch. A very Girle, her eye delivers it.
Sy. Her teeth are ſcarce come yet.
Lord. What goodly children
Will they two have now? ſhe is rarely made to breed on,
What a ſweet timberd body?
Duch. Knotty i'th back,
But will hold out the ſtronger; What a noſe?
Sy. I marry, ſuch a noſe, ſo rarely mounted,
Upon my conſcience, 'twas the part he doted on.
Duch. And that fine little eye to it, like an Elephants.
Lord. Yes, if her feet were round, and her ears ſachells.
Sy. For any thing we know.
Sil. Have ye no mercy?
No pitty in your bloods, to uſe a wretch thus?
You Princes, in whoſe hearts the beſt compaſſions,
Neereſt to thoſe in Heaven, ſhould finde fit places,
Why do you mock at miſery? fling ſcornes and baſeneſſe
Upon his broken back, that ſinks with ſorrowes?
Heaven may reward you too, and an houre come,
When all your great deſignes ſhall ſhew ridiculous,
And your hearts pinch'd like mine.
Muſick in divers places
Duch. Fye Sir, ſo angry
Upon your wedding day? go ſmug your ſelfe,
The Maid will come anon: what Muſick's this?
Sy. I warrant you ſome noble preparation.
Duch. Let's take our places then.
Sil. More of theſe Devills dumps?
Muſt I be ever haunted with theſe witchcrafts?

Enter a Masquerado of ſeverall Shapes and Daunces, after which enter Belvidere and diſperſes them; before the Maskers enter two Preſenters, among which are Bartello, Lopez, Claudio, Iſabella, Rhodope, Soto, Penurio, Jaquenet.

1. Pre. Roome, roome for merry ſpirits, roome,
Hether on command we come,
From the good old Beldam ſent,
Cares and ſorrowes to prevent.
2. Looke up *Silvio*, ſmile, and ſing,
After winter comes a ſpring.
1. Feare not faint foole what may follow,
Eyes that now are ſunk and hollow,
By her Art may quick returne
To their flames againe, and burne.
2. Art commands all youth, and blood,
Strength and beauty it makes good.
1. Feare not then, diſpaire not, ſing
Round about as we do ſpring:
Cares and ſorrowes caſt away,
This is the old wives holy-day.
Daunce here, then enter Belvidere.
Duch. Who is this?
Sy. The ſhape of *Belvidere.*
Bel. Now *Silvio*,
How do'ſt thou like me now?
Sil. Thus I kneele to thee.
Bel. Stand up, and come no nearer, mark me well too,
For if thou troubleſt me I vaniſh inſtantly:
Now chuſe wiſely or chuſe never,
One thou muſt enjoy for ever.
Do'ſt thou love me thus?
Sil. Moſt dearely.
Bel. Take heed foole, it concernes thee nearely.
If thou wilt have me young and bright,
Pleaſing to thine eye and ſight,
Courtly, and admir'd of all,
Take heed leaſt thy fame do fall,
I ſhall then be full of ſcorne,
Wanton, proud, beware the horne,
Hating what I lov'd before,
Flattery apt to fall before,
All conſuming, nothing getting,
Thus thy faire name comes to ſetting.
But if old and free from theſe
Thou ſhalt chuſe me, I ſhall pleaſe:
I ſhall then maintaine thee ſtill,
With my vertue and my skill:
Still encreaſe and build thy name,
Chuſe now *Silvio*, here I am.
Sil. I know not what to ſay, which way to turne me,
Into thy Soveraigne will I put my anſwer.
Bel. I thank ye Sir, and my will thus rewards ye,
Take your old Love, your beſt, your deareſt *Silvio*:
No more Spells now, nor further ſhapes to alter me,
I am thy *Belvidere* indeed. Deare Mother,
There is no altering this, heavens hand is with it:

And now you ought to give me, he has fairely won me.
Sil. But why that Hag?
Bel. In that ſhape moſt ſecure ſtill,
I followed all your fortunes, ſerv'd, and counſell'd ye,
I met ye at the Farmers firſt a Country wench,
Where fearing to be knowne I tooke that habit,
And to make ye laughing ſport at this mad marriage,
By ſecret ayde of my friend *Rhodope*
We got this Maske.
Sil. And I am ſure I have ye.
Bel. For ever now, for ever.
Duch. You ſee it muſt be,
The wheele of deſtiny hath turn'd it round ſo.
Sy. It muſt, it is, and curs'd be he that breakes it.
Duch. Ile put a choyce to you Sir: ye are my Priſoner.
Sy. I am ſo, and I muſt be ſo, till it pleaſe you——
Duch. Chuſe one of theſe, either to pay a Ranſome,
At what rate I ſhall ſet it, which ſhall be high enough,
And ſo returne a Free-man, and a Bachellor,
Or give me leave to give you a fit wife,
In honour every way your Graces equall,
And ſo your Ranſom's paid.
Sy. You ſay moſt nobly,
Silvio's example's mine, pray chuſe you for me.
Duc. I thank ye Sir, I have got the maſtry too,
And here I give your Grace a husbands freedome,
Give me your hand, my Husband.
Sy. You much honour me,
And I ſhall ever ſerve ye for this favour.
Bart. Come *Lopez*, let us give our wives the breeches too,
For they will have 'em.
Lop. Whilſt they rule with vertue
Ile give 'em, skin and all.
Iſab. Wee'l ſcratch it off elſe.
Sil. I am glad ye live, more glad ye live to honour,
And from this houre a ſtronger love dwell with us;
Pray you take your man againe.
Cla. He knowes my houſe Sir.
Duch. 'Tis ſin to keep you longer from your Loves,
Wee'l lead the way; and you young-men that know not
How to preſerve a wife, and keep her faire,
Give 'em their ſoveraign wills, & pleas'd they are. *Exeunt.*

Here endeth Women pleas'd.

A VVife for a Moneth.

Actus primus, Scæna prima.

Enter King Frederick, Sorano, Valerio, Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo, and Attendants.

Sor. WIll your Grace ſpeak ?
Fre. Let me alone *Sorano*,
Although my thoughts ſeeme ſad, they are welcome to me.
Sor. You know I am private as your ſecret wiſhes,
Ready to fling my ſoule upon your ſervice,
Ere your command be on't.
Fre. Bid thoſe depatt.
Sor. You muſt retire my Lords.
Cam. What new deſign is hammering in his head now ?
Cle. Lets pray heartily
None of our heads meet with it, my wife's old,
That's all my comfort.
Men. Mine's ugly, that I am ſure on,
And I think honeſt too, 'twould make me ſtart elſe.
Cam. Mine's troubled in the Country with a feaver,
And ſome few infirmities elſe ; he looks againe,
Come let's retire, certaine 'tis ſome ſhe buſineſſe,
This new Lord is imployed.
Val. I'le not be far off, becauſe I doubt the cauſe. *Ex.*
Fre. Are they all gone ? *Lords.*
Sor. All but your faithfull ſervant.
Fred. I would tell thee,
But 'tis a thing thou canſt not like.
Sor. Pray ye ſpeak it, is it my head ? I have it ready for ye, Sir :
Is't any action in my powre ? my wit ?
I care not of what nature, nor what followes.
Fre. I am in love.
Sor. That's the leaſt thing of a thouſand,
The eaſieſt to atchieve.
Fre. But with whom *Sorano?*
Sor. With whom you pleaſe, you muſt not be deny'd, Sir.
Fred. Say it be with one of thy Kinſwomen.
Sor. Say withall,
I ſhall more love your Grace, I ſhall more honour ye,
And would I had enough to ſerve your pleaſure.
Fred. Why 'tis thy Siſter then, the faire *Evanthe*,
Ile be plaine with thee.
Sor. Ile be as plaine with you Sir,
She brought not her perfections to the world,
To lock them in a caſe, or hang 'em by her,
The uſe is all ſhe breeds 'em for, ſhe is yours, Sir.
Fred. Doſt thou meane ſeriouſly?
Sor. I meane my Siſter,
And if I had a dozen more, they were all yours :
Some Aunts I have, they have been handſome women,
My mother's dead indeed, and ſome few cozens
That are now ſhooting up, we ſhall ſee ſhortly.
Fred. No, 'tis *Evanthe.*
Sor. I have ſent my man unto her,
Upon ſome buſineſſe to come preſently
Hither, ſhe ſhall come ; Your Grace dare ſpeak unto her ?
Large golden promiſes, and ſweet language, Sir,
You know what they worke, ſhe is a compleat Courtier,
Beſides Ile ſet in.
Fred. She waights upon my Queene,
What jealouſie and anger may ariſe,
Incenſing her ?
Sora. You have a good ſweet Lady,
A woman of ſo even and ſtill a temper,
She knows not anger ; ſay ſhe were a fury,
I had thought you had been abſolute the great King,
The fountaine of all honours, playes and pleaſures,
Your will and your commands unbounded alſo ;
Go get a paire of beads and learne to pray, Sir.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord, your ſervant ſtaies.
Sor. Bid him come hither, and bring the Lady with (him.
Fred. I will wooe her,
And either loſe my ſelfe, or win her favour.
Sor. She is comming in.
Fre. Thy eyes ſhoot through the doore,
They are ſo piercing, that the beames they dart
Give new light to the roome.

Enter Podramo and Evanthe.

Eva. Whether doſt thou go ?
This is the Kings ſide, and his private lodgings,
What buſineſſe have I here ?
Pod. My Lord ſent for ye.
Eva. His lodgings are below, you are miſtaken,
We left them at the ſtaire-foot.
Pod. Good ſweet Madam,
Evan. I am no Counſellor, nor important Sutor.
Nor have no private buſineſſe through theſe Chambers,
To ſeek him this way, o' my life thou art drunke,
Or worſe then drunke, hir'd to convey me hither
To ſome baſe end ; now I looke on thee better,
Thou haſt a bawdy face, and I abhor thee,
A beaſtly bawdy face, Ile go no further.
Sor. Nay ſhrink not back, indeed you ſhall good Siſter,
Why do you bluſh ? the good King will not hurt ye,
He honours ye, and loves ye.
Eva. Is this the buſineſſe ?
Sor. Yes, and the beſt you ever will arive at, if you be wiſe.
Eva. My Father was no bawd Sir,

Nor of that worſhipfull ſtock as I remember.
Sor. You are a foole.
Eva. You are that I ſhame to tell ye.
Fred. Gentle *Evanthe.*
Eva. The gracious Queen Sir
Is well and merry, heaven be thanked for it,
And as I think ſhe waites you in the Garden.
Fred. Let her wait there, I talk not of her Garden,
I talk of thee ſweet flower.
Eva. Your Grace is pleaſant,
To miſtake a nettle for a roſe.
Fred. No Roſe, nor Lilly, nor no glorious Hyacinth
Are of that ſweetneſſe, whiteneſſe, tenderneſſe,
Softneſſe, and ſatisfying bleſſedneſſe
As my *Evanthe.*
Eva. Your Grace ſpeakes very feelingly,
I would not be a hanſome wench in your way Sir,
For a new gowne.
Fred. Thou art all hanſomneſſe,
Nature will be aſham'd to frame another
Now thou art made, thou haſt rob'd her of her cunning,
Each ſeverall part about thee is a beauty.
Sor. Do you heare this Siſter?
Eva. Yes unworthy Brother, but all this will not do.
Fred. But love *Evanthe*,
Thou ſhalt have more then words, wealth, eaſe, and honors
My tender wench.
Eva. Be tender of my credit,
And I ſhall love you Sir, and I ſhall honour ye.
Fred. I love thee to injoy thee my *Evanthe*,
To give thee the content of love.
Eva. Hold, hold Sir, ye are to fleet,
I have ſome buſineſſe this way, your Grace can nere content.
Sor. You ſtubborne toy.
Eva. Good my Lord *Bawd* I thank ye.
Fred. Thou ſhalt not go, beleeve me ſweet *Evanthe*,
So high I will advance thee for this favour,
So rich and potent I will raiſe thy fortune,
And thy friends mighty.
Eva. Good your Grace be patient,
I ſhall make the worſt honourable wench that ever was,
Shame your diſcretion, and your choyce.
Fred. Thou ſhalt not.
Eva. Shall I be rich do you ſay, and glorious,
And ſhine above the reſt, and ſcorne all beauties,
And mighty in command?
Fred. Thou ſhalt be any thing.
Eva. Let me be honeſt too, and then ile thank ye.
Have you not ſuch a title to beſtow too?
If I prove otherwiſe, I would know but this Sir;
Can all the power you have or all the riches,
But tye mens tongues up from diſcourſing of me,
Their eyes from gazing at my glorious folly,
Time that ſhall come from wondering at my impudence,
And they that read my wanton life from curſes?
Can you do this? have ye this magick in ye?
This is not in your powre, though you be a Prince Sir,
No more then evill is in holy Angels,
Nor I, I hope; get wantonneſſe confirm'd
By Act of Parliament an honeſty,
And ſo receiv'd by all, ile hearken to ye.
Heaven guide your Grace.
Fred. *Evanthe*, ſtay a little,
Ile no more wantonneſſe, ile marry thee.
Eva. What ſhall the Queene do?
Fred. Ile be divorſed from her.
Eva. Can you tell why? what has ſhe done againſt ye?
Has ſhe contrived a treaſon gainſt your Perſon?
Abus'd your bed? does diſobedience urge ye?
Fre. That's all one, 'tis my will.
Eva. 'Tis a moſt wicked one,
A moſt abſurd one, and will ſhow a Monſter;
I had rather be a Whore, and with leſſe ſin,
To your preſent luſt, then Queen to your unjuſtice.
Yours is no love, Faith and Religion fly it,
Nor has no taſte of faire affection in it,
Some helliſh flame abuſes your faire body,
And helliſh furies blow it; looke behinde ye,
Divorſe ye from a woman of her beauty,
Of her integrity, her piety?
Her love to you, to all that honours ye,
Her chaſt and vertuous love, are theſe fit cauſes?
What will you do to me, when I have cloyd ye?
You may finde time out in eternity,
Deceit and violence in heavenly Juſtice,
Life in the grave, and death among the bleſſed,
Ere ſtaine or brack in her ſweet reputation.
Sor. You have fool'd enough, be wiſe now, and a woman,
You have ſhew'd a modeſty ſufficient,
If not too much for Court.
Eva. You have ſhew'd an impudence,
A more experienc'd bawd would bluſh and ſhake at;
You will make my kindred mighty.
Fred. Prethee heare me.
Evan. I do Sir, and I count it a great offer.
Fre. Any of thine.
Eva. 'Tis like enough you may clap honour on them,
But how 'twill fit, and how men will adore it,
Is ſtill the queſtion. Ile tell you what they'l ſay Sir,
What the report will be, and 'twill be true too,
And it muſt needs be comfort to your Maſter,
Theſe are the iſſues of her impudence:
Ile tell your Grace, ſo deare I hold the Queene,
So deare that honour that ſhe nurs'd me up in,
I would firſt take to me, for my luſt, a Moore,
One of your Gally-ſlaves, that cold and hunger,
Decrepid miſery, had made a mock-man,
Then be your Queene.
Fred. You are bravely reſolute.
Evan. I had rather be a Leopar, and be ſhun'd,
And dye by peeces, rot into my grave,
Leaving no memory behind to know me,
Then be a high Whore to eternity.
Fred. You have auother Gamſter I perceive by ye,
You durſt not ſlight me elſe.
Sor. Ile finde him out,
Though he lye next thy heart hid, Ile diſcover him,
And ye proud peat, Ile make you curſe your inſolence.
Val. Tougue of an Angell, and the truth of Heaven,
How am I bleſt? *Exit Val.*
Sor. *Podramo* go in haſt
To my Siſters Gentlewoman, you know her well,
And bid her ſend her Miſtris preſently
The leſſer Cabinet ſhe keeps her Letters in,
And ſuch like toyes, and bring it to me Inſtantly. Away.
Exit.
Pod. I am gone.

Enter the Queene with two Ladies.

Sora. The Queene.
Fre. Lets quit the place, ſhe may grow jealous. *Exit Fred. Sora*

Mar. So ſuddenly departed, what's the reaſon?
Doe's my approach diſpleaſe his Grace? are my eyes
So hatefull to him? or my converſation
Infected, that he flies me? faire *Evanthe*,
Are you there? then I ſee his ſhame.
Eva. 'Tis true Madam,

'Th

'Thas pleas'd his Goodneſſe to be pleaſant with me,
Mar. 'Tis ſtrange to finde thy modeſty in this place,
Doe's the King offer faire? doe's thy face take him?
Nere bluſh *Evanthe*, 'tis a very ſweet one,
Doe's he raine gold, and precious promiſes
Into thy lap? will he advance thy fortunes?
Shalt thou be mighty wench?
Evan. Never mock Madam;
'Tis rather on your part to be lamented,
At leaſt reveng'd, I can be mighty Lady,
And glorious too, glorious and great, as you are.
Mar. He will marry thee.
Evan. Who would not be a Queene, Madam?
Mar. 'Tis true *Evanthe*, 'tis a brave ambition,
A golden dreame, that may delude a good minde,
What ſhall become of me?
Evan. You muſt learne to pray,
Your age and honour will become a Nunnery.
Mar. Wilt thou remember me? *Weeps.*
Evan. She weeps. Sweet Lady
Upon my knees I aske your ſacred pardon,
For my rude boldneſſe; and know, my ſweet Miſtris,
If e're there were ambition in *Evanthe*,
It was and is to do you faithfull duties;
'Tis true I have been tempted by the King,
And with no few and potent charmes, to wrong ye,
To violate the chaſte joyes of your bed;
And thoſe not taking hold, to uſurpe your ſtate,
But ſhe that has been bred up under ye,
And daily fed upon your vertuous precepts,
Still growing ſtrong by example of your goodneſſe,
Having no errant motion from obedience,
Flyes from theſe vanities, as meere illuſions;
And arm'd with honeſty, defies all promiſes.
In token of this truth, I lay my life downe
Under your ſacred foot, to do you ſervice.
Mar. Riſe my true friend, thou vertuous, bud of beauty,
Thou Virgins honour, ſweetly blow and flouriſh,
And that rude nipping winde, that ſeeks to blaſt thee,
Or taint thy root, be curſt to all poſterity;
To my protection from this houre I take ye,
Yes, and the King ſhall know———
Evan. Give his heat way, Madam,
And 'twill go out againe, he may forget all. *Exeunt.*

Enter Camillo, Cleamhes, and Menallo.

Cam. What have we to do with the times? we cannot cure
Let 'em go on, when they are ſwolne with ſurfets ('em;
They'le burſt and ſtink, then all the world ſhall ſmell 'em
Cle. A man may live a bawd, and be an honeſt man.
Men. Yes, and a wiſe man too, 'tis a vertuous calling.
Cam. To his owne wife eſpecially, or to his ſiſter,
The neerer to his owne blood, ſtill the honeſter;
There want ſuch honeſt men, would we had more of 'em.
Men. To be a villaine is no ſuch rude matter.
Cam. No, if he be a neat one, and a perfect,
Art makes all excellent, what is it Gentl.
In a good cauſe to kill a dozen coxcombs?
That blunt rude fellowes call good Patriots?
Nothing, nor ne're look'd after.
Men. 'Tis ene as much, as eaſie too, as honeſt, & as cleer,
To raviſh Matrons, and deflowre coy wenches,
But here they are ſo willing, 'tis a complement.
Cle. To pull downe Churches with pretention,
To build 'em fairer, may be done with honour,
And all this time beleeve no God. (their angers,
Cam. I think ſo, 'tis faith enough if they name him in
Or on their rotten Tombs ingrave an Angell;
Well, brave *Alphonſo*, how happy had we been,
If thou had'ſt rain'd?
Men. Would I had his diſeaſe,
Tyed like a Leproſie to my poſterity,
So he were right againe.
Clean. What is his Melady?
Cam. Nothing but ſad and ſilent melancholly,
Laden with griefes and thoughts, no man knows why nei-
The good *Brandino*. Father to the Princeſſe, (ther;
Uſed all the art and induſtry that might be,
To free *Alphonſo* from this dull calamity,
And ſeat him in his rule, he was his eldeſt
And nobleſt too, had not faire nature ſtopt in him,
For which cauſe this was choſen to inherit,
Frederick the yonger.
Clean. Doe's he uſe his brother
With that reſpect and honour that befits him?
Cam. He is kept privately, as they pretend,
To give more eaſe and comfort to his ſickneſſe;
But he has honeſt ſervants, the grave *Rugio*,
And Fryer *Marco*, that waight upon his Perſon,
And in a Monaſtery he lives.
Men. 'Tis full of ſadneſſe,
To ſee him when he comes to his fathers Tombe,
As once a day that is his Pilgrimage,
Whilſt in devotion the Quire ſings an Antheme:
How piouſly he kneeles, and like a Virgin
That ſome croſſe fate had cozen'd of her Love,
Weeps till the ſtubborne Marble ſweats with pitty,
And to his grones the whole Quire beares a *Chorus*.

Enter Frederick, Sorano with the Cabinet.

Cam ~~*Pod.*~~ So do I too. The King with his contrivers,
This is no place for us. *Exeunt Lords.*
Fred. This is a Jewell,
Lay it aſide, what Paper's that?
Pod. A Letter,
But 'tis a womans, Sir, I know by the hand,
And the falſe authography, they write old Saxon.
Fred. May be her ghoſtly mothers, that inſtructs her.
Sor. No, 'tis a cozens, and came up with a great Cake.
Fred. What's that?
Sora. A paire of Gloves the Ducheſſe gave her,
For ſo the outſide ſaies.
Fred. That other Paper? (Saints and Croſſes.
Sor. A charme for the tooth-ach, here's nothing but
Fre. Look in that box, me thinks that ſhould hold ſecrets,
Pod. 'Tis paint and curles of haire, ſhe begins to exerciſe.
A glaſſe of water too, I would faine taſte it,
But I am wickedly afraid 'twill ſilence me,
Never a Conduit Pipe to convey this water. (mentoes
Sor. Theſe are all Rings, deaths heads, and ſuch me-
Her Grandmother, and worme-eaten Aunts left to her,
To tell her what her beauty muſt arive at.
Fred. That, that. (dies;
Pod. They are written Songs Sir, to provoke young La-
Lord, here's a prayer booke, how theſe agree?
Here's a ſtrange Union. (Patient.
Sor. Ever by a ſufeit you have a julip ſet to coole the
Fred. Thoſe, thoſe.
Sor. They are Verſes to the bleſt *Evanthe.*
Fred. Thoſe may diſcover,
Reade them out *Sorano.*

To the bleſt *Evanthe*,

LEt thoſe complaine, that feeles Loves cruelty,
And in ſad Legents write their woes,
With Roſes gently 'has corrected me;
My war is without rage or blowes;
My Miſtris eyes ſhine faire on my deſires,
And hope ſprings up inflam'd with her new fires.

No more an Exile will I dwell,
With folded armes, and ſighs all day,
Reckoning the torments of my hell,
And flinging my ſweet joyes away;
I am call'd home againe to quiet peace,
My Miſtris ſmiles, and all my ſorrowes ceaſe.
Yet what is living in her eyes?
Or being bleſt with her ſweet tongue,
If theſe no other joyes imply?
A golden Give, a pleaſing wrong:
To be your owne but one poore Moneth, I'd give
My youth, my fortune, and then leave to live.

Fred. This is my rivall, that I knew the hand now.
Sor. I know it, I have ſeene it, 'tis *Valerio's*,
That hopefull Gentlemans that was brought up with ye,
And by your charge nouriſht and fed
At the ſame Table, with the ſame allowance.
Fred. And all this curteſie to ruine me?
Croſſe my deſires? had better have fed humblier,
And ſtood at greater diſtance from my fury:
Go for him quickly, finde him inſtantly,
Whilſt my impatient heart ſwells high with choller;
Better have lov'd deſpaire, and ſafer kiſt her. *Exit Lords.*
Enter Evanthe and Caſſandra.
Eva. Thou old weak foole, doſt thou know to what end,
To what betraying end he got this Casket?
Durſt thou deliver him without my Ring?
Or a command from mine own mouth? that Cabinet
That holds my heart, you unconſiderate aſſe,
Thou brainleſſe Ideot.
Caſ. I ſaw you go with him,
At their firſt word commit your perſon to him,
And made no ſcruple; he is your brothers Gentleman,
And for any thing I know, an honeſt man;
And might not I upon the ſame ſecurity deliver him a (box?
Evan. A Bottle-head.
Fred. You ſhall have cauſe to chafe, as I will handle it.
Eva. I had rather thou hadſt delivered me to Pirats,
Betraid me to uncurable diſeaſes,
Hung up my Picture in a Market place,
And ſold me to wilde bawds.
Caſſan. As I take it Madam,
Your Maidenhead lyes not in that Cabinet,
You have a Cloſer, and you keep the key too,
Why are you vext thus?
Fva. I could curſe thee wickedly,
And wiſh thee more deformed then age can make thee,
Perpetuall hunger, and no teeth to ſatisfie it,
Waight on thee ſtill, nor ſleep be found to eaſe it:
Thoſe hands that gave the Casket, may the Palſie
For ever make unuſefull, even to feed thee;
Long winters, that thy bones may turne to Iſicles
No Hell can thaw againe, inhabit by thee.
Is thy care like thy body, all on crookedneſſe?
How ſcurvily thou crieſt now? like a drunkard,
Ile have as pure teares from a durty ſpout:
Do, ſweare thou didſt this ignorantly, ſweare it,
Sweare and be damn'd, thou halfe witch.
Caſſan. Theſe are fine words, well Madam, Madam.
Evan. 'Tis not well thou mummy,
'Tis impudently, baſely done, thou durty——
Fred. Has your young ſanctity done railing, Madam,
Againſt your innocent Squire? do you ſee this Sonnet?
This loving Script? do you know from whence it came too?
Eva. I do, and dare avouch it pure and honeſt.
Fred. You have private Viſitants, my noble Lady,
That in ſweet numbers court your goodly vertues,
And to the height of adoration.
Evan, Well Sir,
There's neither Hereſie nor Treaſon in it.
Fred. A Prince may beg at the doore, whilſt theſe feaſt (with ye;
A favour or a grace, from ſuch as I am.
Enter Valerio, and Podrano.
Courſe, common things. You are welcome; pray come (neer, Sir,
Do you know this paper?
Val. I am betray'd; I do Sir,
'Tis mine, my hand and heart, if I die for her,
I am thy Martyr, Love, and time ſhall honour me.
Caſſ. You ſawcy Sir, that came in my Ladies name,
For her guilt Cabinet, you cheating Sir too,
You ſcurvy Uſher, with as ſcurvy leggs,
And a worſe face, thou poore baſe hanging holder,
How durſt thou come to me with a lye in thy mouth?
An impudent lye?
Pod. Hollow, good *Jill*, you hobble.
Caſſ. A ſtinking lye, more ſtinking then the teller,
To play the pilfring knave, there have been raſcals
Brought up to fetch and carry like your Worſhip,
That have been hang'd for leſſe, whipt there are daily
And if the Law will do me right——
Pod. What then old Maggot?
Caſſ. Thy mother was carted younger; Ile have thy hide,
Thy mangy hide, embroder'd with a dog-whip,
As it is now with potent Pox, and thicker.
Fred. Peace, good antiquity, Ile have your bones elſe
Ground into Gunpowder to ſhoot at Cats with;
One word more, and Ile blanch thee like an Almond,
There's no ſuch cure for the ſhe-falling-ſickueſſe,
As the powder of a dried bawds skin, be ſilent,
You are very prodigall of your ſervice here, Sir,
Of your life more it ſeemes.
Val. I repent neither,
Becauſe Your Grace ſhall underſtand it comes
From the beſt part of love, my pure affection,
And kindled with chaſte flame, I will not fly from it,
If it be error to deſire to marry,
And marry her that ſanctity would dote on,
I have done amiſſe; if it be a Treaſon
To graft my ſoule to vertue, and to grow there,
To love the tree thar beares ſuch happineſſe;
Conceive me, Sir, this fruit was ne're forbidden;
Nay, to deſire to taſte too, I am Traytor;
Had you but plants enough of this bleſt Tree, Sir,
Set round about your Court to beautifie it,
Deaths twice ſomany, to diſmay the aproachers,
The ground would ſcarce yeeld graves to noble Lovers.
Fred. 'Tis well maintain'd, you wiſh and pray to fortune,
Here in your Sonnet, and ſhe has heard your prayers,
So much you dote upon your owne undoing,
But one Month to injoy her as your wife,
Though at the expiring of that time you die for't.
Val. I could wiſh many, many ages Sir,
To grow as old as time in her imbraces,
If heaven would grant it, and you ſmile upon it;
But if my choice were two houres, and then periſh,
I would not pull my heart back.
Fred. You have your wiſh,
To morrow I will ſee you nobly married,
Your Month take out in all content and pleaſure;
The firſt day of the following Month you dye for't;
Kneele not, not all your prayers can divert me;
Now marke your ſentence, mark it ſcornfull Lady,
If when *Valerio's* dead, within twelve houres,
For thar's your lateſt time, you finde not out
Another husband on the ſame condition
To marry you againe, you dye your ſelf too.

Evan. Now you are mercifull, I thank your Grace.
Fre. If when you are married, you but ſeek to ſcape
Out of the Kingdome, you, or ſhe, or both,
Or to infect mens minds with hot commotions,
You dye both inſtantly; will you love me now Lady?
My tale will now be heard, but now I ſcorne ye. *Exe.*
Manent, *Valerio*, and *Evanthe.*
Eva. Is our faire love, our honeſt, our intire,
Come to this hazard? (lice for it,
Val. 'Tis a noble one, and I am much in love with ma-
Envy could not have ſtudied me a way,
Nor fortune pointed out a path to honour,
Straighter and nobler, if ſhe had her eyes:
When I have once injoyed my ſweet *Evanthe*,
And bleſt my youth with her moſt deere imbraces,
I have done my journey here, my day is out,
All that the world has elſe is foolery,
Labour, and loſſe of time, what ſhould I live for?
Think but mans life a moneth, and we are happy.
I would not have my joyes grow old for any thing;
A paradiſe, as thou art my *Evanthe*,
Is only made to wonder at a little,
Enough for humane eyes, and then to wander from.
Come do not weep, ſweet, you diſhonour me,
Your teares and griefes but queſtion my ability,
Whether I dare dye: Do you love intirely?
Eva. You know I do.
Val. Then grudge not my felicity.
Eva. Ile to the Queene.
Val. Do any thing that's honeſt,
But if you ſue to him in death, I hate you.

Actus Secundus.

Scæna Prima.

Enter Camillo, Cleanthes, and Menallo

Cam. WAs there ever heard of ſuch a marriage?
Men. Marriage and hanging go by deſtiny,
'Tis the old proverb, now they come together.
Cle. But a month married, then to loſe his life for't?
I would have a long month ſure that payes the Souldiers,
Ent Tony with Urinall.
Cam. Or get all the Almanacks burnt, that were a rare
And have no month remembred. How now *Tony*? (trick,
Whoſe water are you caſting?
Tony. A ſick Gentlemans,
Is very ſick, much troubled with the ſtone,
He ſhould not live above a month by his Urine,
About Saint *Davids* day it will go hard with him,
He will then be troubled with a paine in his neck too.
Men. A peſtilent foole; when wilt thou marry *Tony*?
Ton. When I mean to be hangd, & 'tis the ſurer contract.
Cle. What think you of this marriage of *Valerios*?
Tony. They have given him a hot cuſtard, and meane to burne his mouth with it; had I knowne he had been given to die honourably, I would have helpt him to a wench, a rare one, ſhould have kill'd him in three weeks, and ſav'd the ſentence. (too.
Cam. There be them would have ſpared ten daies of that
Ton. It may be ſo, you have women of all vertues;
There be ſome Guns that I could bring him too,
Some Morter-peeces that are plac'd i'th Suburbs,
Would teare him into quartets in two houres;
There be alſo of the race of the old Cockatrices,
That would diſpatch him with once looking on him.
Men. What Month wouldſt thou chuſe *Tony*, if thou hadſt the like fortune?
Ton. I would chuſe a mull'd Sack month, to comfort my belly, for ſure my back would ake for't, and at the months end I would be moſt diſmally drunk, & ſcorn the gallows.
Me. I would chuſe *March*, for I would come in like a Lion.
To. But you'ld go out like a Lamb, when you went to han-
Ca. I would take *April*, take the ſweet o'th year, (ging.
And kiſſe my wench upon the tender flowrets,
Tumble on every Greene, and as the birds ſung,
Embrace and melt away my ſoule in pleaſure.
Ton. You would go a Maying gayly to the gallowes.
Clean. Prethee tell us ſome newes.
Tony. Ile tell ye all I know,
You may be honeſt and poore fooles, as I am,
And blow your fingers ends.
Cam. That's no newes foole. (knaves,
Ton. You may be knaves then, when you pleaſe, ſtarke
And build faire houſes, but your heires ſhall have none of
Men. Theſe are undoubted. ('em
Ton. Truth is not worth the hearing,
Ile tell you newes then, There was a drunken Saylor,
That got a Marmaid with childe as ſhe went a milking,
And now ſhe ſues him in the bawdy Court for it,
The infant Monſter is brought up in fiſh-ſtreet.
Cam. I, this is ſomthing.
Ton. Ile tell you more; There was a fiſh taken,
A monſtrous fiſh, with a ſword by his ſide, a long ſword,
A pike in's neck, and a gun in's noſe, a huge gun,
And letters of Mart in's mouth, from the Duke of *Florence.*
Cle. This is a monſtrous lye.
Ton. I do confeſſe it; (heare 'em?
Do you think I would tell you truths, that dare not
You are honeſt things, we Courtiers ſcorn to converſe with
Cam. A plaguy foole, but lets conſider Gentl. (*Exit*
Why the Queen ſtrives not to oppoſe this ſentence,
The Kingdomes honour ſuffers in this cruelty.
Men. No doubt the Queen, though ſhe be vertuous,
Winks at the marriage, for by that only meanes
The Kings flame leſſens to the youthfull Lady,
If not goes out, within this month, I doubt not,
She hopes to rock a ſleep his anger alſo;
Shall we go ſee the preparation?
'Tis time, for ſtrangers come to view the wonder.
Cam. Come, lets away, ſend my friends happier wed-
Enter Queen and Evanthe. (dings. *Exe.*
Que. You ſhall be merry, come, Ile have it ſo,
Can there be any nature ſo unnoble?
Or anger ſo unhumane to purſue this?
Eva. I feare there is.
Que. Your feares are poore and fooliſh,
Though he be haſty, and his anger death,
His will like torrents, not to be reſiſted,
Yet Law and Juſtice go along to guide him;
And what Law or what Juſtice can he finde
To juſtifie his will? what Act or Statute,
By Humane or Divine eſtabliſhment,
Left to direct us, that makes marriage death?
Honeſt faire wedlock? 'twas given for increaſe,
For preſervation of mankinde I take it;
He muſt be more then man then, that dare break it;
Come dreſſe ye handſomly, you ſhall have my Jewels,
And put a face on that contemnes baſe fortune,
'Twill make him more inſult to ſee you fearfull,
Outlooke his anger.
Eva. O my *Valerio*!

Be witneſſe my pure minde, 'tis thee I grieve for.
Que. But ſhew it not, I would ſo crucifie him
With an innocent neglect of what he can do,
A brave ſtrong pious ſcorne, that I would ſhake him;
Put all the wanton *Cupids* in thine eyes,
And all the graces on that nature gave thee,
Make up thy beauty to that height of excellence,
Ile help thee, and forgive thee, as if *Venus*
Were now againe to catch the God of Warre,
In his moſt rugged anger, when thou haſt him
(As 'tis impoſſible he ſhould reſiſt thee)
And kneeling at thy conquering feet for mercy,
Then ſhew thy vertue, then againe deſpiſe him
And all his power, then with a looke of honour,
Mingled with noble chaſtity, ſtrike him dead.
Eva. Good Madam dreſſe me,
You arme me bravely.
Que. Make him know his cruelty
Begins with him firſt, he muſt ſuffer for it,
And that thy ſentence is ſo welcome to thee,
And to thy noble Lord, You long to meet it.
Stamp ſuch a deep impreſſion of thy beauty
Into his ſoule, and of thy worthineſſe,
That when *Valerio* and *Evanthe* ſleep
In one rich earth, hung round about with bleſſings,
He may run mad, and curſe his act; be luſty,
Ile teach thee how to die too, if thou fear'ſt it.
Evan. I thank your Grace, you have prepar'd me ſtrongly,
And my weak minde.
Que. Death is unwelcome never,
Unleſſe it be to tortur'd mindes and ſick ſoules,
That make their own Hells; 'tis ſuch a benefit
When it comes crown'd with honour, ſhews ſo ſweet too,
Though they paint it ugly, that's but to reſtraine us,
For every living thing would love it elſe,
Fly boldly to their peace, ere nature call'd 'em;
The reſt we have from labour, and from trouble,
Is ſome incitement, every thing alike,
The poore ſlave that lies private has his liberty,
As amply as his Maſter, in that Tombe,
The earth as light upon him, and the flowers
That grow about him, ſmell as ſweet, and flouriſh,
But when we love with honour to our ends,
When memory and vertues are our mourners,
What pleaſure's there? they are infinite *Evanthe*;
Onely, my vertuous wench, we want our ſences,
That benefit we are barr'd, 'twould make us proud elſe,
And lazy to look up to happier life,
The bleſſings of the people would ſo ſwell us.
Evan. Good Madam dreſſe me, you have dreſt my ſoul,
The merrieſt Bride ile be for all this miſery,
The proudeſt to ſome eyes too.
Que. 'Twill do better, come ſhrink no more.
Evan. I am too confident. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frederick and Sorano.

Sora. You are too remiſſe and wanton in your angers,
You mold things hanſomly, and then neglect 'em;
A powerfull Prince ſhould be conſtant to his power ſtill,
And hold up what he builds, then people feare him;
When he lets looſe his hand, it ſhewes a weakneſſe,
And men examine or contemne his greatneſſe;
A ſcorne of this high kinde ſhould have cal'd up
A revenge equall, not a pitty in you.
Fred. She is thy ſiſter.
Sor. And ſhe were my mother,
Whilſt I conceive ſhe has you wrong'd, I hate her,
And ſhake her neerneſſe off; I ſtudy, Sir,
To ſatisfie your angers that are juſt,
Before your pleaſures.
Fred. I have done that already,
I feare has pull'd to many curſes on me.
Sora. Curſes or envies, on *Valerio's* head,
Would you take my counſell, Sir, they ſhould all light,
And with the weight, not only crack his ſcull,
But his faire credit; the exquiſite vexation
I have deviſ'd, ſo pleaſe you give way in't,
And let it worke, ſhall more afflict his ſoule,
And trench upon that honour that he brags of,
Then feare of death in all the frights he carries;
If you ſit downe here they will both abuſe ye,
Laugh at your poore relenting powre, and ſcorne ye;
What ſatiſfaction can their deaths bring to you,
That are prepar'd and proud to dye, and willingly,
And at their ends will thank you for that honour?
How are you nearer the deſire you aim at?
Or if it be revenge your anger covets,
How can their ſingle deaths give you content, Sir?
Petty revenges end in blood, ſleight angers,
A Princes rage ſhould finde out new diſeaſes,
Death were a pleaſure too, to pay proud fooles with.
Fred. What ſhould I do?
Sor. Adde but your power unto me,
Make me but ſtrong by your protection,
And you ſhall ſee what joy, and what delight,
What infinite pleaſure this poore mouth ſhall yeeld him,
Ile make him wiſh he were dead on's marriage day,
Or bedrid with old age, ile make him curſe,
And cry and curſe, give me but power.
Fred. You have it,
Here take my Ring, I am content he pay for't.
Sor. It ſhall be now revenge, as I will handle it,
He ſhall live after this to beg his life too,
Twenty to one by this thread, as ile weave it,
Evanthe ſhall be yours.
Fred. Take all authority, and be moſt happy.
Sor. Good Sir, no more pitty. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tony, three Citizens, and three Wives.

1. *Wife.* Good Maſter *Tony*, put me in.
Ton. Where do you dwell?
1. *Wife.* Forſooth, at the ſign of the great ſhoulder of (Mutton,
To. A hungry man would hunt your houſe out inſtantly,
Keep the dogs from your doore; Is this Lettice Ruffe
your husband? a fine ſharp ſallet to your ſigne.
2. *Wife.* Will you put me in too?
3. *Wife.* And me, good Maſter *Tony*.
Tony. Put ye all in? you had beſt come twenty more; you
Think 'tis eaſie, a trick of legerdemaine, to put ye all in,
'Twould poſe a fellow that had twice my body,
Though it were all made into chines and fillets.
2. *W.* Puts into'th wedding, Sir, we would fain ſee that.
1. *W.* And the brave Maſque too.
To. You two are pretty women, are you their husbands?
2. *Citiz.* Yes, for want of better.
Ton. I think ſo too, you would not be ſo mad elſe
To turne 'em looſe to a company of young Courtiers,
That ſwarme like Bees in May, when they ſee young wen-(ches;
You muſt not ſqueak.
3. *W.* No Sir, we are better tutor'd.
Ton. Nor if a young Lord offer you the curteſie——
2. *W.* We know what 'tis, Sir.
Ton. Nor you muſt not grumble,
If you be thruſt up hard, we thruſt moſt furiouſly.
1. *W.* We know tne worſt.
Ton. Get you two in then quietly,
And ſhift for your ſelves; we muſt have no old women,
They are out of uſe, unleſſe they have petitions,

Beſides they cough ſo loud they drown the Muſick,
You would go in too, but there is no place for ye,
I am ſorry for't, go and forget your wives,
Or pray they may be able to ſuffer patiently.
You may have Heires may prove wiſe Aldermen,
Go, or ile call the Guard.
3 *Citi.* We will get in, wee'l venture broken pates elſe.
Exit Citiz. and Women.
Ton. 'Tis impoſſible,
You are too ſecurely arm'd; how they flock hether,
And with what joy the women run by heapes
To ſee this Marriage? they tickle to think of it,
They hope for every moneth a husband too;
Still how they run, and how the wittals follow 'em,
The weake things that are worne between the leggs,
That bruſhing, dreſſing, nor new naps can mende,
How they poſt to ſee their owne confuſion?
This is a merry world.
Enter Frederick.
Fred. Looke to the doore ſirra,
Thou art a foole, and may'ſt do miſchiefe lawfully.
Ton. Give me your hand, you are my brother Foole,
You may both make the Law, and mar it preſently.
Do you love a wench?
Fred. Who does not foole?
Ton. Not I, unleſſe you will give me a longer leaſe to marry her.
Fred. What are all theſe that come, what buſineſſe have they?
Ton. Some come to gape, thoſe are my fellow fooles;
Some to get home theit wives, thoſe be their own fooles;
Some to rejoyce with thee, thoſe be the times fooles;
And ſome I feare to curſe thee, thoſe are poore fooles.
Enter Caſſandra, an old Lady paſſing over.
A ſet people calls them honeſt. Looke, looke King, look,
A weather-beaten Lady new carin'd.
Fred. An old one.
Ton. The glaſſes of her eyes are new rub'd over,
And the worme-eaten records in her face are daub'd up neatly;
She layes her breaſts out too, like to poch'd eggs
That had the yelkes ſuckt out; they get new heads alſo,
New teeth, new tongues, for the old are all worne out,
And as 'tis hoped, new tayles.
Fred. For what?
Ton. For old Courtiers,
The young ones are too ſtirring for their travells.
Fred. Go leave your knavery, and helpe to keepe the doore well,
I will have no ſuch preſſe.
Ton. Lay thy hand a thy heart King.
Fred. Ile have ye whipt.
Ton. The Foole and thou are parted. *Exit.*
Fred. *Sorano* work, and free me from this ſpell,
Twixt love and ſcorne there's nothing felt but hell. *Exit.*
Enter Valerio, Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo, and Servants.
Val. Tye on my Scarfe, you are ſo long about me,
Good my Lords help, give me my other Cloke,
That Hat and Feather, Lord what a Taylor's this,
To make me up thus ſtraight, one ſigh would burſt me,
I have not roome to breath, come button, button,
Button, apace.
Cam. I am glad to ſee you merry Sir.
Val. 'Twould make you merry had you ſuch a wife,
And ſuch an age to injoy her in.
Men. An age Sir?
Val. A moneth's an age to him that is contented,
What ſhould I ſeeke for more? give me my ſword.
Ha my good Lords, that every one of you now
Had but a Lady of that youth and beauty
To bleſſe your ſelves this night with, would ye not?
Pray ye ſpeak uprightly.
Cle. We confeſſe ye happy,
And we could well wiſh ſuch another Banquet,
But on that price my Lord ——
Val. 'Twere nothing elſe,
No man can ever come to aime at Heaven,
But by the knowledge of a Hell. Theſe ſhooes are heavy,
And if I ſhould be call'd to dance they'l clog me,
Get me ſome pumps; ile tell ye brave *Camillo*,
And you deare friends, the King has honour'd me,
Out of his gracious favour has much honour'd me,
To limit me my time, for who would live long?
Who would be old? 'tis ſuch a wearineſſe,
Such a diſeaſe, that hangs like lead upon us
As it increaſes, ſo vexations,
Griefes of the minde, paines of the feeble body,
Rhumes, coughs, catarrs, we are but our living coffines;
Beſide, the faire ſoules old too, it growes covetous,
Which ſhewes all honour is departed from us,
And we are earth againe.
Cle. You make faire uſe Sir.
Val. I would not live to learne to lye *Cleanthes*
For all the world, old men are prone to that too;
Thou that haſt been a Souldier, *Menallo*
A noble Souldier, and defied all danger,
Adopted thy brave arme the heire to victory,
Would'ſt thou live ſo long till thy ſtrength forſooke thee?
Till thou grew'ſt only a long tedious ſtory
Of what thou hadſt been? till thy ſword hang by,
And lazie Spiders fill'd the hilt with cobwebs?
Men: No ſure, I would not.
Val. 'Tis not fit ye ſhould,
To dye a young man is to be an Angell,
Our great good parts, put wings to our ſoules:
Wee'l have a rouſe before we go to bed friends,
Pray ye tell me, iſt a hanſome Maske we have?
Cam. We underſtand ſo.
Val. And the young gent. dance?
Cle. They do Sir, and ſome dance well.
Val. They muſt before the Ladies,
Wee'l have a rouſe before we go to bed friends,
A luſty one, 'twill make my blood dance too. *Muſick.*
Cam. Ten if you pleaſe.
Val. And wee'l be wondrous merry,
They ſtay ſure, come, I heare the Muſick forward,
You ſhall have all Gloves preſently. *Exit.*
Men. We attend Sir, but firſt we muſt looke to'th Doores. *Knacking within.*
The King has charged us. *Exeunt.*
Enter two Servants.
1 *Serv.* What a noyſe do you keepe there, call my fellowes
A the Guard; you muſt ceaſe now untill the King be
Enter'd, he is gone to'th Temple now.
2 *Serv.* Looke to that back doore, and keep it faſt,
They ſwarme like Bees about it,
Entrr Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo, Tony following, and Foole following.
Cam. Keepe back thoſe Citizens, and let their wives in,
Their hanſome wives.
Ton. They have crowded me to Vergis,
I ſweat like a Butter-box.
1 *Serv.* Stand further off there.
Men. Take the women aſide, and talk with 'em in privat,
Give

Give 'em that they came for.
Ton. The whole Court cannot do it;
Beſides, the next Maske if we uſe 'em ſo,
They'l come by millious to expect our largeſſe;
We have broke a hundred heads.
Cle. Are they ſo tender?
Ton. But 'twas behinde, before they have all murrions.
Cam. Let in thoſe Ladies, make 'em roome for ſhame there.
Ton. They are no Ladies, there's one bald before 'em,
A gent. bald, they are curtall'd queanes in hired clothes,
They come out of *Spaine* I think, they are very ſultry.
Men. Keep 'em in breath for an Embaſſadour.
Knocks within.
Me thinks my noſe ſhakes at their memories,
What bounſing's that?
Within. I am one of the Muſick Sir.
Within. I have ſweet-meats for the banquet.
Cam. Let 'em in.
Ton. They lye my Lord, they come to ſeeke their wives,
Two broken Citizens.
Cam. Breake 'em more, they are but bruſled yet.
Bold Raſcalls, offer to diſturbe your wives.
Clea. Lock the doores faſt, the Muſick, hark, the King (comes.

A Curtaine drawne.

The King, Queene, Valerio, Evanthe, Ladies, Attendants, Camillo, Cleanthes, Sorano, Menallo.

A Maske.

Cupid deſcends, the Graces ſitting by him, Cupid being bound the Graces unbinde him, he ſpeakes.

Cup. Unbinde me, my delight, this night is mine,
Now let me looke upon what Stars here ſhine,
Let me behold the beauties, then clap high
My cullor'd wings, proud of my Deity;
I am ſatisfied, binde me agen, and faſt,
My angry Bow will make too great a waſte
Of beauty elſe, now call my Maskers in,
Call with a Song, and let the ſports begin;
Call all my ſervants the effects of love,
And to a meaſure let them nobly move.
Come you ſervants of proud love,
Come away:
Fairely, nobly, gently move,
Too long, too long you make us ſtay;
Fancy, Deſire, Delight, Hope, Feare,
Diſtruſt and Jealouſie, be you too here;
Conſuming Care, and raging Ire,
And Poverty in poore attire,
March fairely in, and laſt Deſpaire;
Now full Muſick ſtrike the Aire.

Enter the Maskers, Fancy, Deſire, Delight, Hope, Feare, Diſtruſt, Jealouſie, Care, Ire, Deſpaire, they dance, after which Cupid *ſpeakes.*

Cup. Away, I have done, the day begins to light,
Lovers, you know your fate, good night, good night.
Cupid and the Graces aſcend in the Chariot.
King. Come to the Banquet, when that's ended Sir,
Ile ſee you a bed, and ſo good night; be merry,
You have a ſweet bed-fellow.
Val. I thanke your Grace,
And ever ſhall be bound unto your nobleneſſe.
King. I pray I may deſerve your thankes, ſet forward.
Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Scæna Prima.

Enter divers Monkes, Alphonſo going to the Tombe, Rugio and Frier Marco diſcover the Tombe and a Chaire.

Mar. THe night growes on, lead ſoftly to the Tombe,
And ſing not till I bid ye; let the Muſick
Play gently as he paſſes.
Rug. O faire picture,
That wert the living hope of all our honours;
How are we baniſht from the joy we dreamt of?
Will he ne're ſpeak more?
Mar. 'Tis full three moneths Lord *Rugio*,
Since any articulate ſound came from his tongue,
Set him downe gently. *Sits in a Chaire.*
Rug. What ſhould the reaſon be Sir?
Mar. As 'tis in nature with thoſe loving Husbands,
That ſympathize their wives paines, and their throwes
When they are breeding, and 'tis uſuall too,
We have it by experience ſo in him Sir,
In this moſt noble ſpirit that now ſuffers;
For when his honour'd Father good *Brandino*
Fell ſick, he felt the griefes, and labour'd with them,
His fits and his diſeaſe he ſtill inherited,
Grew the ſame thing, and had not nature check'd him,
Strength, and ability, he had dyed that houre too.
Rug. Embleme of noble love!
Mar. That very minute
His fathers breath forſooke him, that ſame inſtant,
A rare example of his piety,
And love paternall, the Organ of his tongue
Was never heard to ſound againe; ſo neare death
He ſeekes to waite upon his worthy Father,
But that we force his meat, he were one body.
Rug. He points toth' Tombe.
Mar. That is the place he honours,
A houſe I feare he will not be long out of.
He will toth' Tombe, good my Lord lend your hand;
Now ſing the Funerall Song, and let him kneele,
For then he is pleas'd. *A Song.*
Rug. Heaven lend thy powerfull hand,
And eaſe this Prince.
Mar. He will paſſe back againe. *Exeunt.*
Enter Valerio.
Val. They drink abundantly, I am hot with wine too,
Luſtily warme, ile ſteale now to my happineſſe,
'Tis midnight, and the ſilent houre invites me,
But ſhe is up ſtill, and attends the Queene;
Thou dew of wine and ſleep hang on their eye-lids,
Steep their dull ſences in the healths they drink,
That I may quickly finde my lov'd *Evanthe*.
The King is merry too, and dranke unto me,
Signe of faire peace, O this nights bleſſedneſſe!
If I had forty heads I would give all for it.
Is not the end of our ambitions,
Of all our humane ſtudies, and our travells,
Of our deſires, the obtaining of our wiſhes?
Certaine it is, and there man makes his Center.
I have obtain'd *Enanthe*, I have married her,
Can any fortune keep me from injoying her?

Enter Sorano.

I have my wiſh, what's left me to accuſe now?
I am friends with all the world, but thy baſe malice;
Go glory in thy miſchiefes thou proud man,
And cry it to the world thou haſt ruin'd vertue;
How I contemne thee and thy petty malice,
And with what ſcorne I looke downe on thy practice.

Sor. You'l ſing me a new Song anon *Valerio*,
And wiſh theſe hot words ——

Val. I deſpiſe thee fellow,
Thy threats, or flatteries, all I fling behinde me;
I have my end, I have thy noble Siſter,
A name too worthy of thy blood; I have married her,
And will injoy her too.

Sor. 'Tis very likely.

Val. And that ſhort moneth I have to bleſſe me with her
Ile make an age, ile reckon each embrace
A yeare of pleaſure, and each night a Jubilee,
Every quick kiſſe a Spring; and when I meane
To loſe my ſelfe in all delightfulneſſe,
Twenty ſweet Summers I will tye together
In ſpight of thee, and thy malignant Maſter:
I will dye old in love, though young in pleaſure.

Sor. But that I hate thee deadly, I could pitty thee,
Thou art the pooreſt miſerable thing
This day on earth; ile tell thee why *Valerio*,
All thou eſteemeſt, and build'ſt upon for happineſſe,
For joy, for pleaſure, for delight is paſt thee,
And like a wanton dreame already vaniſht.

Val. Is my love falſe?

Sor. No, ſhe is conſtant to thee,
Conſtant to all thy miſery ſhe ſhall be,
And curſe thee too.

Val. Is my ſtrong body weakn'd,
Charm'd, or abus'd with ſubtle drink? ſpeak villaine.

Sor. Neither, I dare ſpeake, thou art ſtill as luſty
As when thou lovsdſt her firſt, as ſtrong and hopefull,
The month thou haſt given thee is a month of miſery,
And where thou think'ſt each hower ſhall yeeld a pleaſure
Looke for a killing paine, for thou ſhalt finde it
Before thou dyeſt, each minute ſhall prepare it,
And ring ſo many knells to ſad afflictions;
The King has given thee a long moneth to dye in,
And miſerably dye.

Val. Undo thy Riddle,
I am prepar'd what ever fate ſhall follow.

Sor. Doſt thou ſee this Ring?

Val. I know it too.

Sor. Then marke me,
By vertue of this Ring this I pronounce to thee,
'Tis the Kings will.

Val. Let me know it ſuddenly.

Sor. If thou doſt offer to touch *Evanthes* body
Beyond a kiſſe, though thou art married to her,
And lawfully as thou think'ſt may'ſt injoy her,
That minute ſhe ſhall dye.

Val. O Devill ——

Sor. If thou diſcover this command unto her,
Or to a friend that ſhall importune thee,
And why thou abſtaineſt, and from whoſe will, ye all pe-
Upon the ſelf-ſame forfeit are ye fitted Sir, (riſh,
Now if ye love her, ye may preſerve her life ſtill,
If not, you know the worſt, how falls your month out?

Val. This tyranny could never be invented
But in the ſchoole of Hell, earth is too innocent;
Not to injoy her when ſhe is my wife?
When ſhe is willing too?

Sor. She is moſt willing,
And will run mad to miſſe; but if you hit her,
Be ſure you hit her home, and kill her with it;
There are ſuch women that will dye with pleaſure:
The Axe will follow elſe, that will not faile
To fetch her Maiden-head, and diſpatch her quickly;
Then ſhall the world know you are the cauſe of Murther,
And as 'tis requiſite your life ſhall pay for't.

Val. Thou doſt but jeſt, thou canſt not be ſo mooſtrous
As thou proclaim'ſt thy ſelfe; thou art her Brother,
and there muſt be a feeling heart within thee
Of her afflictions; wert thou a ſtranger to us,
And bred amongſt wilde rocks, thy nature wilde too,
Affection in thee as thy breeding, cold,
And unrelenting as the rocks that nouriſht thee,
Yet thou muſt ſhake to tell me this; they tremble
When the rude ſea threatens divorce amongſt 'em,
They that are ſenceleſſe things ſhake at a tempeſt;
Thou art a man ——

Sor. Be thou too then, 'twill try thee,
And patience now will beſt become thy nobleneſſe.

Val. Invent ſome other torment to afflict me,
All, if thou pleaſe, put all afflictions on me,
Study thy braines out for 'em, ſo this be none
I care not of what nature, nor what cruelty,
Nor of what length.

Sor. This is enough to vex ye.

Val. The tale of *Tantalus* is now prov'd true,
And from me ſhall be regiſtred Authentick;
To have my joyes within my armes, and lawfull,
Mine owne delights, yet dare not touch. (this,
Even as thou hateſt me Brother, let no young man know
As thou ſhalt hope for peace when thou moſt needeſt it,
Peace in thy ſoule, deſire the King to kill me,
Make me a traitor, any thing, ile yeeld to it,
And give thee cauſe ſo I may dye immediatly;
Lock me in Priſon where no Sun may ſee me,
In walls ſo thick no hope may ere come at me;
Keep me from meat, and drink, and ſleep, ile bleſſe thee;
Give me ſome damned potion to deliver me,
That I may never know my ſelfe againe, forget
My Country kindred, name and fortune; laſt,
That my chaſte love may never appeate before me,
This were ſome comfort.

Sor. All I have I have brought ye,
And much may it do ye with it my deare Brother,
See ye obſerve it well; you will finde about ye
Many eyes ſet, that ſhall o're-looke your actions,
If you tranſgreſſe ye know, and ſo I leave ye,

Val. Heaven be not angry, and I have ſome hope yet,
And when you pleaſe, and how allay my miſeries.

Enter Frederick.

To whom I kneele be mercifull unto me,
Looke on my harmeleſſe youth Angels of pitty,
And from my bleeding heart wipe off my ſorrowes,
The power, the pride, the malice and injuſtice
Of cruell men are bent againſt mine innocence.
You that controwle the mighty wills of Princes,
And bow their ſtubborne armrs, look on my weakneſſe,
And when you pleaſe, and how, allay my miſeries. *Exit.*

Fred. Haſt thou been with him?

Sor. Yes, and given him that Sir
Will make him curſe his Birth; I told ye which way,
Did you but ſee him Sir, but look upon him,
With what a troubled and dejected nature
He walkes now in a miſt, with what a ſilence,
As if he were the ſhrowd he wrapt himſelfe in,
And no more of *Valerio* but his ſhadow,
He ſeekes obſcurity to hide his thoughts in,

You would wonder and admire for all you know it,
His jollity is downe, valed to the ground Sir,
And his high hopes of full delights and pleaſures
Are turn'd tormenters to him, ſtrong diſeaſes.
Fred. But is there hope of her?
Sor. It muſt fall neceſſary
She muſt diſlike him, quarrell with his perſon,
For women once deluded are next Devills,
And in the height of that opinion Sir,
You ſhall put on againe, and ſhe muſt meet ye,
Fred. I am glad of this.
Sor. Ile tell ye all the circumſtance
Within this houre, but ſure I heard your Grace
To day as I attended, make ſome ſtops,
Some broken ſpeeches, and ſome ſighs between,
And then your Brothers name I heard diſtinctly,
And ſome ſad wiſhes after.
Fred. Ye are i'th right Sir,
I would he were as ſad as I could wiſh him,
Sad as the earth.
Sor. Would ye have it ſo?
Fred. Thou heareſt me,
Though he be ſick with ſmall hope of recovery,
That hope ſtill lives, and mens eyes live upon it,
And in their eyes their wiſhes; my *Sorano*,
Were he but cold once in the tombe he dotes on,
As 'tis the fitteſt place for melancholly,
My Court ſhould be another Paradice,
And flow with all delights.
Sor. Go to your pleaſures, let me alone with this,
Hope ſhall not trouble ye, nor he three dayes.
Fred. I ſhall be bound unto thee.
Enter Valerio, Camillo, Cleanthas, Menallo.
Sor. Ile do it neatly too, no doubt ſhall catch me.
Fred. Be gone, they are going to bed, ile bid good night to 'em.
Sor. And mark the man, you'le ſcarce know 'tis *Valerio.*
Exit.
Cam. Cheere up my noble Lord, the minutes come,
You ſhall injoy the abſtract of all ſweetneſſe,
We did you wrong you need no wine to warme ye,
Deſire ſhoots through your eyes like ſudden wild-fires.
Val. Beſhrew me Lords, the wine has made me dull,
I am I know not what.
Fred. Good pleaſure to ye,
Good night and long too, as you finde your appetite
You may fall too.
Val. I do beſeech your Grace,
For which of all my loves and ſervices
Have I deſerved this:
Fred. I am not bound to anſwer ye.
Val. Nor I bound to obey in unjuſt actions.
Fred. Do as you pleaſe, you know the penalty,
And as I have a ſoule it ſhall be executed;
Nay look not pale, I am not uſed to feare Sir,
If you reſpect your Lady, good night to ye *Exit.*
Val. But for reſpect to her and to my duty,
That reverent duty that I owe my Soveraigne,
Which anger has no power to ſnatch me from,
The good night ſhould be thine; good night for ever,
The King is wanton Lords, he would needs know of me
How many nick chaſes I would make to night.
Men. My Lord, no doubt you'l prove a perfect gameſter.
Val. Faith no, I am unacquainted with the pleaſure,
Bungle a ſet I may, how my heart trembles,
And beats my breaſt as it would breake his way out
Good night my noble friends.
Cle. Nay we muſt ſee you toward your bed my Lord.
Val. Good faith it needs not,
'Tis late, and I ſhall trouble you.
Cam. No, no, till the Bride come Sir.
Val. I beſeech you leave me,
You will make me baſhfull elſe, I am ſo fooliſh,
Beſides, I have ſome few devotions Lords,
And he that can pray with ſuch a book in's armes ——
Cam. Wee'l leave ye then, and a ſweet night wait upon ye.
Men. And a ſweet iſſue of this ſweet night crown ye.
Cle. All nights and dayes be ſuch till you grow old Sir.
Exeunt Lords.
Val. I thank ye, 'tis a curſe ſufficient for me,
A labour'd one too, though you meane a bleſſing.
What ſhall I do, I am like a wretched Debtor,
That has a ſumme to tender on the forfeit
Of all he is worth, yet dare not offer it.
Other men ſee the Sun, yet I muſt wink at it;
And though I know 'tis perfect day, deny it:
My veines are all on fire, and burne like *Ætna,*
Youth and deſire beat larums to my blood,
And adde freſh fuell to my warme affections.
I muſt injoy her, yet when I conſider,
When I collect my ſelfe, and weigh her danger,
The Tyrants will, and his powre taught to murther,
My tender care controlls my blood within me,
And like a cold fit of a peeviſh Ague
Creepes to my ſoule, and flings an Ice upon me.
Enter Queene, Evanthe, Ladies, and Foole.
That locks all powres of youth up but prevention;
O what a bleſſedneſſe 'twere to be old now,
To be unable, bed-rid with diſeaſes,
Or halt on Crutches to meet holy *Hymen;*
What a rare benefit, but I am curſt
That that ſpeakes other men moſt freely happy,
And makes all eyes hang on their expectations,
Muſt prove the bane of me youth, and ability.
She comes to bed, how ſhall I entertaine her?
Ton. Nay I come after too, take the foole with ye,
For lightly he is ever one at Weddings.
Quee. Evanthe, make ye unready, your Lord ſtaies for ye,
And prethee be merry.
Ton. Be very merry, Chicken,
Thy Lord will pipe to thee anon, and make thee dance too.
Lady. Will he ſo, good-man aſſe.
Ton. Yes goody filly,
And you had ſuch a Pipe, that piped ſo ſweetly,
You would dance to death, you have learnt your ſinque a pace.
Evan. Your Grace deſires that that is too free in me,
I am merry at the heart.
Ton. Thou wilt be anon, the young ſmug Boy will give thee a ſweet cordiall,
Evan. I am ſo taken up in all my thoughts,
So poſſeſt Madam with the lawfull ſweets
I ſhall this night partake of with my Lord,
So far tranſported (pardon my immmodeſty)
Val. Alas poore wench, how ſhall I recompence thee?
Evan. That though they muſt be ſhort, and ſnatcht away too,
E're they grow ripe, yet I ſhall far prefer 'em
Before a tedious pleaſure with repentance.
Val. O how my heart akes.
Evan. Take off my Jewells Ladies,
And let my Ruffe looſe, I ſhall bid good night to ye,
My Lord ſtaies here.
Quee. My wench, I thank thee heartily,
For learning how to uſe thy few houres hanſomly,

They will be yeares I hope; off with your Gowne now,
Lay downe the bed there?
Ton. Shall I get into it and warme it for thee, a Fooles
And I'll ſo buſſe thee. (fire is a fine thing,
Quee. Ile have ye whipt ye raſcall.
Ton. That will provoke me more, ile talke with thy
He's a wiſe man I hope. (husband,
Evan. Good night deare Madam,
Ladies, no further ſervice, I am well,
I do beſeech your Grace to give us this leave,
My Lord and I to one another freely,
And privately, may do all other Ceremonies,
Women and Page wee'l be to one another,
And trouble you no farther.
Ton. Art thou a wiſe man?
Val. I cannot tell thee *Tony*, aske my neighbours.
Ton. If thou beeſt ſo, go lye with me to night,
The old foole will lye quieter then the young one,
And give thee more ſleep, thou wilt looke to morrow elſe
Worſe then the prodigall foole the Ballad ſpeakes of,
That was ſqeez'd through a horne.
Val. I ſhall take thy counſell.
Quee. Why then good night, good night my beſt *Evan-*
My worthy maid, and as that name ſhall vaniſh, (*the,*
A worthy wife, a long and happy; follow ſirra.
Evan. That ſhall be my care,
Goodneſſe reſt with your Grace.
Quee. Be luſty Lord, and take your Lady to ye,
And that power that ſhall part ye be unhappy.
Val. Sweet reſt unto ye, to ye all ſweet Ladies;
Tony good night.
Ton. Shall not the Foole ſtay with thee?
Quee. Come away Sirra. *Exeunt Queene, Ladies.*
Ton. How the Foole is ſought for, ſweet Malt is made
of eaſie fire,
A haſty horſe will quickly tire, a ſudden leaper ſticks i'th
mire,
Phlebotomy and the word lye nier, take heed of friend I
thee require;
This from an Almanack I ſtole, and learnt this Leſſon
from a foole.
Good night my Bird. *Exit Tony*
Evan. Good night wiſe Maſter *Tony*;
Will ye to bed my Lord? Come, let me help ye.
Val. To bed *Evanthe*, art thou ſleepy?
Evan. No, I ſhall be worſe if you look ſad upon me,
Pray ye let's to bed.
Val. I am not well my love.
Evan. Ile make ye well, there's no ſuch Phiſick for ye
As your warme Miſtris armes.
Val. Art thou ſo cunning?
Evan. I ſpeake not by experience, pray ye miſtake not;
But if you love me——
Val. I do love ſo dearely,
So much above the baſe bent of deſire
I know not how to anſwer thee.
Evan. To bed then,
There I ſhall better credit yea; ſie my Lord,
Will ye put a maid too't, to teach ye what to do?
An innocent maid? Are ye ſo cold a Lover?
Intruth you make me bluſh, 'tis midnight too,
And 'tis no ſtolne love, but authoriſed openly,
No ſin we covet, pray let me undreſſe ye,
You ſhall help me; prethee ſweet *Valerio*;
Be not ſo ſad, the King will be more mercifull.
Val. May not I love thy minde?
Evan. And I yours too,
'Tis a moſt noble one, adorn'd with vertue;
But if we love not one another really,
And put our bodies and our mindes together,
And ſo make up the concord of affection,
Our love will prove but a blinde ſuperſtition:
This is no ſchoole to argue in my Lord,
Nor have we time to talke away allow'd us,
Pray let's diſpatch, if any one ſhould come
And finde us at this diſtance, what would they think?
Come, kiſſe me and to bed.
Val. That I dare do, and kiſſe againe.
Evan. Spare not, they are your owne Sir.
Val. But to injoy thee is to be luxurious,
Too ſenſuall in my love, and too ambitious;
O how I burne! to pluck thee from the ſtalke,
Where now thou grow'ſt a ſweet bud and a beauteous,
And bear'ſt the prime and honour of the Garden,
Is but to violate thy ſpring, and ſpoile thee.
Evan. To let me blow, and fall alone would anger ye.
Val. Let's ſit together thus, and as we ſit
Feed on the ſweets of one anothers ſoules,
The happineſſe of love is contemplation,
The bleſſedneſſe of love is pure affection,
Where no allay of actuall dull deſire,
Of pleaſure that partakes with wantonneſſe,
Of humane fire that burnes out as it kindles,
And leaves the body but a poore repentance,
Can ever mix, let's fixe on that *Evanthe*,
That's everlaſting, the tother caſuall;
Eternity breeds one, the other Fortune,
Blinde as her ſelfe, and full of all afflictions.
Shall we love vertuouſly?
Evan. I ever loved ſo.
Val And only think our love; the rareſt pleaſure,
And that we moſt deſire, let it be humane,
If once injoyed growes ſtale, and cloyes our appetites;
I would not leſſen in my love for any thing,
Nor finde thee but the ſame in my ſhort journey,
For my loves ſafety.
Evan. Now I ſee I am old Sir,
Old and ill-favour'd too, poore and deſpis'd,
And am not worth your noble Fellowſhip,
Your fellowſhip in Love, you would not elſe
Thus cunningly ſeeke to betray a maid,
A maid that honours you thus piouſly;
Strive to abuſe the pious love ſhe brings ye.
Farewell my Lord, ſince ye have a better Miſtris,
For it muſt ſeeme ſo, or ye are no man,
A younger, happier, I ſhall give her roome,
So much I love ye ſtill.
Val. Stay my *Evanthe*,
Heaven beare me witneſſe, thou art all I love,
All I deſire, and now have pitty on me,
I never lyed before; forgive me Juſtice,
Youth and affection ſtop your eares unto me.
Evan. Why do you weep? if I have ſpoke too harſhly,
And unbeſeeming my beloved Lord,
My care and duty, pardon me.
Val. O heare me,
Heare me *Evanthe*; I am all on torture
And this lye tears my conſcience as I vent it;
I am no man.
Evan. How Sir?
Val. No man for pleaſure, no womans man, (ſelfe.
Evan. Goodneſſe forbid my Lord, ſure you abuſe your
Val. 'Tis true *Evanthe*;
I ſhame to ſay you will finde it. *Weepes.*
Evan. He weepes bitterly,
'Tis my hard fortune, bleſſe all young maids from it;

Is there no help my Lord in Art will comfort ye?
Val. I hope there is.
Evan. How long have you been deſtitute?
Val. Since I was young.
Evan. 'Tis hard to dye for nothing,
Now you ſhall know 'tis not the pleaſure Sir,
(For I am compell'd to love you ſpiritually)
That women aime at I affect ye for,
'Tis for your worth; and kiſſe me, be at peace,
Becauſe I ever loved ye I ſtill honour'd ye,
And with all duty to my Husband follow ye;
Will ye to bed now? ye are aſham'd it ſeemes;
Pigmalion prayed and his cold ſtone took life,
You do not know with what zeale I ſhall aske Sir,
And what rare miracle that may worke upon ye;
Still bluſh? preſcribe your Law.
Val. I prethee pardon me,
To bed, and ile ſit by thee, and mourne with thee,
Mourne both our fortunes, our unhappy ones:
Do not deſpiſe me, make me not more wretched,
I pray to heaven when I am gone *Evanthe*,
As my poore date is but a ſpan of time now,
To recompence thy noble patience,
Thy love and vertue with a fruitfull husband,
Honeſt and honourable.
Evan. Come, you have made me weep now,
All fond deſire dye here, and welcome chaſtity,
Honour and chaſtity, do what you pleaſe Sir. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus.

Scæna Prima.

Enter at one doore Rugio, and Frier Marco, at the other doore Sorano, with a little glaſſe violl.

Rug. What ailes this peece of miſchief to looke ſad?
He ſeemes to weep too.
Mar. Something is a hatching,
And of ſome bloody nature too Lord *Rugio*,
This Crocadile mournes thus cunningly.
Sor. Haile holy Father,
And good day to the good Lord *Rugio*,
How fares the ſad Prince I beſeech ye Sir?
Rug. 'Tis like you know, you need not aske that queſtion,
You have your eyes and watches on his miſeries
As neare as ours, I would they were as tender.
Mar. Can you do him good? as the King and you ap-
So he is ſtill, as you deſir'd I think too, (pointed him,
For every day he is worſe (Heaven pardon all)
Put off your ſorrow, you may laugh now Lord,
He cannot laſt long to diſturbe your Maſter,
You have done worthy ſervice to his Brother,
And he moſt memorable love.
Sor. You do not know Sir
With what remorſe I aske, nor with what wearineſſe
I grone and bow under this load of honour,
And how my ſoule ſighs for the beaſtly ſervices,
I have done his pleaſures, theſe be witneſſe with me,
And from your piety beleeve me Father,
I would as willingly unclothe my ſelfe
Of title, that becomes me not I know;
Good men, and great names beſt agree together;
Caſt off the glorious favours, and the trappings
Of ſound and honour, wealth and promiſes,
His wanton pleaſures have flung on my weakneſſe,
And chuſe to ſerve my Countries cauſe and vertues,
Poorely and honeſtly, and redeeme my rulnes,
As I would hope remiſſion of my miſchiefes.
Rug. Old and experienc'd men my Lord *Sorano*,
Are not ſo quickly caught with gilt hypocriſie,
You pull your clawes in now and fawne upon us,
As Lyons do to intice poore fooliſh beaſts;
And beaſts we ſhould be too if we beleeved ye,
Go exerciſe your Art.
Sor. For heaven ſake ſcorne me not,
Nor adde more hell to my afflicted ſoule
Then I feele here; as you are honourable,
As you are charitable looke gently on me,
I will no more to Court, be no more Devill,
I know I muſt be hated even of him
That was my Love now, and the more he loves me
For his foule ends, when they ſhall once appeare to him,
Muſter before his conſcience and accuſe him,
The fouler and the more falls his diſpleaſure,
Princes are fading things, ſo are their favours. (morce.
Mar. He weeps agen, his heart is toucht ſure with re-
Sor. See this, and give me faire attention good my Lord,
And worthy Father ſee, within this violl
The remedy and cure of all my honour,
And of the ſad Prince lyes.
Rug. What new trick's this?
Sor. 'Tis true, I have done Offices abundantly
Ill, and prodigious to the Prince *Alphonſo*,
And whilſt I was a knave I ſought his death too.
Rug. You are too late convicted to be good yet.
Sor. But Father, when I felt this part affiict me,
This inward, and call'd me to an audit
Of my miſdeeds and miſchiefes——
Mar. Well, go on Sir.
Sor. O then, then, then, what was my glory then Father?
The favour of the King, what did that eaſe me?
What was it to be bow'd to by all creatures?
Worſhipt, and courted, what did this availe me?
I was a wretch, a poore loſt wretch.
Mar. Still better.
Sor. Till in the midſt of all my griefe I found
Repentance, and a learned man to give the meanes to it,
A Jew, an honeſt and a rare Phiſition,
Of him I had this Jewell; 'tis a Jewell,
And at the price of all my wealth I bought it:
If the King knew it I muſt loſe my head,
And willingly, moſt willingly I would ſuffer,
A childe may take it, 'tis ſo ſweet in working.
Mar. To whom would you apply it too?
Sor. To the ſick Prince,
It will in halfe a day diſſolve his melancholly.
Rug. I do beleeve, and give him ſleep for ever.
What impudence is this, and what baſe malice,
To make us inſtruments of thy abuſes?
Are we ſet here to poiſon him?
Sor. Miſtake not, yet I muſt needs ſay, 'tis a noble care,
And worthy vertuous ſervants; if you will ſee
A flouriſhing eſtate againe in *Naples*,
And great *Alphonſo* reigne that's truly good,
And like himſelfe able to make all excellent;
Give him this drink, & this good health unto him. *Drinks*
I am not ſo deſperate yet to kill my ſelfe,
Never looke on me as a guilty man,
Nor on the water as a ſpeedy poiſon:
I am not mad, nor laid out all my treaſure,
My conſcience and my credit to abuſe ye;
How nimbly and how cheerefully it workes now

Upon my heart and head, ſure I am a new man
There is no ſadneſſe that I feele within me,
But as it meets it like a lazie vapour
How it flyes off. Here, give it him with ſpeed,
You are more guilty then I ever was,
And worthier of the name of evill ſubjects:
If but an houre you hold this from his health.
Rug. 'Tis ſome rare vertuous thing ſure, he is a good man,
It muſt be ſo, come, let's apply it preſently,
And may it ſweetly work.
Sor. Pray let me heare on't, and carry it cloſe my Lords.
Mar. Yes, good *Sorano.* *Exit Rugio, Marco.*
Sor. Do my good fooles, my honeſt pious coxcombs,
My wary fooles too, have I caught your wiſedomes,
You never dream't I knew an Antidote,
Nor how to take it to ſecure mine owne life;
I am an aſſe, go, give him the fine cordiall,
And when you have done go dig his grave, good Frier,
Some two houres hence we ſhall have ſuch a bawling,
And roaring up and downe for Aquavitæ,
Such rubbing, and ſuch nointing, and ſuch cooling,
I have ſent him that will make a bonefire in's belly,
If he recover it, there is no heat in Hell ſure. *Exit.*

Enter Frederick and Podrano.

Fred. Podrano?
Pod. Sir.
Fred. Call hither Lord *Valerio*, and let none trouble us.
Pod. It ſhall be done Sir. *Exit.*

Enter Caſſandra.

Fred. I know he wants no additions to his tortures,
He has enough for humane blood to carry,
Yet I muſt vex him further;
So many that I wonder his hot youth
And high-bred ſpirit breakes not into fury;
I muſt yet torture him a little further,
And make my ſelfe ſport with his miſeries,
My anger is too poore elſe. Here he comes, *Valerio.*
Now my young married Lord, how do you feele your ſelf?
You have the happineſſe you ever aimed at
The joy and pleaſure.
Val. Would you had the like Sir.
Fred. You tumble in delights with your ſweet Lady,
And draw the minutes out in deare embraces,
You live a right Lords life.
Val. Would you had tryed it,
That you might know the vertue but to ſuffer,
Your anger though it be unjuſt and inſolent,
Sits hanſomer upon you then your ſcorne,
To do a wilfull ill and glory in it,
Is to do it double, double to be damn'd too.
Fred. Haſt thou not found a loving and free Prince,
High in his favours too; that has confer'd
Such hearts eaſe, and ſuch heapes of comfort on thee,
All thou coudeſt aske.
Val. You are too growne a tyrant
Upon ſo ſuffering, and ſo ſtill a ſubject;
You have put upon me ſuch a puniſhment,
That if your youth were honeſt it would bluſh at:
But you are a ſhame to nature, as to vertue.
Pull not my rage upon ye, 'tis ſo juſt,
It will give way to no reſpect; my life,
My innocent life, I dare maintaine it Sir,
Like a wanton prodigall you have flung away,
Had I a thouſand more I would allow 'em,
And be as careleſſe of 'em as your will is;
But to deny thoſe rights the Law has given me,
The holy Law, and make her life the pennance,
Is ſuch a ſtudied and unheard of malice,
No heart that is not hyred from Hell dare think of;
To do it then too, when my hopes were high,
High as my blood, all my deſires upon me,
My free affections ready to embrace her,
And ſhe mine owne; do you ſmile at this, iſt done well?
Is there not heaven above you that ſees all?
Come hither Time, how does your noble Miſtris?
Caſſ. As a Gentlewoman may do in her caſe that's newly married Sir:
Sickly ſometimes, and fond on't, like your Majeſty.
Fred. She is breeding then?
Caſſ. She wants much of her cullour,
And has her qualmes as Ladies uſe to have Sir,
And her diſguſts.
Fred. And keeps her chamber?
Caſſ. Yes Sir.
Fred. And eats good Brooths and Jellies.
Caſſ. I am ſure ſhe ſighs Sir, and weepes, good Lady.
Fred. Alas good Lady for it,
She ſhould have one could comfort her *Caſſandra*,
Could turne thoſe teares to joyes, a luſty comforter.
Caſſ. A comfortable man does well at all houres,
For he brings comfortable things.
Fred. Come hither, & hold your face between, you have eaten Onions,
Her breath ſtinks like a Fox, her teeth are contagious,
Theſe old women are all Elder-pipes, do ye mark me. *Gives a Purſe.*
Caſſ. Yes Sir, but does your Grace think I am fit,
That am both old and vertuous.
Fred. Therefore the fitter, the older ſtill the better,
I know thou art as holy as an old Cope,
Yet upon neceſſary uſe.
Caſſ. 'Tis true Sir.
Fred. Her feeling ſence is fierce ſtill, ſpeake unto her,
You are familiar; ſpeake I ſay unto her,
Speake to the purpoſe; tell her this, and this.
Caſſ. Alas, ſhe is honeſt, Sir, ſhe is very honeſt,
And would you have my gravity——
Fred. I, I, your gravity will become the cauſe the better,
Ile looke thee out a Knight ſhall make thee a Lady too,
A luſty Knight, and one that ſhall be ruled by her;
And adde to theſe, ile make 'em good, no mincing,
Nor ducking out of nicity good Lady,
But do it home, wee'l all be friends to tell her;
And ſuch a joy——
Caſſ. That's it that ſtirs me up Sir,
I would not for the world attempt her chaſtity,
But that they may live lovingly hereafter.
Fred. For that I urge it too.
Caſſ. A little evill may well be ſuffered for a generall good, Sir,
Ile take my leave of your Majeſty. *Exit.*

Enter Valerio.

Fred. Go fortunately, be ſpeedy too, here comes *Valerio*,
If his affliction have allayed his ſpirit
My work has end. Come hither Lord *Valerio*,
How do you now?
Val. Your Majeſty may gheſſe,
Not ſo well, nor ſo fortunate as you are,
That can tye up mens honeſt wills and actions.
Fred. You have the happineſſe you ever aim'd at,
The joy, and pleaſure.
Val. Would you had the like Sir.
Fred. You tumble in delights with your ſweet Lady,
And draw the minutes out in deare embraces,
You lead a right Lords life.
Val. Would you had tryed it,
That you might know the vertue but to ſuffer,
If anger, though it be unjuſt and inſolent

Sits hanſomer upon you then your ſcorne, Sir.
Fred. You cleerly ſee now brave *Valerio*
What 'tis to be the rivall to a Prince,
To interpoſe againſt a raging Lion;
I know you have ſuffer'd, infinitely ſuffer'd,
And with a kinde of pitty I behold it,
And if you dare be worthy of my mercy,
I can yet heale you; yeeld up your *Evanthe*,
Take off my ſentence alſo.
Val. I fall thus low Sir,
My poore ſad heart under your feet I lay,
And all the ſervice of my life.
Fred. Do this then, for without this 'twill be impoſſible,
Part with her for a while.
Val. You have parted us,
What ſhould I do with that I cannot uſe Sir?
Fred. 'Tis well conſider'd, let me have the Lady,
And thou ſhalt ſee how nobly Ile befriend thee,
How all this difference.
Val. Will ſhe come, do you think Sir?
Fred. She muſt be wrought, I know ſhe is too modeſt,
And gently wrought, and cunningly.
Val. 'Tis fit Sir.
Fred. And ſecretly it muſt be done.
Val. As thought.
Fred. Ile warrant ye, her honour ſhall be faire ſtill,
No ſoyle nor ſtaine ſhall appeare on that, *Valerio*,
You ſee a thouſand that beare ſober faces,
And ſhew of as in-imitable modeſties;
You would be ſworn to that, they were pure Matrons,
And moſt chaſte maids; and yet to augment their fortunes
And get them noble friends——
Val. They are content Sir,
In private to beſtow their beauties on 'em.
Fred. They are ſo, and they are wiſe, they know no want (for't,
Nor no eye ſees they want their honeſties.
Val. If it might be carried thus.
Fred. It ſhall be Sir.
Val. Ile ſee you dead firſt, with this caution,
Why ſure I think it might be done.
Fred. Yes, eaſily.
Val. For what time would your Grace deſire her body?
Fred. A moneth or two, it ſhall be carried ſtill
As if ſhe kept with you, and were a ſtranger,
Rather a hater of the Grace I offer:
And then I will returne her with ſuch honour——
Val. 'Tis very like I dote much on your honour.
Fred. And load her with ſuch favour to *Valerio*——
Val. She never ſhall claw off, I humbly thank ye.
Fred. Ile make ye both the happieſt, and the richeſt,
And the mightieſt too——
Val. But who ſhall work her Sir,
For on my conſcience ſhe is very honeſt,
And will be hard to cut as a rough Diamond?
Fred. Why you muſt work her, any thing from your (tongue,
Set off with golden and perſwaſive language,
Urging your dangers too.
Val. But all this time
Have you the conſcience Sir to leave me nothing,
Nothing to play withall?
Fred. There be a thouſand, take where thou wilt.
Val. May I make bold with your Queene,
She is uſeleſſe to your Grace as it appeares Sir,
And but a loyall wife that may be loſt too;
I have a minde to her, and then 'tis equall?
Fred. How Sir?
Val. 'Tis ſo Sir, thou moſt glorious impudence,
Have I not wrongs enow to ſuffer under,
But thou muſt pick me out to make a monſter?
A hated wonder to the world? Do you ſtart
At my intrenching on your private liberty,
And would you force a hye-way through mine honour,
And make me pave it too? but that thy Queene
Is of that excellence in honeſty,
And guarded with Divinity about her,
No looſe thought can come neare, nor flame unhollowed,
I would ſo right my ſelfe.
Fred. Why take her to ye,
I am not vext at this, thou ſhalt injoy her,
Ile be thy friend if that may win thy courteſie.
Val. I will not be your Bawd though for your Royalty.
Was I brought up, and nouriſht in the Court,
With thy moſt Royall Brother and thy ſelfe,
Upon thy Fathers charge, thy happy Fathers,
And ſuckt the ſweetneſſe of all humane Arts,
Learnt armes and honour to become a raſcall;
Was this the expectation of my youth,
My growth of honour? Do ye ſpeak this truly,
Or do ye try me Sir? for I beleeve not,
At leaſt I would not, and me thinks 'tis impoſſible
There ſhould be ſuch a Devill in a Kings ſhape,
Such a malignant Fiend.
Fred. I thank ye Sir,
To morrow is your laſt day, and looke to it,
Get from my ſight, away.
Val. Ye are, Oh, my heart's too high and full to think
upon ye. *Exeunt.*

Enter Evanthe and Caſſandra.

Evan. You think it fit then mortified *Caſſandra*,
That I ſhould be a Whore?
Caſſ. Why a whore, Madam?
If every woman that upon neceſſity
Did a good turne, for there's the maine point, mark it,
Were term'd a whore, who would be honeſt, Madam?
Your Lords life and your owne are now in hazard,
Two precious lives may be redeem'd with nothing,
Little or nothing; ſay an houres or dayes ſport,
Or ſuch a toy, the end to it is wantonneſſe.
(That we call luſt that maidens loſe their fame for.)
But a compell'd neceſſity of honour,
Faire as the day, and cleare as innocence,
Upon my life and conſcience a direct way.——
Evan. To be a raſcall.
Caſſ. 'Tis a kinde of Rape too,
That keeps you cleare, for where your will's compell'd,
Though you yeeld up your body you are ſafe ſtill.
Evan. Thou art grown a learned Bawd, I ever look'd
Thy great ſufficiency would breake out.
Caſſ. You may,
You that are young and faire ſcorne us old creatures,
But you muſt know my yeares ere you be wiſe Lady,
And my experience too; ſay the King loved ye?
Say it were nothing elſe?
Evan. Imarry wench, now thou comeſt to me.
Caſſ. Doe you thinke Princes favours are ſuch ſleight (things,
To fling away when you pleaſe? there be young Ladies
Both faire and honourable, that would leap to reach 'em,
And leap aloft too.
Evan. Such are light enough;
I am no Valter, wench, but canſt thou tell me,
Though he be a King, whether he be ſound or no?
I would not give my youth up to infection.
Caſſ. As ſound as honour ought to be, I think Lady;
Go too, be wiſe, I do not bid you try him;
But if he love you well, and you neglect him,
Your Lords life hanging on the hazard of it,

If you be ſo wilfull proud.
Evan. Thou ſpeakeſt to the point ſtill;
But when I have lyen with him, what am I then, Gentlewoman?
Caſſ. What are you? why the ſame you are now, a Woman,
A vertuous woman, and a noble woman,
Touching at what is noble, you become ſo.
Had *Lucrece* e're been thought of, but for *Tarquin*?
She was before a ſimple unknowne woman,
When ſhe was raviſht, ſhe was a reverent Saint;
And do you think ſhe yeelded not a little?
And had a kinde of will to have been re-raviſht?
Believe it yes: There are a thouſand ſtories
Of wondrous loyall women, that have ſlipt,
But it has been on the ice of tender honour,
That kept 'em coole ſtill to the world, I think you are bleſt,
That have ſuch an occaſion in your hands to beget a Chronicle,
A faithfull one.
Evan. It muſt needs be much honour.
Caſſ. As you may make it, infinite and ſafe too,
And when 'tis done, your Lord and you may live
So quietly and peaceably together,
And be what you pleaſe.
Evan. But ſuppoſe this, wench,
The King ſhould ſo delight me with his company,
I ſhould forget my Lord, and no more look on him.
Caſſ. That's the maine hazard, for I tell you truly,
I have heard report ſpeak, is an infinite pleaſure,
Almoſt above beliefe: there be ſome Ladies,
And modeſt to the world too, wondrous modeſt,
That have had the bleſſedneſſe to try his body,
That I have heard proclaime him a new *Hercules*.
Evan. So ſtrongly able?
Caſſan. There will be the danger,
You being but a young and tender Lady,
Although your minde be good, yet your weak body,
At firſt encounter too, to meet with one
Of his unconquer'd ſtrength.
Evan. Peace thou rude bawde,
Thou ſtudied old corruptneſſe, tye thy tongue up,
Your hired baſe tongue; is this your timely counſell?
Doſt thou ſeeke to make me dote on wickedneſſe?
Becauſe 'tis ten times worſe then thou deliver'ſt it?
To be a whore, becauſe he has ſufficiency
To make a hundred? O thou impudence,
Have I relieved thy age to mine owne ruine?
And worne thee in my boſome to betray me?
Can yeares and impotence win nothing on thee
That's good and honeſt, but thou muſt go on ſtill?
And where thy blood wants heat to ſin thy ſelfe,
Force thy decreped will to make me wicked.
Caſſ. I did but tell ye.
Evan. What the damned'ſt woman,
The cunning'ſt and the skilful'ſt bawd comes ſhort of:
If thou had'ſt liv'd ten ages to be dam'd in,
And exerciſed this art the Devill taught thee,
Thou could'ſt not have expreſt it more exactly.
Caſſ. I did not bid you ſin.
Evan. Thou wood'ſt me to it,
Thou that art fit for prayer and the grave,
Thy body earth already, and corruption,
Thou taught'ſt the way; go follow your fine function,
There are houſes of delight, that want good Matrons,
Such grave inſtructors, get thee thither monſter,
And read variety of ſins to wantons,
And when they rore with paines, learne to make playſters.
Caſſ. This we have for our good wills.
Evan. If e're I ſee thee more,
Or any thing that's like thee, to affright me,
By this faire light ile ſpoile thy bawdery,
Ile leave thee neither eyes nor noſe to grace thee,
When thou wanteſt bread, and common pitty towards thee,

Enter Frederick.

And art a ſtarving in a ditch, think of me,
Then die, and let the wandering bawds lament thee;
Be gone, I charge thee, leave me.
Caſſ. You'l repent this. *Exit.*
Fred. She's angry, and t'other crying too, my ſuit's cold;
Ile make your heart ake, ſtubborne wench, for this;
Turne not ſo angry from me, I will ſpeak to you,
Are you growne proud with your delight, good Lady,
So pamper'd with your ſport, you ſcorne to know me?
Evan. I ſcorne ye not, I would you ſcorn'd not me, Sir,
And forc't me to be weary of my duty,
I know your Grace, would I had never ſeene ye.
Fred. Becauſe I love you, becauſe I dote upon ye,
Becauſe I am a man that ſeeke to pleaſe ye.
Evan. I have man enough already to content me,
As much, as noble, and as worthy of me,
As all the world can yeeld.
Fred. That's but your modeſty,
You have no man, nay never look upon me,
I know it Lady, no man to content ye,
No man that can, or at the leaſt that dare,
Which is a poorer man, and neerer nothing.
Evan. Be nobler, Sir, inform'd.
Fred. Ile tell thee, wench,
The poore condition of this poorer fellow,
And make thee bluſh for ſhame at thine owne errour,
He never tendred yet a husbands duty,
To thy warme longing bed.
Evan. How ſhould he know that?
Fred. I am ſure he did not, for I charg'd him no,
Upon his life I charg'd him, but to try him;
Could any brave or noble ſpirit ſtop here?
Was life to be prefer'd before affection?
Lawfull, and long'd for too?
Evan. Did you command him?
Fred. I did in policy to try his ſpirit.
Evan. And could he be ſo dead cold to obſerve it?
Brought I no beauty? nor no love along with me?
Fred. Why what is it that makes me ſcorne to name him?
I ſhould have lov'd him, if he had venter'd for't,
Nay, doted on his bravery.
Evan. Onely charg'd?
And with that ſpell ſit downe? dare men fight bravely
For poore ſlight things, for drink or oſtentation?
And there indanger both their lives and fortunes,
And for their lawfull Loves fly off with feare?
Fred. 'Tis true, and with a cunning baſe feare too to abuſe thee;
Made thee believe, poore innocent *Evanthe*,
Wretched young girle, it was his impotency;
Was it not ſo? deny it.
Evan. O my anger, at my yeares to be cozen'd with a young man!
Fred, A ſtrong man too, certaine he lov'd ye deerly.
Evan. To have my ſhame and love mingled together,
And both flung on me like a wait to ſinke me,
I would have dyed a thouſand times.

Fred. So would any,
Any that had the ſpirit of a man;
I would have been kill'd in your armes.
Evan. I would he had been,
And buried in mine armes, that had been noble,
And what a monument would I have made him?
Upon this breaſt he ſhould have ſlept in peace,
Honour, and everlaſting love his mourners;
And I ſtill weeping till old time had turn'd me,
And pittying powers above into pure chriſtall.
Fred. Hadſt thou lov'd me, and had my way been ſtuck
With deaths, as thick as froſty nights with ſtars,
I would have ventur'd.
Evan. Sure there is ſome trick in't; *Valerio* ne're was coward.
Fred. Worſe then this too,
Tamer, and ſeaſoning of a baſer nature,
He ſet your woman on ye to betray ye,
Your bawdy woman, or your ſin ſolicitor:
I pray but think what this man may deſerve now,
I know he did, and did it to pleaſe me too.
Evan. Good Sir afflict me not too faſt, I feele
I am a woman, and a wrong'd one too,
And ſenſible I am of my abuſes,
Sir, you have loved me.
Fred. And I love thee ſtill, pitty thy wrongs, and dote upon thy perſon.
Evan. To ſet my woman on me 'twas too baſe Sir.
Fred. Abominable vilde.
Evan. But I ſhall fit him.
Fred. All reaſon and all Law allowes it to ye,
And ye are a foole, a tame foole, if you ſpare him.
Evan. You may ſpeake now, and happily prevaile too,
And I beſeech your Grace be angry with me.
Fred. I am at heart. She ſtaggers in her faith,
And will fall off I hope, Ile ply her ſtill.
Thou abuſed innocence, I ſuffer with thee
If I ſhould give him life, he would ſtill betray thee;
That foole that feares to dye for ſuch a beauty,
Would for the ſame feare ſell thee unto miſery?
I do not ſay he would have been bawd himſelf too.
Evan. Follow'd thus far? nay then I ſmell the malice,
It taſts too hot of practis'd wickedneſſe,
There can be no ſuch man, I am ſure no Gentleman:
Shall my anger make me whore, and not my pleaſure?
My ſudden unconſiderate rage abuſe me?
Come home againe, my frighted faith, my vertue,
Home to my heart againe: he be a bawd too?
Fred. I will not ſay, he offered faire *Evanthe.*
Evan. Nor do not dare, 'twill be an impudence,
And not an honour for a Prince to lye;
Fie Sir, a perſon of your ranke to trifle,
I know you do lye.
Fred. How?
Evan. Lye ſhamefully, and I could wiſh my ſelfe a man but one day,
To tell you openly you lye too, baſely.
Fred. Take heed wilde foole.
Fvan. Take thou heed thou tame Devill,
Thou all *Pandora's* box in a Kings figure,
Thou haſt almoſt whor'd my weake beliefe already,
And like an Engineer blowne up mine honour;
But I ſhall countermine, and catch your miſchiefe,
This little Fort you ſeeke, I ſhall man nobly,
And ſtrongly too, with chaſte obedience
To my deere Lord, with vertuous thoughts that ſcorne ye.
Victorious *Tameris* nere won more honour
In cutting off the Royall head of *Cyrus,*
Then I ſhall do in conquering thee; farewell,
And if thou canſt be wiſe, learne to be good too,
'Twill give thee nobler lights then both thine eyes do;
My poore Lord and my ſelfe are bound to ſuffer,
And when I ſee him faint under your ſentence,
Ile tell ye more, it may be then Ile yeeld too.
Fred. Foole, unexampled, ſhall my anger follow thee?
Exeunt.

Enter Rugio, and Fryer Marco, amazed.

Rugio. Curſt on our ſights, our fond credulities,
A thouſand curſes on the ſlave that cheated us,
The damn'd ſlave.
Mar. We have e'ne ſham'd our ſervice,
Brought our beſt care and loyalties to nothing,
'Tis the moſt fearefull poyſon, the moſt potent,
Heaven give him patience; oh it works moſt ſtrongly,
And teares him Lord.
Rug. That we ſhould be ſo ſtupid,
To truſt the arrant'ſt villaine that e're flatter'd,
The bloodieſt too, to believe a few ſoft words from him,
And give way to his prepar'd teares.
Within Alphonſo. Oh, oh, oh.
Rug. Harke Fryer *Marco,* harke, the poore Prince, that we ſhould be ſuch blockheads,
As to be taken with his drinking firſt?
And never think what Antidotes are made for?
Two wooden ſculls we have, and we deſerve to be hang'd for't;
For certainly it will be laid to our charge;
As certaine too, it will diſpatch him ſpeedily,
Which way to turne, or what to. ——
Mar. Lets pray, Heavens hand is ſtrong.
Rug. The Poyſons ſtrong, you would ſay.

Enter Alphonſo, carrried in a Coach by two Fryers.

Would any thing —— He comes, let's give him comfort.
Alphon. Give me more ayre, ayre, more ayre, blow, blow,
Open thou Eaſterne gate, and blow upon me,
Diſtill thy cold dewes, O thou icy Moone,
And rivers run through my afflicted ſpirit,
I am all fire, fire, fire, the raging dog ſtar
Raines in my blood, oh which way ſhall I turne me?
Ætna and all his flames burne in my head,
Fling me into the Ocean or I periſh:
Dig, dig, dig, till the ſprings fly up,
The cold, cold ſprings, that I may leap into 'em,
And bathe my ſcorcht limbs in their purling pleaſures;
Or ſhoot me up into the higher Region,
Where treaſures of delicious ſnow are nouriſht,
And banquets of ſweet haile.
Rug. Hold him faſt Fryer, O how he burnes!
Alph. What will ye ſacrifice me?
Upon the Altar lay my willing body?
And pile your wood up, fling your holy incenſe?
And as I turne me you ſhall ſee all flame,
Conſuming flame, ſtand off me, or you are aſhes.
Both. Moſt miſerable wretches.
Alph. Bring hither charity
And let me hug her, Fryer, they ſay ſhe's cold,
Infinite cold, devotion cannot warme her;
Draw me a river of falſe lovers teares
Cleane through my breſt, they are dull, cold, and forgetfull,
And will give eaſe, let Virgins ſigh upon me,
Forſaken ſoules, the ſighs are precious,
Let them all ſigh: oh hell, hell, hell, oh horror.
Mar. To bed, good Sir.

Alpho. My bed will burne about me,
Like *Phaeton*, in all conſuming flaſhes
I am incloſed, let me fly, let me fly, give roome;
Betwixt the cold beare, and the raging Lyon
Lyes my ſafe way; O for a cake of ice now,
To clap unto my heart to comfort me;
Decrepid winter hang upon my ſholders,
And let me weare thy frozen Iſicles
Like Jewels round about my head, to coole me;
My eyes burne out, and ſinke into their ſockets,
And my infected braine like brimſtone boyles,
I live in hell, and ſeverall furies vex me;
O carry me where no Sun ever ſhew'd yet
A face of comfort, where the earth is chriſtall,
Never to be diſſolv'd, where nought inhabits
But night and cold, and nipping froſts, and winds
That cut the ſtubborne rocks, and make them ſhiver;
Set me there friends.
Rug. Hold faſt, he muſt to bed Fryer, what ſcalding ſweats he has?
Mar. He'le ſcalld in hell for't, that was the cauſe.
Alph. Drinke, drinke, a world of drinke,
Fill all the cups, and all the antick veſſels,
And borrow pots, let me have drinke enough,
Bring all the worthy drunkards of the time,
The experienc'd drunkards, let me have them all,
And let them drinke their worſt, Ile make them Ideots,
Ile lye upon my Back and ſwallow Veſſels;
Have Rivers made of cooling wine run through me,
Not ſtay for this mans health, or this great Princes,
But take an Ocean, and begin to all; oh, oh.
Mar. He cooles a little, now away with him,
And to his warme bed preſently.
Alph. No drinke? no winde? no cooling aire?
Rug. You ſhall have any thing.
His hot fit leſſens, Heaven put in a hand now,
And ſave his life; there's drink Sir in your chamber,
And all coole things.
Alph. Away, away, lets fly to 'em. *Exeunt.*

Enter Valerio and Evanthe.

Evan. To ſay you were impotent, I am aſham'd on't,
To make your ſelf no man, to a freſh maid too,
A longing maid, upon her wedding night alſo,
To give her ſuch a dor.
Val. I prethee pardon me.
Evan. Had you been drunke, 'thad been excuſable,
Or like a Gentleman under the Surgeons hands,
And ſo not able, there had been ſome colour,
But wretchedly to take a weakneſſe to ye,
A fearefull weakneſſe, to abuſe your body,
And let a lye worke like a ſpell upon ye,
A lye, to ſave your life.
Val. Will you give me leave ſweet?
Evan. You have taken too much leave, and too baſe leave too,
To wrong your Love; haſt thou a noble ſpirit?
And canſt thou looke up to the peoples loves,
That call thee worthy, and not bluſh *Valerio*?
Canſt thou behold me that thou haſt betraid thus?
And no ſhame touch thee?
Val. Shame attend the ſinfull, I know my innocence.
Evan. Ne're think to face it, that's a double weakneſſe,
And ſhewes thee falſer ſtill; the King himſelfe,
Though he be wicked, and our Enemy,
But juſter then thine, in pitty of my injuries,
Told me the truth.
Val. What did he tell *Evanthe*?
Evan. That but to gaine thy life a fortnight longer,
Thy lov'd poore life, thou gav'ſt up all my duties.
Val. I ſweare 'tis falſe, my life and death are equall,
I have weigh'd 'em both, and finde 'em but one fortune,
But Kings are men, and live as men, and dye too,
Have the affections men have, and their falſehoods;
Indeed they have more power to make 'em good;
The King's to blame, it was to ſave thy life wench,
Thy innocent life, that I forbore thy bed,
For if I had toucht thee thou hadſt dyed, he ſwore it.
Evan. And was not I as worthy to dye nobly?
To make a ſtory for the times that follows,
As he that married me? what weakneſſe, Sir,
Or diſſability do you ſee in me,
Either in minde or body? to defraud me
Of Such an opportunity? Do you think I married you
Only for pleaſure, or content in luſt?
To lull you in mine armes, and kiſſe you hourely?
Was this my end? I might have been a Queen, Sir,
If that had caught me, and have knowne all delicates;
There's few that would have ſhun'd ſo faire an offer,
O thou unfaithfull fearefull man, thou haſt kill'd me,
In ſaving me this way, thou haſt deſtroy'd me,
Rob'd me of that thy love can never give more;
To be unable to ſave me? O miſery!
Had I been my *Valerio*, thou *Evanthe*,
I would have lyen with thee under a Gallowes,
Though the Hangman had been my *Hymen*, and the furies
With iron whips and forks, ready to torter me,
I would have hug'd thee too, though hell had gap'd at me;
Save my life! that expected to dye bravely,
That would have woo'd it too? Would I had married
An *Eunuch*, that had truly no ability,
Then ſuch a fearefull lyar, thou haſt done me
A ſcurvy curteſie, that has undone me.
Val. Ile do no more, ſince you are ſo nobly faſhion'd,
Made up ſo ſtrongly, Ile take my ſhare with ye,
Nay Deere, Ile learne of you.
Evan. He weeps too tenderly;
My angers gone, good my Lord pardon me,
And if I have offended, be more angry,
It was a womans flaſh, a ſudden valour,
That could not lye conceal'd.
Val. I honour ye by all the rights of holy marriage,
And pleaſures of chaſte love, I wonder at ye,
You appeare the viſion of a Heaven unto me,
Stuck all with ſtars of honour ſhining cleerly,
And all the motions of your minde celeſtiall;
Man is a lumpe of earth, the beſt man ſpiritleſſe,
To ſuch a woman; all our lives and actions
But counterfeits in *Arras* to this vertue;
Chide me againe, you have ſo brave an anger,
And flowes ſo nobly from you, thus deliver'd,
That I could ſuffer like a childe to heare ye,
Nay make my ſelf guilty of ſome faults to honour ye.
Evan. Ile chide no more, you have rob'd me of my courage.
And with a cunning patience checkt my impudence;
Once more forgiveneſſe? *She kneeles.*
Val. Will this ſerve *Evanthe*? *Kiſſes her.*
And this my love? Heavens mercy be upon us;
But did he tell no more?
Evan. Only this trifle: You ſet my woman on me, to betray me;
'Tis true, ſhe did her beſt, a bad old woman,
It ſtir'd me Sir.
Val. I cannot blame thee, Jewell.
Evan. And me thought when your name was ſounded that way——

Val. He that will ſpare no fame, will ſpare no name Sweet;
Though as I am a man, I am full of weakneſſe,
And may ſlip happily into ſome ignorance,
Yet at my yeeres to be a bawd. and cozen
Mine owne hopes with my Doctrine——
Evan. I beleeve not, nor never ſhall; our time is out to morrow.
Val. Let's be too night then full of fruitfulneſſe,
Now we are both of one minde, let's be happy,
I am no more a wanting man *Evanthe*,
Thy warme embraces ſhall diſſolve that impotence,
And my cold lye ſhall vaniſh with thy kiſſes;
You houres of night be long, as when *Alcmena*
Lay by the luſty ſide of *Jupiter*;
Keep back the day, and hide his golden beames,
Where the chaſte watchfull morning may not finde 'em;
Old doting *Tython* hold *Aurora* faſt,
And though ſhe bluſh the day-break from her cheeks,
Conceale her ſtill; thou heavy Waine ſtand firme,
And ſtop the quicker revolutions;
Or if the day muſt come, to ſpoile our happineſſe,
Thou envious Sunne peepe not upon our pleaſure,
Thou that all Lovers curſe, be farre off from us.

Enter Caſtruchio with Guard.

Evan. Then let's to bed, and this night in all joyes
And chaſte delights——
Caſt. Stay, I muſt part ye both;
It is the Kings command, who bids me tell ye,
To morrow is your laſt houre.
Val. I obey, Sir,
In Heaven we ſhall meet, Captaine, where King *Frederick*
Dare not appeare to part us.
Caſt. Miſtake me not, though I am rough in doing of my Office,
You ſhall finde, Sir, you have a friend to honour ye.
Val. I thank ye Sir.
Evan. Pray Captaine tell the King,
They that are ſad on Earth, in Heaven ſhall ſing.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Scæna Prima.

Enter Fryer Marco, and Rugio.

Rug. Have you writ to the Captaine of the Caſtle?
Mar. Yes, and charged him
Upon his ſoules health, that he be not cruell,
Told him *Valerio's* worth among the people,
And how it muſt be puniſht in poſterity,
Though he ſcape now.
Rug. But will not he, Fryer *Marco*, betray this to the King?
Mar. Though he be ſtubborne, and of a rugged nature, yet he is honeſt,
And honours much *Valerio*.
Rug. How doe's *Alphonſo*?
For now me thinks my heart is light againe,
And pale feare fled.
Mar. He is as well as I am;
The Rogue againſt his will has ſav'd his life,
A deſperate poyſon has re-cur'd the Prince.
Rug. To me 'tis moſt miraculous.
Mar. To me too, till I conſider why it ſhould do ſo,
And now I have found it a moſt excellent Phyſick,
It wrought upon the dull cold miſty parts,
That clog'd his ſoule, which was another poyſon,
A deſperate too, and found ſuch matter there,
And ſuch abundance alſo to reſiſt it,
And weare away the dangerous heat it brought with it,
The pure blood and the ſpirits ſcap'd untainted.
Rug, 'Twas Heavens high hand, none of *Sorano's* pitty.
Mar. Moſt certaine 'twas, had the malitious villaine

Enter Caſtruchio

Given him a cooling poyſon, he had paid him.
Rug. The Captain of the Caſtle.
Mar. O ye are welcome, how doe's your Priſoner?
Caſt. He muſt go for dead;
But when I do a deed of ſo much villany,
Ile have my skin pull'd o're mine eares, my Lord,

Enter Alphonſo, and Fryers,

Though I am the Kings, I am none of his abuſes;
How doe's your Royall Charge? that I might ſee once.
Mar. I pray ſee now, you are a truſty Gentleman.
Alph. Good Fathers, I thanke Heaven, I feele no ſickneſſe,
Caſt. He ſpeaks againe.
Alph. Nothing that barres the free uſe of my ſpirit,
Me thinks the ayre's ſweet to me, and company
A thing I covet now *Caſtruchio*.
Caſt. Sir, he ſpeaks, and knowes, for Heaven ſake break my pate Lord,
That I may be ſure I ſleep not.
Alph. Thou wert honeſt.
Ever among the rank of good men counted,
I have been abſent long out of the world,
A dreame I have lived, how doe's it looke *Caſtruchio*?
What wonders are abroad?
Caſt. I fling off duty to your dead Brother, for he is dead in goodneſſe,
And to the living hope of brave *Alphonſo*,
The noble heire of nature, and of honour,
I faſten my Allegeance.
Mar, Softly Captaine, we dare not truſt the ayre with this bleſt ſecret,
Good Sir, be cloſe againe, heaven has reſtor'd ye,
And by miraculous meanes, to your faire health,
And made the inſtrument your enemies malice,
Which doe's prognoſticate your noble fortune;
Let not our careleſſe joy loſe you againe, Sir,
Help to deliver ye to a further danger,
I pray you paſſe in, and reſt a while forgotten,
For if your brother come to know you are well againe,
And ready to inherit as your right,
Before we have ſtrength enough to aſſure your life,
What will become of you? and what ſhall we
Deſerve in all opinions that are honeſt,
For our loſſe of judgement, care, and loyalty?
Rug. Deere Sir, paſſe in, Heaven has begun the worke,
And bleſt us all, let our indeavours follow,
To preſerve this bleſſing to our timely uſes,
And bring it to the noble end we aime at;
Let our cares worke now, and our eyes pick out
An houre to ſhew ye ſafely to your Subjects,
A ſecure houre.
Alph. I am counſell'd; ye are faithfull.
Caſt. Which houre ſhall not be long, as we ſhall handle it.
Once more the tender of my duty.
Alph. Thank ye.

Caſtr. Keep you the Monaſtery.
Rug. Strong enough Ile warrant ye. *Exeunt.*
Enter the Foole, and Podrano.
Pod. Who are all theſe that crowde about the Court
Thoſe ſtrange new faces? (Foole?
Foole. They are Suitors Coxcombe,
Dainty fine Suitors to the widow Lady,
Thou hadſt beſt make one of 'em, thou wilt be hang'd as handſomly
At the Moneths end, and with as much joy follow'd,
And 'twere to morrow; as many mourning bawds for thee,
And holy Nuns, whoſe veſtall fire ne're vaniſhes,
In ſackcloth ſmocks, as if thou wert Heire apparent
To all the impious Suburbs, and the ſink-holes.
Pod. Out you baſe rogue.
Foole. Why doſt abuſe thy ſelfe,
Thou art to blame, I take thee for a Gentleman,
But why doe's not thy Lord and Maſter marry her?
Pod. Why, ſhe is his ſiſter.
Foole. 'Tis the better Foole,
He may make bold with his owne fleſh and blood,
For a my conſcience there's none elſe will truſt him,
Then he may pleaſure the King at a dead pinch too,
Without a *Mepheſtophilus*, ſuch as thou art,
And ingroſſe the royall diſeaſe like a true Subject.
Pod. Thou wilt be whipt.
Foole. I am ſure thou wilt be hangd,
I have loſt a Ducket elſe, which I would be loath to venter
Without certainty. They appeare.
Pod. Why theſe are raſcals.
Foole. They were meant to be ſo, doo's thy Maſter deſerve better kinred?
Pod. Ther's an old Lawyer,
Trim'd up like a Gally Foiſt, what would he do with her?
Foole. As Uſerers do with their Gold, he would looke on her,
And read her over once a day, like a hard report,
Feed his dull eye, and keepe his fingers itching;
For any thing elſe, ſhe may appeale to a Parliament;
Sub Pæna's and *Poſt Kaes* have ſpoil'd his Codpeece;
There's a Phyſitian too, older then he,
And *Gallen Gallenatius*, but he has loſt his ſpurres,
He would be nibling too.
Pod. I marked the man, if he be a man.
Foole. Has much a do to be ſo,
Searecloths and Sirrops glew him cloſe together,
He would fall a peeces elſe; mending of ſhe patients,
And then trying whether they be right or no,
In his owne perſon, there's the honeſt care an't;
Has mollifi'd the man; if he do marry her,
And come but to warme him well at *Cupids* bonfire,
He will bulge ſo ſubtilly and ſuddenly,
You may ſnatch him up by parcels, like a Sea Rack:
Will your Worſhip go, and looke upon the reſt, Sir?
And heare what they can ſay for themſelves.
Pod. I'le follow thee. *Exeunt.*
Enter Camillo, Menallo, Cleanthes, Caſtruchio.
Cam. You tell us wonders.
Caſt. But I tell you truths, they are both well.
Men. Why are not we in Armes then?
And all the Iſland given to know — (miſſe elſe,
Caſt. Diſcreetly and privately it muſt be done, 'twill
And prove our ruines; moſt of the noble Citizens
Know it by me, and ſtay the houre to attend it,
Prepare your hearts and friends, let their's be right too;
And keepe about the King to avoid ſuſpition;
Enter Frederick and Sorano.
When you ſhall heare the Caſtle Bell, take courage,
And ſtand like men, away, the King is comming. *Exeunt*
(*Lords.*
Fre. Now Captain, what have you done with your Priſoner?
Caſt. He is dead, Sir, and his body flung i'th Sea,
To feed the fiſhes, 'twas your will, I take it,
I did it from a ſtrong Commiſſion,
And ſtood not to capitulate.
Fred. 'Tis well done,
And I ſhall love you for your faith. What anger
Or ſorrow did he utter at his end?
Caſtr. Faith little, Sir, that I gave any eare to,
He would have ſpoke, but I had no Commiſſion
To argue with him, ſo I flung him off;
His Lady would have ſeene, but I lockt her up,
For feare her womans teares ſhould hinder us.
Fred. 'Twas truſty ſtill. I wonder, my *Sorano*,
We heare not from the Monaſtery; I believe
They gave it not, or elſe it wrought not fully.
Caſt. Did you name the Monaſtery?
Fred. Yes, I did Captaine.
Caſt. I ſaw the Fryer this morning, and Lord *Rugio*,
Bitterly weeping, and wringing of their hands,
And all the holy men hung downe their heads.
Sora. 'Tis done, Ile warrant ye.
Caſt. I asked the reaſon.
Fred. What anſwer hadſt thou?
Caſt. This in few words, Sir,
Your Brothers dead, this morning he deceaſed;
I was your ſervant, and I wept not, Sir,
I knew 'twas for your good.
Fred. It ſhall be for thine too,
Captaine, indeed it ſhall. O my *Sorano*,
Now we ſhall live.
Sor. I, now there's none to trouble ye.
Fred. Captaine, bring out the woman, and give way
To any Suitor that ſhall come to marry her,
Of what degree ſoever.
Caſt. It ſhall be done, Sir. *Exit Cap.*
Fre. O let me have a luſty Banquet after it,
Enter Evanthe, Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo, Foole, Caſtruchio.
I will be high and merry.
Sor. There be ſome Lords
That I could counſell ye to fling from Court, Sir,
They pry into our actions, they are ſuch
The fooliſh people call their Countries honours,
Honeſt brave things, and ſtile them with ſuch Titles,
As if they were the patternes of the Kingdome,
Which makes them proud, and prone to looke into us,
And talk at randome of our actions,
They ſhould be your lovers of your commands,
And followers of your will; bridles and curbs
To the hard headed Commons that maligne us,
They come here to do honour to my ſiſter,
To laugh at your ſeverity, and fright us;
If they had power, what would theſe men do?
Do you heare, Sir, how privily they whiſper?
Fred. I ſhall ſilence 'em,
And to their ſhames within this weeke *Sorano*,
In the meane time have patience.
Sor. How they jeere, and looke upon me as I were a Monſter?
And talk and jeere, How I ſhall pull your plumes, Lords
How I ſhall humble ye within theſe two daies,
Your great names, nor your Country cannot ſave ye.
Fred. Let in the Suitors. Yet ſubmit, Ile pardon ye,
You are halfe undone already, do not winde
My anger to that height, it may conſume ye.

Enter Lawyer, Phyſitian, Captain Cutpurſe.

And utterly deſtroy thee, faire *Evanthe* : yet I have mercy.
Evan. Uſe it to your bawds,
To me uſe cruelty, it beſt becomes ye,
And ſhewes more Kingly : I contemne your mercy,
It is a cozening, and a bawdy mercy ;
Can any thing be hoped for, to relieve me ?
Or is it fit ? I thank you for a pitty, when you have kill'd
my Lord.
Fred. Who will have her ?
Evan. My teares are gone,
My teares of love to my deere *Valerio*,
But I have fill'd mine eyes againe with anger ;
O were it but ſo powerfull to conſume ye,
My tongue with curſes I have arm'd againſt ye,
With Maiden curſes, that Heaven crownes with horrors,
My heart ſet round with hate againſt thy tyranny ;
O would my hands could hold the fire of Heaven,
Wrapt in the thunder that the Gods revenge with,
That like ſterne Juſtice I might fling it on thee ;
Thou art a King of Monſters, not of men,
And ſhortly thou wilt turne this Land to Devills.
Fred. Ile make you one firſt, and a wretched Devill,
Come, who will have her ?
Law. I an't like your Majeſty, I am a Lawyer,
I can make her a Joynter of any mans Land in *Naples*,
And ſhe ſhall keepe it too, I have a trick for it.
Foole. Canſt thou make her a Joynter of thine honeſty?
Or thy ability, thou lewd abridgement ?
Thoſe are non-ſuted and flung o're the barre.
Phyſitian. An't pleaſe your Majeſty to give me leave,
I dare accept her ; and though old I ſeeme, Lady,
Like *Eaſon*, by my art I can renew youth and ability.
Foole. In a powdring Tub
Stew thy ſelſe tender againe, like a Cock Chicken,
The broth may be good, but the fleſh is not fit for doggs
ſure;
Capt. Lady, take me, and Ile maintaine thine honour,
I am a poore Captaine, as poore people call me,
Very poore people, for my Souldiers
They are quartered in the outſides of the City,
Men of ability, to make good a high way ;
We have but two grand Enemies that oppoſe us,
The *Don Gout*, and the Gallowes.
Foole. I believe ye, and both theſe you will binde her
for a Joynter ;
Now Signior firke.
Cut-purſe. Madam, take me and be wiſe,
I am rich and nimble, and thoſe are rare in one man,
Every mans pocket is my Treaſury,
And no man weares a Sute but fits me neatly ;
Clothes you ſhall have, and weare the pureſt Linnen,
I have a tribute out of every Shop, Lady,
Meat you ſhall eat, I have my Caters out too,
The beſt and juſtieſt, and drinke good Wine, good Lady,
Good quickening Wine, Wine that will make you caper.
And at the worſt——
Foole. It is but capring ſhort, Sir,
You ſeldome ſtay for Agues or for Surfets,
A ſhaking fit of a whip ſometimes o're takes ye,
Marry you dye moſt commonly of chokings,
Obſtructions of the halter are your ends ever ;
Pray leave your horne and your knife for her to live on.
Evan. Poore wretched people, why do you wrong your
ſelves ?
Though I fear'd death, I ſhould feare you ten times more,
You are every one a new death, and an odious,
The earth will purifie corrupted bodies,
You'le make us worſe, and ſtinke eternally.
Go home, go home, and get good Nurces for you,
Dreame not of wives.
Fred. You ſhall have one of 'em, if they dare venter for ye.
Evan. They are dead already,
Crawling diſeaſes that muſt creep into
The next grave they finde open, are theſe fit husbands
For her you have loved Sir, though you hate me now,
And hate me mortally, as I hate you,
Your nobleneſſe in that you have done oeherwiſe,
And named *Evanthe* once as your poore Miſtris,
Might offer worthier choice.
Fred. Speake, who dare take her for one moneth, and (then dye?
Phi. Dye Sir ?
Fred. I, dye Sir, that's the condition.
Phi. One moneth is too little
For me to repent in for my former pleaſure,
To go ſtill on, unleſſe I were ſure ſhe would kill me,
And kill me delicately before my day,
Make it up a yeare, for by that time I muſt dye,
My body will hold out no longer.
Fred. No Sir, it muſt be but a moneth.
Lawy. Then farewell Madam,
This is like to be a great yeare of diſſention
Among good people, and I dare not loſe it,
There will be money got.
Capt. Bleſſe your good Ladiſhip, there's nothing in the
grave but bones and aſhes,
In Tavernes there's good wine, and excellent wenches,
And Surgeons while we live.
Cutp. Adieu ſweet Lady,
Lay me when I am dead neare a rich Alderman,
I cannot pick his Purſe, no, ile no dying,
Though I ſteale Linnen, ile not ſteale my ſhrowde yet.
All. Send ye a happy match. *Exeunt,*
Foole. And you all halters, you have deſerved 'em richly
Theſe do all Villanies, an miſchiefes of all ſorts, yet thoſe
they feare not
To flinch where a faire wench is at the ſtake.
Evan. Come, your ſentence, let me dye, you ſee Sir,
None of your valiant men dare venture on me,
A moneth's a dangerous thing.

Enter Valerio diſguis'd.

Fred. Away with her, let her dye inſtantly.
Evan. Will you then be willing
To dye at the time prefixt, that I muſt know too,
And know it beyond doubt.
Fred. What if I did wench ?
Evan. On that condition if I had it certaine,
I would be your any thing, and you ſhould injoy me,
How ever in my nature I abhor you,
Yet as I live I would be obedient to you;
But when your time came how I ſhould rejoyce,
How then I ſhould beſtir my ſelfe to thanke ye
To ſee your throat cut, how my heart would leap Sir,
I would dye with you, but firſt I would ſo torter ye,
And cow you in your end, ſo diſpiſe you,
For a weak and wretched coward, you muſt end ſure;
Still make ye feare, and ſhake, diſpiſed, ſtill laugh at ye,
Fred. Away with her, let her dye inſtantly.
Cam. Stay, there's another, and a Gentleman,
His habit ſhewes no leſſe, may be his buſineſſe
Is for this Ladies love.
Fred. Say why ye come Sir, and what you are.
Val. I am diſcended nobly, a Prince by birth, and by my
trade a Souldier,
A Princes fellow, *Abidig* brought me forth,
My Parents Duke *Agenor*, and faire *Egla*,

My Parents Duke *Agenor* and faire *Egla*,
My buſineſſe hither to renew my love
With a young noble ſpirit, call'd *Valerio*;
Our firſt acquaintance was at Sea, in fight
Againſt a Turkiſh man of War, a ſtout one,
Where Lyon-like I ſaw him ſhew his valour,
And as he had been made of compleat vertue,
Spirit, and fire, no dreggs of dull earth in him.
Evan. Thou art a brave Gentleman, and bravely ſpeakeſt him.
Val. The Veſſell dancing under him for joy,
And the rough whiſling winds becalm'd to view him;
I ſaw the childe of honour, for he was young,
Deale ſuch an Almes amongſt the ſpightfull pagans,
His towring ſword flew like an eager Falcon,
And round about his reach invade the *Turks*,
He had intrencht himſelfe in his dead quarryes;
The ſilver Creſſents on the tops they carried
Shranke in their heads to ſee his rage ſo bloody,
And from his fury ſuffered ſad ecclipſes;
The game of death was never plaid more nobly,
The meager theefe grew wanton in his miſchiefes,
And his ſhrunke hollow eyes ſmil'd on his ruines.
Evan. Heaven keepe this Gentleman from being a Suitor,
For I ſhall ne're deny him, he's ſo noble.
Val. But what can laſt long? ſtrength and ſpirit waſted,
And freſh ſupplies flew on upon this Gentleman,
Breathleſſe and weary with oppreſſion,
And almoſt kill'd with killing, 'twas my chance
In a tall Ship I had to view the fight;
I ſet into him, entertain'd the Turke.
And for an houre gave him ſo hot a breakfaſt,
He clapt all linnen up he had to ſave him,
And like a Lovers thought he fled our fury;
There firſt I ſaw the man I lov'd, *Valerio*,
There was acquainted, there my ſoul grew to him,
And his to me, we were the twins of friendſhip.
Eva. Fortune protect this man, or I ſhall ruine him.
Val. I made this voyage to behold my friend,
To warme my love anew at his affection;
But ſince I landed, I have heard his fate:
My Fathers had not been to me more cruell,
I have lamented too, and yet I keepe
The treaſure of a few teares for you Lady,
For by deſcription you were his *Evanthe*.
Evan. Can he weep that's a ſtranger to my ſtory?
And I ſtand ſtill and looke on? Sir, I thank ye;
If noble ſpirits after their departure,
Can know, and wiſh, certaine his ſoule gives thanks too;
There are your teares againe, and when yours faile Sir,
Pray ye call to me, I have ſome ſtore to lende ye. Your name?
Val. Urbino.
Evan. That I may remember,
That little time I have to live, your friendſhips, *Urbino?*
My tongue ſhall ſtudy both.
Fred. Do you come hither, only to tell this ſtory Prince
Val. My buſineſſe now is, Sir, to wooe this Lady.
Evan. Bleſſing defend ye; Do you know the danger?
Val. Yes, and I feare it not, danger's my play-fellow,
Since I was man 'thas been my beſt companion,
I know your doome, 'tis for a Moneth you give her,
And then his life you take that marries her.
Fred. 'Tis true, nor can your being borne a Prince,
If you accept the offer, free you from it.
Val. I nor deſire it, I have caſt the worſt,
And even that worſt to me is many bleſſings;
I lov'd my friend, not meaſur'd out by time,
Nor hired by circumſtance of place and honour,
But for his wealthy ſelfe and worth I lov'd him,
His minde and noble mold he ever mov'd in,
And woe his friend becauſe ſhe was worthy of him,
The only relick that he left behinde, Sir;
To give his aſhes honour, Lady take me,
And in me keepe *Valerio's* love alive ſtill,
When I am gone, take thoſe that ſhall ſucceed me,
Heaven muſt want light, before you want a husband,
To raiſe up Heires of love and noble memory,
To your unfortunate——
Evan. Am I ſtill hated? haſt thou no end, O fate, of my affliction?
Was I ordained to be a common Murdreſſe?
And of the beſt men too? Good Sir.
Val. Peace Sweet, looke on my hand.
Evan. I do accept the Gentleman, I faint with joy.
Fred. I ſtop it, none ſhall have her, convey this ſtranger hence.
Val. I am no ſtranger.——Harke to the bell, that rings,
Harke, harke, proud *Frederick*, that was King of miſchief,
Harke, thou abhorred man, doſt thou heare thy ſentence?
Doe's not this bell ring in thine eares thy ruine?
Fred. What bell is this?
Cam. The Caſtle bell: Stand ſure Sir, and move not, if you do you periſh.
Men. It rings your knell; *Alphonſo*, King *Alphonſo*.
All. *Alphonſo*, King *Alphonſo*.
Fred. I am betraid, lock faſt the Palace.
Cam. We have all the keyes, Sir.
And no doore here ſhall ſhut without our Licence.
Clean. Do you ſhake now Lord *Sorano?* no new trick?
Nor ſpeedy poyſon to prevent this buſineſſe?
No bawdy meditation now to fly to?
Fred. Treaſon, Treaſon, Treaſon.
Cam. Yes, we heare ye,

Enter Alphonſo, Rugio, Marco, Caſtruchio, Queene,
with Guard.

And we have found the Traytor in your ſhape, Sir,
Wee'l keep him faſt too.
Fred. recover'd! then I am gone,
The Sun of all my pompe is ſet and vaniſht.
Alp. Have you not forgot this face of mine, King *Frederick?*
Brother I am come to ſee you, and have brought
A Banquet to be merry with your Grace;
I pray ſit downe, I do beſeech your Majeſty
And eat, eat freely, Sir; why do you ſtart?
Have you no ſtomack to the meat I bring you?
Dare you not taſte? have ye no *Antidotes?*
You need not feare; *Sorano's* a good Apothecary,
Me thinks you looke not well, ſome freſh wine for him,
Some of the ſame he ſent me by *Sorano*;
I thank you for't, it ſav'd my life, I am bound to ye,
But how 'twill worke on you— I hope your Lordſhip
Will pledge him too, me thinks you looke but ſcurvily,
And would be put into a better colour,
But I have a canded Toad for your good Lordſhip.
Sor. Would I had any thing that would diſpatch me,
So it were downe, and I out of this feare once.
Fred. Sir, Thus low as my duty now compells me,
I do confeſſe my unbounded ſinnes, my errours,
And feele within my ſoule the ſmarts already;
Hide not the noble nature of a brother,
The pitty of a friend, from my afflictions;
Let me a while lament my miſery,
And caſt the load off of my wantonneſſe,
Before I finde your fury, then ſtrike home,
I do deſerve the deepeſt blow of Juſtice,
And then how willingly, O death, Ile meet thee.
Alp. Riſe, Madam, thoſe ſweet tears are potent ſpeakers,
And brother live, but in the Monaſtery,

Where I lived,with the ſelfe ſame ſilence too,
Ile teach you to be good againſt your will brother,
Your tongue has done much harme, that muſt be dumbe now ;
The daily pilgrimage to my fathers Tombe,
Teares, ſighs, and groanes, you ſhall weare out your daies with,
And true ones too, you ſhall performe deare brother ;
Your diet ſhall be ſlender to inforce theſe ;to light a pennance, Sir.
Fred. I do confeſſe it.
Alph. *Sorano* you ſhall——
Sor. How he ſtudies for it,
Hanging's the leaſt part of my pennance certaine.
Evanthe kneeles.
Alph. What Lady's that that kneeles ?
Caſt. The chaſte *Evanthe.*
Alph. Sweet, your petition ?
Evan. 'Tis for this bad man, Sir,
Abominable bad, but yet my brother.
Alph. The bad man ſhall attend as bad a Maſter,
And both ſhall be confin'd within the Monaſtery;
His ranke fleſh ſhall be pull'd with daily faſting,
But once a week he ſhall ſmell meat, he will ſurfet elſe,
And his immodeſt minde compell'd to prayer ;
On the bare bords he ſhall lye, to remember
The wantonneſſe he did commit in beds;
And drinke faire water,that will ne're inflame him ;
He ſav'd my life, though he purpoſ'd to deſtroy me,
For which Ile ſave his, though I make it miſerable :
Madam, at Court I ſhall deſire your company,
You are wiſe and vertuous, when you pleaſe to viſit
My brother *Frederick*, you ſhall have our Licence,
My deere beſt friend, *Valerio.*
Val. Save *Alphonſo.*
Omn. Long live *Alphonſo*, King of us, and *Naples.*
Alph. Is this the Lady that the wonder goes on ?
Honour'd ſweet maid, here take her my *Valerio*,
The King now gives her, ſhe is thine owne without feare :
Brother, have you ſo much proviſion that is good ?
Not ſeaſon'd by *Sorano* and his Cooks ?
That we may venture on with honeſt ſafety,
We and our friends ?
Fred. All that I have is yours, Sir.
Alph. Come then, let's in, and end this Nuptiall,
Then to our Coronation with all ſpeed :
My vertuous maid, this day Ile be your Bride-man,
And ſee you bedded to your owne deſires too ;
Beſhrew me Lords, who is not merry hates me,
Onely *Sorano* ſhall not beare my cup :
Come, now forget old paines and injuries,
As I muſt do, and drowne all in faire healths ;
That Kingdom's bleſſed, where the King begins
His true love firſt, for there all loves are twins.
Exeunt Omnes.

Prologue.

You are welcome Gentlemen, and would our Feaſt
Were ſo well ſeaſon'd, to pleaſe every Gueſt ;
Ingenuous appetites, I hope we ſhall,
And their examples may prevaile in all
(Our noble friends) who writ this, bid me ſay,
He had rather dreſſe, upon a Triumph day,
My Lord Mayers Feaſt, and make him Sawces too,
Sawce for each ſeverall mouth, nay further go,
He had rather build up thoſe invincible Pyes
And Caſtle Cuſtards that afright all eyes,
Nay eat 'em all, and their Artillery,
Then dreſſe for ſuch a curious company
One ſingle diſh ; yet he has pleas'd ye too,
And you have confeſt he knew well what to do ;
Be hungry as you were wont to be, and bring
Sharpe ſtomacks to the ſtories he ſhall ſing,
And he dare yet, he ſaies, prepare a Table
Shall make you ſay well dreſt, and he well able.

* * *

Epilogue.

We have your favovrs Gentlemen, and you
Have our indeavours, (deere friends grudge not now,)
There's none of you, but when you pleaſe can ſell
Many a lame Horſe, and many a faire tale tell ;
Can put off many a maid unto a friend,
That was not ſo ſince the action at *Mile-end* ;
Ours is a Virgin yet, and they that love
Untainted fleſh, we hope our friends will prove.

Here endeth A Wife for a Moneth.

VVIT
At ſeverall VVeapons.

Actus primus, Scæna prima.

Enter Sir Perſidious Old-craft an old Knight, and Witty-pate his Sonne.

Witty. SIr, i'me no Boy, i'me deepe in one and twenty,
The ſecond yeare's approaching.
Old K. A fine time
For a youth to live by his wits then I ſhould thinke,
If e're he meane to make account of any.
Witty. Wits Sir?
Old K. I wits Sir, if it be ſo ſtrange to thee,
I'me ſorry I ſpent that time to get a Foole,
I might have imploy'd my paines a great deale better;
Thou know'ſt all that I have I ha got by my wits,
And yet to ſee how urgent thou art too;
It grieves me thou art ſo degenerate
To trouble me for meanes, I never offer'd it:
My Parents from a Schoole-boy, paſt nineteen once,
See what theſe times are growne too, before twenty
I ruſht into the world, which is indeed
Much like the Art of Swimming, he that will atteine to't
Muſt fall plumpe, and duck himſelfe at firſt,
And that will make him hardy and adventurous,
And not ſtand putting in one foot and ſhiver,
And then draw tother after, like a quake-buttock;
Well he may make a padler i' the world,
From hand to mouth, but never a brave ſwimmer,
Borne up byth' chin as I bore up my ſelfe,
With my ſtrong induſtry that never fayl'd me;
For he that lyes borne up with Patrimonies,
Lookes like a long great Aſſe that ſwims with bladders,
Come but one prick of adverſe fortune to him
He ſinkes, becauſe he never try'd to ſwim
When wit playes with the billowes that choackt him.
Witty. Why is it not a faſhion for a Father Sir,
Out of his yearely thouſands, to allow
His only ſonne a competent brace of hundreds,
Or ſuch a toy?
Old K. Yes, if he meane to ſpoyle him,
Or mar his wits he may, but never I,
This is my humour Sir, which you'le finde conſtant;
I love wit ſo well becauſe I liv'd by't,
That ile give no man power out of my meanes to hurt it,
And that's a kinde of gratitude to my rayſer,
Which great ones oft forget; I admire much
This Ages dulneſſe, when I ſcarce writ man,
The firſt degree that e're I tooke in thriving,
I lay intelligencer cloſe for wenching,
Could give this Lord or Knight a true Certificate
Of all the Maiden-heads extant, how many lay
'Mongſt Chamber-maids, how many 'mongſt Exchange Wenches,
Though never many there I mnſt confeſſe,
They have a trick to utter ware ſo faſt;
I knew which Lady had a minde to fall,
Which Gentlewoman new divorc'ſt, which Tradeſ-man breaking,
The price of every ſinner to a haire,
And where to raiſe each price; which were the Tearmers
That would give Velvet Petty-coates, Tiſſue Gownes,
Which Peeces, Angells, Suppers, and Halfe crownes;
I knew how to match and make my market,
Could give intelligence where the Pox lay ledger,
And then to ſee the Letchers ſhift a point,
'Twas ſport and profit too; how they would ſhun
Their ador'd Miſtris chambers, and run fearefully,
Like Rats from burning houſes, ſo brought I
My Clyents a the game ſtill ſafe together,
And noble Gameſters lov'd me, and I felt it:
Give me a man that lives by his wits ſay I,
And never left a Groat, there's the true Gallant.
When I grew ſomewhat purſie, I grew then
In mens opinions too, and confidences,
They put things call'd Executorſhips upon me,
The charge of Orphans, little ſenceleſſe creatures,
Whom in their Childe-hoods I bound forth to Feltmakers,
To make 'em loſe and work away their Gentry,
Diſguiſe their tender natures with hard cuſtome,
So wrought 'em out in time, there I rizze ungently,
Nor do I feare to diſcourſe this unto thee,
I'me arm'd at all points againſt treachery,
I hold my humour firme, if I can ſee thee thrive by
Thy wits while I live, I ſhall have the more courage
To truſt thee with my Lands when I dye; if not,
The next beſt wit I can heare of carries 'em:
For ſince in my time and knowledge ſo many rich Children
Of the City conclude in beggery, i'de rather
Make a wiſe ſtranger my Executor, then a fooliſh

Sonne my Heire, and to have my Lands call'd after my
Wit, thou after my name; and that's my nature. then
Witty. 'Tis a ſtrange harſh one, muſt I ſtill ſhift then?
I come brave cheates, once to my trade agen,
And i'le ply't harder now then e're I did for't,
You'le part with nothing then, Sir?
Old K. Not a jot Sir.
Witty. If I ſhould aske you bleſſing e're I go Sir,
I think you would not give't me.
O. K. Let me but heare thou liv'ſt by thy wits once
Thou ſhalt have any thing, thou'rt none of mine elſe,
Then why ſhould I take care for thee?
Witty. 'Thanke your bounty. Exit
O. K. So wealth love me, and long life, I beſeech it,
As I do love the man that lives by his wits,
He comes ſo neare my nature; i'me growne old now,
And ev'n arriv'd at my laſt cheat I feare me,
But 'twill make ſhift to bury me, by day-light too,
And diſcharge all my Legacies, 'tis ſo wealthy,
And never trouble any Intereſt money:
Iv'e yet a Neece to wed, over whoſe ſteps
I have plac'ſt a truſty watchfull Gardineſſe,
For feare ſome poore Earle ſteale her, 't has bin threatned
To redeem morgag'd Land, but he ſhall miſſe on't;
To prevent which, I have ſought out a match for her,
Fop of Fop-hall, he writes himſelfe, I take it,
The antient,ſt *Fop* in *England*, with whom i'me privately
Compounded for the third part of her Portion,

Enter Sir Gregory Fop, and Cuningham.

And ſhe ſeemes pleas'd, ſo two parts reſt with me,
Hee's come; Sir *Gregory*, welcome, what's he Sir?
Sir Greg. Young *Cunningham*, a *Norfolke* Gentleman,
One that has liv'd upon the *Fops*, my kinred,
Ever ſince my remembrance; hee's a wit indeed,
And we all ſtrive to have him, nay, 'tis certaine
Some of our name has gone to Law for him;
Now 'tis my turne to keep him, and indeed
Hee's plaguy chargeable as all your wits are,
But I will give him over when I liſt,
I ha us'd wits ſo before.
O. K. Hope when y'are married Sir you'le ſhake him off.
Sir Greg. Why what do you take me to be, old Father i'Law that ſhall be, do you think ile have any of the *Wits* hang upon me after I am married once? none of my kinred ever had before me; but where's this Neece? iſt a faſhion in *London* to marry a woman and never ſee her?
O. K. Excuſe the niceneſſe Sir, that care's your friend,
Perhaps had ſhe been ſeen, you had never ſeen her;
There's many a ſpent-thing call'd an't like your honour,
That lyes in wait for her at firſt ſnap, ſhe's a Counteſſe,
Drawne with ſixe Mares through Fleet-ſtreete, and a Coach-man,
Sitting Bare-headed to their *Flaunders* buttocks,
This whets him on.
Sir Greg. Pray let's clap up the buſineſſe Sir,
I long to ſee her, are you ſure you have her,
Is ſhe not there already? Hark, O hark.
O. K. How now, what's that Sir?
Sir. Greg. Every Caroach goes by,
Goes ev'n toth' heart of me.
O. K. Ile have that doubt eas'd Sir,
Inſtantly eas'd, Sir *Gregory*, and now I think on't
A toy comes i' my minde, ſeeing your friend there,
Wee'l have a little ſport, give you but way to't,
And put a trick upon her, I love wit pretiouſly,
You ſhall not be ſeene yet, wee'le ſtale your friend firſt,
If't pleaſe but him to ſtand for the Anti-maſke.
Sir Greg. Puh, he ſhall ſtand for any thing, why his ſupper
Lyes i' my breeches here, ile make him fait elſe.
O. K. Then come you forth more unexpectedly
The Maske it ſelfe, a thouſand a yeare joynture,
The cloud your friend will be then drawne away,
And only you the beauty of the Play.
Sir Greg. For Red and Black Ile put downe all your Fullers,
Let but your Neece bring White, and we have three Cullours. *Exit Sir Greg.*
O. K. I'me given to underſtand you are a *Wit* Sir.
Cunning. I'me one that Fortune ſhewes ſmall favour to Sir.
O. K. Why there you conclude it, whether you will or no Sir;
To tell you truth, i'me taken with a wit.
Cun. Fowlers catch Woodcocks ſo, let not them know ſo much,
O. K. A Peſtilence mazard, a Duke *Humphrey* ſparke
Had rather loſe his Dinner then his Jeſt,
I ſay, I love a wit the beſt of all things.
Cun. Alwaies except your ſelfe.
O. K. Has gin't me twice now,

Enter Neece and Guardioneſſe.

All with a breath, I thank him; but that I love a wit
I ſhould be heartily angry; cuds, my Neece,
You know the buſineſſe with her,
Cun. With a woman?
'Tis ev'n the very ſame it was i'me ſure
Five thouſand yeares a go, no foole can miſſe it.
O. K. This is the Gentleman I promiſt Neece,
To preſent to your affection.
Cun. 'Ware that Arrow.
O. K. Deliver me the truth now of your liking.
Cun. I'me ſpoyl'd already, that ſuch poore leane Game
Should be found out as I am.
O. K. Go ſet too her Sir--ha, ha, ha.
Cun. How noble is this vertue in you Lady,
Your eye may ſeeme to commit thouſand ſlaughters
On your dull ſervants, which truly taſted
Conclude all in comforts.
O. K. Puh.
Neece. It rather ſhewes what a truth worth can make,
Such as yours is.
O. K. And that's not worth a groat,
How like you him Neece?
Neece. It ſhall appeare how well Sir,
I humbly thanke you for him.
O. K. Hah? ha, good gullory, he does it well ifaith,
Light, as if he meant to purchaſe lip-land there:
Hold, hold, beare off I ſay, ſlid your part hangs too long.
Cun. My joyes are mockeries.
Neece. Y'ave both expreſt a worthy care and love Sir,
Had mine owne eye been ſet at liberty,
To make a publike choyce (beleeve my truth Sir)
It could not ha done better for my heart
Then your good providence has.
O. K. You will ſay ſo then,
Alaſſe ſweet Neece, all this is but the ſcabbard,
Now I draw forth the weapon.
Neece. How?
O. K. Sir *Gregory*,
Approach thou Lad of thouſands.

Enter Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Who calls me?
Neece. What motion's this? the Modell of *Ninivie*?
O. K. Accoſt her daintily now, let me adviſe thee.
Sir Greg. I was adviſ'd to beſtow dainty coſt on you.

Neece. You were ill advis'd, back,and take better counſell;
You may have good for an Angell, the leaſt coſt
You can beſtow upon a woman Sir
Trebles ten Counſellors Fees, in Lady-ware,
Y'are over head and eares ere you be aware,
Faith keep a Batchelour ſtill, and go to bowles Sir,
Follow your Miſtris there, and prick and ſave Sir,
For other Miſtreſſes will make you a ſlave Sir.
Sir Greg. So, ſo, I have my lerrepoop already.
O. K. Why how now *Neece*, this is the man I tell you.
Neece. He, hang him Sir, I know you do but mocke,
This is the man you would ſay.
O. K. The Devill rides I think.
Cun. I muſt uſe cunning here.
O. K. Make me not mad, uſe him with all reſpect,
This is the man I ſweare.
Neece. Would you could perſwade me to that;
Alaſſe, you cannot go beyond me Unckle,
You carry a Jeſt well I muſt confeſſe,
For a man of your yeares, but——
O. K. I'me wrought beſide my ſelfe.
Cun. I never beheld comlineſſe till this minute.
Guar. O good ſweet Sir, pray offer not theſe words
To an old Gentlewoman.
Neece. Sir.
Cun. Away fifteene,
Here's fifty one exceeds thee.
Neece. What's the buſineſſe?
Cun. Give me theſe motherly creatures, come, ne're ſmother it,
I know you are a teeming woman yet.
Guard. Troth a young Gent. might do much I think Sir
Cun. Go too then.
Guard. And I ſhould play my part, or I were ingratefull.
Neece. Can you ſo ſoone neglect me?
Cun. Hence, i'me buſie.
O. K. This croſſe point came in luckely, impudent Baggage,
Hang from the Gentleman, art thou not aſham'd
To be a Widowes hinderance?
Cun. Are you angry Sir?
O. K. You're welcome, pray court on, I ſhall deſire
Your honeſt wiſe acquaintance; vexe me not
After my care and paines to finde a match for thee,
Leſt I confine thy life to ſome out chamber,
Where thou ſhalt waſte the ſweetneſſe of thy youth,
Like a conſuming light in her owne ſocket,
And not allow'd a male creature about thee;
A very Munckey thy neceſſity
Shall prize at a thouſand pound, a Chimney-ſweeper
At fifteene hundred.
Neece. But are you ſerious Unckle?
O. K. Serious.
Neece. Pray let me looke upon the gentleman
With more heed, then I did but hum him over
In haſte, good faith, as Lawyers Chancery ſheetes;
Beſhrew my blood a tollerable man,
Now I diſtinctly read him.
Sir Greg. Hum, hum, hum.
Neece. Say he be black, hee's of a very good pitch,
Well anckled, two good confident calves, they looke
As if they would not ſhrink at the ninth childe;
The redneſſe ith' face, why that's in faſhion,
Moſt of your high bloods have it, ſigne of greatneſſe marry;
'Tis to be taken downe too with May butter,
Ile ſend to my Lady *Spend-tayle* for her Medicine.
Sir Greg. Lum te dum, dum, dum, de dum.
Neece. Hee's qualified too, beleve me.
Sir Greg. Lum te dum, de dum, de dum.
Neece. Where was my judgement?
Sir Greg. Lum te dum, dum, dum, te dum, te dum.
Neece. Perfections cover'd meſſe.
Sir Greg. Lum te dum, te dum, te dum.
Neece. It ſmoakes apparantly, pardon ſweet Sir
The errour of my Sex.
O. K. Why well ſaid Neece,
Upon ſubmiſſion you muſt pardon her now Sir.
Sir Greg. He do't by courſe, do you think i'me an aſſe Knight?
Here's firſt my hand, now't goes to the Seale Office.
O. K. Formally finiſht, how goes this Suit forward?
Cun. I'me taking meaſure of the widowes minde Sir,
I hope to fit her heart.
Guard. Who would have dreamt
Of a young morſell now? things come in minutes.
Sir Greg. Truſt him not widow, hee's a younger Brother,
Hee'le ſweare and lye; beleeve me hee's worth nothing.
Guard. He brings more content to a woman with that nothing,
Then he that brings his thouſands without any thing,
We have preſidents for that amongſt great Ladies.
O. K. Come, come, no Language now ſhall be in faſhion,
But your Love-phraſe the bell to procreation. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Ruinous Gentry, Witty-pate, and Priſcian.

Witty. Pax, there's nothing puts me beſides my wits, but this fourth,
This lay illiterate ſhare, there's no conſcience in't.
Ruin. Sir, it has ever been ſo where I have practis'd, and muſt be
Sill where I am, nor has it been undeſerv'd at the yeares
End, and ſhuffle the Almanack together, vacations and
Terme-times one with another, though I ſay't, my wife is a
Woman of a good ſpirit, then it is no lay-ſhare.
Priſ. Faith for this five yeare, *Ego poſſum probare*, I have had
A hungry penurious ſhare with em, and ſhe has had as much
As I alwayes.
Witty. Preſent or not preſent?
Priſ. *Reſidens aut non reſidens, perſidem.*

Witty. And what preſident's this for me? becauſe your *Hic & hac*, *Turpis* and *Qui mihi diſcipulus* braines (that never got any thing but by accidence and uncertainty) did allow it, therefore I muſt, that have grounded concluſions of wit, hereditary rules for my Father to get by.

Ruin. Sir be compendious, either take or refuſe, I will bate no token of my wives ſhare, make even the laſt reckonings, and either ſo unite or here divide company.

Priſ. A good reſolution, *profecto*, let every man beg his owne way, and happy man be his dole.

Witty. Well, here's your double ſhare, and ſingle brains *Pol, ædipol*, here's toward, a Caſter ecaſtor for you, I will endure it a fortnight longer, but by theſe juſt five ends——

Priſ. Take heed, five's odde, put both hands together or ſeverally they are all odde unjuſt ends.

Witty. *Medius fidius*, hold your tongue, I depoſe you from halfe a ſhare preſently elſe, I will make you a participle and decline you, now you underſtand me, be you a quiet conjunction amongſt the undeclined; you and your Latine ends ſhall go ſhift, *Solus cum ſolo* together elſe, and then if ever they get ends of gold and ſilver enough to ſerve that Gerundine maw of yours, that without *Do* will end in *Di & Dum* inſtantly.

Enter Old Knight and Sir Gregory.

Ruin. Inough, ynough, here comes company, we loſe five ſhares in wrangling about one.

Witty. My Father, put on Priſcian, he has Latine fragments too, but I feare him not, ile caſe my face with a little more haire and releive.

O. K. Tuſh Nephew (ile call you ſo) for if there be
No other obſtacles then thoſe you ſpeake of
They are but powder charges without pellets,
You may ſafely front 'em;and warrant your owne danger.

Sir Greg. No other that I can perceive ifaith Sir, for I put her to't, and felt her as far as I could, and the ſtrongeſt repulſe was, ſhe ſaid, ſhe would have a little Souldier in me, that (if need were) I ſhould defend her reputation.

O. K. And ſurely Sir, that is a principle
Amongſt your principall Ladies, they require
Vallour either in a friend or a husband.

Sir Greg. And I allow their requeſts ifaith, as well as any womans heart can deſire, if I knew where to get valour, I would as willingly entertaine it as any man that blowes.

O. K. Breathes, breathes Sir, that's the ſweeter phraſe.

Sir Greg. Blowes for a Souldier, ifaith Sir, and i'me in Practiſe that way.

O. K. For a Souldier, I grant it.

Sir Greg. Slid ile ſwallow ſome bullets, and good round ones too, but ile have a little Souldier in me.

Ruin. Will you on and beg, or ſteale and be hang'd.

Sir Greg. And ſome Schollar ſhe would have me beſides,
Tuſh, that ſhall be no bar, 'tis a quality in a
Gentleman, but of the leaſt queſtion.

Priſ. Salvete Domini benigniſſimi, munificentiſſimi.

O. K. Salvete dicis ad nos ? Jubeo te ſalvere,
Nay Sir, we have Latine and other mettall in us too,
Sir, you ſhall ſee me talke with this fellow now.

Sir Greg. I could finde in my heart to talk with him too,
If I could underſtand him.

Priſ. Chariſſimi, Doctiſſimiq. Domini, ex abundantia,
Charitatis veſtræ eſtote poopitii in me junenem,
Miſerum, pauperem, & omni conſolatione exulem.

O. K. A pretty Schollar by my faith Sir, but ile to him agen.

Sir Greg. Does he beg or ſteale in this Language can you tell Sir?
He may take away my good name from me,and I ne're
The wiſer.

O. K. He begs, he begs Sir.

Priſ. Ecce, ecce, in oculis lacrymarum flumen, in ore
Fames, ſitiſq. ignis in vultu, pudor & impudentia,
In omni parte neceſſitas & indigentia.

O. K. Audi tu bonus ſocius, tu es Scolaſticus, ſic intelligo,
Ego faciam argumentum, mark now Sir, now I fetch
Him up.

Sir Greg. I have been fetcht up a hundred times for this,
Yet I could never learne halfe ſo much.

O. K. Audi, & reſponde, hoc eſt Argumentum, nomen eſt
Nomen, ergo, quod eſt tibi nomen, Reſponde nunc,
Reſponde argumentum meum. Have I not put him to't Sir?

Sir Greg. Yes Sir, I think ſo.

Witty. Step in, the raſcall is put out of his pen'd ſpeech,
And he can go no farther.

O. K. Cur non reſpondes ?

Priſ. Oh Domine, tanta mea eſt miſeria.

Witty. So he's almoſt in agen.

Priſ. Ut nocte mecum pernoctat egeſtas, luce quotidie
Paupertat habitat.

O. K. Sed quod eſt tibi nomen, & quis dedit? Reſponde
Argumentum.

Priſ. Hem, hem.

Witty. He's dry, he hems, on quickly.

Ruin. Courteous Gentlemen, if the brow of a Military face may not be offenſive to your generous eye-balls, let his wounds ſpeake better then his words, for ſome branch or ſmall ſprig of charity to be planted upon this poore barren ſoyle of a Souldier.

O. K. How now, what Armes and Arts both go a begging ?

Ruin. Such is the poaſt-progreſſe of cold charity now a dayes, who (for heat to her frigid limbs) paſſes in ſo ſwift a motion, that two at the leaſt had need be to ſtay her.

Sir Greg. Sir, let's reward um I pray you and be gone, if any quarrell ſhould ariſe amongſt us, I am able to anſwer neither of them, his Iron and Steele tongue is as hard as the tothers Latine one.

O. K. Stay, ſtay Sir, I will talke a little with him firſt,
Let me alone with both, I will try whether they
Live by their wits or no; for ſuch a man I love,
And what? you both beg together then ?

Priſ. Conjunctis manibus, profecto, Domine.

Ruin. With equall fortunes equall diſtribution, there's not the breadth of a ſwords point uneven in our diviſion.

Sir Greg. What two qualities are here caſt away upon two poore fellowes, if a man had um that could maintaine um, what a double man were that, if theſe two Fellowes might be bought and ſodden, and boyl'd to a jelly, and eaten faſting every morning, I do not thinke but a man ſhould finde ſtrange things in his ſtomack.

O. K. Come Sir, joyne your charity with mine,and we'le make up a couple of pence betwixt us.

Sir Greg. If a man could have a penny-worth for his penny, I would beſtow more money with 'em.

Witty. Save you Gentlemen: how now? what are you encountred here? what fellowes are theſe ?

O. K. 'Faith Sir, here's *Mars* and *Mercury*, a paire of poore Planets it ſeemes, that *Jupiter* has turn'd out to live by their wits, and we are e'ne about a little ſparke of charity to kindle um a new fire.

Witty. Stay, pray you ſtay Sir, you may abuſe your charity, nay make that goodneſſe in you no better then a vice, ſo many deceivers walke in theſe ſhadowes now a dayes, that certainly your bounties were better ſpilt then reſerv'd to ſo lewd and vicious uſes; which is he that profeſſes the Souldier?

Ruin. He that profeſſes his owne profeſſion Sir, and the dangerous life he hath led in it this paire of halfe ſcore yeares.

Witty. In what ſervices have you been Sir ?

Ruin. The firſt that fleſht me a ſouldier Sir, was that great battell at *Alcazar* in *Barbarie*, where the noble Engliſh *Stukely* fell, and where that royall Portugall *Sebaſtian* ended his untimely dayes.

Witty. Are you ſure *Sebaſtian* dyed there ?

Ruin. Faith Sir, there was ſome other rumour hop't amongſt us, that he wounded eſcap't, and touch't on his Native ſhore agen, where finding his Country at home more diſtreſt by the invaſion of the *Spaniard* then his loſſe abroad, forſooke it, ſtill ſupporting a miſerable and unfortunate life, which (where he ended) is yet uncertaine.

Witty. By my faith Sir, he ſpeakes the neareſt fame of truth in this.

Ruin. Since Sir, I ſerv'd in *France*, the *Low Countries*, laſtly, at that memorable Skirmiſh at *Newport*, where the forward and bold *Scot* there ſpent his life ſo freely, that from every ſingle heart that there fell, came home from his reſolution a double honour to his country.

Witty. This ſhould be no counterfeit, Sir.

O. K. I do not thinke he is, Sir.

Witty. But Sir, me thinkes you do not ſhew the markes of a Souldier, could you ſo freely ſcape, that you brought home no ſcarres to be your chronicle?

Ruin. Sir, I have wounds and many, but in thoſe parts where nature and humanity bids me ſhame to publiſh.

Witty. A good Souldier cannot want thoſe badges.

Sir Greg. Now am not I of your minde in that, for I hold him the beſt ſouldier that ſcapes beſt, alwaies at a Cocke-fencing I give him the beſt that has the feweſt knocks.

Witty. Nay ile have a bout with your Schollar too,
To aske you why you ſhould be poore (yet richly learn'd)
Were no queſtion, at leaſt you can eaſily
Anſwer it; but whether you have learning enough,
To deſerve to be poore or no (ſince poverty is
Commonly the meed of Learning) is yet to be tryed;
You have the Languages, I meane the chiefe,
As the Hebrew, Syriack, Greeke, Latine, &c.

Priſ. Aliquantulum, non totaliter, Domine.

O.K. The Latine I have ſufficiently tryed him in,
And I promiſe you Sir he is very well grounded.

Witty. I will prove him in ſome of the reſt.
Tois miois fatherois iſte Cock-ſcomboy?

Priſ. Kay yonkeron niggitton oy fouleroi Aſiniſoy.

Witty. Cheateron ton biton?

Priſ. Tous pollous ſtrikerous, Angelo to peeſo.

Witty. Certainely Sir, a very excellent Schollar in the Greeke.

O. K. I do note a wonderous readineſſe in him.

Sir Greg. I do wonder how the *Trojans* could hold out ten yeares Seige (as 'tis reported) againſt the *Greekes*, if *Achilles* ſpoke but this Tongue? I do not thinke but he might have ſhaken downe the walls in a ſeventh-night, and ne're troubled the wooden horſe.

Witty. I will try him ſo far as I can in the Syriack.
Kircom bragmen, ſhag a dou ma dell mathou.

Priſ. Haſhagath rabgabaſh ſhobos onoriadka.

Witty. Colpack Rubaſca, gnawerthem ſhigſhag.
Napſhamothem Ribſhe bongomoſh laſhemech nagothi.

Witty. Gentlemen I have done, any man that can, go further,
I confeſſe my ſelfe at a *Nonplus*.

Sir Greg. Faith not I Sir, I was at my fartheſt in my naturall Language, I was never double-tongu'd I thanke my hard fortune.

Witty. Well Gentlemen, 'tis pitty (walke further off a little my friends) I ſay, 'tis pitty ſuch fellowes ſo endow'd, ſo qualified with the gifts of Nature and Arts, yet ſhould have ſuch a ſcarcity of fortunes benefits, we muſt blame our Iron-hearted age for it.

O. K. 'Tis pitty indeed, and our pitty ſhall ſpeake a little for 'em;
Come Sir, here's my Groat.

Witty. A Groat Sir? oh fie, give nothing rather, 'twere better you rayl'd on um for begging and ſo quit your ſelfe, I am a poore Gentleman, that have little but my wits to live on.

O. K. Troth and I love you the better, Sir.

Witty. Yet ile begin a better example then ſo, here fellowes, there's between you, take Purſe and all, and I would it were heavier for your ſakes, there's a paire of Angells to guide you to your lodgings, a poore Gentlemans good will.

Priſ. Gratias, maximas gratias, benigniſſime Domine.

O. K. This is an ill example for us, Sir, I would this bountifull Gentleman had not come this way to day.

Sir Greg. Pox, we muſt not ſhame our ſelves now, Sir, ile give as much as that Gentleman, though I never be Souldier or Schollar while I live; here friends, there's a piece, that if he were divided would make a paire of Angells for me too, in the love I beare to the Sword and the Tongues.

O. K. My largeſſe ſhall be equall too, and much good doe you, this bounty is a little abatement of my wit though, I feele that.

Ruin. May ſouldiers ever defend ſuch charities.

Priſ. And Schollars pray for their encreaſe.

O. K. Fare you well Sir, theſe fellowes may pray for you, you have made the Schollars commons exceed to day, and a word with you, Sir, you ſaid you liv'd by your wits, if you uſe this bounty you'le begger your wits beleeve it.

Witty. Oh Sir, I hope to encreaſe 'em by it, this ſeed never wants his harveſt, fare you well, Sir. *Exit*

Sir Greg. I thinke a man were as good meet with a reaſonable Thiefe, as an unreaſonable Begger ſometimes, I could finde in my heart to beg halfe mine back agen, can you change my piece my friends?

Priſ. Tempora mutantur, & nos mutamur in illis.

Sir Greg. My Gold is turn'd into Latine,

Enter Witty-pate.

Looke you good fellowes, here's one round
Shilling more that lay conceal'd.

O. K. Sir, away, we ſhall be drawn farther into dammage elſe.

Sir Greg. A pox of the Foole, he live by his wits? if his wits leave him any money but what he beggs or ſteales very ſhortly, ile be hang'd for him.

Exeunt the two Knights.

Ruin. This breakfaſt parcell was well fetcht of ifaith.

Witty. Tuſh, a by-blow for mirth, we muſt have better purchaſe, we want a fourth for another project that I have ripen'd.

Ruin, My wife, ſhe ſhares, and can deſerve it.

Witty. She can change her ſhape, and be maſculine.

Ruin. 'Tis one of the free'ſt conditions, ſhe feares not the crack of a Piſtoll, ſhe dares ſay ſtand to a Grazier.

Priſ. Probatum fuit, profecto, Domine.

Witty. Good, then you Sir *Baecbus*, *Appollo* ſhall be diſpatcht with her ſhare, and ſome contents to meete us to morrow (at a certaine place and time appointed) in the maſculine Gender, my Father has a Nephew, and I an owne Couſen comming up from the Univerſity, whom he loves moſt indulgently, eaſie Maſter *Credulous Oldcraft*, (for you know what your meere Academique is) your Carrier never miſſes his houre, he muſt not be rob'd (becauſe he has but little to loſe) but he muſt joyne with us in a deviſe that I have, that ſhall rob my Father of a hundred pieces, and thanke me to be rid on't, for there's the ambition of my wit to live upon his profeſt wit, that has turn'd me out to live by my wits.

Priſ. Cum hirundinis alis tibi regratulor.

Witty. A male habit, a bag of a hunder'd weight, though it be counters (for my *Alchimy* ſhall turne 'em into Gold of my Fathers) the houre, the place, the action ſhall be at large ſet downe, and Father, you ſhall know, that I put my portion to uſe, that you have given me to live by;
And to confirme your ſelfe in me renate,
I hope you'le finde my wits legitimate. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Scæna Prima.

Enter Lady, Gentry, and Servants.

Serv. NAy Lady.
Lady. Put me not in minde on't prethee,
You cannot do a greater wrong to women,
For in our wants, 'tis the moſt chiefe affliction
To have that name remembred; 'tis a title
That miſery workes us by, and the worlds malice,
Scorne and contempt has not where with to work
On humble Callings; they are ſafe, and lye
Levell with pitty ſtill, and pale diſtreſſe
Is no great ſtranger to 'em; but when fortune
Lookes with a ſtormy face on our conditions,
We finde affliction worke, and envie paſtime,
And our worſt enemy then that moſt abuſes us,
Is that we are call'd by, Lady, O my ſpirit,
Will nothing make thee humble? I am well methinkes,
And can live quiet with my fate ſometimes,
Untill I looke into the world agen,
Then I begin to rave at my ſtars bitterneſſe,
To ſee how many muckhills plac'd above me;
Peaſants and Droyles, Caroches full of Dunghills,
Whoſe very birth ſtinkes in a generous noſtrill,
Gliſtring by night like Glow-wormes through the High-ſtreets,
Hurried by Torch-light in the Foot-mans hands
That ſhew like running Fire-drakes through the City,
And I put to my ſhifts and wits to live,
Nay ſometimes danger too; on Foot, on Horſe-back,
And earne my ſupper manfully ere I get it,
Many a meale I have purchas'd at that rate,

Enter Priſcian.

Fed with a wound upon me, ſtampt at midnight.
Hah, what are you?
Priſ. Now you may tell your ſelfe Lady. *Pulls off's beard.*
Lady. Oh Mr. *Priſcian*, what's the project,
For you ne're come without one.
Priſ. Firſt, your Husband,
Sir *Ruinous Gentry* greetes you with beſt wiſhes,
And here has ſent you your full ſhare by me
In five Cheates, and two Robberies.
Lady. And what comes it too?
Priſ. Neare upon thirteene pound.
Lady. A goodly ſhare,
'Twill put a Lady ſcarce in Philip and Cheyney,
VVith three ſmall Bugle Laces, like a Chamber-maid,
Here's pretious lifting.
Priſ. 'Laſſe you muſt conſider, Lady,
'Tis but young Tearm, Atturnies ha ſmall doings yet,
Then High-way Lawyers, they muſt needs ha little,
Wee'ne had no great good luck to ſpeake troth Beauty,
Since your ſtout Lady-ſhip parted from's at Hye-gate,
But there's a faire hope now for a preſent hunder'd,
Here's mans Apparrell, your Horſe ſtands at doore.
Lady. And what's the vertuous plot now?
Priſ. Marry Lady,
You like a brave young Gallant muſt be rob'd.
Lady. I rob'd?
Priſ. Nay then ——
Lady. Well, well, go on, let's heare Sir.
Priſ. Here's a ſeal'd bag of a Hunder'd, which indeed
Are Counters all, only ſome ſixteen Groates
Of white money i'the mouth on't.
Lady. So, what Saddle have I?
Priſ, Mounſieur *Laroon's* the *French-mans.*
Lady. That agen,
You know ſo well it is not for my ſtride,
How oft have I complain'd on't?
Priſ. You may have *Jockey's* then, the little *Scotch* one,
You muſt diſpatch. *Exit Priſ.*
Lady. Ile ſoone by ready Sir,
Before you ha ſhifted Saddles, many women
Have their wealth flow to 'em, I was made I ſee
To help my fortune, not my fortune me. *Exit.*

Enter Cuningame.

Cun. My wayes are Goblin-led, and the night Elfe
Still drawes me from my home, yet I follow,
Sure 'tis not altogether fabulous,
Such Haggs do get dominion of our tongues
So ſoone as we ſpeake, the Inchantment bindes;
I have diſſembled ſuch a trouble on me,
As my beſt wits can hardly cleare agen;
Piping through this old Reede, the Gardianeſſe,
With purpoſe that my harmony ſhall reach
And pleaſe the Ladies eare, ſhe ſtops below,
And ecchoes back my love unto my lips,
Perſwaded by moſt violent arguments
Of ſelfe-love in her ſelfe; I am ſo ſelfe-foole,
To doat upon her hunder'd-wrinckl'd face;
I could begger her to accept the gifts
She would throw upon me; 'twere charity,
But for pitties ſake I will be a niggard
And undo her, refuſing to take from her;
I'me haunted agen, if it take not now
I'le breake the Spell.

Enter Gardianeſſe.

Gard. Sweet *Cuningame*, welcome;
What? a whole day abſent? Birds that build Neſts
Have care to keep 'em.
Cun. That's granted,
But not continually to ſit upon 'em;
Leſſe in the youngling ſeaſon, elſe they deſire
To fly abroad, and recreate their labours,
Then they returne with freſher appetite
To worke agen.
Gard. Well, well, you have built a neſt
That will ſtand all ſtormes, you need not miſtruſt
A weather-wrack, and one day it may be
The youngling ſeaſon too, then I hope
You'le ne're fly out of ſight.
Cun. There will be paines,
I ſee to ſhake this Bur off, and ſweeteſt,
Prethee how fares thy charge? has my good friend
Sir *Gregory* the countenance of a Lover?
Gard. No by my troth, not in my minde, me thinkes
(Setting his Worſhip aſide) he lookes like a foole.
Cun. Nay ifaith, ne're divide his Worſhip from him for that
Small matter; Foole and Worſhip are no ſuch
Strangers now adaies, but my meaning is,
Has he thy Ladies countenance of love?
Lookes ſhe like a welcome on him? plainely,
Have they as good hope of one another,
As *Cupid* bleſſe us, we have?
Gard. Troth I know not,
I can perceive no forwardneſſe in my charge,
But I proteſt I wiſh the Knight better
For your ſake, Bird.
Cun. Why thanks ſweet Bird, and with my heart I wiſh,
That he had as ſtrong and likely hope of her

As thou haſte of me.
Gard. Well, he's like to ſpeed
Ne're the worſe for that good wiſh, and ile tell you
Bird (for ſecrets are not to be kept betwixt us two)
My charge thinkes well of you.
Cun. Of me? for what?
Gard. For my ſake, I meane ſo, I have heard her
A hundred times ſince her Unckle gave her
The firſt bob about you, that ſhe'de do ſomewhat
For my ſake if things went well together,
We have ſpoke of doores and bolts, and things and things,
Go too, ile tell you all, but you'le finde
Some advancement for my ſake I do beleeve.
Cun. Faith be not ſparing, tell me.
Gard. By my Lady
You ſhall pardon me for that, 'twere a ſhame
If men ſhould heare all that women ſpeakes behinde
Their backes ſometimes.
Cun. You muſt give me leave yet,
At leaſt to give her thankes.
Gard. Nor that neither,
She muſt not take a notice of my blabbing,
It is ſufficient you ſhall give me thankes,
For 'tis for my ſake if ſhe be bountifull,
She loves me, and loves you too for my ſake.
Cun. How ſhall I knowing this but be ingrate,
Not to repay her with my deareſt duty.
Gard. I, but you muſt not know it, if you tell
All that I open to you, you'le ſhame us both;
A far off you may kiſſe your hand, bluſh, or ſo,
But i'le allow no nearer conference.
Cun. Whoope! you'le be jealous I perceive now.
Gard. Jealous? why there'e no true love without it, Bird,
I muſt be jealous of thee, but for her,
(Were it within my duty to my Maſter)
I durſt truſt her with the ſtrongeſt tempter,
And I dare ſweare her now as pure a Virgin
As e're was welcom'd to a marriage bed,
If thoughts may be untainted, her's are ſo.
Cun. And where's the cauſe of your feare then?
Gard. Well, well;
When things are paſt, and the wedding Torches
Lighted at matches, to kindle better fire,
Then ile tell you more.
Cun. Come, come, I ſee further,
That if we were married you'de be jealous.
Gard. I proteſt I ſhould a little, but not of her,
It is the married woman (if you mark it)
And not the maid that longs, the appetite
Followes the firſt taſte, when we have reliſht
We wiſh cloying, the taſte once pleas'd before,
Then our deſire is whetted on to more,
But I reveale too much to you, ifaith Bird.
Cun. Not a whit 'faith, Bird, betwixt you and I,
I am beholding for bettering of my knowledge.
Gard. Nay you ſhall know more of me if you'le be rul'd,
But make not things common.
Cun. Vd' ſo, your Lady?
Gard. I, 'tis no matter, ſhe'le like well of this,
Our familiarity is her content.

Enter Neece and Clowne.

Nee. This preſent from Sir *Gregory*?
Clow. From my Maſter, the Worſhipfull right Sir *Gregory Fop.*
Nee. A Ruffe? and what might be his high conceit
In ſending of a Ruffe? (high too
Clow. I thinke he had two conceits in it forſooth, too
Low, Ruffe high, becauſe as the Ruffe does embrace yout necke all day, ſo does he deſire to throw his Knightly armes.
Neece. But then I leave him off a nights.
Clow. Why then he is ruffe low, a ruffian, a bold adventerous errant to do any rough ſervice for his Lady.
Nee. A witty and unhappy conceit, does he meane
As he ſeemes to ſay unto that reverence? *Toward*
He does wooe her ſure. *Cuning.*
Clow. To tell you truth Lady, his conceit was far better then I have blaz'd it yet.
Nee. Do you think ſo, Sir?
Clow. Nay I know it forſooth, for it was two dayes ere he compaſs'd it, to finde a fitting preſent for your Ladyſhip, he was ſending once a very fine Puppy to you.
Nee. And that he would have brought himſelfe.
Clow. So he would indeed, but then he alter'd his deviſe, and ſent this Ruffe, requeſting withall, that whenſoever it is foule, you (with your owne hands) would beſtow the ſtarching of it.
Nee. Elſe ſhe wooes him, now his eyes ſhoots this way;
And what was the reaſon for that Sir? *Toward Cun.*
Clow. There lyes his maine conceit, Lady, for ſayes he, In ſo doing ſhe cannot chuſe but in the ſtarching to clap it often between her hands, and ſo ſhe gives a great liking and applauſe to my preſent, whereas if I ſhould ſend a Puppy, ſhe ever calls it to her with hiſt, hiſſe, hiſſe, which is a fearefull diſgrace, he drew the deviſe from a Play, at the Bull tother day.
Nee. I marry Sir, this was a rich conceit indeed.
Clow. And far fetch'd, therefore good for you Lady.
Gard. How now? which way looke you, Bird?
Cun. At the Foole Bird, ſhall I not look at the Foole?
Gard. At the Foole and I here? what need that? pray look
Nee. Ile fit him aptly, either ile awake (this way.
His wits (if he have any) or force him
To appeare (as yet I cannot think him)
Without any, Sirrah, tell me one thing true
That I ſhall aske you now, Was this deviſe
Your Maſters owne? I doubt his wit in it;
He's not ſo ingenious.
Clow. His owne I aſſure you, Madam.
Nee. Nay, you muſt not lye.
Clow. Not with a Lady, i'de rather lye with you then lye with my Maſter, by your leave in ſuch a caſe as this.
Gard. Yet agen your eye?
Cun. The Foole makes mirth ifaith,
I would heare ſome.
Gard. Come, you ſhall heare none but me.
Nee. Come hither friend, nay come nearer me; did
Thy Maſter ſend thee to me? he may be wiſe,
But did not ſhew it much in that; men ſometimes
May wrong themſelves unawares, when they leaſt thinke
Was *Vulcan* ever ſo unwiſe, to ſend *Mars* (on't;
To be his ſpokeſman when he went a wooing?
Send thee? heigh-ho, a pretty rowling eye.
Clow. I can turne up the white and the black too, and
Nee. Why, here's an amorous noſe. (need be, forſooth.
Clow. You ſee the worſt of my noſe, forſooth.
Nee. A cheek, how I could put it now in dalliance,
A paire of lips, oh that we were uney'd,
I could ſuck Sugar from 'em, what a beard's here?
When will the Knight thy Maſter have ſuch a
Stampe of man-hood on his face? nay, do not bluſh.
Clow. 'Tis nothing but my fleſh and blood that riſes ſo.
Cun. Death, ſhe courts the Foole.
Gard. Away, away, 'tis ſport, do not minde it.
Nee. Give me thy hand, come be familiar;
I, here's a promiſing palme; what a ſoft

Handfull of pleaſure's here, here's Downe compar'd
With Flocks and quilted Straw, thy Knights fingers
Are leane mattrice rubbers to theſe Feathers,
I prethee let me leane my cheeke upon't,
What a ſoft pillow's here?

Clow. Hum, umh, hu, hum.

Neece. Why there's a courage in that lively paſſion,
Meaſure thee all o're, there's not a limbe
But has his full proportion; it is my voyce,
There's no compare betwixt the Knight and thee,
The goodlier man by halfe, at once now
I ſee thee all over.

Clow. If you had ſeen me ſwim tother day on my back, you would have ſed you had ſeene, there was two Chambermaids that ſaw me, and my leggs by chance were tangled in the flags, and when they ſaw how I was hang'd, they cryed out, O help the man for feare he be drown'd.

Neece. They could do no leſſe in pitty, come, thine arme, wee'le walke together.

Cun. Blindneſſe of Love and Women, why ſhe dotes upon the Foole.

Gard. What's that to you, minde her not.

Cun. Away you Burre.

Gard. How's that?

Cun. Hang of Fleſhook, faſten thine itchy claſpe
On ſome dry Toad-ſtoole that will kindle with thee,
And burne together.

Gard. Oh abominable,
Why do you not love me?

Cun. No, never did?
I tooke thee downe a little way to
Enforce a Vomit from my offended ſtomack,
Now thou'rt up agen I loath thee filthily.

Gard. Oh Villaine.

Cun. Why doſt thou not ſee a ſight
Would make a man abjure the ſight of women.

Nee. Ha, ha, ha, he's vext; ha, ha, ha,
Ha, ha, ha.

Gard. Why doſt thou laugh?
Becauſe thou laugh'ſt, nothing elſe ifaith.

Cun. She has but mockt my folly, elſe ſhe findes not
The boſome of my purpoſe, ſome other way
Muſt make me know; ile try her, and may chance quit
The fine dexterity of her Lady-wit. *Exit.*

Nee. Yes introth, I laught to think of thy Maſter,
Now, what he would think if he knew this?

Clow. By my troth I laugh at him too, faith Sirrah, hee's but a foole to ſay the truth, though I ſay't that ſhould not ſay't.

Nee. Yes, thou ſhouldſt ſay truth, and I beleeve thee;
Well, for this time wee'le part, you perceive ſomething,
Our tongues betray our hearts, there's our weakneſſe,
But pray be ſilent.

Clow. As Mouſe in Cheeſe, or Gooſe in Hay ifaith,

Neece. Looke, we are cut off, there's my hand where my lips would be.

Clow. Ile wink and think 'em thy lips, farewell. *Exit.*

Nee. Now Gardioneſſe, I need not aske where you have been.

Gard. O Lady, never was woman ſo abus'd

Clow. Do'ſt thou heare Lady ſweet-heart, I had forgot to tell thee, if you will I will come back in the Evening?

Nee. By no meanes, come not till I ſend for you.

Clow. If there be any need, you may think of things when I am gone, I may be convey'd into your chamber, ile lye under the bed while midnight, or ſo, or you ſhall put me up in one of your little boxes, I can creep in at a ſmall hole.

Nee. Theſe are things I dare not venter, I charge you on my love never come till I ſend for you.

Clow. Verbum inſapienti, 'tis enough to the wiſe, nor I think it is not fit the Knight ſhould know any thing yet,

Nee. By no meanes, pray you go now, we are ſuſpected.

Clow. For the things that are paſt, let us uſe our ſecrets,

Nee. Now ile make a firme triall of your love,
As you love me, not a word more at this time,
Not a ſillable, 'tis the ſeale of love, take heed.

Clow. Hum, hum, hum, hum ——
Hum's loath to depart. *Exit Clown.*

Nee. So, this pleaſant trouble's gone, now Gardianeſſe,
What? your eyes eaſing your heart, the cauſe woman?

Gard. The cauſe is falſe man, Madam, oh Lady,
I have been gub'd in a ſhining Carbuncle,
A very Glo-worme, that I thought had fire in't,
And 'tis as cold as Ice.

Neece. And juſtly ſerv'd,
Would'ſt thou once think that ſuch an erring Spring
Would dote upon thine Autumne?

Gard. Oh, had you heard him
But proteſt.

Nee. I would not have beleev'd him,
Thou might'ſt have perceiv'd how I mockt thy folly,
In wanton imitation with the Foole,
Go weepe the ſin of thy credulity,
Not of thy loſſe, for it was never thine,
And it is gaine to miſſe it; wert thou ſo dull?
Nay yet thou'rt ſtupid and uncapable,
Why thou wert but the bait to fiſh with, not
The prey, the ſtale to catch another Bird with.

Gard. Indeed he call'd me Bird.

Nee. Yet thou perceiv'ſt not,
It is your Neece he loves, would'ſt thou be made
A ſtakling Jade? 'tis ſhe, examine it,
Ile hurry all awry, and tread my path
Over unbeaten grounds, go levell to the mark,
Not by circuler bouts, rare things are pleaſing,
And rare's but ſeldome in the ſimple ſence,
But has her Emphaſis with eminence *Exit.*

Gard. My Neece? ſhe the rivall of my abuſe?
My fleſh and blood wrong me? ile Aunt her for't;

Enter Mirabell.

Oh opportunity, thou bleſſeſt me
Now Gentlewoman, are you parted ſo ſoone?
Where's your friend I pray? your *Cuningame?*

Mir. What ſay you Aunt?

Gard. Come, come, your *Cuningame?*
I am not blinde with age yet, nor deafe.

Mir. Dumbe I am ſure you are not, what ayld you Ant?
Are you not well?

Gard. No, nor ſick, nor mad, nor in my wits, nor ſleeping, nor walking, nor nothing, nor any thing; I know not what I am, nor what I am not.

Mir. Mercy cover us, what do you meane Aunt?

Gard. I meane to be reveng'd.

Mir. On whom?

Gard. On thee, Baggage.

Mir. Revenge ſhould follow injury,
Which never reacht ſo far as thought in me
Towards you Aunt.

Gard. Your cunning, minion,
Nor your *Cuningame* can either blinde me,
The gentle Begger loves you.

Mir. Beſeech you,
Let me ſtay your errour, I begin to heare,
And ſhake off my amazement; if you think
That ever any paſſage treating love
Hath been betwixt us yet commenc't, any
Silent eye-glance that might but ſparkle fire,

So much as brother and ſiſter might meet with,
The lip-ſalute, ſo much as ſtrangers might
Take a farewell with, the commixed hands,
Nay, but the leaſt thought of the leaſt of theſe;
In troth you wrong your boſome, by that truth
(Which I thinke yet you durſt be bayle for in me,
If it were offered ye) I am as free
As all this proteſtation.

Gard. May I believe this?

Mir. If ever you'l believe truth: why, I thought he had ſpake love to you, and if his heart prompted his tongue, ſure I did heare ſo much.

Gard. Oh falſeſt man, *Ixions* plague fell on me,
Never by woman (ſuch a maſculine cloud)
So airy and ſo ſubtle was embrac't.

Mir. By no cauſe in me, by my life deere Aunt.

Gard. I believe you, then help in my revenge,
And you ſhall do't, or looſe my love for ever,
Ile have him quitted at his equall weapon,
Thou art young, follow him, bait his deſires
With all the Engines of a womans wit,
Stretch modeſty even to the higheſt pitch;
He cannot freeze at ſuch a flaming beauty;
And when thou haſt him by the amorous gills,
Thinke on my vengeance, choke up his deſires,
Then let his banquettings be *Tantaliſme*,
Let thy diſdaine ſpurne the diſſembler out;
Oh I ſhould clime my ſtars, and ſit above,
To ſee him burne to aſhes in his love.

Mir. This will be a ſtrange taſte, Aunt, and an
Unwilling labour, yet in your injunction
I am a ſervant to't.

Gard. Thou'lt undertak't?

Mir. Yes, let the ſucceſſe commend it ſelfe hereafter.

Gard. Effect it Girle, my ſubſtance is thy ſtore,
Nothing but want of will makes woman poore. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Gregory, and Clowne.

Sir Greg. Why *Pompey*, thou art not ſtarke mad, art thou?
Wilt thou not tell me how my Lady doe's?

Clow. Your Lady?

Sir Greg. Did ſhe receive the thing that I ſent her kindly, or no?

Clow. The thing that you ſent her, Knight, by the thing that you ſent, was for the things ſake that was ſent to carry the thing that you ſent, very kindly received, firſt, there is your Indenture, now go ſeeke you a ſervant: ſecondly, you are a Knight: thirdly and laſtly, I am mine owne man: and fourthly, fare you well.

Sir Greg. Why *Pompey?* prethee let me ſpeak with thee, Ile lay my life ſome Haire has croſt him.

Clow. Knight, if you be a Knight, ſo keep you; as for the Lady, who ſhall ſay that ſhe is not a faire Lady, a ſweet Lady, an honeſt and a vertuous Lady, I will ſay he is a baſe fellow, a blab of his tongue, and I will make him eat theſe fingers ends.

Sir Greg. Why here's no body ſaies ſo *Pompey*.

Clow. Whatſoever things have paſt betweene the Lady and the other party, whom I will not name at this time, I ſay ſhe is vertuous, and honeſt, and I will maintaine it, as long as I can maintaine my ſelfe with bread and water.

Sir Greg. Why I know no body thinks otherwiſe.

Clow. Any man that doe's but thinke it in my hearing, I will make him thinke on't while he has a thought in his Boſome; ſhall we ſay that kindneſſes from Ladies are common? or that favours and proteſtations are things of no moment betwixt parties and parties? I ſay ſtill, whatſoever has been betwixt the Lady and the party which I will not name, that ſhe is honeſt, and ſhall be honeſt, whatſoever ſhe doe's by day or by night, by light or by darkneſſe, with cut and long tale.

Sir Greg. Why I ſay ſhe is honeſt.

Clow. Is ſhe honeſt? in what ſenſe do you ſay ſhe is honeſt, Knight?

Sir Greg. If I could not finde in my heart to throw my Dagger at thy head, hilts and all, I'me an aſſe, and no Gentleman.

Clow. Throw your Dagger at me! do not Knight, I give you faire warning, 'tis but caſt away if you do, for you ſhall have no other words of me, the Lady is an honeſt Lady, whatſoever reports may go of ſports and toyes, and thoughts, and words, and deeds, betwixt her and the party which I will not name; this I give you to underſtand, That another man may have as good an eye, as amorous a noſe, as faire a ſtampt beard, and be as proper a man as a Knight, (I name no parties) a Servingman may be as good as a Sir, a *Pompey* as a *Gregory*, a *Doodle* as a *Fop*; ſo Servingman *Pompey Doodle* may be reſpected as well with Ladies (though I name no parties) as Sir *Gregory Fop*; ſo farewell. *Exit.*

Sir Greg. If the fellow be not out of his wits, then will I never have any more wit while I live; either the ſight of the Lady has gaſter'd him, or elſe he's drunke, or elſe he walks in his ſleepe, or elſe he's a foole, or a knave, or both, one of the three I'me ſure 'tis; yet now I think on't, ſhe has not us'd me ſo kindly as her Uncle promiſ'd me ſhe ſhould, but that's all one, he ſaies I ſhall have her, and I dare take his word for the beſt Horſe I have, and that's a weightier thing then a Lady, I'me ſure on't. *Exit.*

Enter Lady Ruinous (as a man) Witty Pate, Sir Ruinous, Priſcian, and Maſter Credulous, (binding and robing her, and in Scarfes) Credulous findes the bagge.

Lady Ruin. Nay, I am your owne, 'tis in your pleaſure
How you'l deale with me; yet I would intreat,
You will not make that which is bad enough,
Worſe then it need be, by a ſecond ill,
When it can render you no ſecond profit;
If it be coyne you ſeeke, you have your prey,
All my ſtore, I vow, (and it weighs a hundred)
My life, or any hurt you give my body,
Can inrich you no more.

Witty. You may purſue.

L. Ruin. As I am a Gentlewoman, I never will,
Onely wee'l binde you to quiet behaviour
Till you call out for Bayle, and on th'other
Side of the hedge leave you; but keep the peace
Till we be out of hearing, for by that
We ſhall be out of danger, if we come back,
We come with a miſchiefe.

Lady. You need not feare me.

Priſ. Come, wee'l beſtow you then. *Exit Ruin. Priſ. and Lady.*

Wit. Why law you Sir, is not this a ſwifter Revenue then *Sic probas ergo's & igitur's* can bring in? why is not this one of your Syllogiſmes in *Barbara*? *Omne utile eſt honeſtum.*

Cred. Well Sir, a little more of this acquaintance,
Will make me know you fully I proteſt.

Wit. You have (at firſt ſight) made me conſcious
Of ſuch a deed my dreames ne're prompted, yet
I could almoſt have wiſht rather ye'ad rob'd me
Of my Cloake, (for my Purſe 'tis a Schollers)
Then to have made me a robber.

Cred. I had rather have anſwered three difficult queſtions,
Then this one, as eaſie as yet it ſeems.

Witty. Tuſh, you ſhall never come to further anſwer for't;
Can you confeſſe your penurious Uncle,
In his full face of love, to be ſo ſtrict
A Nigard to your Commons, that you are faine
To ſize your belly out with ſhoulder fees?
With Rumps and Kidneyes, and cues of ſingle Beere,
And yet make *Dayniy* to feed more daintily,
At this eaſier rate? fie Maſter *Credulous*,
I bluſh for you.
Cred. This is a truth undeniable.
Wit. Why go to then, I hope I know your Uncle,
How doe's he uſe his Sonne, nearer then you?
Cred. Faith like his Jade, upon the bare Commons,
Turn'd out to pick his living as he can get it;
He would have been glad to have ſhar'd in ſuch
A purchaſe, and thankt his good fortune too;
Enter Ruinous, and Priſcian.
But mum no more—— is all ſafe, Bullies?
Secure? the Gentleman thinks him moſt happy in his loſſe,
With his ſafe life and limbs, and redoubles
His firſt vow, as he is a Gentleman,
Never to purſue us.
Wit. Well away then,
Diſperſe you with Maſter *Credulous*, who ſtill
Shall beare the purchaſe, *Priſcian* and I
Will take ſome other courſe: You know our meeting
At the Three Cups in Saint *Gyles*, with this proviſo,
(For 'tis a Law with us) that nothing be open'd
Till all be preſent, the looſer ſaies a hundred,
And it can weigh no leſſe.
Ruin. Come, Sir, wee'l be your guide.
Cred. My honeſty, which till now was never forfeited,
All ſhall be cloſe till our meeting. *Exit Cred. and Ruin.*
Wit. Tuſh, I believ't,
And then all ſhall out; where's the theefe that's rob'd?
Enter Lady Ruinous.
L. Ruin. Here Maſter *Oldcraft*, all followes now.
Wit. 'Twas neatly done, wench, now to turne that bag
Of counterfets to current pieces, *& actum eſt.*
L. Ruin. You are the *Chymiſt*, wee'l blow the fire ſtill,
If you can mingle the ingredients.
Wit. I will not miſſe a cauſe, a quantity, a dram,
You know the place.
Priſ. I have told her that, Sir.
Wit. Good, turne *Ruinous* to be a Conſtable, I'me ſure
We want not beards of all ſorts, from the
Worſhipfull Magiſtrate to the under Watchman;
Becauſe we muſt have no danger of life,
But a cleanly cheat, attach *Credulous*,
The cauſe is plaine, the theft found about him;
Then fall I in his owne Cozens ſhape
By meere accident, where finding him diſtreſt,
I with ſome difficulty muſt fetch him off,
With promiſe that his Uncle ſhall ſhut up all
With double reſtitution: Maſter Conſtable, *Ruinous*
His mouth ſhall be ſtop't; you, Miſtris rob-theefe,
Shall have your ſhare of what we can gull my father of;
Is't plaine enough?
L. Ruin. As plaine a cozenage as can be, faith.
Wit. Father, I come againe, and againe when this is
Paſt too, Father, one will beget another;
I'de be loath to leave your poſterity barren,
You were beſt to come to compoſition Father,
Two hundred pieces yearly allow me yet,
It will be cheaper (Father) then my wit,
For I will cheate none but you, deare Father.
Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Scæna Prima.

Enter Old Knight and Sir Gregory.

O. K. WHy now you take the courſe Sir *Gregory Fop*:
I could enforce her and I liſt, but love
That's gently wonne, is a mans owne for ever,
Have you prepar'd good muſick?
Sir Greg. As fine a noyſe, Uncle, as heart can wiſh.
O. K. Why that's done like a Suitor,
They muſt be woo'd a hundred ſeverall waies,
Before you obtaine the right way in a woman,
'Tis an odde creature, full of creeks and windings.
The Serpent has not more; for ſh'as all his,
And then her owne beſide came in by her mother.
Sir Greg. A fearefull portion for a man to venter on.
O. K. But the way found once by the wits of men,
There is no creature lyes ſo tame agen.
Sir Greg. I promiſe you, not a houſe-Rabbit, Sir.
O. K. No ſucker on 'em all.
Sir Greg. What a thing's that?
They're pretty Fooles I warrant, when they're tame
As a man can lay his lips to.
O. K. How were you bred, Sir?
Did you never make a foole of a Tenants daughter?
Sir Greg. Never i'faith, they ha' made ſome fooles for me,
And brought 'em many a time under their aprons.
O. K. They could not ſhew you the way plainlier, I thinke,
To make a foole againe.
Sir Greg. There's fooles enough, Sir,
Leſſe they were wiſer.
O. K. This is wondrous rare,
Come you to *London* with a Maiden-head, Knight?
A Gentleman of your ranke ride with a Cloak-bag?
Never an Hoſteſſe by the way to leave it with?
Nor Tapſters ſiſter? nor head Oſtlers wife?
What no body?
Sir Greg. Well mockt old Wit Monger,
I keep it for your Neece.
O. K. Do not ſay ſo for ſhame, ſhee'l laugh at thee,
A wife ne're looks for't, 'tis a Batchellors penny,
He may giv't to a beggar-wench, i'th progreſſe time,
And never call'd to account for't. *Exit.*
Sir Greg. Would I'de knowne ſo much,
I could ha' ſtopt a beggars mouth by'th way,
Enter Page.
That rail'd upon me 'cauſe I'de give her nothing——
What, are they come?
Pag. And plac'd directly, Sir,
Under her window.
Sir Greg. What may I call you Gentleman?
Boy. A poore ſervant to the Violl, I'me the Voyce, Sir.
Sir Greg. In good time Maſter *Voyce.*
Boy. Indeed good time doe's get the maſtery.
Sir Greg. What Countryman Maſter *Voyce?*
Boy. Sir, borne at *Ely*, we all ſet up in *Ely*,
But our houſe commonly breakes in *Rutland* Shire.

Sir Greg. A ſhrewd place by my faith, it may well break your voyce,
It breaks many a mans back; come, ſet to your buſineſſe.

Song.

Faine would I wake you, Sweet, but feare
I ſhould invite you to worſe cheare;
In your dreames you cannot fare
Meaner then Muſick; no compare;
None of your ſlumbers are compil'de
Under the pleaſure makes a childe;
Your day-delights, ſo well compact,
That what you think, turnes all to act:
I'de wiſh my life no better play,
Your dreame by night, your thought by day.
Wake gently, wake,
Part ſoftly from your dreames;
The morning flies
To your faire eyes,
To take her ſpeciall beames.

Sir Greg. I heare her up, here Maſter *Voyce*,
Pay you the Inſtruments, ſave what you can,
Enter Neece above.
To keep you when you're crackt. *Exit Boy.*
Neece. Who ſhould this be?
That I'me ſo much beholding to, for ſweetneſſe?
Pray Heaven it happens right.
Sir Greg. Good morrow Miſtris.
Neece. An ill day and a thouſand come upon thee.
Sir Greg. 'Light that's ſixe hundred more then any Almanack has.
Neece. Comes it from thee? it is the mangieſt Muſick
That ever woman heard.
Sir Greg. Nay ſay not ſo Lady,
There's not an itch about 'em.
Neece. I could curſe
My attentive powers, for giving entrance to't;
There is no boldneſſe like the impudence
That's lock't in a fooles blood, how durſt you do this?
In conſcience I abus'd you as ſufficiently
As woman could a man; inſatiate Coxcombe,
The mocks, and ſpitefull language I have given thee,
Would a' my life ha' ſerv'd ten reaſonable men,
And riſe contented too, and left enough for their friends.
You glutten at abuſes, never ſatisfied?
I am perſwaded thou devour'ſt more flouts
Then all thy body's worth, and ſtill a hungred!
A miſchiefe of that mawe; prethee ſeeke elſewhere,
Introth I am weary of abuſing thee;
Get thee a freſh Miſtris, thou't make worke enough;
I do not thinke there's ſcorne enough in Towne
To ſerve thy turne, take the Court Ladies in,
And all their women to 'em, that exceed 'em.
Sir Greg. Is this in earneſt, Lady?
Neece. Oh unſatiable!
Doſt thou count all this but an earneſt yet?
I'de thought I'de paid thee all the whole ſumme, truſt me;
Thou't begger my deriſion utterly
If thou ſtai'ſt longer, I ſhall want a laugh:
If I knew where to borrow a contempt
Would hold thee tack, ſtay and be hang'd thou ſhould'ſt then,
But thou'ſt no conſcience now to extort hate from me,
When one has ſpent all ſhe can make upon thee;
Muſt I begin to pay thee hire againe?
After I have rid thee twice? faith 'tis unreaſonable.
Sir Greg. Say you ſo? I'le know that preſently. *Exit.*
Neece. Now he runs
To fetch my Uncle to this muſty bargaine,
But I have better ware alwaies at hand,
And lay by this ſtill when he comes to cheapen.

Enter Cuningame.

Cun. I met the Muſick now, yet cannot learne
What entertainment he receiv'd from her.
Nee. There's ſome body ſet already, I muſt to't, I ſee,
Well, well, *Sir Gregory.*
Cun. Hah, *Sir Gregory?*
Neece. Where e're you come you may well boaſt your conqueſt.
Cun. She's loſt y'faith, enough, has fortune then
Remembred her great boy? ſhe ſeldome failes 'em.
Neece. He was the unlikelieſt man at firſt, me thought,
To have my love, we never met but wrangled,
Cun. A pox upon that wrangling, ſay I ſtill,
I never knew it faile yet, where er't came;
It never comes but like a ſtorme of haile,
'Tis ſure to bring fine weather at the tayle on't,
There's not one match 'mongſt twenty made without it,
It fights i'th tongue, but ſure to agree i'th haunches.
Neece. That man that ſhould ha' told me, when time was,
I ſhould ha' had him, had been laught at pitteouſly,
But ſee how things will change?
Cun, Here's a heart feeles it—O the deceitfull promiſes of love!
What truſt ſhould a man put i'th lip of woman?
She kiſt me with that ſtrength, as if ſh'ad meant
To ha' ſet the faire print of her ſoule upon me.
Neece. I would ha' ſworne 'twould ne're ha' beene a match once.
Cun. Ile heare no more, I'me mad to heare ſo much,
Why ſhould I aime my thoughts at better fortunes
Then younger brothers have? that's a Maid with nothing,
Or ſome old Soap-boylers Widow, without teeth,
There waits my fortune for me, ſeeke no farther.
Exit Cun.
Enter Old Knight, and Sir Gregory.
O. K. You tell me things, *Sir Gregory*, that cannot be,
She will not, nor ſhe dares not.
Sir Greg. Would I were whipt then.
Neece. Ile make as little ſhow of love, *Sir Gregory*,
As ever woman did, you ſhall not know
You have my heart a good while.
O. K. Heard you that?
Neece. Man will inſult ſo ſoone, 'tis his condition,
'Tis good to keep him off as long as we can,
I've much a do, I ſweare; and love i'th end
Will have his courſe, let Maids do what they can,
They are but fraile things, till they end in man.
O. K. What ſay you to this, Sir?
Sir Greg. This is ſomewhat handſome.
Neece. And by that little wrangling that I fain'd,
Now I ſhall try how conſtant his love is,
Although't went ſore againſt my heart to chide him.
Sir Greg. Alas poore Gentlewoman.
O. K. Now y'are ſure of truth,
You heare her owne thoughts ſpeak.
Sir Greg. They ſpeake indeed.
O. K. Go, you're a braineleſſe Coxe, a Toy, a Fop,

Ile go no farther then your name, Sir *Gregory*,
Ile right my ſelf there; were you from this place,
You ſhould perceive I'me heartily angry with you,
Offer to ſowe ſtrife 'twixt my Neece and I?
Good morrow Neece, good morrow.
Neece. Many faire ones to you, Sir. (morning?
O. K. Go, your'e a Coxcombe. How doſt Neece this
An Idle ſhallow foole: Slep'ſt thou well, Girle?
Fortune may very well provide thee Lordſhips,
For honeſty has left thee little manners.
Sir Greg. How am I bang'd a' both ſides?
O.K. Abuſe kindneſſe? Wil't take the ayre to day Neece?
Neece. When you pleaſe, Sir,
There ſtands the Heyre behinde you I muſt take,
(Which I'de as live take, as take him I ſweare.) (now?
O. K. La' you; do you hear't continued to your teeth
A pox of all ſuch *Gregories*; what a hand *Neece lets*
Have I with you? (*fall her Scarfe.*
Sir Greg. No more y'feck, I ha' done, Sir:
Lady, your Scarfe's falne downe.
Neece. 'Tis but your luck, Sir,
And doe's preſage the Miſtris muſt fall ſhortly,
You may weare it, and you pleaſe.
O. K. There's a trick for you,
You'r parlouſly belov'd, you ſhould complaine.
Sir Greg. Yes, when I complaine, Sir,
Then do your worſt, there Ile deceive you Sir.
O. K. You are a Dolt, and ſo I leave you, Sir. *Exit.*
Sir Greg. Ah ſirra, Miſtris, were you caught y'faith?
We overheard you all; I muſt not know
I have your heart, take heed a that, I pray,
I knew ſome Scarfe would come.
Neece. He's quite gone, ſure:
Ah you baſe Coxcomb, couldſt thou come againe?
And ſo abus'd as thou waſt?
Sir Greg. How?
Neece. 'Twould ha' kill'd
A ſenſible man, he would ha' gone to his Chamber,
And broke his heart by this time.
Sir Greg. Thank you heartily.
Neece. Or fixt a naked rapier in a wall,
Like him that earn'd his Knighthood e're he had it,
And then refus'd upon't, ran up to'th hilts.
Sir Greg. Yes, let him run for me, I was never brought up
I never profeſt running i' my life. (to't,
Neece. What art thou made on? thou tough villanous
Will nothing deſtroy thee? (vermin,
Sir Greg. Yes, yes, aſſure your ſelfe
Unkinde words may do much.
Neece. Why, doſt thou want 'em?
I've e'ne conſum'd my ſpleene to help thee to 'em,
Tell me what ſort of words they be would ſpeed thee?
Ile ſee what I can do yet.
Sir Greg. I'me much beholding to you,
Your'e willing to beſtow huge paines upon me.
Neece. I ſhould acconnt nothing too much to rid thee.
Sir Greg. I wonder you'd not offer to deſtroy me,
All the while your Uncle was here?
Neece. Why there thou betray'ſt thy houſe, we of the
Old-Crafts
Were borne to more wit then ſo.
Sir Greg. I weare your favour here.
Neece. Would it might rot thy arme off: if thou knewſt
With what contempt thou haſt it, what hearts bitterneſſe,
How many cunning curſes came along with it,
Thoud'ſt quake to handle it.
Sir Greg. A pox, tak't againe then;
Who'd be thus plagu'd of all hands?
Nee. No, weare't ſtill,
But long I hope thou ſhalt not, 'tis but caſt
Upon thee, purpoſely to ſerve another
That has more right to't, as in ſome Countries they con-
Their treaſure upon Aſſes to their friends, (vey
If mine be but ſo wiſe and apprehenſive
As my opinion gives him to my heart,
It ſtayes not long on thy deſertleſſe arme;
Ile make thee e're I ha' done not dare to weare
Any thing of mine, although I give't thee freely;
Kiſſe it you may, and make what ſhew you can,
But ſure you carry't to a worthier man,
And ſo good morrow to you.
Sir Greg. Hu hum, ha hum;
I han't the ſpirit now to daſh my braines out,
Nor the audacity to kill my ſelfe,
But I could cry my heart out, that's as good,
For ſo't be out no matter which way it comes,
If I can dye with a fillip, or depart
At hot cockles, what's that to any man?
If there be ſo much death that ſerves my turne there.
Every one knowes the ſtate of his owne body,
No Carrion kills a Kite, but then agen
There's Cheeſe will choak a Daw; time I were dead ifaith,
If I knew which way without hurt or danger.
I am a Maiden-Knight, and cannot looke
Upon a naked weapon with any modeſty,
Elſe 'twould go hard with me, and to complaine
To Sir *Perfidious* the old Knight agen,
Were to be more abus'd; perhaps he would beat me well,
But ne're beleeve me;

Enter Cuningame.

And few men dye a beating, that were loſt too:
Oh, here's my friend, ile make my moane to him.
Cun. I cannot teare her memory from my heart,
That treads mine downe, was ever man ſo fool'd
That profeſt wit?
Sir Greg. O *Cuningame*?
Cun. Sir *Gregory?*
The choyce, the Victor, the Townes happy man?
Sir Greg. Sniggs, what doſt meane? come I to thee for
comfort, and doſt abuſe me too?
Cun. Abuſe you? how Sir?
With juſtifying your fortune, and your joyes?
Sir Greg. Pray hold your hand, Sir i've bin bold enough,
You come with a new way now; ſtrike me merrily,
But when a man's ſore beaten a both ſides already,
Then the leaſt tap in jeſt goes to the guts on him;
Wilt ha the truth? i'me made the ranckeſt aſſe
That e're was borne to Lordſhips.
Cun. What? no Sir;
Sir Greg. I had not thought my body could a yeelded
All thoſe foule ſcurvie names that ſhe has call'd me,
I wonder whence ſhe fecht 'em?
Cun. Is this credible?
Sir Greg. She pin'd this ſcarfe upon me afore her Unckle,
But his back turn'd, ſhe curſt me ſo for wearing on't,
The very brawne of mine arme has ak'd ever ſince,
Yet in a manner forc't me to weare't ſtill,
But hop't I ſhould not long; if good luck ſerve
I ſhould meet one that has more wit and worth
Should take it from me, 'twas but lent to me,
And ſent to him for a token.
Cun. I conceit it, I know the man
That lyes in wait for't, part with't by all meanes,
In any caſe, you are way-laid about it.
Sir Greg. How Sir? way-laid?
Cun. Pox of a Scarfe ſay I,

I prize my friends life 'bove a million on 'em,
You ſhall be rul'd, Sir, I know more then you.
Sir Greg. If you know more then I, let me be rid on't,
Laſſe 'tis not for my wearing, ſo ſhe told me.
Cun. No,no,give me't,the knave ſhall miſſe his purpoſe,
And you ſhall live.
Sir Greg. I would, as long as I could, Sir.
Cun. No more replyes, you ſhall, Ile prevent this,
Pompey ſhall march without it.
Sir Greg. What, is't he?
My man that was?
Cun. Call him your deadly Enemy;
You give him too faire a name, you deale too nobly,
He beares a bloody minde, a cruell foe, Sir,
I care not if he heard me.
Sir Greg. But do you heare, Sir?
Can't ſound with reaſon ſhe ſhould affect him?
Cun. Do you talk of reaſon? I never thought to have heard
Such a word come from you; reaſon in love?
Would you give that, no Doctor could e're give?
Has not a Deputy married his Cooke-maid?
An Aldermans Widow one that was her turne broach?
Nay, has not a great Lady brought her Stable
Into her Chamber: lay with her Horſe-keeper?
Sir Greg. Did ever love play ſuch Jades tricks, Sir?
Cun. Oh thouſands,thouſands: Beware a ſturdy Clown ere while you live, Sir;
'Tis like a huſwifery in moſt Shires about us;
You ſhall ha' Farmers widowes wed thinne Gentlemen,
Much like your ſelfe,but put 'em to no ſtreſſe;
What worke can they do,with ſmall trap-ſtick leggs?
They keep Clownes to ſtop gaps, and drive in peggs,
A drudgery fit for Hindes, e'ne back agen, Sir,
You'r ſafeſt at returning.
Sir Greg. Thinke you ſo, Sir?
Cun. But how came this Clowne to be cal'd *Pompey* firſt?
Sir Greg. Puſh, one good man *Cæſar*,a Pump-maker kerſen'd him;
Pompey he writes himſelfe, but his right name's *Pumpey*,
And ſtunke too when I had him, now he's cranke.
Cun. I'me glad I know ſo much to quell his pride, Sir,
Walke you ſtill that way, Ile make uſe of this,
To reſolve all my doubts, and place this favour
On ſome new Miſtris, only for a try,
And if it meet my thoughts, Ile ſweare 'tis I. *Exit.*
Sir Greg. Is *Pompey* growne ſo malepert? ſo frampell?
The onely cutter about Ladies honours?

Enter Old Knight.

And his blade ſooneſt out?
O.K. Now, what's the newes, Sir?
Sir Gre. I dare not ſay but good; oh excellent good,Sir.
O. K. I hope now you'r reſolv'd ſhe loves you, Knight?
Sir Gr. Cuds me, what elſe Sir? that's not to do now.
O.K. You would not think how deſperately you anger'd (me,
When you belyed her goodneſſe; oh you vext me,
Even to a Palſey.
Sir Greg. What a thing was that, Sir?

Enter Neece.

Nee. 'Tis, that 'tis; as I have hope of ſweetnes,the Scarfe's (gone;
Worthy wiſe friend, I doat upon thy cunning,
We two ſhall be well matcht, our Iſſue male, ſure
Will be borne Counſellors; is't poſſible?
Thou ſhalt have another token out of hand for't;
Nay ſince the way's found,pitty thou ſhouldſt want,y'faith,
O my beſt joy, and deareſt.
O. K, Well ſaid, Neece,
So violent fore your Uncle? what will you do
In ſecret then?
Sir Greg. Marry call me ſlave, and raſcall.
Neece. Your Scarfe --- the Scarfe I gave you---
O. K. Maſſe that's true Neece,
I ne're thought upon that; the Scarfe ſhe gave you- Sir?
What dumbe? no anſwer from you? the Scarfe?
Sir Greg. I was way-laid about it, my life threatned;
Life's life, Scarfe's but a Scarfe, and ſo I parted from't.
Neece. Unfortunate woman! my firſt favour too?
O. K. Will you be ſtill an aſſe? no reconcilement
Twixt you and wit? are you ſo far fallen out,
You'l never come together? I tell you true,
I'me very lowſily aſham'd on you,
That's the worſt ſhame that can be;
Thus bayting on him: now his heart's hook't in,
Ile make him, e're I ha' done, take her with nothing,
I love a man that lives by his wits alife;
Nay leave, ſweet Neece, 'tis but a Scarfe, let it go.
Neece. The going of it never grieves me, Sir.
It is the manner, the manner——
Sir Greg. O diſſembling Marmaſet! if I durſt ſpeake,
Or could be believ'd when I ſpeake,
What a tale could I tell, to make haire ſtand upright now?
Neece. Nay, Sir, at your requeſt you ſhall perceive, Uncle,
With what renewing love I forgive this?
Here's a faire Diamond, Sir, Ile try how long
You can keep that?
Sir Greg. Not very long, you know't too,
Like a cunning witch as you are.
Neece. Y'are beſt let him ha' that too.
Sir Greg. So I were, I think, there were no living elſe,
I thank you, as you have handled the matter.
O. K. Why this is muſicall now, and Tueſday next
Shall tune your Inſtruments, that's the day ſet.
Neece. A match, good Uncle.
O. K. Sir, you heare me too?
Sir Greg. Oh very well, I'me for you.
Neece. What e're you heare, you know my minde.
Exeunt Old Knight, and Neece.

Sir Gre. I a —— on't, too well, if I do not wonder how we two ſhall come together, I'me a beare whelpe? he talks of Tueſday next, as familiarly as if we lov'd one another, but 'tis as unlikely to me, as 'twas ſeven yeare before I ſaw her; I ſhall try his cunning, it may be he has a way was never yet thought on, and it had need to be ſuch a one, for all that I can thinke on will never do't; I looke to have this Diamond taken from me very ſpeedily, therefore Ile take it off a my finger, for if it be ſeene, I ſhall be way-laid for that too. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus.

Scena Prima.

Enter Old Knight and Witty-Pate.

O.K. OH torture! torture! thou carrieſt a ſting i'thy taile,
Thou never brought'ſt good news i'thy life yet,
And that's an ill quality, leave it when thou wilt.
Witty. Why you receive a bleſſing the wrong way, Sir,
Call you not this good newes? to ſave at once Sir

Your credit and your kinſmans life together;
Would it not vexe your peace, and gaule your worth?
T' have one of your name hang'd?

O. K. Peace, no ſuch words, boy.

Wit. Be thankfull for the bleſſing of prevention then.

O.K. Le' me ſee, there was none hang'd out of our houſe ſince *Brute*,
I ha' ſearch't both *Stowe*, and *Hollinſhead.*

Wit. O Sir.

O. K. Ile ſee what *Polychronicon* ſaies anon too.

Wit. 'Twas a miraculous fortune that I heard on't.

O. K. I would thou'dſt never heard on't,

Wit. That's true too,
So it had ne're been done; to ſee the luck on't,
He was ev'n brought to Juſtice *Aurums* threſhold,
There had flewen forth a *Mittimus* ſtraight for Newgate;
And note the fortune too, Seſſions a Thurſday,
Jury cul'd out a Friday, Judgement a Saturday,
Dungeon a Sunday, Tyburne a Munday,
Miſeries quotidian ague, when't begins once,
Every day puls him, till he pull his laſt.

O. K. No more, I ſay, 'tis an ill theame: where left you him?

Wit. He's i'th Conſtables hands below i'th Hall, Sir,
Poore Gentleman, and his accuſer with him.

O. K. What's he?

Wit. A Judges Sonne, 't's thought ſo much the worſe too,
He'l hang his enemy, an't ſhall coſt him nothing,
That's a great priviledge.

O. K. Within there?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir?

O. K. Call up the folks i'th Hall. I had ſuch hope on him,
For a Scholler too, a thing thou ne're waſt fit for,
Therefore erected all my joyes in him;
Got a Welch Benefice in reverſion for him,
Deane of *Cardigan*, has his grace already,
He can marry and bury, yet ne're a haire on's face;

Enter Credulous, Sir Ruinous (as a Conſtable,) and Lady Gentry (as a man.)

Like a French Vicar, and doe's he bring ſuch fruits to Town with him?
A thiefe at his firſt lighting? Oh good den to you.

Wit. Nay, ſweet Sir, you'r ſo vext now, you'l grieve him,
And hurt your ſelfe.

O. K. Away, Ile heare no counſell;
Come you but once in ſeven yeare to your Uncle,
And at that time muſt you be brought home too?
And by a Conſtable?

Wit. Oh ſpeake low, Sir,
Remember your owne credit, you profeſſe
You love a man a' wit, begin at home, Sir,
Expreſſe it i' your ſelf.

Lady. Nay, Maſter Conſtable,
Shew your ſelf a wiſe man, 'gainſt your nature too.

Ruin. Sir, no Diſh-porridgement, we have brought home
As good men as ye.

O. K. Out, a North-Brittaine Conſtable, that tongue
Will publiſh all, it ſpeaks ſo broad already;
Are you the Gentlewoman?

Lady. The unfortunate one, Sir,
That fell into the power of mercileſſe thieves,
Whereof this fellow, whom I'de call your kinſman,
As little as I could, (for the faire reverence
I owe to fame and yeares) was the prime villaine.

O. K. A wicked prime.

Wit. Nay, not ſo loud, ſweet father.

Lad. The reſt are fled, but I ſhall meet with 'em,
Hang one of 'em I will certaine, I ha' ſwore it,
And 'twas my luck to light upon this firſt.

O.K. A *Cambridge* man for this? theſe your degrees, Sir?
Nine yeares at Univerſity for this fellowſhip?

Wit. Take your voyce lower, deare Sir.

O. K. What's your loſſe, Sir?

Lady. That which offends me to repeat, the Money's (whole, Sir,
'Tis i' the Conſtables hands there, a ſeal'd hundred,
But I will not receive it.

O. K. No? not the money, Sir,
Having confeſt 'tis all?

Lady. 'Tis all the Money, Sir,
But 'tis not all I loſt, for when they bound me,
They tooke a Diamond hung at my ſhirt ſtring,
Which feare of life made me forget to hide;
It being the ſparkling witneſſe of a Contract
'Twixt a great Lawyers daughter and my ſelfe.

Wit. I told you what he was; what does the Diamond
Concerne my Cozen, Sir?

Lady. No more did the Money,
But he ſhall anſwer all now.

Wit. There's your conſcience,
It ſhewes from whence you ſprung.

Lady. Sprung? I had leapt a thiefe,
Had I leapt ſome of your alliance.

Wit. Slave!

Lady. You prevent me ſtill.

O. K. 'Slid, ſonne are you mad?

Lady. Come, come, Ile take a legall courſe.

O. K. Will you undo us all? what's your demand, Sir?
Now we're in's danger too.

Lady. A hundred Marke, Sir,
I will not bate a doit.

Witty. A hundred raſcals.

Lady. Sir, finde 'em out in your own blood, and take 'em.

Wit. Go take your courſe, follow the Law, and ſpare not.

O.K. Does fury make you drunke? know you what you ſay?

Wit. A hundred dogs dungs, do your worſt.

O. K. You do I'me ſure; whoſe loud now?

Wit. What his owne asking?

O. K. Not in ſuch a caſe?

Wit. You ſhall have but three ſcore pound; ſpite a your teeth,
Ile ſee you hangd firſt.

O. K. And whats ſeven pound more man?
That all this coyle's about? ſtay, I ſay, he ſhall ha't.

Wit. It is your owne, you may do what you pleaſe with it;
Pardon my zeale, I would ha ſav'd you money;
Give him all his owne asking?

O. K. What's that to you, Sir?
Be ſparing of your owne, teach me to pinch
In ſuch a caſe as this? go, go, live by your wits, go.

Wit. I practiſe all I can.

O. K. Follow you me, Sir,
And Maſter Conſtable come from the knave,
And be a witneſſe of a full recompence.

Wit. Pray ſtop the Conſtables mouth, what ere you do, (Sir

O. K. Yet agen? as if I meant not to do that my ſelfe,
Without your counſell? As for you, precious kinſman,
Your firſt years fruits in *Wales* ſhall go to rack for this,
You lye not in my houſe, Ile pack you out,
And pay for your lodging rather. *Exeunt Knight, (Ruin. and Lady.*

Wit

Witty. Oh fie Cozen,
Theſe are ill courſes, you a Scholler too,
Cred. I was drawne into't moſt unfortunately,
By filthy deboyſt company.
Wit. I, I, I,
'Tis even the ſpoile of all our youth in *England*;
What were they Gentlemen ?
Cred. Faith ſo like, ſome on 'em,
They were ev'n the worſe agen.
Wit. Hum.
Cred. Great Tobacco ſwivers,
They would go neere to rob with a pipe in their mouths.
Wit. What, no ?
Cred. Faith leave it Cozen, becauſe my raſcals uſe it,
Wit. So they do meat and drinke, muſt worthy Gentlemen
Refraine their food for that ? an honeſt man
May eat of the ſame pig ſome Parſon dines with,
A Lawyer and a foole feed of one Woodcock,
Yet one ne're the ſimpler, t'other ne're the wiſer ;
'Tis not meat, drinke, or ſmoak, diſh, cup, or pipe,
Co-operates to the making of a knave,
'Tis the condition makes a ſlave, a ſlave,
There's *London* Philoſophy for you ; I tell you cozen,
You cannot be too cautelous, nice, or dainty,
In your ſociety here, eſpecially
When you come raw from the Univerſity,
Before the world has hardned you a little,
For as a butter'd loafe is a Schollers breakfaſt there,
So a poacht Scholler 's a cheaters dinner here,
I ha' knowne ſeven of 'em ſupt up at a Meale.
Cred. Why a poacht Scholler?
Wit. Cauſe he powres himſelf forth,
And all his ſecrets, at the firſt acquaintance,
Never ſo crafty to be eaten i'th ſhell,
But is outſtript of all he has at firſt,
And goes downe glibb, he's ſwallowed with ſharp wit,
Stead of Wine Vinegar.
Cred. I ſhall think, Cozen,
A' your poch't Scholler, while I live.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Maſter *Credulous*,
Your Uncle wills you to forbeare the Houſe,
You muſt with me, I'me charg'd to ſee you plac'd
In ſome new lodging about Theeving Lane,
What the conceit's, I know not, but commands you
To be ſeene here no more, till you heare further.
Cred. Here's a ſtrange welcome, Sir.
Wit. This is the world, Cozen ;
When a mans fame's once poyſon'd, fare thee well Lad.

Exit Cred. and Servant.

This is the happieſt cheat I e're claim'd ſhare in,
It has a two fold fortune, gets me coyne,
And puts him out of grace, that ſtood between me,
My fathers *Cambridge* Jewell, much ſuſpected
To be his Heyre, now there's a barre in's hopes.

Enter Ruinous, and Lady Gentry.

Ruin. It chinks, make haſte.
Lady. The *Goat* at *Smithfield Pens.*

Enter Cunningame (with a Letter.)

Wit. Zo, zo, zufficient. Maſter *Cunningame?*
I never have ill luck when I meet a wit.
Cun. A wit's better to meet, then to follow then,
For I ha' none ſo good I can commend yet,
But commonly men unfortunate to themſelves,
Are luckieſt to their friends, and ſo may I be.
Wit. I run o're ſo much worth, going but in haſte from you,
All my deliberate friendſhip cannot equall.
Cun. 'Tis but to ſhew that you can place ſometimes,

Enter Mirabell.

Your modeſty a' top of all your vertues. *Exit Wit.*
This Gentleman may pleaſure me yet agen ;
I am ſo haunted with this broad brim'd hat,
Of the laſt progreſſe block, with the young hat-band,
Made for a ſucking Devill of two yeare old,
I know not where to turne my ſelfe.
Mir, Sir ?
Cun. More torture?
Mir. 'Tis rumor'd that you love me.
Cun. A my troth Gentlewoman,
Rumour's as falſe a knave as ever piſt then,
Pray tell him ſo from me ; I cannot faine
With a ſweet Gentlewoman, I muſt deale downe right.
Mir. I heard, though you diſſembled with my Aunt, Sir,
And that makes me more confident.
Cun. There's no falſhood,
But paies us our owne ſome way, I confeſſe
I fain'd with her, 'twas for a weightier purpoſe,
But not with thee, I ſweare.
Mir. Nor I with you then,
Although my Aunt enjoyn'd me to diſſemble,
To right her ſplene, I love you faithfully.
Cun. Light, this is worſe then 'twas.
Mir. I finde ſuch worth in you,
I cannot, nay I dare not dally with you,
For feare the flame conſume me.
Cun. Here's freſh trouble,
This drives me to my conſcience, for 'tis fowle
To injure one that deales directly with me.
Mir. I crave but ſuch a truth from your love, Sir,
As mine brings you, and that's proportionable.
Cun. A good Geometrician, ſhrew my heart ;
Why are you out a' your wits, pretty plumpe Gentlewoman,
You talk ſo deſperately ? 'tis a great happineſſe,
Love has made one on's wiſer then another,
We ſhould be both caſt away elſe ;
Yet I love gratitude, I muſt requite you,
I ſhall be ſick elſe, but to give you me,
A thing you muſt not take, if you meane to live,
For a' my troth I hardly can my ſelfe ;
No wiſe Phyſitian will preſcribe me for you.
Alas your ſtate is weake, you had need of Cordials
Some rich Electuary, made of a Sonne an Heire,
An elder brother in a Culliſſe, whole,
'T muſt be ſome wealthy *Gregory*, boyl'd to a Jelly,
That muſt reſtore you to the ſtate of new Gownes,
French Ruffs, and mutable head tires,
Mir. But where is he, Sir ?
One that's ſo rich will ne're wed me with nothing.
Cun. Then ſee thy conſcience and thy wit together,
Wouldſt thou have me then, that has nothing neither ?
What ſay you to *Fop Gregory* the firſt yonder ?
Will you acknowledge your time amply recompenc'd ?
Full ſatisfaction upon loves record ?
Without any more ſuit, if I combine you ?
Mir. Yes, by this honeſt kiſſe.
Cun. You'r a wiſe Clyent,
To pay your fee before hand, but all do ſo,
You know the worſt already, that's thee beſt too,
Mir. I know he's a foole,
Cun. You'r ſhrewdly hurt then ;
This is your comfort, your great wiſeſt women
Pick their firſt husband ſtill out of that houſe,
And ſome will have 'em to chuſe, if they bury 20.
Mir. I'me of their mindes, that like him for a firſt husband,

To run youths race with him, 'tis very pleaſant,
But when I'me old, I'de alwaies wiſh a wiſer.
You may have me by that time;for this firſt buſineſſe,
Reſt upon my performance.
Mir. With all thankfulneſſe.
Cun. I have a project you muſt aid me in too.
Mir. You binde me to all lawfull action, Sir,
Cun Pray weare this ſcarfe about you ;
Mi I conjecture now——
Cun. There's a Court principle for't, one office muſt help another ;
As for example, for your caſt a Manchits out a'th Pantry,
Ile allow you a Gooſe out a'th Kitchin.
Mir. 'Tis very ſociably done, Sir,farewell performance,
I ſhall be bold to call you ſo.
Cun. Do, ſweet confidence,

Enter Sir Gregory.

If I can match my two broad brim'd hats ;
'Tis he, I know the Maggot by his head ;
Now ſhall I learne newes of him, my pretious chiefe.
Sir Greg. I have been ſeeking for you i'th bowling Greene,
Enquir'd at *Nettletons*, and *Anthonies* Ordinary,
T'ha's vext me to the heart,looke, I've a Diamond here,
And it cannot finde a Maſter.
Cun. No ? That's hard y'faith.
Sir Greg. It does belong to ſome body,a —— on him,
I would he had it, do's but trouble me,
And ſhe that ſent it, is ſo waſpiſh too,
There's no returning to her till't be gone.
Cun. Oh, ho, ah ſirrah, are you come ?
Sir Greg. What's that friend ?
Cun. Do you note that corner ſparkle ?
Sir Greg. Which ? which ? which Sir ?
Cun. At the Weſt end a'the Coller.
Sir Greg. Oh I ſee't now.
Cun. 'Tis an apparent marke ; this is the ſtone, Sir,
That ſo much blood is threatned to be ſhed for.
Sir Greg. I pray ?
Cun. A tunne at leaſt.
Sir Greg. They muſt not find't I'me then, they muſt
Go where 'tis to be had.
Cun. 'Tis well it came to my hands firſt, Sir *Gregory*,
I know where this muſt go.
Sir Greg. Am I diſcharg'd on't ?
Cun. My life for yours now. *Drawes.*
Sir Greg. What now ?
Cun. 'Tis diſcretion, Sir,
Ile ſtand upon my Guard all the while I ha't.
Sir Greg. Troth thou tak'ſt too much danger on thee (ſtill,
To preſerve me alive.
Cun. 'Tis a friends duty, Sir,
Nay, by a toy that I have late thought upon,
Ile undertake to get your Miſtris for you.
Sir Greg. Thou wilt not ? wilt ?
Cun. Contract her by a trick, Sir,
When ſhe leaſt thinks on't.
Sir Greg. There's the right way to't,
For if ſhe thinke on't once, ſhee'l never do't.
Cun. She doe's abuſe you ſtill then ?
Sir Greg. A ——damnably,
Every time worſe then other ; yet her Uncle
Thinks the day holds a tueſday ; ſay it did, Sir,
She's ſo familiarly us'd to call me raſcall,
She'l quite forget to wed me by my owne name,
And then that marriage cannot hold in Law, you know.
Cun. Will you leave all to me ?
Sir Greg. Who ſhould I leave it to ?
Cun. 'Tis our luck to love Neeces ; I love a Neece too.
Sir Greg. I would you did y'faith.
Cun. But mine's a kinde wretch.
Sir Greg. I marry Sir, I would mine were ſo too.
Cun. No raſcall comes in her mouth.
Sir Greg. Troth, and mine has little elſe in hers.
Cun. Mine ſends me tokens,
All the world knows not on.
Sir Greg. Mine gives me tokens too, very fine tokens,
But I dare not weare 'em.
Cun. Mine's kinde in ſecret.
Sir Greg. And there mine's a hell-cat.
Cun. We have a day ſet too.
Sir Greg. 'Slid, ſo have we man,
But there's no ſigne of ever comming together.
Cun. Tell thee who 'tis, the old womans Neece.
Sir Greg. Is't ſhe ?
Cun. I would your luck had been no worſe for mildneſſe ;
But mum, no more words on't to your Lady.
Sir Greg. Foh !
Cun. No blabbing as you love me.
Sir Greg. None of our blood
Were ever bablers.
Cun. Prethee convey this Letter to her,
But at any hand let not your Miſtris ſee't.
Sir Greg. Yet agen Sir ?
Cun. There's a Jewell in't,
The very art would make her doat upon't.
Sir Greg. Say you ſo?
And ſhe ſhall ſee't for that trick onely.
Cun. Remember but your Miſtris, and all's well.
Sir Greg. Nay if I do not hang me. *Exit.*
Cun. I believe you ;
This is the onely way to returne a token,
I know he will do't now, cauſe he's charg'd to'th contrary.
He's the neareſt kin to a woman, of a thing
Made without ſubſtance, that a man can finde agen,
Some petticoat begot him, Ile be whipt elſe,
Engendring with an old paire of pawnde hoſe,
Lying in ſome hot chamber o're the Kitchin,
Very ſteame bred him,
He never came where *Rem in Re* e're grew ;
The generation of a hundred ſuch
Cannot make a man ſtand in a white ſheet,
For 'tis no act in Law, nor can a Conſtable
Pick out a bawdy buſineſſe for *Bridewell* in't ;

Enter Clowne (as a Gallant.)

A lamentable caſe, he's got with a mans Urine, like a *Mandrake.*
How now ? hah ? what prodigious bravery's this ?
A moſt prepoſterous Gallant, the Doublet fits
As if it mockt the breeches.
Clow. Save you, Sir,
Cun. Has put his tongue in the fine ſuit of words too.
Clow. How doe's the party ?
Cun. Takes me for a Scrivener. Which of the parties ?
Clow. Hum, ſimplicity betide thee——
I would faine heare of the party ; I would be loath to go
Further with her ; honour is not a thing to be dallied withall,
No more is reputation, no nor fame, I take it, I muſt not
Have her wrong'd when I'me abroad, my party is not
To be compell'd with any party in an oblique way ;
'Tis very dangerous to deale with women ;
May prove a Lady too, but ſhall be nameleſſe,

Ile bite my tongue out, e're it prove a Traitor.
Cun. Upon my life I know her.
Clow. Not by me,
Know what you can, talke a whole day with me,
Y'are ne're the wiſer, ſhe comes not from theſe lips.
Cun. The old Knights Neece. (him,
Clow. 'Slid he has got her, pox of his heart that told
Can nothing be kept ſecret? let me entreat you
To uſe her name as little as you can, though.
Cun. 'Twill be ſmall pleaſure, Sir, to uſe her name.
Clow. I had intelligence in my ſolemne walks,
'Twixt *Paddington* and *Pancridge*, of a Scarfe,
Sent for a token, and a Jewell follow'd,
But I acknowledge not the receipt of any,
How e're 'tis carried, believe me Sir,
Upon my reputation I received none.
Cun. What, neither Scarfe nor Jewell?
Clow. 'Twould be ſeene
Some where about me, you may well think that,
I have an arme for a Scarfe, as others have,
And dare to hang a Jewell too, and that's more
Then ſome men have, my betters a great deale,
I muſt have reſtitution, where e're it lights.
Cun. And reaſon good.
Clow. For all theſe tokens, Sir,
Paſſe i' my name.
Cun. It cannot otherwiſe be.
Clow. Sent to a worthy friend.
Cun. I, that's to thee.
Clow. I'me wrong'd under that title.
Cun. I dare ſweare thou art,
'Tis nothing but *Sir Gregories* circumvention,
His envious ſpite, when thou'rt at *Paddington*,
He meets the gifts at *Pancridge*.
Clow. Ah falſe Knight?
Falſe both to honour, and the Law of Arms?
Cun. What wilt thou ſay if I be reveng'd for thee?
Thou ſit as witneſſe?
Clow. I ſhould laugh in ſtate then.
Cun. Ile fobb him, here's my hand.
Clow. I ſhould be as glad as any man alive, to ſee him well fob'd, Sir; but now you talk of fobbing, I wonder the Lady ſends not for me according to promiſe? I ha' kept out a Towne theſe two daies, a purpoſe to be ſent for; I am almoſt ſtarv'd with walking.
Cun. Walking gets men a ſtomack.
Clow. 'Tis moſt true, Sir, I may ſpeake it by experience, for I ha' got a ſtomack ſix times, and loſt it agen, as often as a traveller from *Chelſy* ſhall loſe the ſight of *Pauls*, and get it agen.
Cun. Go to her, man.
Clow. Not for a Million, enfringe my oath? there's a toy call'd a vowe, has paſt betweene us, a poore trifle, Sir; Pray do me the part and office of a Gentleman, if you chance to meet a Footman by the way, in orange tawny ribbands, running before an empty Coach, with a Buzzard i'th Poope on't, direct him and his horſes toward the new River by *Iſlington*, there they ſhall have me looking upon the Pipes, and whiſtling. *Exit Clow.*
Cun. A very good note; this love makes us all Monkeyes,
But to my work: Scarfe firſt? and now a Diamond? theſe
Should be ſure ſignes of her affections truth;
Yet Ile go forward with my ſurer proofe. *Exit.*

Enter Neece, and Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Is't poſſible?
Nay here's his Letter too, there's a fine Jewell in't,
Therefore I brought it to you.
Neece. You tedious Mongrill! Is't not enough
To grace thee, to receive this from thy hand,
A thing which makes me almoſt ſick to do,
But you muſt talke too?
Sir Greg. I ha' done.
Neece. Fall back,
Yet backer, backer yet, you unmannerly puppy,
Do you not ſee I'me going about to reade it?
Sir Greg. Nay theſe are golden daies, now I ſtay by't,
She was wont not to endure me in her ſight at all,
The world mends, I ſee that.
Neece. What an ambiguous Superſcription's here?
To the beſt of Neeces. Why that title may be mine,
And more then her's:
Sure I much wrong the neatneſſe of his art;
'Tis certaine ſent to me, and to requite
My cunning in the carriage of my Tokens,
Us'd the ſame Fop for his.
Sir Greg. She nodded now to me, 'twill come in time.
Neece. What's here? an entire *Rubye*, cut into a heart,
And this the word, *Iſtud Amoris opus?*
Sir Greg. Yes, yes, I have heard him ſay that love is the beſt ſtone-cutter.
Neece. Why thou ſawcy iſſue of ſome travelling Sow-
What makes love? thy mouth? is it a thing (gelder,
That ever will concerne thee? I do wonder
How thou dar'ſt think ont? haſt thou ever hope
To come i' the ſame roome where lovers are;
And ſcape unbrain'd with one of their velvet ſlippers?
Sir Greg. Love tricks breake out I ſee, and you talk of ſlippers once,
'Tis not farre off to bed time.
Neece. Is it poſſible thou canſt laugh yet?
I would ha' undertooke to ha' kill'd a ſpider
With leſſe venome far, then I have ſpit at thee.
Sir Greg. You muſt conceive,
A Knight's another manner a peece of fleſh.
Neece. Back, Owles face.
Within O. K. Do, do.
Neece. 'Tis my Uncles voyce, that:
Why keep you ſo farre off, *Sir Gregory?*
Are you afraid, Sir, to come neare your Miſtris?
Sir Greg. Is the proud heart come downe? I lookt for this ſtill.
Nee. He comes not this way yet: Away, you dog-whelp,
Would you offer to come neare me, though I ſaid ſo?
Ile make you underſtand my minde in time;
Your running greedily like a hound to his breakfaſt,
That chops in head and all to beguile his fellowes;
I'me to be eaten, Sir, with Grace and leiſure,
Behaviour and diſcourſe, things that ne're trouble you;
After I have pelted you ſufficiently,
I tro you will learne more manners. (together?
Sir Greg. I'me wondring ſtill when we two ſhall come
Tueſday's at hand, but I'me as farre off, as I was at firſt, I ſweare.

Enter Gardianeſſe.

Gard. Now *Cuningame*, Ile be reveng'd at large:
Lady, what was but all this while ſuſpition,
Is truth, full blowne now, my Neece weares your Scarfe.
Neece. Hah?
Gard. Do but follow me, Ile place you inſtantly
Where you ſhall ſee her courted by *Cuningame*.
Neece. I go with greedineſſe; we long for things
That break our hearts ſometimes, there's pleaſures miſery,
(*Exeunt Neece and Gard.*
Sir Greg. Where are thoſe gad-flies going? to ſome Junket
That ſome old *humble-bee* toles the yoũg one forth (now;

To ſweet meats after kinde, let 'em looke to't,
The thing you wot on, be not miſt or gone,
I bring a Maiden-head, and I looke for one. *Exit.*

Enter Cunningame (in diſcourſe with a Mask't Gentlewoman in a broad hat and ſcarf'd,) Neece at another doore.

Cun. Yes, yes.
Neece. Too manifeſt now, the Scarfe and all.
Cun. It cannot be, you're ſuch a fearefull ſoule.
Neece. Ile give her cauſe of feare e're I part from her.
Cun. Will you ſay ſo? Is't not your Aunts deſire too?
Neece. What a diſſembling groane's that? ſhee'l forſwear't now.
Cun. I ſee my project takes, yonder's the grace on't.
Neece. Who would put confidence in wit againe,
I'me plagu'd for my ambition, to deſire
A wiſe man for a husband, and I ſee
Fate will not have us go beyond our ſtint,
We are allow'd but one diſh, and that's Woodcock,
It keeps up wit to make us friends and ſervants of,
And thinks any thing's good enough to make us husbands
Oh that whores hat a' thine, a' the riding block,
A ſhade for lecherous kiſſes.
Cun. Make you doubt on't?
Is not my love of force?
Neece. Yes, me it forces
To teare that ſorcerous ſtrumpet from th' imbraces.
Cun. Lady?
Neece. Oh thou haſt wrong'd the exquiſit'ſt love——
Cun. What meane you Lady?
Neece. Mine, you'l anſwer for't.
Cun. Alas, what ſeek you?
Neece. Sir, mine owne with loſſe.
Cun. You ſhall.
Neece. I never made ſo hard a bargaine.
Cun. Sweet Lady?
Neece. Unjuſt man, let my wrath reach her,
As you owe vertue duty; your cauſe trips you,
Now *Minion*, you ſhall feele what loves rage is,
Before you taſte the pleaſure; ſmile you falſe, Sir?
Cun. How can I chuſe? to ſee what paines you take,
Upon a thing will never thank you for't?
Neece. How?
Cun. See what things you women be, Lady,
When cloathes are taken for the beſt part of you?
This was to ſhow you, when you think I love you not,
How y'are deceiv'd ſtill, there the Morall lyes,
'Twas a trap ſet to catch you, and the only bait
To take a Lady nibling, is fine clothes;
Now I dare boldly thank you for your love,
I'me pretty well reſolv'd in't by this fit,
For a jealous ague alwaies uſhers it.
Neece. Now bleſſings ſtill maintaine this wit of thine,
And I'me an excellent fortune comming in thee,
Bring nothing elſe I charge thee.
Cun. Not a groat I warrant ye.
Neece. Thou ſhalt be worthily welcome, take my faith for't,
Next opportunity ſhall make us.
Cun. The old Gentlewoman has fool'd her revenge ſweetly.
Neece. Laſſe 'tis her part, ſhe knowes her place ſo well yonder;
Alwaies when women jumpe upon three ſcore,
Love ſhoves 'em from the chamber to the doore.
Cun. Thou art a precious ſhe-wit. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Scæna Prima.

Enter Cunningame (at one doore) Witty Pate, Ruinous, L. Ruinous, and Priſcian (at the other.)

Cun. FRiend, met in the harveſt of our deſignes,
Not a thought but's buſie.
Wit. I knew it man,
And that made me provide theſe needfull Reapers,
Hooks, Rakers, Gleaners; wee'l ſing it home
With a melodious Horne-pipe; this is the Bond,
That as we further in your great affaire,
You'l ſuffer us to gleane, pick up for crums,
And if we ſnatch a handfull from the ſheafe,
You will not looke a churle on's.
Cun. Friend, wee'l ſhare
The ſheaves of gold, only the Love Aker
Shall be peculiar.
Wit. Much good do you, Sir,
Away, you know your way, and your ſtay; get you
The Muſick ready, while we prepare the dancers.
Ruin. We are a conſort of our ſelves.
Priſ. And can ſtrike up luſtily.
Wit. You muſt bring *Sir Fop.*
Cun. That's perfect enough.
Ruin. Bring all the *Fops* you can, the more the better fare,
So the proverbe runs backwards. *Exeunt Ruin. & Priſ.*
L. Ruin. Ile bring the Ladies. *Exit.*
Wit. Do ſo firſt, and then the Fops will follow;
I muſt to my father, he muſt make one. *Exit.*

Enter two Servants with a Banquet.

Cun. While I diſpatch a buſineſſe with the Knight,
And I go with you. Well ſed, I thank you,
This ſmall Banquet will fusniſh our few Gueſts
With taſte and ſtate enough; one reach my Gowne,
The action craves it rather then the weather.
1 *Serv.* There's one ſtaies to ſpeake with you Sir.
Cun. What is he?
1 *Serv.* Faith I know not what, Sir, a foole I thinke,
That ſome Brokers ſhop has made half a Gentleman;
Has the name of a Worthy too..
Cun. *Pompey?* is't not?
1 *Serv.* That's he, Sir.
Cun. Alas poore fellow, prethee enter him, he will need too,

Enter ſecond Servant with a Gowne.

He ſhall ſerve for a Witneſſe. Oh Gramercy:
If my friend *Sir Gregory* comes, you know him,

Enter Clowne.

Entertaine him kindly. Oh Maſter *Pompey*, how is't man?
Clow. 'Snailes, I'me almoſt ſtarv'd with love, and cold, and one thing or other;
Has not my Lady ſent for me yet?
Cun. Not that I heare, ſure ſome unfriendly Meſſenger
Is imployed betwixt you,
Clow. I was ne're ſo cold in my life, in my conſcience
I have been ſeven mile in length, along the new River; I
have ſeene a hundred ſtickle bags; I do not thinke but
there's gudgeons too; 'twill ne're be a true water.

Cuu. Why thinke you ſo?

Clow. I warrant you, I told a thouſand Millers thumbs in it,
Ile make a little bold with your Sweet-meats.
And welcome *Pompey*.

Clow. 'Tis a ſtrange thing, I have no taſte in any thing.

Cun. Oh, that's Love, that diſtaſts any thing but it ſelfe.

Clow. 'Tis worſe then Cheeſe in that point, may not a man breake his word with a Lady? I could finde in my heart and my hoſe too.

Cun. By no meanes Sir, that breakes all the Lawes of Love.

Clow. Well, ile ne're paſſe my word without my deed to Lady, while I live agen, I would faine recover my taſte.

Cun. Well, I have newes to tell you.

Clow. Good newes, Sir?

Cun. Happy newes, I help you away with a Rivall your Maſter beſtow'd

Clow. Where for this plumbs ſake —

Cun. Nay liſten me.

Clow. I warrant you, Sir, I have two eares to one mouth,
I heare more then I eat, i'de ne're row by Queen Hive
While lived elſe.

Cun. I have a wife for him, and that ſhall witneſſe the Contract.

Clow. The old one I hope, 'tis not the Lady?

Cun. Choak him firſt, 'tis one which thou ſhalt ſee,
See him, ſee him deceiv'd, ſee the deceit, only
The injunction is, you ſhall ſmile with modeſty.

Clow. Ile ſimper ifaith, as cold as I am yet, the old one I hope.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, here's Sir *Gregory*.

Cun. Ud' ſo, ſhelter, ſhelter, if you be ſeene
All's ravell'd out agen; ſtand there private,
And you'le finde the very opportunity
To call you forth, and place you at the Table.

Enter Sir Gregory.

You are welcome Sir, this Banquet will ſerve,
When it is crown'd with ſuch a dainty as you
Expect, and muſt have.

Sir Greg. Tuſh, theſe ſweet-meats are but ſauce to that,
Well, if there be any honeſty or true word in a dreame,
She's mine owne, nay, and chang'd extreamely,
Not the ſame woman.

Cun. Who? not the Lady?

Sir Greg, No, not to me, the edge of her tongue is taken off,
Gives me very good words, turn'd upſide downe to me,
And we live as quietly as two *Tortuſſes*, if ſhe hold on
As ſhe began in my dreame. *Soft Muſick.*

Cun. Nay, if Love ſend forth ſuch Predictions,
You are bound to beleeve 'em, there's the watch-word
Of her coming, to your practis'd part now,
If you hit it, *Æquus Cupido nobis.*

Both go into the Gowne

Sir Greg. I will warrant you Sir, I will give armes to
Your Gentry, looke you forward to your buſineſſe,
I am an eye behind you, place her in that Chaire,
And let me alone to grope her out.

Enter Mirabell.

Cun. Silence, Lady, your ſweet preſence illuſtrates
This homely roofe, and as courſe entertainment;
But where affections are both Hoſt and Gueſt,
They cannot meet unkindly; pleaſe you ſit,
Your ſomething long ſtay made me unmannerly,
To place before you, you know this friend here,
He's my Gueſt, and more eſpecially,
That this our meeting might not be too ſingle,
Without a witneſſe to't.

Mirab. I came not unreſolv'd, Sir,
And when our hands are claſp'd in that firme faith
Which I expect from you; fame ſhall be bold
To ſpeake the lowdeſt on't: oh, you graſpe me.
Somewhat too hard friend.

Cun. That's Loves eager will,
Ile touch it gentlier. *Kiſſe her hand.*

Mirab. That's too low in you,
Leſſe it be doubly recompenc'd in me. *She kiſſes his hand.*

Clow. Puh, I muſt ſtop my mouth, I ſhall be choakt elſe.

Cun. Come, wee'le not play and trifle with delayes,
We met to joyne theſe hands, and willingly
I cannot leave it till confirmation.

Mirab. One word firſt, how does your friend, kinde Sir *Gregory*?

Cun. Why do you mention him? you love him not?

Mir. I ſhall love you the leſſe if you ſay ſo, Sir,
In troth I love him, but 'tis you deceive him,
This flattering hand of yours does rob him now,
Now you ſteale his right from him, and I know
I ſhall have hate for't, his hate extreamly.

Cun. Why I thought you had not come ſo weakly arm'd,
Upon my life the Knight will love you for't,
Exceedingly love you, for ever love you.

Mir. I, you'le perſwade me ſo.

Cun. Why he's my friend,
And wiſhes me a fortune equall with him,
I know, and dare ſpeake it for him.

Mir. Oh, this hand betrayes him, you might remember him in ſome courteſie yet at leaſt.

Cun. I thank your help in't, here's to his health
Where e're he be.

Mir. Ile pledge it were it againſt my health.

Clow. Oh. oh, my heart hops after twelve mile a day, upon a good returne, now could I walke three hundred mile a foot, and laugh forwards and backwards.

Mir. You'le take the Knights health Sir,

Clow. Yes, yes forſooth, oh my ſides! ſuch a Banquet once a weeke, would make me grow fat in a fortnight.

Cun. Well, now to cloſe our meeting, with the cloſe
Of mutuall hands and hearts, thus I begin,
Here in Heavens eye, and all loves ſacred powers,
(Which in my prayers ſtand propitious)
I knit this holy hand faſt, and with this hand
The heart that owes this hand, ever binding
By force of this initiating Contract
Both heart and hand in love, faith, loyalty,
Eſtate, or what to them belongs, in all the dues,
Rights and honours of a faithfull husband,
And this firme vow henceforth till death to ſtand
Irrevocable, ſeal'd both with heart and hand.

Mir. Which thus I ſecond, but oh, Sir *Gregory*.

Cun. Agen? this interpoſition's ill, beleeve me.

Mir. Here in Heavens eye, and all Loves ſacred powers
I knit this holy hand faſt, and with this hand
The heart that owes this hand, ever binding
Both heart and hand in love, honour, loyalty,
Eſtate, or what to them belongs in all the dues,
Rights, and duties of a true faithfull wife;
And this firme Vow henceforth till death to ſtand,
Irrevocable ſeal'd both with heart and hand.

Sir Greg. A full agreement on both parts.

Cun. I, here's witneſſe of that.

Sir Greg. Nay, I have over-reacht you Lady, and that's much, For any Knight in *England* to over-reach a Lady.

Mir. I rejoyce in my deceit, I am a Lady
Now, I thanke you Sir.

Clow. Good morrow Lady *Fop.*

Sir Greg. 'Snailes, i'me gull'd, made a worſhipfull aſſe, this is not my Lady.

Cun. But it is Sir, and true as your dreame told you,
That your Lady was become another woman.

Sir Greg. Ile have another Lady Sir, if there were no more Ladies in *London,* blinde-man buffe is an unlawfull Game.

Cun. Come, downe on your knees firſt, and thanke your ſtars.

Sir Greg. A fire of my ſtars, I may thanke you I think.

Cun. So you may pray for me, and honour me,
That have preſerv'd you from a laſting torment,
For a perpetuall comfort; did you call me friend?

Sir Greg. I pray pardon me for that, I did miſcall you, I confeſſe.

Cun. And ſhould I receiving ſuch a thankfull name
Abuſe it in the act? ſhould I ſee my friend
Baffул'd, diſgrac'd, without any reverence
To your title to be call'd ſlave, raſcall?
Nay curſt to your face, fool'd, ſcorn'd, beaten downe
With a womans peeviſh hate, yet I ſhould ſtand
And ſuffer you to be loſt, caſt away?
I would have ſeene you buried quick firſt,
Your ſpurrs of Knight-hood to have wanted rowels,
And to be kickt from your heeles; ſlave, raſcall?
Heare this tongue?

Mir. My deareſt Love, ſweet Knight, my Lord, my Husband.

Cun. So, this is not ſlave and raſcall then.

Mir. What ſhall your eye command, but ſhall be done,
In all the duties of a loyall wife?

Cun. Good, good, are not curſes fitter for you? wer't not better
Your head were broke with the handle of a fanne,
Or your noſe bor'd with a ſilver bodkin?

Mir. Why, I will be a ſervant in your Lady.

Cun. Pox, but you ſhall not, ſhe's too good for you,
This contract ſhall be a nullity, ile breake't off,
And ſee you better beſtow'd.

Sir Greg. 'Slid, but you ſhall not Sir, ſhe's mine owne, And I am hers, and we are one anothers lawfully, and let me ſee him that will take her away by the Civill Law, if you be my friend keepe you ſo, if you have done me a good turne, do not hit me ith' teeth with't, that's not the part of a friend.

Cun. If you be content ——

Sir Greg. Content? I was never in better contention in my life,
Ile not change her for both the Exchanges, New or the Old;
Come, kiſſe me boldly.

Clow. Give you joy, Sir.

Sir Greg. Oh Sir, I thanke you as much as though I did, you are beloved of Ladies, you ſee we are glad of under women.

Clow. Ladies? let not Ladies be diſgrac'd, you are as it were a married man, and have a Family, and for the parties ſake that was unnam'd before, being Peſe-cod time, I am appeas'd, yet I would wiſh you make a ruler of your tongue.

Cun. Nay, no diſſention here, I muſt bar that,
And this (friend) I entreat you, and be adviſ'd,
Let this private contract be yet conceal'd,
And ſtill ſupport a ſeeming face of love
Unto the Lady; marke how it availes you,
And quits all her ſcornes, her Unckle is now hot
In purſuit of the match, and will enforce her
Bend her proud ſtomack, that ſhe ſhall proffer
Her ſelfe to you, which when you have flouted,
And laught your fill at, you ſhall ſcorne her off
With all your diſgraces trebled upon her,
For there the pride of all her heart will bow,
When you ſhall foot her from you, not ſhe you.

Sir Greg. Good ifaith; ile continue it, i'de faine laugh at the old fellow too, for he has abus'd me as ſcurvily as his Neece, my Knight-hood's upon the ſpur, wee'le go to Bed, and then to Church as faſt as we can.

Exit Sir Greg. and Mirab.

Clow. I do wonder I do not heare of the Lady yet.

Cun. The good minute may come ſooner then you are aware of,
I do not thinke but 'twill e're night yet as neare as 'tis.

Clow. Well, I will go walke by the new River in that meditation, I am o're ſhooes i'me ſure upon the dry bank, this gullery of my Maſter will keepe me company this two houres too, if love were not an enemy to laughter I ſhould drive away the time well enough; you know my walke Sir, if ſhe ſends, I ſhall be found angling, for I will try what I can catch for luck ſake, I will fiſh faire for't.
Oh Knight that thou ſhould'ſt be gull'd ſo; ha, ha, it does me good at heart,
But oh Lady, thou tak'ſt downe my merry part. *Exit*

Enter Witty-pate.

Witty. Friend.

Cun. Here friend.

Witty. All's afoot, and will go ſmooth away,
The woman has conquer'd the women, they are gone,
Which I have already complain'd to my Father,
Suggeſting that *Sir Gregory* is falne off
From his charge, for neglects and ill uſage,
And that he is moſt violently bent
On *Gentries* wife (whom I have call'd a widow)
And that without moſt ſudden prevention
He will be married to her.

Cun. Foot, all this is wrong,
This wings his purſuit, and will be before me; I am loſt for ever.

Witty. No, ſtay, you ſhall not go
But with my Father, on my wit let it lye,
You ſhall appeare a friendly aſſiſtant,
To helpe in all affaires, and in execution
Helpe your ſelfe only.

Cun. Would my beleefe
Were ſtronge in this aſſurance.

Witty. You ſhall credit it,
And my wit ſhall be your ſlave if it deceive you.

Enter Old Knight.

My Father ——

O. K. Oh Sir, you are well met, where's the Knight your friend?

Cun. Sir, I thinke your Sonne has told you.

Witty. Shall I ſtand to tell't agen? I tell you he loves,
But not my Kinſ-woman, her baſe uſage,
And your ſlack performance which he accuſes moſt
Indeed, has turn'd the Knights heart upſide downe.

O. K. Ile curbe her for't, can he be but recover'd,
He ſhall have her, and ſhe ſhall be dutifull,
And loue him as a wife too.

Witty. With that condition Sir,
I dare recall him were he enter'd the Church,
So much intereſt of love I aſſure in him.

O. K. Sir, it ſhall be no loſſe to you if you do.

Witty. I, but theſe are words ſtill, will not the deeds
Be wanting at the recovery, if it ſhould be agen?
O. K. Why here foole, I am provided, five hunder'd in earneſt,
Of the thouſands in her Dower, but were they married once,
I'de cut him ſhort enough, that's my agreement.
Witty. I, now I perceive ſome purpoſe in you, Father.
O. K. But wherefore is ſhe then ſtolne out of doores to him?
Witty. To him? oh fye upon your errour, ſhe has another object, beleeve it Sir.
O. K. I never could perceive it.
Witty. I did Sir, and to her ſhame I ſhould ſpeake it,
To my owne ſorrow I ſaw it, dalliance,
Nay dotage with a very Clowne, a Foole.
O.K. Wit and wantons? nothing elſe? nothing elſe?
She love a Foole? ſhe'le ſooner make a foole
Of a wiſe man.
Cun. I, my friend complaines ſo,
Sir *Gregory* ſayes flatly ſhe makes a foole of him,
And theſe bold circumſtances are approv'd;
Favours have been ſent by him, yet he ignorant
Whither to carry 'em; they have been underſtood,
And taken from him, certaine Sir, there is
An unſuſpected fellow lyes conceal'd,
What, or where e're he is, theſe ſlight neglects
Could not be of a Knight elſe.
O. K. Well Sir, you have promis'd (if we recover him
Unmarried) to ſalve all theſe old bruiſes?
Cun. Ile do my beſt Sir.
O. K. I ſhall thanke you, coſtly Sir, and kindly too.
Witty. Will you talke away the time here Sir, and come
behinde all your purpoſes?
O. K. Away good Sir.
Witty. Then ſtay a little good Sir, for my adviſe,
Why Father are you broke? your wit begger'd,
Or are you at your wits end? or out of
Love with wit? no trick of wit to ſurprize
Thoſe deſignes, but with open Hue and Cry,
For all the world to talke on? this is ſtrange,
You were not wont to ſlubber a project ſo.
O. K. Can you helpe at a pinch now? ſhew your ſelfe
My ſonne; go too, I leave this to your wit,
Becauſe ile make a proofe on't.
Witty. 'Tis thus then,
I have had late intelligence, they are now
Buxſome as *Bachus* Froes, revelling, dancing,
Telling the Muſicks numbers with their feet,
Awaiting the meeting of premoniſht friends,
That's queſtionleſſe, little dreading you,
Now Sir, with a dexterous trick indeed, ſuddaine
And ſufficient were well, to enter on um
As ſomething like the abſtract of a Maſque;
What though few perſons? if beſt for our purpoſe
That commends the project.
O. K. This takes up time.
Witty. Not at all, I can preſently furniſh
With looſe diſguiſes that ſhall fit that Scene.
O. K. Why what wants then?
Witty. Nothing but charge of Muſick,
That muſt be paid you know.
O. K. That ſhall be my charges, ile pay the Muſick,
What e're it coſt.
Witty. And that ſhall be all your charge,
Now on, I like it, there will be wit in't Father.
Exit O. K. and Witty.
Cun. I will neither diſtruſt his wit nor friendſhip,
Yet if his maſter braine ſhould be o're-throwne
My reſolution now ſhall ſeize mine owne. *Exit*

Enter Neece, Lady Ruinous, Gardianeſſe, Ruinous, Priſcian, (with inſtrumenes maſqu't.

L. Ruin. Nay, let's have Muſick, let that ſweet breath at leaſt
Give us her ayrie welcome, 'twill be the beſt
I feare this ruin'd receptacle will yeeld,
But that moſt freely.
Neece. My welcome followes me,
Elſe I am ill come hither, you aſſure me
Still Mr. *Cuningame* will be here, and that it was
His kinde entreaty that wiſht me meet him.
L. Ruin. Elſe let me be that ſhame unto my Sex,
That all beleefe may fly um.
Neece. Continue ſtill
The Knights name unto my Gardianeſſe,
She expects no other.
L. Ruin. He will, he will aſſure you
Lady, Sir *Gregory* will be here, and ſuddainely
This Muſick fore-ran him, is't not ſo conſorts?
Ruin. Yes Lady, he ſtaies on ſome device to bring along
Such a labour he was buſie in, ſome witty device.
Nee. 'Twill be long e're he comes then, for wit's a great
Labour to him.
Gard. Well, well, you'le agree better one day.
Nee. Scarce two I think.
Gard. Such a mock-begger ſuit of clothes as led me
Into the fooles paire of Dice, with dewze ace,
He that would make me Miſtris *Cun, Cun, Cunnie,*
He's quite out of my minde, but I ſhall ne're
Forget him while I have a hole in my head,
Such a one I think would pleaſe you better,
Though he did not abuſe you.
Ruin. Fye, ſpeake well of him now,
Your Neece has quitted him.
Gard. I hope ſhe has,
Elſe ſhe looſes me for ever; but for Sir *Gregory*,
Would he were come. I ſhall ill anſwer this
Unto your Unckle elſe.
Nei. You know 'tis his pleaſure
I ſhould keepe him company.
Gard. I, and ſhould be your owne
If you did well too, Lord, I do wonder
At the niceneſſe of you Ladies now a dayes,
They muſt have Husbands with ſo much wit forſooth.
Worſhip and wealth were both wont to be
In better requeſt i'me ſure, I cannot tell,
But they get ne're the wiſer children that I ſee.
L. Ruin. La, la, la, la, Sol, this Muſick breathes in vaine,
Me thinks 'tis dull to let it move alone,
Let's have a female motion, 'tis in private,
And wee'le grace't our ſelves how ever it deſerves.
Nee. What ſay you Gardianeſſe?
Gard. 'Laſſe i'me weary with the walke,
My jaunting dayes are done.
L. Ruin. Come, come, we'le fetch her in by courſe, or elſe
She ſhall pay the Muſick.
Gard. Nay, ile have a little for my money then.

The Dance, a Cornet is winded.

L Ruin. Hark? upon my life the Knight; 'tis your friend,
This was the warning-peece of his approach.

Enter Old Knight, Witty-pate, Cuningame, Maſqu'd, and take them to dance.

L. Ruin. Ha? no words but mum? well then,
We ſhall need no counſell-keeping
Nee. Cuningame?

Cun. Yes, feare nothing.
Nee. Feare? why do you tell me of it?
Cun. Your Unckles here.
Nee. Aye me.
Cun. Peace.
O. K. We have caught 'em.
Witty. Thanke my wit Father.
Gard. Which is the Knight thinke you?
Nee. I know not, he will be found when be ſpeakes,
No Maske can diſguiſe his tongue.
Witty. Are you charg'd?
O. K. Are you awake?
Witty. I'me anſwer'd in a queſtion.
Cun. Next change we meet, we looſe our hands no more.
Nee. Are you prepar'd to tye 'em?
Cun. Yes,
You muſt go with me.
Gard Whether Sir? not from my charge beleeve me.
Cun. She goes a long.
Nee. Will you ventur and my Unckle here?
Cun. His ſtay's prepar'd for. *Exeunt they two.*
Gard. 'Tis the Knight ſure, ile follow.
Exit Cun. Nee. Gardianeſſe.
O. K. How now, the Muſick tyr'd before us?
Ruin. Yes Sir, we muſt be paid now.
Witty. Oh, that's my charge Father.
O. K. But ſtay, where are our wanton Ladies gone?
Sonne, where are they?
Witty. Onely chang'd the roome in a change, that's all ſure.
O. K. Ile make 'em all ſure elſe, and then returne to you.
Ruin. You muſt pay for your Muſick firſt, Sir.
O. K. Muſt? are there muſty Fidlers? are Beggers chooſers now?
Ha? why *Witty-pate*, Sonne, where am I?
Witty. You were dancing e'ne now, in good meaſure, Sir,
Is your health miſcarried ſince? what ayle you, Sir?
O. K. Death, I may be gull'd to my face, where's my Neece?
What are you?
L. Ruin. None of your Neece, Sir.
O. K. How now? have you loud Inſtruments too? ile heare
No more I thanke you, what have I done tro
To bring theſe feares about me? Sonne, where am I?
VVitty. Not where you ſhould be, Sir, you ſhould be paying
For your Muſick, and you are in a maze.
O. K. Oh, is't ſo, put up, put up, I pray you,
Here's a crowne for you.
L. Ruin. Piſh, a crowne?
Ru. Priſ. Ha, ha, ha, a crowne?
O. K. Which way do you laugh? I have ſeene a crowne
Has made a Conſort laugh heartily.
VVitty. Father,
To tell you truth, theſe are no ordinary
Muſitians, they expect a bounty
Above their punctuall deſert.
O. K. A ---- on your Puncks, and their deſerts too.
Am I not cheated all this while thinke you?
Is not your pate in this?
VVitty. If you be cheated,
You are not to be Indicted for your owne goods,
Here you trifle time to market your bounty
And make it baſe, when it muſt needs be free
For ought I can perceive.
O. K. Will you know the loweſt price, Sir?
VVitty. That I will Sir, with all my heart.
O. K. Unleſſe I was diſcover'd, and they now fled
Home agen for feare, I am abſolutely beguil'd,
That's the beſt can be hop'd for.
Witty. Faith 'tis ſomewhat too deare yet, Gentlemen.
Ruin. There's not a Denier to be bated, Sir.
O. K. Now Sir, how deare is it?
VVitty. Bate but the tother ten pound?
Priſ. Not a Bawbee, Sir.
O. R. How? bate ten pound? what's the whole ſumme then?
Witty. Faith Sir, a hundred pound, with much a doe,
I got fifty bated, and faith Father, to ſay truth,
'Tis reaſonable for men of their faſhion.
O. K. La, la, la, downe, a hunder'd pound? la, la, la,
You are a Conſort of Theeves, are you not?
Witty. No Muſitians Sir, I told you before.
O. K. Fiddle faddle, is it not a robbery? a plaine robbery?
Witty. No, no, no, by no meanes Father, you have receiv'd
For your money, nay, and that you cannot give back,
'Tis ſomewhat deare I confeſſe, but who can helpe it?
If they had been agreed with before hand,
'Twas ill forgotten.
O. K. And how many ſhares have you in this? I ſee my force,
Caſe up your Inſtruments, I yield, here, as rob'd and
Taken from me, I deliver it.
VVitty. No Sir, you have perform'd your promiſe now, which was, to pay the charge of Muſick, that's all.
O. K. I have heard no Muſick, I have receiv'd none, Sir,
There's none to be found in me, nor about me.
VVitty. Why Sir, here's witneſſe againſt you, you have danc'd,
And he that dances acknowledges a receit
Of Muſick.
O. K. I deny that Sir, looke you, I can dance without Muſick, do you ſee Sir? and I can ſing without it too; you are a conſort of Theeves, do you heare what I do?
Witty. Pray you take heed Sir, if you do move the Muſick agen, it may coſt you as much more.
O. K. Hold, hold, ile depart quietly, I need not bid you farewell, I think now, ſo long as that hundred pound laſts with you.

Enter Gardianeſſe.

Gard. Ha, ha, am I ſnapt ifaith?
Oh, Sir, *Perſidious.*
O. K. I, I, ſome howling anotherwhile, Muſick's too damnable deare.
Gard. Oh Sir, my heart-ſtrings are broke, if I can but live to tell you the tale I care not, your Neece my charge is ——
O. K. What, is ſhe ſick?
Gard, No, no Sir, ſhe's luſtily well married.
O. K. To whom?
Gard. Oh, to that cunning diſſembler, *Cuningame.*
O. K. Ile hang the Prieſt, firſt, what was he?
Gard. Your Kinſman Sir, that has the Welch Benefice.
O. K. I ſav'd him from the Gallowes to that end, good, is there any more?
Garde And Sir *Gregory* is married too.
O. K. To my Neece too, I hope, and then I may hang her.
Gard. No Sir, to my Neece, thank *Cupid*; and that's all that's likely to recover me, ſhe's Lady *Fop* now, and I am
One of her Aunts I thanke my promotion.

Enter Credulous, Cuningame, Neece, Sir Gregory,
and Mirabell.

Cred. I have perform'd your beheſt Sir.

O.K. What have you perform'd Sir?

Witty. Faith Sir, I muſt excuſe my Couſen in this act,
If you can excuſe your ſelfe for making him
A Prieſt, there's the moſt difficult anſwer
I put this practiſe on him as from your deſire,
A truth, a truth Father.

Cred. I proteſt Sir, he tells you truth, he mov'd me to't in your name.

O.K. I proteſt Sir, he told you a lye in my name, and were you ſo eaſie Mr. *Credulous* to beleeve him?

Cred. If a man ſhould not beleeve his Couſen Sir, whom ſhould he beleeve?

O.K. Godden to you good Mr. Couſen *Cuningame*,
And your faire Bride, my Couſen *Cuningame* too,
And how do you, Sir *Gregory*, with your faire Lady?

Sir Greg. A little better then you would have had me, I thanke you Sir, the dayes of Puppy, and Slave, and Raſcall are pretty well blowne over now, I know Crabs from Verjuyce, I have tryed both, and thoud'ſt give me thy Neece for nothing i'de not have her.

Cun. I thinke ſo Sir *Gregory*, for my ſake you would not.

Sir Greg. I wo'd thou had'ſt ſcap'd her too, and then ſhe had dyed of the greene ſickneſſe, know this, that I did marry in ſpight, and I will kiſſe my Lady in ſpight, and love her in ſpight, and beget children of her in ſpight, and when I dye they ſhall have my Lands in ſpight; this was my reſolution, and now 'tis out.

Neece. How ſpightfull are you now, Sir *Gregory?*
Why looke you, I can love my deareſt Husband,
With all the honours, duties, ſweet embraces,
That can be throwne upon a loving man.

Sir Greg. —— This is afore your Unckles face, but behinde his back in private you'le ſhew him another tale.

Cun. You ſee Sir, now the irrecoverable ſtate of all theſe things before you, come out of your muſe, they have been but wit weapons, they you were wont to love the play.

Enter Clowne.

O.K. Let me alone in my muſe a little Sir, I will wake to you anon.

Cun. U'd ſo, your friend *Pompey*, how will you anſwer him?

Neece. Very well, if you'le but ſecond it, and help me.

Clow. I do heare ſtrange ſtories, are Ladies things obnoxious?

Neece. Oh, the diſſembling falſeſt wretch is come.

Cun. How now Lady?

Neece. Let me come to him, and in ſtead of love
Let me have revenge.

Witty. Pray you now, will you firſt examine, whither he be guilty or no.

Neece. He cannot be excus'd,
How many Meſſengers (thou perjur'd man)
Haſt thou return'd with Vowes and Oathes? that thou
Wouldſt follow, and never till this unhappy houre
Could I ſet eye of thee, ſince thy falſe dye
Drew my heart to it? oh I could teare thee now,
In ſtead of ſoft embraces, pray give me leave ——

Witty. Faith this was ill done of you Sir, if you promis'd otherwiſe.

Clow. By this hand, never any Meſſenger came at me ſince the firſt time I came into her company; that a man ſhould be wrong'd thus?

Neece. Did not I ſend thee Scarfes and Diamonds?
And thou returnd'ſt me letters, one with a falſe heart in't.

Witty. Oh fye! to receive favours, returne falſe-hoods, and hold a Lady in hand ——

Clow. Will you believe me Sir? if ever I receiv'd Diamonds, or Scarfe, or ſent any Letter to her, would this Sword might ne're go through me.

Witty. Some bad Meſſengers have gone betweene you then.

Neece. Take him from my ſight, if I ſhall ſee to morrow.

Witty. Pray you forbeare the place, this diſcontent may impaire her health much.

Clow. Foot, if a man had been in any fault 'twould ne're have griev'd him, Sir, if you'le beleeve.

Witty. Nay, nay, proteſt no more, I do believe you,
But you ſee how the Lady is wrong'd by't;
She has caſt away her ſelfe it is to be fear'd,
Againſt her Unckles will, nay, any conſent,
But out of a meere neglect, and ſpight to her ſelfe,
Married ſuddenly without any advice.

Clow. Why who can helpe it? if ſhe be caſt away ſhe may thanke her ſelfe, ſhe might have gone further and far'd worſe; I could do no more then I could do, 'twas her owne pleaſure to command me that I ſhould not come till I was ſent for, I had been with her every minute of an houre elſe.

Witty. Truly I believe you.

Clow. Night and day ſhe might have commanded me, and that ſhe knew well enough; I ſaid as much to her between her and I, yet I proteſt ſhe's as honeſt a Lady for my part, that i'de ſay if ſhe would ſee me hang'd, if ſhe be caſt away I cannot helpe it, ſhe might have ſtay'd to have ſpoke with a man.

Witty. Well, 'twas a hard miſſe on both parts.

Clow. So 'twas, I was within one of her, for all this croſſe luck, I was ſure I was between the Knight and home.

Neece. Not gone yet? oh my heart! none regard my health?

Witty. Good Sir, forbeare her ſight a while, you heare how ill ſhe brookes it.

Clow. Fooliſh woman, to over-throw her fortunes ſo; I ſhall thinke the worſe of a Ladies wit while I live for't—— I could almoſt cry for anger, if ſhe ſhould miſcarry now, 'twould touch my conſcience a little, and who knowes what love and conceit may do? what would people ſay as I go along? there goes he that the Lady dyed for love on, I am ſure to heare on't ith' ſtreets, I ſhall weepe before hand; fooliſh woman, I do grieve more for thee now then I did love thee before; well, go thy waies, would'ſt thou ſpare thy Husbands head and breake thine owne heart? if thou hadſt any wit, I would ſome other had been the cauſe of thy undoing, I ſhall be twitted i'th teeth with't, i'me ſure of that, fooliſh Lady. *Exit.*

Neece. So, ſo, this trouble's well ſhooke off, Unckle, how dee? there's a Dowrie due, ſir.

Cun. We have agreed it, ſweeteſt,
And finde your Unckle fully recover'd, kinde to both
of us.

Witty. To all the reſt I hope;

O.K. Never to thee, nor thee, eaſie couſen *Credulous*,
Was your wit ſo raw?

Cred. Faith yours Sir, ſo long ſeaſon'd
Has been faulty too, and very much to blame,
Speaking it with reverence, Unckle.

Sir Greg. Yes faith, Sir, you have paid as deare for your time as any man here.

Witty. I Sir, and ile reckon it to him. *Imprimis*, The firſt preface cheat of a paire of peeces to the Beggers, you remember that I was the example to your bounty there, I ſpake *Greeke*, and *Syriacke*, Sir, you underſtand me now. Next, the Robbery put upon your indulgent Couſen, which indeed was no Robbery, no Conſtable, no Juſtice, no Thiefe, but all Cheaters; there was a hunder'd Mark, mark you that Laſtly, this memorable 100. pounds worth of Muſick, this was but cheats and wit too, and for the aſſiſtance, this Gentleman to my Couſen (for which I am to have a Fee) that was a little practice of my wit too, Father; will you come to compoſition yet, Father?

Cun. Yes faith Sir, do, two hunder'd a yeare will be eaſier then ſo much weekly, I do not think he's barren if he ſhould be put to't agen.

O. K. Why this was the day I look'd for, thou ſhalt have't,
And the next cheat makes it up three hunder'd;
Live thou upon thy ten pound Vicarage,
Thou get'ſt not a penny more, here's thy full
Hire now.

Cred. I thanke you Sir.

Witty. Why there was the ſumme of all my wit Father,
To ſhove him out of your favour, which I fear'd
Would have diſ-inherited me.

O. K. Moſt certaine it had,
Had not thy wit recover'd it; is there any here
That had a hand with thee?

Witty. Yes, all theſe Sir.

O. K. Nephew, part a hunder'd pound amongſt 'em,
Ile repay it; wealth, love me as I love wit;
When I dye,
Ile build an Almeſ-houſe for decay'd wits.

Sir Greg. Ile entertaine one in my life time; Schollar, you ſhall be my Chaplaine, I have the gift of twenty Benefices, ſimple as I am here.

Priſ. Thankes my great Patron.

Cun. Sir, your Gentry and your name ſhall both be rais'd as high as my fortunes can reach 'em, for your friends ſake.

Witty. Something will be in my preſent power, the future more,
You ſhall ſhare with me.

Ruin. and VVife. Thankes worthy Gentlemen.

Neece. Sir, I would beg one thing of you?

Sir Greg. You can beg nothing of me.

Witty. Oh Sir, if ſhe begs, there's your power over her.

Sir Greg. She has begg'd me for a foole already, but 'tis no matter,
I have begg'd her for a Lady that ſhe might have been,
That's one for another.

Witty. Nay, but if ſhe beg——

Sir Greg. Let her beg agen then.

Nee. That your man *Pompeyes* Coat may come over his eares backe agen, I would not he ſhould be loſt for my ſake.

Sir Greg. Well, 'tis granted, for mine owne ſake.

Mirab. Ile entreat it Sir.

Sir Greg. Why then 'tis granted for your ſake.

O. K. Come, come, downe with all weapons now, 'tis Muſicke time,
So it be purchas'd at an eaſie rate;
Some have receiv'd the knocks, ſome given the hits,
And all concludes in love, there's happy wits. *Exeunt*

The Epilogue at the reviving of this Play.

WE need not tell you Gallants, that this night
The VVits have jumpt, or that the Scenes hit
'Twould be but labour loſt for to excuſe *(right,*
VVhat Fletcher *had to do in; his brisk Muſe*
VVas ſo Mercuriall, that if he but writ
An Act, or two, the whole Play riſe up wit.
Wee'le not appeale unto thoſe Gentlemen
Judge by their Clothes, if they ſit right, nor when
The Ladies ſmile, and with their Fannes delight
To whiske a clinch aſide, then all goes right:
'Twas well receiv'd before, and we dare ſay,
You now are welcome to no vulgar Play.

Here endeth Wit at ſeverall Weapons.

THE TRAGEDIE
OF
VALENTINIAN.

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Enter Balbus, Proculus, Chilax, Licinius.

Bal. I Never ſaw the like, ſhee's no more ſtirr'd,
No more another woman, no more alter'd,
With any hopes or promiſes layd to her
(Let'em be nev'r ſo waighty, nev'r ſo winning,
Then I am with the motion of my owne legs.
Pro. *Chilax.*
You are a ſtranger yet in theſe deſignes,
At leaſt in *Rome*; tell me, and tell me truth,
Did you ere know in all your courſe of practiſe,
In all the wayes of woman you have runne through
(For I preſume you have been brought up *Chilax*,
As we to fetch and carry.)
Chi. True I have ſo:
Pro. Did you I ſay againe in all this progreſſe,
Ever diſcover ſuch a peece of beauty,
Ever ſo rare a Creature, and no doubt
One that muſt know her worth too, and affect it,
I and be flatter'd, elſe tis none: and honeſt?
Honeſt againſt the tide of all temptations,
Honeſt to one man, to her husband only,
And yet not eighteene, not of age to know
Why ſhe is honeſt?
Chi. I confeſſe it freely,
I never ſaw her fellow, nor er'e ſhall,
For all our Græcian Dames, all I have tri'd,
(And ſure I have tri'd a hunderd, if I ſay two
I ſpeake within my compaſſe) all theſe beauties,
And all the conſtancy of all theſe faces,
Mayds, Widdows, Wives, of what degree or calling,
So they be Greekes, and fat, for there's my cunning,
I would undertake and not ſweat for't, *Proculus*,
Were they to try againe, ſay twice as many,
Under a thouſand pound, to lay 'em bedrid;
But this Wench ſtaggers me.
Lyc. Doe you ſee theſe Iewells?
You would thinke theſe pretty baytes; now Ile aſſure ye
Here's halfe the wealth of *Aſia*.
Bal. Theſe are nothing
To the full honours I propounded to her;
I bid her think, and be, and preſently
What ever her ambition, what the Councell
Of others would adde to her, what her dreames
Could more enlarge, what any Preſident
Of any woman riſing up to glory,
And ſtanding certaine there, and in the higheſt,
Could give her more, nay to be Empreſſe.
Pro. And cold at all theſe offers?
Bal. Cold as Chriſtall,
Never to be thaw'd again,
Chi. I trid her further,
And ſo farre, that I think ſhe is no woman,
At leaſt as women goe now.
Lyc. Why what did you?
Chi. I offerd that, that had ſhe been but Miſtris
Of as much ſpleene as Doves have, I had reach'd her;
A ſafe revenge of all that ever hates her,
The crying down for ever all beauties
That may be thought come neare her.
Pro. That was pretty.
Chi. I never knew that way faile, yet Ile tell ye
I offerd her a gift beyond all yours,
That, that had made a Saiuct ſtart, well conſiderd,
The Law to be her creature, ſhe to make it,
Her mouth to give it, every creature living
From her aſpect, to draw their good or evill
Fixd in'em ſpight of Fortune; a new Nature
She ſhould be called, and mother of all ages,
Time ſhould be hers, and what ſhe did lame vertue
Should bleſſe to all poſterities: her aire
Should give us life, her earth and water feed us,
And laſt, to none but to the *Emperour*,
(And then but when ſhe pleaſ'd to have it ſo,)
She ſhould be held for mortall.
Lyc. And ſhe heard you?
Chi. Yes, as a Sick man heares a noiſe, or he
That ſtands condemn'd his Iudgment, let me periſh,
But if there can be vertue, if that name
Be any thing but name and emptie title,
If it be ſo as fooles have been pleaſ'd to faigne it,
A power that can preſerve us after aſhes,
And make the names of men out-reckon ages,
This Woman has a God of vertue in her.
Bal. I would the Emperor were that God.
Chi. She has in her
All the contempt of glory and vaine ſeeming
Of all the *Stoicks*, all the truth of *Chriſtians*,
And all their Conſtancy: Modeſty was made
When ſhe was firſt intended: When ſhe bluſhes
It is the holyeſt thing to looke upon;
The pureſt temple of her ſect, that ever
Made nature a bleſt Founder.
Pro. Is there no way
To take this *Phenix*?
Lyc. None but in her aſhes.
Chi. If ſhe were fat, or any way inclining
To eaſe or pleaſure, or affected glory,
Proud to be ſeene and worſhip'd, t'were a venture;
But on my ſoule ſhe is chaſter then cold Camphire.
Bal. I thinke ſo too; for all the wayes of woman,
Like a full ſaile ſhe bears againſt: I aske her
After my many offers, walking with her,
And her as many down-denyals, how
If the Emperor grown mad with love ſhould force her;
She pointed to a *Lucrece*, that hung by,

And with an angry looke, that from her eyes
Shot Veſtall fire againſt me, ſhe departed.
Pro. This is the firſt wench I was ever poſ'd in,
Yet I have brought young loving things together
This two and thirty yeare.
Chi. I find by this wench
The calling of a Bawd to be a ſtrange,
A wiſe, and ſubtile calling; and for none
But ſtaid, diſcreet, and underſtanding people:
And as the Tutor to great *Alexander*,
Would ſay a young man ſhould not dare to read
His morall books, till after five and twenty;
So muſt that he or ſhe, that will be bawdy,
(I meane diſcreetly bawdy, and be truſted)
If they will riſe, and gaine experience,
Wel ſteept in yeares, and diſcipline, begin it,
I take it tis no boys play.
Bal. Well, what's thought off?
Pro. The Emperour muſt know it.
Lyc. If the women ſhould chance to faile too,
Chi. As tis ten to one, (purchaſe?
Pro. Why what remaines, but new nets for the
Chi. Let's goe conſider then: and if all faile,
This is the firſt quick Eele, that ſav'd her taile. *Exeunt.*

Scæne. 2. *Enter Lucina, Ardelia, and Phorba.*

Ardelia. You ſtill inſiſt upon that Idoll, Honour,
Can it renue your youth, can it adde wealth,
That takes off wrinkles: can it draw mens eyes,
To gaze upon you in your age? can honour,
That truly is a Saint to none but Souldiers,
And lookd into, beare no reward but danger,
Leave you the moſt reſpected perſon living?
Or can the common kiſſes of a husband,
(Which to a ſprightly Lady is a labour)
Make ye almoſt Immortall? ye are cozend,
The honour of a woman is her praiſes;
The way to get theſe, to be ſeene, and ſought too,
And not to bury ſuch a happy ſweetneſſe
Vnder a ſmoaky roofe.
Luci. Ile heare no more:
Phor. That white, and red, and all that bleſſed beauty,
Kept from the eyes, that make it ſo, is nothing;
Then you are rarely faire, when men proclaime it;
The *Phenix*, were ſhe never ſeene, were doubted,
That moſt unvalued Horne the Vnicorne
Beares to oppoſe the Huntſman, were it nothing
But tale, and meere tradition, would help no man,
But when the vertue's knowne, the honor's dobled:
Vertue, is either lame, or not at all,
And Love a ſacriledge, and not a Saint,
When it bars up the way to mens Petitions.
Ard. Nay ye ſhal love your husband too; we come not
To make a Monſter of yee;
Luc. Are ye women?
Ard. You'l find us ſo, and women you ſhall think too,
If you have grace to make your uſe.
Luc. Fye on yee,
Phor. Alas poore baſhfull Lady, by my ſoule,
Had ye no other vertue, but your bluſhes,
And I a man, I ſhould run mad for thoſe:
How daintlily they ſet her off, how ſweetly? (earth,
Ard Come Goddeſſe, come, you move too neer the
It muſt not be, a better orbe ſtaies for you:
Here: be a mayd, and take'en,
Luc. Pray leave me.
Phor. That were a ſin ſweet Lady, and a way
To make us guilty of your melancholly;
You muſt not be alone; In converſation
Doubts are reſolvd, and what ſticks neer the conſcience
Made eaſie, and allowable.
Luc. Ye are Devills,
Ard. That you may one day bleſſe for your damnation.
Luc. I charge ye in the name of Chaſtity,
Tempt me no more; how ugly ye ſeem to me?
There is no wonder men defame our Sex,
And lay the vices of all ages on us,
When ſuch as you ſhall beare the names of women;
If ye had eyes to ſee your ſelves, or ſence
Above the baſe rewards ye play the bawds for:
If ever in your lives ye heard of goodneſſe,
(Though many Regions off, as men heare thunder)
If ever ye had Mothers, and they ſoules:
If ever Fathers, and not ſuch as you are;
If ever any thing were conſtant in you,
Beſide your ſins, or comming but your curſes,
If ever any of your Anceſtors
Dyde worth a noble deed, that would be cheriſhd,
Soule-frighted with this black infection,
You would run from one another, to repentance,
And from your guilty eyes drop out thoſe ſins,
That made ye blind, and beaſts.
Phor. Ye ſpeak well Lady;
A ſigne of fruitfull education,
If your religious Zeale had wiſdome with it.
Ard. This Lady was ordain'd to bleſſe the Empire,
And we may all give thanks for't.
Phor. I beleive ye,
Ard. If any thing redeem the Emperour,
From his wild flying courſes, this is ſhe;
She can inſtruct him if ye mark; ſhe is wiſe too.
Phor. Exceeding wiſe, which is a wonder in her,
And ſo religious, that I well believe,
Though ſhe would ſinne ſhe cannot.
Ard. And, beſides
She has the Empires cauſe in hand, not loves;
There lies the maine conſideration,
For which ſhe is chiefly borne.
Phor. She finds that point
Stronger then we can tell her, and believe it
I look by her meanes for a reformation,
And ſuch a one, and ſuch a rare way carried
That all the world ſhall wonder at.
Ard. Tis true;
I never thought the Emperor had wiſdom,
Pittie, or faire affection to his Country,
Till he profeſt this love: gods give'em Children,
Such as her vertues merit, and his zeale.
I looke to ſee a *Numa* from this Lady,
Or greater then *Octavius*.
Phor. Do you mark too,
Which is a Noble vertue, how ſhe bluſhes,
And what a flowing modeſty runs through her,
When we but name the Emperour?
Ard. But mark it,
Yes, and admire it too, for ſhe conſiders,
Though ſhe be faire as heaven, and vertuous
As holy truth, yet to the Emperour
She is a kind of nothing but her ſervice,
Which ſhe is bound to offer, and ſhee'l do it,
And when her Countries cauſe commands affection;
She knows obedience is the key of vertues,
Then flye the bluſhes out like Cupids arrowes,
And though the tye of marriage to her Lord,
Would faine cry ſtay *Lucina*, yet the cauſe

And generall wiſdom of the Princes love,
Makes her find ſurer ends and happier,
And if the firſt were chaſte, this is twice dobled.
Phor. Her tartnes unto us too.
Ard. That's a wiſe one.
Phor. I rarely like, it ſhewes a riſing wiſdom,
That chides all common fooles as dare enquire
What Princes would have private.
Ard. What a Lady
Shall we be bleſt to ſerve?
Luc. Goe get ye from me.
Ye are your purſes Agents, not the Princes:
Is this the vertuous Lore yee traind me out too?
Am I a woman fit to imp your vices?
But that I had a Mother, and a woman
Whoſe ever living fame turnes all it touches,
Into the good it ſelfe is, I ſhould now
Even doubt my ſelfe, I have been ſearch't ſo neere
The very ſoule of honour: why ſhould you two,
That happily have been as chaſt as I am,
Fairer, I think, by much, for yet your faces,
Like ancient well built piles, ſhew worthy ruines,
After that Angell age, turne mortall Devills?
For ſhame, for woman-hood, for what ye have been,
For rotten Cedars have borne goodly branches,
If ye have hope of any Heaven, but Court,
Which like a Dreame, you'l find hereafter vaniſh,
Or at the beſt but ſubject to repentance,
Study no more to be ill ſpoken of;
Let women live themſelves, if they muſt fall,
Their owne deſtruction find 'em, not your ſevours.
Ard. Madam, yee are ſo excellent in all,
And I muſt tell it you with admiration,
So true a joy ye have, ſo ſweet a feare,
And when ye come to anger, tis ſo noble,
That for mine own part, I could ſtill offend,
To heare you angry; women that want that,
And your way guided (elſe I count it nothing)
Are either Fooles, or Cowards.
Phor. She were a Miſtris for no private greatneſſe,
Could ſhe not frowne a raviſhd kiſſe from anger,
And ſuch an anger as this Lady learnes us,
Stuck with ſuch pleaſing dangers. Gods (*I* aske ye)
Which of ye all could hold from?
Luc. I perceive ye,
Your owne dark ſins dwell with yee, and that price
You ſell the chaſtitie of modeſt wives at
Runs to diſeaſes with your bones: I ſcorne ye,
And all the nets ye have pitcht to catch my vertues
Like Spiders Webs, I ſweep away before me.
Goe tell the Emperour, yee have met a woman,
That neither his owne perſon, which is God-like,
The world he rules, nor what that world can purchaſe,
Nor all the glories ſubject to a *Ceſar*,
The honours that he offers for my body,
The hopes, gifts, everlaſting flatteries,
Nor any thing that's his, and apt to tempt me,
No not to be the Mother of the Empire,
And Queene of all the holy fires he worſhips,
Can make a Whore of.
Ard. You miſtake us Lady.
Luc. Yet tell him this ha's thus much weakend me,
That I have here his knaves, and you his Matrons,
Fit Nurſes for his ſins, which gods forgive me,
But ever to be leaning to his folly,
Or to be brought to love his luſt, aſſure him,
And from her mouth, whoſe life ſhal make it certain
I never can: I have a Noble husband,
Pray tell him that too, yet a noble name,
A Noble Family, and laſt a Conſcience:
Thus much for your anſwer: For your ſelves,
Ye have liv'd the ſhame of women, dye the better, *Exit*
Phor. What's now to doe? *Lucina.*
Ard. Ev'n as ſhe ſaid, to dye,
For ther's no living here, and women thus,
I am ſure for us two.
Phor, Nothing ſtick upon her?
Ard. We have loſt a maſſe of mony; wel Dame vertue,
Yet ye may halt if good luck ſerve.
Phor. Wormes take her,
She has almoſt ſpoil'd our trade.
Ard. So godly;
This is ill breeding *Phorba.*
Phor. If the women
Should have a longing now to ſee this Monſter,
And ſhe convert 'em all,
Ard. That may be *Phorba*,
But if *it* be, Ile have the young men gelded:
Come, let's goe think, ſhe muſt not ſcape us thus;
There is a certain ſeaſon, if we hit,
That women may be rid without a bit. *Exeunt.*

Scæn. 3. *Enter Maximus and Æcius.*

Max. I cannot blame the Nations noble friend,
That they fall off ſo faſt from this wild man,
When (under our Allegeance be it ſpoken,
And the moſt happy tye of our affections) (vertue,
The worlds weight groanes beneath him; where lives
Honour, diſcretion, wiſdom? who are cald
And choſen to the ſteering of the Empire
But Baudes, and ſinging Girles? ô my *Aecius*,
The glory of a Souldier, and the truth
Of men made up for goodneſſe ſake, like ſhells
Grow to the ragged walls for want of action:
Only your happy ſelfe, and *I* that love ye,
Which is a larger meanes to me then favour. (truths,
Æcius No more my worthy friend, though theſe be
And though theſe truthes would aske a Reformation,
At leaſt a little ſquaring; yet remember,
We are but ſubjects *Maximus*; obedience
To what is done, and griefe for what is ill done,
Is all we can call ours: the hearts of Princes
Are like the Temples of the gods; pure incenſe,
Vntill unhallowed hands defile thoſe offrings,
Burnes ever there; we muſt not put 'em out,
Becauſe the Prieſts that touch thoſe ſweetes are wicked;
We dare not deereſt friend, nay more we cannot,
While we conſider why we are, and how,
To what lawes bound, much more to what Law-giver;
Whileſt majeſtie is made to be obeyed,
And not inquired into, whileſt Gods and Angels
Make but a rule as we do, though a ſtricter;
Like deſperate and unſeaſon'd fooles let fly
Our killing angers, and forſake our honors.
Max. My noble Freind, from whoſe Inſtructions
I never yet tooke ſurfet, weigh but thus much,
Nor thinke I ſpeake it with ambition,
For by the Gods I do not, why *Æcius*,
Why are we thus, or how become thus wretched?
Æcius. You'l fall againe into your fit.
Max. I will not.
Or are we now no more the ſons of *Romanes*,
No more the followers of their happy fortunes,
But conquer'd *Gaules*, or Quivers for the *Parthians*?

Why is this *Emperor*, this man we honor,
This God that ought to be?
Æcius. You are too curious.
Max. Good, give me leave, why is this Author of us?
Æci. I dare not heare ye ſpeake thus.
Max. Ile be modeſt,
Thus led away, thus vainly led away,
And we beholders, miſconceive me not,
I ſow no danger in my words; but wherefore
And to what end, are we the ſonnes of Fathers
Famous, and faſt to *Rome*? Why are their vertues
Stampt in the dangers of a thouſand Battailes,
For goodneſſe ſake, their honors, time out daring,
I thinke for our example.
Æci. Ye ſpeake nobly.
Mac. Why are we ſeeds of theſe then, to ſhake hands
With Bawdes and baſe Informers, kiſſe diſcredit,
And court her like a Miſtris? pray, your leave yet;
You'l ſay the *Emperor* is young, and apt
To take impreſſion rather from his pleaſures
Then any conſtant worthyneſſe, it may be.
But why do theſe, the people call his pleaſures,
Exceed the moderation of a man?
Nay to ſay juſtly freind, why are they vices
And ſuch as ſhake our worthes with forraigne Nations?
Æc. You ſearch the ſoare too deep, and I muſt tel ye,
In any other man this had been boldneſſe,
And ſo rewarded; pray depreſſe you ſpirit,
For though I conſtantly beleeve ye honeſt,
Ye were no freind for me elſe, and what now
Ye freely ſpake, but good ye owe toth Empire,
Yet take heed worthy *Maximus*, all eares
Heare not with that diſtinction mine doe, few
You'l find admoniſhers, but urgers of your actions,
And to the heavieſt (freind;) and pray conſider
We are but ſhadowes, motions others give us,
And though our pitties may become the times,
Iuſtly our powers cannot; make me worthy
To be your ever freind in faire allegiance,
But not in force: For durſt mine own ſoule urge me
(And by that ſoule, I ſpeake my juſt affections)
To turn my hand from truth, which is obedience,
And give the helme my vertue holds, to Anger,
Though I had both the bleſſings of the *Brutij*,
And both their Inſtigations, though my cauſe
Carried a face of Iuſtice beyond theirs,
And as I am a ſervant to my fortunes,
That daring ſoule, that firſt taught diſobedience,
Should feele the firſt example: Say the Prince,
As I may well beleeve, ſeemes vitious,
Who juſtly knowes tis not to try our honors?
Or ſay he be an ill Prince, are we therefore
Fit fires to purge him? No, my deareſt freind
The Elephant is never won with anger,
Nor muſt that man that would reclaime a Lyon,
Take him by'th teeth.
Max. I pray miſtake me not.
Æci. Our honeſt actions, and the light that breakes
Like morning from our ſervice, chaſte and bluſhing
Is that, that pulls a Prince backe; then he ſees,
And not till then truly repents his errors,
When ſubjects Chryſtall ſoules are glaſſes to him.
Max. My ever honored freind, Ile take your councel:
The Emperor appeares, Ile leave ye to him,
And as we both affect him, may he flouriſh. *Exit Max:*
Empe. Is that the beſt newes? } *Enter the Emperor*
Chil. Yet the beſt we know Sir. } *and Chilax.*
Empe. Bid *Maximus* come to me, and be gone then:
Mine own head be my helper, theſe are fooles;
How now *Æcius*, are the Souldiers quiet?
Æci. Better I hope Sir, then they were.
Empe. They are pleas'd *I* heare,
To cenſure me extremely for my pleaſures,
Shortly they'l fight againſt me.
Æci. Gods defend Sir.
And for their cenſures they are ſuch ſhrew'd Iudgers;
A donative of ten Seſterties
Ile undertake ſhall make 'em ring your praiſes,
More then they ſang your pleaſures.
Empe. I beleeve thee.
Art thou in love *Æcius* yet?
Æci. O no Sir.
I am too courſe for Ladies; my embraces
That only am acquainted with Alarums,
Would break their tender bodies.
Empe. Never feare it,
They are ſtronger then ye think, they'le hold the hammer
My Empreſſe ſweares thou art a luſty Souldier,
A good one I beleeve thee.
Æci. All that goodneſſe
Is but your Graces creature.
Empe. Tell me truly,
For thou darſt tell me.
Æci. Any thing concernes ye,
That's fit for me to ſpeake and you to pardon.
Emp. What ſay the ſoldiers of me, and the ſame words,
Mince 'em not good *Æcius*, but deliver
The very forms and tongues they talke withall,
Æci. Ile tell your Grace, but with this caution
You be not ſtirr'd, for ſhould the Gods live with us,
Even thoſe we certainly beleeve are righteous,
Give 'em but drinke, they would cenſure them too.
Empe. Forward.
Æci. Then to begin, they ſay you ſleep too much
By which they judge your Majeſty too ſenſuall,
Apt to decline your ſtrength to eaſe and pleaſures,
And when you do not ſleepe, you drink too much,
From which they feare ſuſpitions firſt, then ruines;
And when ye neither drinke nor ſleepe, ye wench much;
Which they affirm firſt breakes your underſtanding,
Then takes the edge of honor, makes us ſeeme,
That are the ribbes, and rampires of the Empire,
Fencers, and beaten Fooles, and ſo regarded;
But I beleive 'em not; for were theſe truths,
Your vertue can correct them.
Empe. They ſpeake plainly.
Æc. They ſay moreover (ſince your grace wil have it,
For they will talke their freedoms, though the ſword
Were in their throat) that of late time, like *Nero*,
And with the ſame forgetfullnes of glory,
You have got a vaine of filing, ſo they terme it.
Empe. Some drunken dreames *Æcius.*
Æci. So I hope Sir.
And that you rather ſtudy cruelty,
And to be feared for blood, then lov'd for bounty.
Which makes the Nations, as they ſay, deſpiſe ye,
Telling your yeares and actions by their deathes,
Whoſe truth, and ſtrength of duty made you *Cæſar.*
They ſay beſides you nouriſh ſtrange devourers,
Fed with the fat o'th Empire, they call Bawdes,
Lazie and luſtfull creatures that abuſe ye,
A people as they terme 'em, made of paper,
*I*n which the ſecret ſins of each mans monyes
Are ſealed and ſent a working.

Empe. What ſin's next?
For I perceive they have no mind to ſpare me.
Æci. Nor hurt ye ô my ſoule Sir ; but ſuch people
(Nor can the power of man reſtraine it)
When they are full of meat and eaſe, muſt prattle.
Empe. Forward.
Æci. I have ſpoken too much Sir.
Empe. Ile have all,
Æci. It fits not
Your eares ſhould heare their vanities ; no profit
Can juſtly riſe to you from their behaviour,
Vnleſſe ye were guilty of thoſe crimes.
Empe. *I*t may be
I am ſo, therefore forward.
Æci *I* have ever
Learn'd to obey, nor ſhall my life reſiſt it.
Empe. No more Apologies.
Æci. They greive beſides Sir,
To ſee the nations, whom our ancient vertue
With many a weary march and hunger conquer'd,
With loſſe of many a daring life ſubdude,
Fall from their faire obedience, and even murmure
To ſee the warlike Eagles mew their honors
In obſcure Townes, that wont to prey on Princes,
They cry for enemies, and tel the Captaines
The fruits of *Italy* are luſcious, give us *Ægypt*,
Or ſandy *Affrick* to diſplay our valours,
There where our Swords may make us meat, and danger
Digeſt our well got Vyands : here our weapons
And bodyes that were made for ſhining braſſe,
Are both unedg'd and old with eaſe, and women ;
And then they cry agen, where are the *Germaines*,
Linde with hot *Spaine*, or *Gallia*, bring 'em on,
And let the ſon of war, ſteel'd *Mithridates*,
Lead up his winged *Parthians* like a ſtorme,
Hiding the face of Heaven with ſhowres of arrowes;
Yet we dare fight like *Romanes* ; then as Souldiers
Tyr'd with a weary march, they tell their wounds
Even weeping ripe they were no more nor deeper,
And glory in thoſe ſcarrs that make 'em lovely,
And ſitting where a Campe was, like ſad Pilgrims
They reckon up the times, and living labours
Of *Julius* or *Germanicus*, and wonder
That *Rome*, whoſe turrets once were topt with honours,
Can now forget the Cuſtome of her conqueſts :
And then they blame your Grace, and ſay who leads us,
Shall we ſtand here like Statues? were our Fathers
The Sonnes of lazie Moores, our Princes *Perſians*,
Nothing but ſilkes, and ſoftneſſe? curſes on 'em
That firſt taught *Nero* wantonneſſe, and bloud,
Tiberius doubts, *Caligula* all vices ;
For from the ſpring of theſe ſucceeding Princes
Thus they talke Sir ;
Emp. Well,
Why doe you heare theſe things?
Aec. Why do you do'em?
I take the gods to witneſſe, with more ſorrow,
And more vexation, doe *I* heare theſe taintures,
Then were my life dropt from me through an hour-glaſſe
Emp. Belike then you beleeve 'em, or at leaſt
Are glad they ſhould be ſo ; take heed, you were better
Build your own Tomb, and runne into it living,
Then dare a Princes anger.
Aec. *I* am old Sir,
And ten yeares more addition, is but nothing :
Now if my life be pleaſing to ye, take it,
Vpon my knees, if ever any ſervice,
As let me brag, ſome have bin worthy notice,
*I*f ever any worth, or truſt ye gave me,
Deſerv'd a faire reſpect, if all my actions,
The hazards of my youth, colds, burnings, wants,
For you and for the Empire, be not vices ;
By that ſtile ye have ſtampt upon me, Souldier,
Let me not fall into the hands of wretches.
Emp. *I* underſtand ye not.
Aec. Let not this body,
That has lookd bravely in his bloud for *Ceſar*,
And covetous of wounds, and for your ſafety,
After the ſcape of Swords, Speares, Slings, and Arrows,
Gainſt which my beaten body was mine Armour,
The Seas, and thirſtie deſerts, now be purchaſe
For Slaves, and baſe *I*nformers : *I* ſee anger, (ſlaughter
And death look through your eyes : *I* am markt for
And know the telling of this truth has made me
A man cleane loſt to this world ; I embrace it ;
Only my laſt *P*etition ſacred *Ceſar*,
Is, *I* may dye a *Roman*.
Emp. Riſe my friend ſtill,
And worthy of my love ; Reclaime the Souldier,
*I*le ſtudy to doe ſo upon my ſelfe too,
Goe keep your command, and proſper.
Aec. Life to *Ceſar*——*Exit Aecius*——*Enter Chilax.*
Chi. Lord *Maximus* attends your Grace.
Emp. Goe tell him,
Ile meete him in the gallery.
The honeſty of this *Aecius*
Who is indeed the Bull-wark of the Empire,
Has div'd ſo deep into me, that of all
The ſins I covet, but this womans beautie,
With much repentance, now I could be quit of :
But ſhe is ſuch a pleaſure, being good,
That though I were a god, ſhe would fire my bloud. *Exit*

Actus Secundus. Scæna prima.

Enter the Emperour, Maximus, Lycinius, Proculus,
Chilax, as at Dice.

Emp. NAy ye ſhall ſet my hand out, tis not juſt
I ſhould neglect my fortune, now tis proſperous.
Lyc. If I have any thing to ſet your Grace,
But Clothes or good conditions, let me periſh,
You have all my mony Sir ;
Pro. And mine,
Chi. And mine too.
Max. Vnleſſe your Grace will credit us,
Emp. No bare boord,
Lyc. Then at my Garden-Houſe ;
Emp. The Orchard too.
Lyc. And't pleaſe your Grace ;
Emp. Have at'em,
Pro. They are loſt ;
Lyc. Why farewell Fig-trees,
Emp. Who ſets more?
Chil. At my Horſe Sir,
Emp. The dapl'd *Spaniard*?
Chil. He.
Emp. He's mine,
Chil. He is ſo ;
Max. Your ſhort horſe is ſoone curried :
Chil. So it ſeemes Sir,
So may your Mare be too, if luck ſerve.

Max. Ha?
Ch. Nothing my Lord but grieving at my fortune,(thus
Emp. Come *Maximus*, you were not wont to flinch
Max. By Heaven Sir, I have loſt all.
Emp. Ther's a ring yet,
Max. This was not made to looſe Sir,
Emp. Some love token;
Set it I ſay;
Max. I doe beſeech your Grace,
Rather name any houſe I have.
Emp. How ſtrange,
And curious you are growne of toyes? redeem't
If ſo I win it, when you pleaſe, to morrow,
Or next day as ye will, I care not,
But only for my luck ſake: Tis not Rings
Can make me richer.
Max. Will you throw Sir? there 'tis:
Emp. Why then have at it fairely: myne.
Max. Your Grace
Is only ever fortunate: to morrow,
An't be your pleaſure Sir, Ile pay the price on't;
Emp. To morrow you ſhall have it without price Sir,
But this day 'tis my victory: good *Maximus*,
Now I bethink my ſelfe, goe to *Æcius*,
And bid him muſter all the Cohorts preſently;
They mutiny for pay I heare, and be you
Aſſiſtant to him; when you know their numbers,
Ye ſhall have monyes for 'em, and above
Something to ſtop their tongues withall.
Max. I will Sir,
And gods preſerve you in this mind ſtill.
Emp. Shortly Ile ſee'em march my ſelfe.
Max. Gods ever keep ye.——*Exit Max.* (now?
Emp. To what end doe you think this ring ſhall ſerve
For you are ſellowes only know by roate,
As birds record their leſſons.
Chil. For the Lady,
Emp. But how for her?
Chil. That I confeſſe I know not, (Eunuch
Emp. Then pray for him that do's: fetch me an
That never ſaw her yet: and you two ſee *Exit. Chil.*
The Court made like a Paradiſe.
Lyc. We will Sir.
Emp. Full of faire ſhewes and Muſiques; all your arts
(As I ſhall give inſtructions) ſcrew to'th higheſt,
For my maine peece is now a doing: and for feare
You ſhould not take, Ile have an other engine,
Such as if vertue be not only in her,
She ſhall not chooſe but leane to, let the women
Put on a graver ſhew of welcome.
Pro. Well Sir.
Emp. They are a thought too eager.——
Enter Chilax and Lycias the Eunuch.
Chil. Here's the Eunuch,
Eun. Long life to *Ceſar.*
Emp. I muſt uſe you *Lycias*:
Come let's walk in, and then Ile ſhew ye all:
If women may be fraile, this wench ſhall fall. *Exeunt.*

Scæne 2. *Enter Claudia, and Marcellina.*

Claudia. Sirrha, what ayles my Lady, that of late
She never cares for company?
Mar. I know not,
Vnleſſe it be that company cauſes Cuckolds.
Clau. That were a childiſh feare;
Mar. What were thoſe Ladyes,
Came to her lately,
From the Court?
Clau. The ſame wench.
Some grave Inſtructors on my life, they look
For all the world like old hactht hilts.
Mar. Tis true wench.
For here and there, and yet they painted well too,
One might diſcover where the gold was worne
Their Iron ages.
Clau. If my judgment faile not,
They have been ſheathed like rotten ſhips,
Mar. It may be.
Clau. For if ye mark their rudders, they hang weakly.
Mar. They have paſt the line belike: wouldſt live *Clau.*
Till thou wert ſuch as they are?
Clau. Chimney pieces.
Now heaven have mercy on me, and young men,
I had rather make a drallery till thirty,
While I were able to endure a tempeſt,
And beare my fights out bravely, till my tackle
Whiſtled i'th wind, and held againſt all weathers,
While I were able to beare with my tyres
And ſo diſcharg 'em, I would willingly
Live *Marcellina*, not till barnacles
Bred in my ſides.
Mar. Thou art i'th right wench.
For who would live, whom pleaſures had forſaken,
To ſtand at marke, and cry a bow ſhort ſigneur?
Were there not men came hither too?
Clau. Brave ſellowes.
I feare me Bawdes of five i'th' pound.
Mar. How know you?
Clau. They gave me great lights to it.
Mar. Take heed *Claudia.*
Clau. Let them take heed, the ſpring comes on.
Mar. To me now,
They ſeem'd as noble viſitants.
Clau. To me now
Nothing leſſe *Marcellina*, for I marke 'em,
And by this honeſt light, for yet tis morning,
Saving the reverence of their guilded doublets
And Millan skins.
Mar. Thou art a ſtrange wench *Claudia.*
Clau. Ye are deceived, they ſhew'd to me directly
Court crabbs that creepe a ſide way for their living
I know 'em by the breeches that they beg'd laſt,
Mar. Peace, my Lady comes; what may that be?
Clau. A Sumner
That cites her to appeare.
Enter Lucina, and Lycias the Eunuch.
Mar. No more of that wench.
Eun. Madam, what anſwer to your Lord?
Luci. Pray tell him, I am ſubject to his will,
Eun. Why weepe you Madam?
Excellent Lady, there are none will hurt you.
Luci. I do beſeech you tell me *Sir.*
Eun. What Lady?
Luci. Serve ye the Emperor?
Eun. I do.
Luci. In what place?
Eun. In's chamber Madam.
Luci. Do ye ſerve his will too?
Eun. In faire and juſt commands.
Luci. Are ye a *Romane*?
Eun. Yes noble Lady, and a *Mantuan.*
Luci. What office bore your parents?
Eun. One was Pretor.
Luci. Take heed then how you ſtaine his reputation,
Eun. Why worthy Lady?
Luci. If ye know, I charge ye,

Ought in this Meſſage, but what honeſty,
The truſt and faire obedience of a ſervant,
May well deliver, yet take heed, and help me.
Eun. *Madam*, I am no Broker;
Claud. Ile be hangd then.
Eun. Nor baſe procurer of mens luſts; Your husband,
Praid me to doe this office, I have done it,
It reſts in you to come, or no:
Luc. I will Sir;
Eun. If ye miſtruſt me, doe not,
Luc. Ye appeare ſo worthy,
And to all my ſence ſo honeſt,
And this is ſuch a certain ſigne ye have brought me,
That I believe.
Eun. Why ſhould I couzen you?
Or were I brib'd to doe this villany,
Can mony proſper, or the foole that takes it,
When ſuch a vertue falls?
Luc. Ye ſpeake well Sir;
Would all the reſt that ſerve the Emperour,
Had but your way.
Claud. And ſo they have *ad unguem*:
Luc. Pray tell my Lord, I have receivd his Token,
And will not faile to meete him; yet good Sir, thus much
Before you goe, I doe beſeech ye too,
As little notice as ye can, deliver
Of my appearance there,
Eun. It ſhall be *Madam*,
And ſo I wiſh you happineſſe.
Luc. I thank you.——— *Exeunt.*

Scæn. 2. *Enter Æcius purſuing Pontius the Captaine, and Maximus following.*
Tumult & noiſe within.

Max. Tempeſt your ſelſe *Æcius*,
Pon. Hold my Lord.
I am a *Roman*, and a Souldier,
Max. Pray Sir;
Æci. Thou art a lying Villaine, and a Traytor;
Give me my ſelfe, or by the Gods my friend
You'l make me dangerous; how dar'ſt thou pluck
The Souldiers to ſedition, and I living,
And ſo Rebellion in 'em, and even then
When I am drawing out to action?
Pon. Heare me,
Max. Are yee a man?
Æci. I am a true hearted *Maximus*,
And if the Villaine live, we are diſhonourd.
Max. But heare him what he can ſay.
Æci. That's the way,
To pardon him; I am ſo eaſie naturd,
That if he ſpeak but humbly I forgive him.
Pon I doe beſeech yee Noble Generall,
Æci. Has found the was already, give me rome, way
One ſtroake, and if he ſcape me then ha's mercy;
Pon. I doe not call yee Noble, that I feare ye,
I never care'd for death; if ye will kill me,
Conſider firſt for what, not what you can doe;
Tis true I know ye for my Generall,
And by that great Prerogative may kill:
But doe it juſtly then.
Æci. He argues with me.
By Heaven a made up Rebell.
Max. Pray conſider,
What certaine grounds ye have for this.
Æci. What grounds?
Did *I* not take him preaching to the Souldiers
How lazily they liv'd, and what diſhonours
It was to ſerve a Prince ſo full of woman.
Thoſe were his very words, friend;
Max. Theſe, *Æcius*,
Though they were raſhly ſpoke, which was an errour
(A great one *Pontius*) yet from him that hungers
For warres, and brave imployment, might be pardond.
The heart, and harbourd thoughts of ill, make Traytors,
Not ſpleeny ſpeeches.
Æci. Why ſhould you protect him?
Goe too, it ſhewes not honeſt;
Max. Taynt me not,
For that ſhewes worſe *Æcius*: All your friendſhip
And that pretended love ye lay upon me,
Hold back my honeſty, is like a favour
You doe your ſlave to day, to morrow hang him,
Was I your boſome peece for this?
Æci. Forgive me.
The nature of my zeale, and for my Country,
Makes me ſometimes forgive my ſelſe; for know, forget
Though *I* moſt ſtrive to be without my paſſions,
I am no God: For you Sir, whoſe infection
Ha's ſpread it ſelfe like poyſon through the Army,
And caſt a killing fogge on faire Allegiance,
Firſt thank this Noble Gentleman, y'e had dy'de elſe.
Next from your place, and honour of a Souldier,
I here ſeclude you.
Pon. May *I* ſpeak yet?
Max. Heare him:
Æci. And while *Æcius* holds a reputation,
At leaſt command, ye beare no Armes for *Rome* Sir.
Pon. Againſt her I ſhall never: The condemnd man,
Ha's yet that priviledge to ſpeak my Lord;
Law were not equall elſe.
Max. Pray heare *Aecius*;
For happily the fault he has committed,
Though I believe it mighty, yet conſidered,
If mercy may be thought upon, will prove
Rather a haſtie ſin, then heynous.
Aec. Speake.
Pon. Tis true my Lord, ye took me tir'de with peace,
My words, almoſt as ragged as my fortunes.
Tis true *I* told the Souldier, whom we ſerv'd,
And then bewaild, we had an Emperour
Led from us by the flouriſhes of Fencers;
I blam'd him too for women.
Aec. To the reſt Sir;
Pon. And like enough *I* bleſt him then as Souldiers
Will doe ſometimes: Tis true *I* told 'em too,
We lay at home, to ſhow our Country
We durſt goe naked, durſt want meate, and mony,
And when the Slave drinkes Wine, we durſt be thirſtie:
I told 'em this too, that the Trees and Roots
Were our beſt pay-maſters; the Charity
Of longing women, that had bought our bodies,
Our beds, fires, Taylers, Nurſes, Nay *I* told 'em,
(For you ſhall heare the greateſt ſin, *I* ſaid Sir)
By that time there be wars agen, our bodies
Laden with ſcarres, and aches, and ill lodgings,
Heates, and perpetuall wants, were fitter praires,
And certaine graves, then cope the foe on crutches:
Tis likely too, *I* counſelld 'em to turne
Their Warlike pikes to plough-ſhares, their ſure Targets
And Swords hatcht with the bloud of many Nations,
To Spades, and pruning Knives, for thoſe get mony,
Their warlike Eagles, into Dawes, or Starlings,
To give an *Ave Ceſar* as he paſſes,
And be rewarded with a thouſand dragma's

For thus we get but yeares and beets.
Æci. What think you,
Were theſe words to be ſpoken by a Captain,
One that ſhould give example?
Max. 'Twas too much;
Pon. My Lord, I did not wooe'em from the Empire,
Nor bid'em turne their daring ſteele gainſt *Cæſar*,
The Gods for ever hate me, if that motion
Were part of me: Give me but imployment, Sir;
And way to live, and where you hold me vicious,
Bred up in mutiny, my Sword ſhall tell ye,
And if you pleaſe, that place I held, maintaine it,
Gainſt the moſt daring foes of *Rome*, I am honeſt,
A lover of my Country, one that holds
His life no longer his, then kept for *Cæſar*.
Weigh not (I thus low on my knee beſeech you)
What my rude tongue diſcovered, t'was my want,
No other part of *Pontius*: you have ſeen me,
And you my Lord, doe ſomething for my Country,
And both beheld the wounds I gave and took,
Not like a backward Traytor.
Æci. All this language,
Makes but againſt you *Pontius*, you are caſt,
And by mine honor, and my love to *Cæſar*,
By me ſhall never be reſtord; *I*n my Campe
I will not have a tongue, though to himſelfe
Dare talke but neere ſedition; as I governe,
All ſhall obey, and when they want, their duty
And ready ſervice ſhall redreſſe their needs,
Not prating what they would be.
Pon. Thus I leave ye,
Yet ſhall my praires ſtill, although my fortunes
Muſt follow you no more, be ſtill about ye,
Gods give ye where ye fight the Victory,
Ye cannot caſt my wiſhes.
Æci. Come my Lord,
Now to the Field agen:
Max. Alas poore *Pontius*.——*Exeunt.*

Scæn. 4. *Enter Chilax at one dore, Lycinius, and Balbus at another.*

Lyc. How now?
Chi. *S*hee's come,
Bal. Then Ile to'th Emperor.——*Exit Balbus.*
Chi. Doe; *Is* the Muſick placed well?
Lyc. Excellent.
Chil. *Lycinius*, you and *Proclus* receive her,
In the great Chamber at her entrance,
Let me alone; and doe you heare *Lycinius*,
Pray let the Ladies ply her further off,
And with much more diſcretion: one word more,
Lyc. Well;
Chil. Are the Iewells, and thoſe ropes of Pearle,
Layd in the way ſhe paſſes?——
Lyc. Take no care man——*Exeunt Lyc.*
Enter Emperor, Balbus and Proclus.
Emp. What is ſhe come?
Chil. She is Sir; but t'wer beſt;
Your Grace were ſeen laſt to her,
Emp. So I mean;
Keep the Court emptie *Proculus*,
Pro. Tis done *S*ir.
Emp. Be not too ſudaine to hir.
Chil. Good your Grace,
Retire and man your ſelfe; let us alone,
We are no children this way: doe you heare Sir?
Tis neceſſary that her waiting women
Be cut off in the Lobby, by ſome Ladies,
The'd break the buſineſſe elſe.
Emp. Tis true, they ſhall.
Chil. Remember your place *Proculus*,
Pro. *I* warrant ye.——*Exeunt Emperor, Balbus and Pro.*
Enter Lucina, Claudia, and Marcellina.
Chi. She enters: who are waytors there? the Emperor
Calls for his Horſe to ayre himſelfe.
Luci. I am glad,
I come ſo happily to take him abſent,
This takes away a little feare; I know him,
Now *I* begin to feare agen: Oh honour,
If ever thou hadſt temple in weak woman.
And ſacrifice of modeſty burnt to thee,
Hold me faſt now, and help me;
Chil. Noble *Madam*,
Ye are welcome to the Court, moſt nobly welcome,
Ye are a ſtranger Lady,
Luc. I deſire ſo;
Chil. A wondrous ſtranger here,
Nothing ſo ſtrange:
And therefore need a guide I think.
Luc. I doe Sir,
And that a good one too.
Chil. My ſervice Lady.
Shall be your guard in this place; But pray ye tell me,
Are ye reſolv'd a Courtier?
Luc. No I hope Sir;
Clau. You are Sir,
Chil. Yes my faire one,
Clau. So it ſeemes,
You are ſo ready to beſtow your ſelfe,
Pray what might coſt thoſe Breeches?
Chil. Would you weare'em,
Madam ye have a witty woman.
Mar. Two Sir,
Or elſe yee underbuy us.
Luc. Leave your talking:
But is my Lord here, *I* beſeech ye Sir?
Chil. He is ſweet Lady, and muſt take this kindly,
Exceeding kindly of ye, wondrous kindly
Ye come ſo farre to viſit him: *I*le guide ye,
Luc. Whether?
Chil. Why to your Lord,
Luc. Is it ſo hard Sir,
To find him in this place without a Guide?
For I would willingly not trouble you.
Chil. *It* will be ſo for you that are a ſtranger;
Nor can it be a trouble to doe ſervice
To ſuch a worthy beauty, and beſides——
Mar. *I* ſee he will goe with us.
Clau. Let him amble.
Chil. It fits not that a Lady of your reckoning,
Should paſſe without attendants.
Luc. *I* have two Sir.
Chil. I mean without a man; You'l ſee the Emperor?
Luc. Alas *I* am not fit Sir,
Chil. You are well enough.
Hee'l take it wondrous kindly: Harke,
Luc. ye flatter,
Good Sir, no more of that.
Chil. Well, I but tell ye;
Luc. Will ye goe forward, ſince I muſt be mand,
Pray take your place.
Claud. Cannot ye man us too Sir?
Chil. Give me but time.
Mar. And you'l try all things:

Chil. No?
Hmake ye no ſuch promiſe,
Claud. If ye doe Sir;
Take heed ye ſtand to't.
Chil. Wondrous merry Ladies. *(Exit*
——*Enter Lycinius, and Proculus, Balbus.*
Luc. The wenches are diſpoſd, pray keep your way Sir.
Lyc. She is comming up the ſtaires; Now the Muſick;
And as that ſtirs her, let's ſet on: perfumes there.
Pro. Diſcover all the Iewells:
Lyc. Peace. *Muſicke.*

SONGS.

Now the luſty Spring is ſeene,
Golden, yellow, gaudy Blew,
Daintily invite the view.
Every where, on every Greene,
Roſes bluſhing as they blow,
And inticing men to pull,
Lillies whiter then the ſnow
Woodbines of ſweet hony full.
All loves Emblems and all cry,
Ladyes, if not pluck't we dye.

Yet the luſty Spring hath ſtayd,
Bluſhing red and pureſt white,
Daintily to love invite,
Every Woman, every Mayd,
Cherries kiſsing as they grow;
And inviting men to taſte,
Apples even ripe below,
Winding gently to the waſte,
All loves emblems and all cry,
Ladies, if not pluckt we dye.

SECOND.

Heare ye Ladies that deſpiſe,
What the mighty love has done,
Feare examples, and be wiſe,
Faire Caliſto *was a Nun,*
Læda *ſayling on the ſtreame,*
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Doted on a ſilver Swan,
Danae *in a Brazen Tower,*
Where no love was, lov'd a Flowre.

Heare yee Ladyes that are coy,
What the mighty love can doe,
Feare the fierceneſſe of the Boy,
The chaſte Moon he makes to woe:
Veſta *kindling holy fires,*
Circled round about with ſpies,
Never dreaming looſe deſires,
Doting at the Altar dies.
Ilion *in a ſhort Tower higher,*
He can build, and once more fire.

Enter Chilax, Lucina, Claudia, and Marcellina.
Luc. Pray Heaven my Lord be here, for now I feare it.
Well Ring, if thou bee'ſt counrerfeit, or ſtolne,
As by this preparation *I* ſuſpect it,
Thou haſt betraid thy Miſtris: pray Sir forward,
I would faine ſee my Lord.
Chil. But tell me *Madam*,
How doe ye like the Song?
Luc. I like the ayre well,
But for the words, they are laſcivious,
And over-light for Ladies.
Chil. All ours love 'em.
Luc. Tis like enough, for yours are loving Ladies,
Lyc. Madam ye are welcome to the Court, Who waits?
Attendants for this Lady;
Luc. Ye miſtake Sir;
I bring no triumph with me,
Lyc. But much honour.
Pro. Why this was nobly done; and like a neighbour,
So freely of your ſelfe to be a viſitant,
The Emperour ſhall give ye thanks for this,
Luc. O no Sir;
Ther's nothing to deſerve 'em,
Pro. Yes, your preſence;
Luc. Good Gentlemen be patient, and believe
I come to ſee my husband, on command too,
I were no Courtier elſe.
Lyc. That's all one Lady,
Now ye are here, y'are welcome, and the Emperor
Who loves ye, but too well:
Luc. No more of that Sir.
I came not to be Catechizd,
Pro. Ah Sirah;
And have we got you here, ſaith Noble Lady,
Wee'l keep you one month Courtier.
Luc. Gods defend Sir,
I never likd a trade worſe,
Pro. Harke ye:
Luc. No Sir;
Pro. Ye are grown the ſtrangeſt Lady,
Luc. How?
Pro. By Heaven,
Tis true I tell ye, and you'l find it.
Luc. I?
Ile rather find my grave, and ſo informe him.
Pro. Is it not pity Gentlemen, this Lady,
(Nay *I*le deale roughly with ye, yet not hurt ye)
Should live alone, and give ſuch heavenly beauty,
Only to walls, and hangings?
Luc. Good Sir, patience:
I am no wonder, neither come to that end,
Ye doe my Lord an injury to ſtay me,
Who though ye are the Princes, yet dare tell ye
He keeps no wife for your wayes.
Bal. Well, well Lady;
How ever you are pleaſd to think of us,
Ye are welcome, and ye ſhall be welcome;
Luc. Shew it
In that I come for then, in leading me
Where my lov'd Lord is, not in flattery:—— *Iewells*
Nay ye may draw the Curtain, *I* have ſeen'em *ſhewd,*
But none worth halfe my honeſty.
Claud. Are theſe Sir,
Layd here to take?
Pro. Yes, for your Ladys Gentlewoman;
Mar. We had been doing elſe,
Bal. Meaner Iewels
Would fit your worths;
Claud. And meaner clothes your bodies.
Luc. The Gods ſhall kill me firſt.
Lyc. Ther's better dying;
I'th Emperors arms goe too, but be not angry——
Theſe are but talkes ſweet Lady,
Enter Phorba, and Ardelia.
Phor. Where is this ſtranger? ruſhes, Ladyes, ruſhes,
Ruſhes as greene as Summer for this ſtranger;
Pro. Heer's Ladies come to ſee you.
Luc. You are gone then?

I take it tis your *Que*,
Pro. Or rather manners,
You are better fitted *Madam*, we but tire ye,
Therefore wee'l leave you for an houre, and bring
Your much lov'd Lord unto you——*Exeunt.*
Luc. Then Ile thanke ye,
I am betraid for certaine ; well *Lucina*,
If thou do'ſt fall from vertue, may the earth
That after death ſhould ſhout up gardens of thee,
Spreading thy living goodneſſe into branches,
Fly from thee,and the hot Sun find thy vices.
Phor. You are a welcom woman ;
Ard. Bleſſe me heaven,
How did you find the way to Court ?
Luc. I know not.
Would I had never trod it.
Phor. Pre-thee tell me,
Good Noble Lady, and good ſweet heart love us,
For we love thee extreamly; is not this place
A Paradice to live in ?
Luc. To thoſe people
That know no other Paradice but pleaſure,
That little I enjoy contents me better,
Ard. What heard ye any Muſick yet?
Luc. Too much.
Phor. You muſt not be thus froward ; what, this gown
Is one o'th prettieſt by my troth *Ardelia*,
I ever ſaw yet; t'was not to frowne in Lady,
Ye put this gowne on when ye came.
Ard. How doe ye ?
Alas poore wretch how cold it is !
Luc. Content ye ;
I am as well as may be, and as temperate,
If ye will let me be ſo : wher's my Lord ?
For ther's the buſineſſe that *I* came for Ladies :
Phor. Wee'l lead ye to him, hee's i'th Gallery,
Ard. Wee'l ſhew ye all the Court too.
Luc. Shew me him,
And ye have ſhewd me all I come to look on,
Phor. Come on, wee'l be your guides, and as ye goe,
We have ſome pretty tales to tell ye Lady,
Shall make ye merry too ; ye come not here,
To be a ſad *Lucina.*
Luc. Would I might not;——*Exeunt.*-- {*Enter Chilax*
Chil. Now the ſoft Muſick; *Balbus* run- {*and Balbus.*
Bal. I flye Boy——*Exit Balbus.*
Chil. The women by this time are worming of her,——
If ſhe can hold out them, the Emperour *Muſicke.*
Takes her to taske : he h'as her; hark the Muſick :
Luc. Good your Grace,
Where are my women Sir ?
Emp. They are wiſe, beholding (bravery :
What you thinke ſcorne to looke on, the Courts
Would you have run away ſo ſlily Lady,
And not have ſeen me?
Luc. I beſeech your Majeſtie,
Conſider what I am, and whoſe,
Emp. I doe ſo ;
Luc. Believe me, I ſhall never make a Whore Sir,
Emp. A friend ye may, and to that man that loves ye,
More then you love your vertue.
Luc. Sacred *Ceſar*,
Emp. You ſhall not kneel to me Sweet,
Luc. Look upon me,
And if ye be ſo cruell to abuſe me,
Think how the Gods will take it ; do's this beauty
Aflict your ſoule ? Ile hide it from you ever,
Nay more, *I* will become ſo leprous,
That ye ſhall curſe me from ye : My deer Lord,
H'as ſerv'd ye ever truly, fought your Battailes,
As if he daily longd to dye for *Ceſar*,
Was never Traytor Sir, nor never tainted
In all the actions of his life.
Emp. I know it.
Luc. His fame and family have growne together,
And ſpred together like to ſayling Cedars,
Over the *Roman* Diadem ; ô let not,
As ye have any fleſh that's humane in you,
The having of a modeſt wife decline him,
Let not my vertue be the wedge to break him,
I doe not think ye are laſcivious,
Theſe wanton men belye ye, you are *Ceſar*,
Which is the Father of the Empires honour,
Ye are too neere the nature of the Gods,
To wrong the weakeſt of all creatures : Women.
Emp. I dare not do it here, riſe faire *Lucina*,
I did but try your temper, ye are honeſt,
And with the commendations waite on that
Ile lead ye to your Lord, and ye to him :
Wipe your faire eyes : he that endeavours ill,
May well delay, but never quench his hell.——*Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scæna prima.

Enter Chilax, Lycinius, Proculus, and Balbus.

Chil. TIs done *Lycinius* :
Lyc. Ho?
Chil. I ſhame to tell it,
If there be any juſtice,we are Villaines,
And muſt be ſo rewarded.
Bal. If it be done,
I take it tis no time now to repent it,
Let's make the beſt o'th trade.
Pro. Now veng'ance take it.
Why ſhould not he have ſetled on a beauty,
Whoſe honeſty ſtuck in a peece of tiſſue,
Or one a Ring might rule, or ſuch a one
That had an itching husband to be honourable,
And ground to get it : if he muſt have women,
And no allay without 'em, why not thoſe
That know the miſery, and are beſt able
To play againe with judgment ? ſuch as ſhe is,
Grant they be won with long ſeidge, endleſſe travell,
And brought to opportunity with millions,
Yet when they come to motion, their cold vertue
Keeps 'em like cakes of yce ; *Ile* melt a Chriſtall,
And make a dead flint fire himſelſe, ere they
Give greater heate, then now departing embers
Gives to old men that watch 'em.
Lyc. A good Whore
Had ſav'd all this, and happily as wholſome,
I, and the thing once done too, as well thought of,
But this ſame chaſtity forſooth,
Pro. A Pox on't,
Why ſhould not women be as free as we are?
They are, but not in open, and far freer,
And the more bold ye beare your ſelfe,more welcome,
And there is nothing you dare ſay, but truth,
But they dare heare. ——{*Enter Emperor*
Chi. The Emperour! away, {*and Lucina.*
And if we can repent, let's home and pray. *Exeunt.*
Emp. Your only vertue now is patience,

Take heede, and ſave your honour ; if you talke,
Luc. As long as there is motion in my body,
And life to give me words, Ile cry for juſtice.
Emp. Iuſtice ſhall never heare ye, I am juſtice,
Luc. Wilt thou not kill me, Monſter, Raviſher,
Thou bitter bane o'th Empires look upon me,
And if thy guilty eyes dare ſee theſe ruines,
Thy wild luſt hath layd levell with diſhonour,
The ſacrilegious razing of this Temple,
The mother of thy black ſins would have bluſhed at,
Behold and curſe thy ſelfe ; the Gods will find thee,
That's all my refuge now, for they are righteous,
Vengeance and horror circle thee ; the Empire,
In which thou liv'ſt a ſtrong continued ſurfeit,
Like poyſon will diſgorge thee, good men raze thee
For ever being read again,——but vicious
Women, and fearefull Maids, make vows againſt thee :
Thy own Slaves, if they heare of this, ſhall hate thee ;
And thoſe thou haſt corrupted firſt fall from thee ;
And if thou let'ſt me live, the Souldier,
Tyrde with thy Tyrannies, break through obedience,
And ſhake his ſtrong Steele at thee.
Emp. This prevailes not ;
Nor any Agony ye utter Lady,
If I have done a ſin, curſe her that drew me,
Curſe the firſt cauſe, the witchcraft that abuſd me,
Curſe thoſe faire eyes, and curſe that heavenly beauty,
And curſe your being good too.
Luci. Glorious theife,
What reſtitution canſt thou make to ſave me ?
Emp. Ile ever love, and honour you.
Luci. Thou canſt not,
For that which was mine honour, thou haſt murdred,
And can there be a love in violence ?
Emp. You ſhall be only mine.
Luci. Yet I like better
Thy villany, then flattery, that's thine owne,
The other baſely counterfeit ; flye from me,
Or for thy ſafety ſake and wiſdome kill me,
For I am worſe then thou art; thou mayſt pray,
And ſo recover grace ; I am loſt for ever ,
And if thou lets't me live, th'art loſt thy ſelfe too
Emp. I feare no loſſe but love, I ſtand above it.
Luci. Call in your Lady Bawdes,and guilded Pander's
And let them triumph too, and ſing to *Ceſar*,
Lucina's falne, the chaſt *Lucnia's* conquerd ;
Gods, what a wretched thing has this man made me ?
For I am now no wife for *Maximus*,
No company for women that are vertuous,
No familie I now can claime, nor Country,
Nor name, but *Ceſars* Whore ; O ſacred *Ceſar*,
(For that ſhould be your title) was your Empire,
Your Rods, and Axes, that are types of Iuſtice,
Thoſe fires that ever burne, to beg you bleſſings,
The peoples adoration, feare of Nations,
What victory can bring ye home, what elſe
The uſefull Elements can make your ſervants,
Even light it ſelfe, and ſuns of light, truth, juſtice,
Mercy, and ſtarlike pietie ſent to you,
And from the gods themſelves to raviſh women ?
The curſes that I owe to Enemies,
Even thoſe the *Sabines* ſent, when *Romulus*,
(As thou haſt me) raviſhd their noble Maydes,
Made more, and heavier, light on thee.
Emp. This helps not.
Luci. The ſins of *Tarquin* be rememberd in thee,
And where there has a chaſt wife been abuſde,
Let it be thine, the ſhame thine, thine the ſlaughter,
And laſt for ever, thine, the feard example.
Where ſhall poore vertue live, now I am falne ?
What can your honours now, and Empire make me,
But a more glorious Whore ?
Emp. A better woman,
But if ye will be blind, and ſcorne it, who can help it ?
Come leave theſe lamentations, they doe nothing,
But make a noyſe, I am the ſame man ſtill,
Were it to doe again; therefore be wiſer,
By all this holy light, I ſhould attempt it,
Ye are ſo excellent, and made to raviſh,
There were no pleaſure in ye elſe.
Luci. Oh villaine.
Emp. So bred for mans amazement, that my reaſon
And every help to hold me right has loſt me ;
The God of love himſelfe had been before me,
Had he but power to ſee ye ; tell me juſtly,
How can I chooſe but erre then ? if ye dare,
Be mine, and only mine, for ye are ſo pretious,
I envie any other ſhould enjoy ye,
Almoſt look on ye ; and your daring husband
Shall know h'as kept an Offring from the Empire,
Too holy for his Altars; be the mightieſt,
More then my ſelfe Ile make it : if ye will not,
Sit down with this, and ſilence, for which wiſdom,
Ye ſhall have uſe of me, and much honour ever,
And be the ſame you were ; if ye divulge it,
Know I am far above the faults I doe,
And thoſe I doe I am able to forgive too;
And where your credit in the knowldge of it,
May be with gloſſe enough ſuſpected, mine
Is as mine owne command ſhall make it :
Princes though they be ſomtime ſubject to looſe whiſpers,
Yet weare they two edged ſwords for open cenſures :
Your husband cannot help ye, nor the Souldier,
Your husband is my creature, they my weapons,
And only where I bid'em, ſtrike ; I feed'em,
Nor can the Gods be angry at this action,
For as they make me moſt, they meane me happieſt,
Which I had never bin without this pleaſure :
Conſider, and farewell : you'l find your women
At home before ye, they have had ſome ſport too,
But are more thankfull for it——*Exit Emperor.*
Luci. Deſtruction finde thee.
Now which way muſt I goe ? my honeſt houſe
Will ſhake to ſhelter me, my husband flye me,
My Family, becauſe they are honeſt, and deſire to be ſo,
Muſt not endure me, not a neighbour know me :
What woman now dare ſee me without bluſhes,
And pointing as I paſſe, there, there, behold her,
Look on her little Children, that is ſhe,
That hanſome Lady, mark ; O my ſad fortunes,
Is this the end of goodneſſe, this the price
Of all my early praiers to protect me,
Why then I ſee there is no God but power,
Nor vertue now alive that cares for us,
But what is either lame or ſenſuall,
How had I bin thus wretched elſe ? *Enter Maximus and Æcius*
Æci. Let *Titus*
Command the company that *Pontius* loſt,
And ſee the Foſſes deeper.
Max. How now ſweet heart,
What make you here, and thus ?
Æci: Lucina weeping ?
This muſt be much offence,
Max. Look up and tell me,

Why are you thus? My Ring? ô friend, I have ſound it,
Ye were at Court, Sweet,
Luc. Yes, this brought me thither.
Max. Riſe, and goe home: I have my feares *Æcius:*
Oh my beſt friend, I am ruind; goe *Lucina,*
Already in thy teares, I have read thy wrongs,
Already found a *Ceſar*; go thou Lilly,
Thou ſweetly drooping floure: go ſilver Swan,
And ſing thine owne ſad requiem: goe *Lucina,*
And if thou dar'ſt, out live this wrong.
Luc. I dare not.
Æc. Is that the Ring ye loſt?
Max. That, that, *Æcius,*
That curſed Ring, my ſelfe, and all my fortunes:
T'has pleaſd the Emperor, my Noble maſter,
For all my ſervices, and dangers for him,
To make me mine owne Pandar, was this juſtice?
Oh my *Æcius*, have I liv'd to beare this?
Luc. Farewell for ever Sir.
Max. That's a ſad ſaying,
But ſuch a one becomes ye well *Lucina:*
And yet me thinkes we ſhould not part ſo lightly,
Our loves have been of longer growth, more rooted
Then the ſharp word of one farewell can ſcatter,
Kiſſe me: I find no *Ceſar* here; theſe lips
Taſte not of Raviſher in my opinion.
Was it not ſo?
Luc. O Yes,
Max. I dare believe thee,
For thou wert ever truth it ſelfe, and ſweetneſſe:
Indeed ſhe was *Æcius.*
Æc. So ſhe is ſtill.
Max. Once more: O my *Lucina*; ô my comfort,
The bleſſing of my youth, the life of my life.
Æc. I have ſeene enough to ſtagger my obedience:
Hold me ye equall Gods, this is too ſinfull.
Max. Why wert thou choſen out to make a whore of?
To me thou wert too chaſt: fall Chriſtall fountaines,
And ever feed your ſtreames you riſing ſorrowes,
Till you have dropt your miſtris into marble.
Now goe for ever from me.
Luc. Long farewell Sir.
And as I have been loyall, Gods think on me.
Max. Stay, let me once more bid farewell *Lucina,*
Farewell thou excellent example of us,
Thou ſtarry vertue, farethee-well, ſeeke heaven,
And there by *Caſſiopeia* ſhine in glory,
We are too baſe and dirty to preſerve thee.
Æc. Nay, I muſt kiſſe too: ſuch a kiſſe againe,
And from a woman of ſo ripe a vertue,
Æcius muſt not take: Farewell thou *Phenix*,
If thou wilt dye *Lucina*; which well weighd
If you can ceaſe a while from theſe ſtrange thoughts,
I wiſh were rather alterd.
Luc. No.
Æc. Miſtake not.
I would not ſtaine your honour for the Empire,
Nor any way decline you to diſcredit,
Tis not my faire profeſſion, but a Villaines:
I find and feele your loſſe as deep as you doe,
And am the ſame *Æcius*, ſtill as honeſt,
The ſame life I have ſtill for *Maximus*,
The ſame ſword weare for you, where juſtice wills mee,
And tis no dull one: therefore miſconceave not:
Only I would have you live a little longer,
But a ſhort yeare.
Max. She muſt not.
Luc. Why ſo long Sir,
Am I not grey enough with griefe already?
Æc. To draw from that wild man a ſweet repentance,
and goodneſſe in his daies to come.
Max. They are ſo,
And will be ever comming my *Æcius.*
Æc. For who knowes but the ſight of you, preſenting
His ſwolne ſins at the full, and your faire vertues,
May like a fearefull viſion fright his follies,
And once more bend him right again, which bleſſing
(If your dark wrongs would give you leave to read)
Is more then death, and the reward more glorious:
Death, only eaſes you; this, the whole Empire:
Beſides compeld, and forcd with violence,
To what ye have done, the deed is none of yours,
No nor the juſtice neither; ye may live,
And ſtill a worthier woman, ſtill more honoured:
For are thoſe trees the worſe we teare the fruits from?
Or ſhould the eternall Gods deſire to periſh,
Becauſe we daily violate their truths,
Which is the chaſtitie of heaven? No Lady,
If ye dare live, ye may: and as our ſins
Makes them more full of equitie and juſtice,
So this compulſive wrong, makes you more perfect:
The Empire too will bleſſe ye.
Max. Noble Sir;
If ſhe were any thing to me but honour,
And that that's wedded to me too, layd in
Not to be worne away without my being:
Or could the wrong be hers alone, or mine,
Or both our wrongs, not tide to after iſſues,
Not borne a new in all our names and kindreds,
I would deſire her live, nay more, compell her:
But ſince it was not youth, but malice did it,
And not her own, nor mine, but both our loſſes,
Nor ſtaies it there, but that our names muſt find it,
Even thoſe to come; and when they read, ſhe livd,
Muſt they not aske how often ſhe was raviſhd,
And make a doubt ſhe lov'd that more then Wedlock?
Therefore ſhe muſt not live.
Æc. Therefore ſhe muſt live,
To teach the world ſuch deaths are ſuperſtitious.
Luc. The tongues of Angels cannot alter me;
For could the world again reſtore my credit,
As faire and abſolute as firſt I bred it,
That world I ſhould not truſt agen, The Empire
By my life can get nothing but my ſtory,
Which whilſt I breath muſt be but his abuſes:
And where ye councell me to live, that *Ceſar*
May ſee his errors, and repent, Ile tell ye,
His penitence is but encreaſe of pleaſures,
His prayers never ſaid but to deceave us,
And when he weeps, as you think for his vices,
Tis but as killing drops from balefull Ewgh trees
That rot their honeſt neighbour: If he can grieve,
As one that yet deſires his free converſion,
And almoſt glories in his penitence,
Ile leave him robes to mourn in, my ſad aſhes.
Aec. The farewells then of happy ſoules be with thee,
And to thy memory be ever ſung
The praiſes of a juſt and conſtant Lady,
This ſad day whilſt I live, a Souldiers teares
Ile offer on thy Monument, and bring
Full of thy noble ſelfe with teares untold yet,
Many a worthy wife, to weep thy ruine,
Max. All that is chaſt, upon thy Tomb ſhal flouriſh,
All living Epitaphs be thine, Time, Story;

And what is left behind to peice our lives,
Shall be no more abus'd with tales and trifles,
But full of thee, ſtand to eternitie.
Æci. Once more farewell, go find *Elyſium*, (ſings,
There where the happy ſoules are crownd with bleſ-
There where tis ever ſpring, and ever ſummer.
Max. There where no bedrid juſtice comes; truth, honor,
are keepers of that bleſſed place; go thither,
For here thou liveſt chaſte fire in rotten timber.
Aeci. And ſo our laſt farewells.
Max. Gods give the juſtice.———*Exit Lucina.*
Aeci. His thoughts begin to worke; I feare him, yet
He ever was a noble *Rcmane*, but
I know not what to thinke on't, he hath ſuffered
Beyond a man, if he ſtand this.
Max. Aecius,
Am I a live, or has a dead ſleepe ſeized me?
It was my wife the Emperor abus'd thus;
And I muſt ſay, I am glad I had her for him;
Muſt I not my *Aecius?*
Aeci. I am ſtricken
With ſuch a ſtiffe amazement, that no anſwer
Can readily come from me, nor no comfort:
Will ye go home, or go to my houſe?
Max. Neither:
I have no home, and you are mad *Aecius*
To keepe me company, I am a fellow
My own Sword would forſake, not tyed unto me:
A Pandar is a Prince, to what I am falne;
By heaven I dare do nothing.
Aeci. Ye do better.
Max. I am made a branded ſlave *Aecius*,
And yet I bleſſe the maker;
Death ô my ſoule, muſt *I* endure this tamely?
Muſt *Maximus* be mention'd for his tales?
I am a child too; what ſhould *I* do rayling?
I cannot mend my ſelfe, tis *Cæſar* did it,
And what am *I* to him?
Aeci. Tis well conſider'd;
How ever you are tainted, be no Traitor.
Time may out-weare the firſt, the laſt lives ever.
Max. O that thou wert not living, and my freind.
Aeci. Ile beare a wary eye upon your actions,
I feare ye *Maximus*, nor can *I* blame thee
If thou breakeſt out, for by the Gods thy wrong
Deſerves a generall ruine: do ye love me?
Max. That's all *I* have to live on.
Aeci. Then go with me,
Ye ſhall not to your own houſe.
Max. Nor to any,
My greifs are greater far, then walls can compaſſe,
And yet *I* wonder how it happens with me,
I am not dangerous, and ô my conſcience
Should *I* now ſee the Emperor i'th heat on't,
I ſhould not chide him for't, an awe runs through me,
I feele it ſenſibly that bindes me to it,
Tis at my heart now, there it ſits and rules,
And me thinkes tis a pleaſure to obey it.
Aeci. This is a maske to cozen me; *I* know ye,
And how far ye dare do; no *Romane* farther,
Nor with more fearleſſe valour; and ile watch ye:
Keepe that obedience ſtill.
Max. Is a wives loſſe
(For her abuſe much good may do his grace,
Ile make as bold with his wife, if *I* can)
More then the fading of a few freſh colours,
More then a luſty ſpring loſt?
Aeci. No more *Maximus*,
To one that truly lives.
Max. Why then *I* care not, *I* can live wel enough *Aecius.*
For looke you freind, for vertue, and thoſe triffles,
They may be bought they ſay.
Aeci. He's craz's a little.
His greife has made him talke things from his nature.
Max. But chaſtitie is not a thing *I* take it
To get in *Rome*, unleſſe it be beſpoken
A hundred yeare before; is it *Aecius?*
by'r lady, and well handled too i'th breeding.
Aeci. Will ye go any way?
Max. Ile tell thee freind.
If my wife for all this ſhould be a whore now,
A kind of kicker out of ſheetes, t'would vex me,
For I am not angry yet; the Emperor
Is young and hanſome, and the woman fleſh,
And may not theſe two couple without ſcratching?
Aeci. Alaſſe my noble freind.
Max. Alaſſe not me,
I am not wretched, for ther's no man miſerable
But he that makes himſelſe ſo:
Aeci. Will ye walke yet? (truth on't,
Max. Come, come, ſhe dare not dye freind, that's the
She knowes the inticing ſweets and delicacies
Of a young Princes pleaſures, and I thanke her
She has made a way for *Maximus* to riſe by?
Wilt not become me bravely? why do you think
She wept, and ſaid ſhe was raviſh'd? keep it here
And Ile diſcover to you.
Aeci. Well.
Max. She knowes
I love no bitten fleſh, and out of that hope
She might be from me, ſhe contriv'd this knavery;
Was it not monſtrous freind?
Aeci. Do's he but ſeeme ſo,
Or is he made indeed?
Max. Oh Gods, my heart!
Aeci. Would it would fairly breake.
Max. Me thinks I am ſomewhat wilder then I was,
And yet I thanke the gods I know my duty-*Enter Clau-*
Claud. Nay ye may ſpare your tears; ſhe's dead. *dia.*
She is ſo.
Max. Why ſo it ſhould be: how?
Clau. When firſt ſhe enter'd
Into her houſe, after a world of weeping,
And bluſhing like the *Sun-ſet*, as we ſee her;
Dare I ſaid ſhe defile this houſe with whore,
In which his noble family has flouriſh'd?
At which ſhe fel, and ſtird no more; we rubd her. *Exit*
Max. No more of that: be gon: now my *Aecius*, *Clau.*
If thou wilt do me pleaſure, weepe a little,
I am ſo parch'd I cannot: Your example
Has brought the raine down now: now lead me freind,
And as we walke together let's pray together truly
I may not fall from faith.
Aeci. That's nobly ſpoken.
Max. Was I not wilde, *Aecius?*
Aeci. Somewhat troubled.
Max. I felt no ſorrow then: Now ils goe with ye,
But do not name the woman: fye what foole
Am I to weepe thus? God's *Lucina* take thee,
For thou wert even the beſt, and worthieſt Lady.
Aeci. Good *S*ir no more, I ſhall be melted with it.
Max. I have done, and good Sir comfort me;
Would there were wars now.
Aeci. Settle your thoughts, come.

Max. So I have now friend,
Of my deep lamentations here's an end.——*Exeunt.*

Enter Pontius, Phidias, and Aretus.

Phidias By my faith Captain *Pontius*, beſides pitie
Of your falne fortunes, what to ſay I know not,
For tis too true the Emperor deſires not
But my beſt Maſter, any Souldier neere him:
Are. And when he underſtands, he caſt your fortunes
For diſobedience, how can we incline him,
(That are but under perſons to his favours)
To any faire opinion? Can ye ſing?
Pontius Not to pleaſe him *Aretus*, for my Songs
Goe not to'th Lute, or Violl, but to'th Trumpet,
My tune kept on a Target, and my ſubject
The well ſtruck wounds of men, not love, or women.
Phi. And thoſe he underſtands not.
Pont. He ſhould *Phidias*,
Are. Could you not leave this killing way a little?
You muſt if here you would plant your ſelfe, and rather
Learne as we doe, to like what thoſe affect
That are above us: weare their actions,
And thinks they keep us warme too: what they ſay,
Though oftentimes they ſpeake a little fooliſhly,
Not ſtay to conſtrue, but prepare to execute,
And think how ever the end falls, the buſineſſe
Cannot run empty handed.
Phid. Can yee flatter,
And if it were put to you, lye a little?
Pont. Yes, if it be a living.
Are. That's well ſaid then:
Pon. But muſt theſe lyes and flatteries be beleev'd then?
Phi. Oh yes by any meanes.
Pon. By any meanes then,
I cannot lye, nor flatter.
Are. Ye muſt ſweare too,
If ye be there.
Pon. I can ſweare, if they move me.
Phi. Cannot ye forſweare too.
Pont. The Court for ever,
If it be growne ſo wicked.
Are. You ſhould procure a little too,
Pont. What's that?
Mens honeſt ſayings for my truth?
Are. Oh no Sir:
But womens honeſt actions for your triall.
Pon. Doe you doe all theſe things?
Phi. Doe you not like 'em?
Pon. Do ye aske me ſeriouſly, or trifle with me?
I am not ſo low yet, to be your mirth:
Are. You do miſtake us Captain, for ſincerely,
We aske you how you like 'em.
Pon. Then ſincerely
I tell ye I abhor 'em: they are ill wayes,
And I will ſtarve before I fall into 'em.
The doers of 'em wretches, their baſe hungers
Cares not whoſe bread they eate, nor how they get it:
Are. What then Sir?
Pon. If you profeſſe this wickedneſſe:
Becauſe ye have bin Souldiers, and borne Armes,
The ſervants of the brave *Æcius*,
And by him put to'th Emperor, give me leave,
Or I muſt take it elſe, to ſay ye are villaines,
For all your Golden Coates, deboſhd, baſe villaines,
Yet I doe weare a ſword to tell ye ſo,
Is this the way you mark out for a Souldier,
A man that has commanded for the Empire,
And borne the reputation of a man?
Are there not lazie things enough cald fooles, and (cowards,
And poore enough to be preſerr'd for Banders,
But wanting Souldiers muſt be knave too? ha:
This the trim courſe of life: were not ye born Bawdes,
And ſo inherit but your rights? I am poore
And may expect a worſe; yet digging, pruning,
Mending of broken wayes, carrying of water,
Planting of Worts, and Onyons, any thing
That's honeſt, and a mans, Ile rather chooſe,
I and live better on it, which is juſter,
Drink my well gotten water, with more pleaſure,
When my endeavours done, and wages payd me,
Then you doe wine, eate my courſe bread not curſt,
And mend upon't, your diets are diſeaſes,
And ſleep as ſoundly, when my labour bids me,
As any forward Pander of ye all,
And riſe a great deale honeſter; my Garments,
Though not as yours, the ſoft ſins of the Empire,
Yet may be warme, and keep the biting wind out,
When every ſingle breath of poore opinion
Finds you through all your Velvets.
Are. You have hit it,
Nor are we thoſe we ſeeme, the *Lord Aecius*
Put us good men to'th Emperor, ſo we have ſerv'd him,
Though much neglected for it: So dare be ſtill:
Your curſes are not ours: we have ſeen your fortune,
But yet know no way to redeem it: Meanes,
Such as we have, ye ſhall not want brave *Pontius*,
But pray be temperate, if we can wipe out
The way of your offences, we are yours Sir;
And you ſhall live at Court an honeſt man too.
Phi. That little meat and means we have, wee'l ſhare it,
Feare not to be as we are; what we told ye,
Were but meere tryalls of your truth: y'are worthie,
And ſo wee'l ever hold ye; ſuffer better,
And then ye are a right man *Pontius*,
If my good Maſter be not ever angry,
Ye ſhall command againe.
Pont. I have found two good men: uſe my life,
For it is yours, and all I have to thank ye——*Exeunt.*

Scæn. 3. *Enter Maximus.*

Max. Ther's no way elſe to doe it, he muſt die,
This friend muſt die, this ſoule of *Maximus*,
Without whom I am nothing but my ſhame,
This perfectneſſe that keeps me from opinion,
Muſt dye, or I muſt live thus branded ever:
A hard choice, and a fatall; God's ye have given me
A way to credit, but the ground to goe on,
Ye have levelld with that pretious life I love moſt,
Yet I muſt on, and through; for if I offer
To take my way without him, like a Sea
He bares his high command, twix me and vengeance,
And in my owne road ſinkes me, he is honeſt
Of a moſt conſtant loyaltie to *Ceſar*,
And when he ſhall but doubt, I dare attempt him,
But make a queſtion of his ill, but ſay
What is a *Ceſar*, that he dare doe this,
Dead ſure he cuts me off: *Aecius* dies,
Or I have loſt my ſelfe? why ſhould I kill him?
Why ſhould I kill my ſelfe, for tis my killing,
Aecius is my roote, and whither him, wither
Like a decaying branch, I fall to nothing.
Is he not more to me, then wife, then *Ceſar*?

Though I had now my ſafe revenge upon him,
Is he not more then rumour, and his freindſhip
Sweeter then the love of women? What is honor
We all ſo ſtrangly are bewitch'd withall?
Can it relieve me if I want? he has;
Can honor, twixt the incenſed Prince, and Envy,
Beare up the lives of worthy men? he has;
Can honor pull the wings of fearefull cowards
And make 'em turne againe like Tigers? he has,
And I have liv'd to ſee this, and preſerv'd ſo;
Why ſhould this empty word incite me then
To what is ill, and cruell? let her periſh.
A freind is more then all the world, then honor;
She is a woman and her loſſe the leſſe,
And with her go my greifs: but hark ye *Maximus*,
Was ſhe not yours? Did ſhe not dye to tell ye
She was a raviſh'd woman? did not juſtice
Nobly begin with her, that not deſerv'd it,
And ſhall ye live that did it? Stay a little,
Can this abuſe dye here? Shall not mens tongues
Diſpute it afterward, and ſay I gave
(Affecting dul obedience, and tame duty,
And led away with fondnes of a freindſhip)
The only vertue of the world to ſlander?
Is not this certaine, was not ſhe a chaſte one,
And ſuch a one, that no compare dwelt with her,
One of ſo ſweete a vertue, that *Aecius*,
Even he himſelfe, this freind that holds me from it,
Out of his worthy love to me, and juſtice,
Had it not been on *Cæſar*, h'ad reveng'd her?
By heaven he told me ſo; what ſhall I do then?---*Enter a*
Can other men affect it, and I cold? *Servant.*
I feare he muſt not live.

Serv. My Lord, the Generall
Is come to ſeeke ye.

Max. Go, intreate him to enter:
O brave *Aecius*, I could wiſh thee now
As far from freindſhip to me, as from feares,
That I might cut thee off, like that I weigh'd not,
Is there no way without him, to come neare it?
For out of honeſty he muſt deſtroy me
If I attempt it, he muſt dye as others,
And I muſt looſe him; tis neceſſity,
Only the time, and meanes is all the difference;
But yet I would not make a murther of him,
Take him directly for my doubts; he ſhall dye,
I have found a way to do it, and a ſafe one,
It ſhall be honor to him too: I know not
What to determine certaine, I am ſo troubled,
And ſuch a deale of conſcience preſſes me;———*Enter*
Would I were dead my ſelfe. *Aecius.*

Aeci. You run away well;
How got you from me freind?

Max. That that leads mad men,
A ſtrong *I*magination made me wander.

Aeci. *I* thought ye had been more ſetled.

Max. *I* am well,
But you muſt give me leave a little ſometimes
To have a buzzing in my brains.

Aeci. Ye are dangerous,
But Ile prevent it if *I* can; ye told me
You would go to'th Army.

Max. Why, to have my throat cut,
Muſt he not be the braveſt man *Aecius*
That strikes me firſt?

Aeci. You promiſed me a freedom
From all theſe thoughts, and why ſhould any ſtrike you?

Max. I am an Enemy, a wicked one,
Worſe then the foes of *Rome*, I am a Coward,
A Cuckold, and a Coward, that's two cauſes
Why every one ſhould beat me.

Aeci. Ye are neither;
And durſt another tell me ſo, he dyde for't,
For thus far on mine honor, Ile aſſure you
No man more lov'd then you, and for your valour,
And what ye may be, faire; no man more follow'd.

Max. A doughty man indeed: but that's all one,
The Emperor, nor all the Princes living
Shall find a flaw in my coat; I have ſufferd,
And can yet; let them find inflictions,
Ile find a body for 'em, or Ile break it.
Tis not a wife can thruſt me out, ſome lookt for't;
But let 'em looke till they are blind with looking,
They are but fooles, yet there is anger in me,
That I would faine diſperſe, and now I think on't,
You told me freind the Provinces are ſtirring,
We ſhall have ſport I hope then, and what's dangerous,
A Battle ſhall beat from me.

Aeci. Why do ye eye me
With ſuch a ſetled looke?

Max. Pray tell me this,
Do we not love extremely? *I* love you ſo.

Aeci. If I ſhould ſay I lov'd not you as truly,
I ſhould do that I never durſt do, lye.

Max. If I ſhould dye, would it not greive you much?

Aeci. Without all doubt.

Max. And could you live without me?

Aeci. *It* would much trouble me to live without ye.
Our loves, and loving ſoules have been ſo us'd
But to one houſhold in us: But to dye
Becauſe I could not make you live, were woman
Far much too weake, were it to ſave your worth,
Or to redeeme your name from rooting out,
To quit you bravely fighting from the foe,
Or fetch ye off, where honor had ingag'd ye,
I ought, and would dye for ye.

Max. Truly ſpoken.
What beaſt but I, that muſt, could hurt this man now?
Would he had raviſh'd me, *I* would have payd him,
I would have taught him ſuch a trick, his Eunuches
Nor all his black-eyd boyes dreamt of yet;
By all the Gods I am mad now; Now were *Cæſar*
Within my reach, and on his glorious top
The pile of all the world, he went to nothing;
The deſtinies, nor all the dames of hell,
Were I once grappl'd with him, ſhould relieve him,
No not the hope of mankind more; all periſhed;
But this is words, and weakneſſe.

Aeci. Ye looke ſtrangely.

Max. I looke but as I am, I am a ſtranger.

Aeci. To me.

Max. To every one, I am no *Romane*;
Nor what I am do I know.

Aeci. Then Ile leave ye.

Max. I find *I* am beſt ſo, if ye meet with *Maximus*
Pray bid him be an honeſt man for my ſake,
You may do much upon him; for his ſhadow,
Let me alone.

Aeci. Ye were not wont to talke thus,
And to your freind; ye have ſome danger in you,
That willingly would run to action.
Take heed, by all our love take heed.

Max. I danger?
I, willing to do any thing, I dig.

Has not my wiſe been dead two dayes already?
Are not my mournings by this time moath-eaten?
Are not her ſins diſpers'd to other women,
And many one raviſh'd to relieve her?
Have I ſhed teares theſe twelve houres?
Aeci. Now ye weepe.
Max. Some lazie drops that ſtaid behind.
Aeci. Ile tell ye
And I muſt tell ye truth, were it not hazard,
And almoſt certaine loſſe of all the Empire,
I would wyne with ye: were it any mans
But his life, that is life of us, he loſt it
For doing of this miſcheiſe: I would take it,
And to your reſt give ye a brave revenge:
But as the rule now ſtands, and as he rules,
And as the Nations hold in diſobedience,
One pillar failing, all muſt fall; I dare not:
Nor is it juſt you ſhould be ſuffer'd in it,
Therefore againe take heed: On forraigne foes
We are our own revengers, but at home
On Princes that are eminent and ours,
Tis fit the Gods ſhould judge us: Be not raſh,
Nor let your angry ſteele cut thoſe ye know not,
For by this fatall blow, if ye dare ſtrike it,
As I ſee great aymes in ye, thoſe unborne yet,
And thoſe to come of them and theſe ſucceding
Shall bleed the wrath of *Maximus*: For me
As ye now beare your ſelfe, I am your freind ſtill,
If ye fall off I will not flatter ye,
And in my hands, were ye my ſoule, you periſh'd:
Once more be carefull, ſtand, and ſtill be worthy,
Ile leave ye for this howre.—————*Exit*,
Max. Pray do, tis done:
And freindſhip, ſince thou canſt not hold in dangers,
Give me a certaine ruin, *I* muſt through it. *Exit*.

Actus Quartus. Scæna prima.

Enter Emperor, Lycinius, Chilax, and Balbus.

Empe. Dead?
Chil. So tis thought Sir.
Empe. How?
Lyci. Greiſe, and diſgrace,
As people ſay.
Empe. No more, I have too much on't,
Too much by you, you whetters of my follies,
Ye Angell formers of my ſins, but devills;
Where is your cunning now? you would worke wonders,
There was no chaſtity above your practiſe,
You would undertake to make her love her wrongs,
And doate upon her rape: mark what *I* tell ye,
If ſhe be dead———
Chil. Alas Sir.
Empe. Hang ye raſcalls,
Ye blaſters of my youth, if ſhe be gon,
T'wer better ye had been your fathers Camells,
Ground under dayly waights of wood and water:
Am I not *Cæſar*?
Lyci. Mighty and our maker:
Empe. Then thus have given my pleaſures to deſtruction.
Looke ſhe be living ſlaves.
Empe. We are no Gods Sir,
If ſhe be dead, to make her new againe.
Empe. She cannot dye, ſhe muſt not dye; are thoſe
I plant my love upon but common livers?
Their howres as others, told 'em? can they be aſhes?
Why do ye flatter a beliefe into me
That I am all that'is, the world's my creature,
The Trees bring forth their fruits when *I* ſay Summer,
The Wind, that kdowes no limit but his wildneſſe,
At my command moves not a leafe; The ſea
With his proud mountaine waters envying heaven,
When I ſay ſtill, run into chriſtall mirrors,
Can I do this and ſhe dye? Why ye bubbles
That with my leaſt breath break, no more remembred;
Ye moaths that fly about my flame and periſh,
Ye golden cancker-wormes, that eate my honors,
Living no longer then my ſpring of favour:
Why do ye make me God that can do nothing?
Is ſhe not dead?
Chil. All women are not with her.
Empe. A common whore ſerves you, and far above ye,
The pleaſures of a body lam'd with lewdneſſe;
A meare perpetuall motion makes ye happy:
Am *I* a man to traffique with diſeaſes?
Can any but a chaſtity ſerve *Cæſar*?
And ſuch a one the Gods would kneele to purchaſe?
You think becauſe you have breed me up to pleaſures,
And almoſt run me over all the rare ones,
Your wives will ſerve the turne: I care not for 'em,
Your wives are Fencers whores, and ſhall be Footmens,
Though ſometimes my nyce will, or rather anger
Have made ye Cuckolds for variety;
I would not have ye hope, nor dreame ye poore ones
Alwaies ſo great a bleſſing from me; go
Get your own infamy hereafter raſcalls,
I have done too nobly for ye, ye enjoy
Each one an heire, the royall ſeed of *Cæſar*,
And *I* may curſe ye for't; your wanton Gennets
That are ſo proud, the wind get's 'em with fillies,
Taught me this foule intemperance: Thou *Lycinius*
Haſt ſuch a *Meſſalina*, ſuch a *Lais*,
The backs of bulls cannot content, nor *Stallions*,
The ſweate of fifty men a night do's nothing.
Lyci. Your Grace but jeſts I hope.
Empe. Tis Oracle.
The ſins of other women put by hers
Shew off like ſanctities: Thin's a foole *Chilax*,
Yet ſhe can tell to twenty, and all lovers,
And all lien with her too, and all as ſhe is,
Rotten, and ready for an hoſpitall.
Yours is a holy whore freind *Balbus*.
Bal. Well Sir.
Empe. One that can pray away the ſins ſhe ſuffers,
But not the puniſhments: She has had ten baſtards,
Five of 'em now are lictors, yet ſhe praies;
She has been the ſong of *Rome*, and common *Paſquill*;
Since *I* durſt ſee a wench, ſhe was Campe miſtris,
And muſterd all the cohorts, paid 'em too,
They have it yet to ſhew, and yet ſhe prayes;
She is now to enter old men that are children,
And have forgot their rudiments: am I
Left for theſe withered vices? and but one,
But one of all the world that could content me,
And ſnatch'd away in ſhewing? If your wives
Be not yet witches, or your ſelves, now be ſo
And ſave your lives, raiſe me this noble beauty
As when *I* forc'd her, full of conſtancy,
Or by the Gods——————
Lyci. Moſt ſacred *Cæſar*.
Empe. Slaves.

Lycias. Good *Proculus:*
Pro. By heaven you ſhall not ſee it,
It may concerne the Empire.
Empr. Ha: what ſaid'ſt thou?
Is ſhe not dead?
Pro. Not any one I know Sir;
I come to bring your Grace a letter, here
Scatterd belike i'th Court: Tis ſent to *Maximus,*
And bearing danger in it.
Emp. Danger? where?
Double our Guard.
Pro. Nay no where, but i'th letter.
Emp. What an afflicted conſcience doe *I* live with,
And what a beaſt I am growne? I had forgotten
To aske heaven mercy for my fault, and was now
Even raviſhing againe her memory,
I find there muſt be danger in this deed:
Why doe I ſtand diſputing, then and whining?
For what is not the gods? to give they cannot (chieſe.
Though they would linck their powers in one do miſ-
This Letter may betray me, get ye gon. —*Exeunt.*
And waite me in the Garden, guard the houſe well,
And keep this from the Empreſſe; The name *Maximus*
Runnes through me like a feavour, this may be
Some private Letter upon private buſineſſe,
Nothing concerning me: why ſhould I open't?
I have done him wrong enough already; yet
It may concerne me too, the time ſo tells me;
The wicked deed I have done, aſſures me tis ſo.
Be what it will, ile ſee it, if that be not
Part of my feares, among my other ſins,
Ile purge it out in prayers:
How? what's this?
Letter red. Lord *Maximus*, you love *Aecius,*
And are his noble friend too; bid him be leſſe,
I meane leſſe with the people, times are dangerous:
The Army's his, the Emperor in doubts;
And as ſome will not ſtick to ſay, declining,
You ſtand a conſtant man in either fortunes;
Perſwade him, he is loſt elſe: Though ambition
Be the laſt ſin he touches at, or never;
Yet what the people made with loving him,
And as they willingly deſire another
May tempt him too, or rather force his goodneſſe,
Is to be doubted mainly: he is all,
(As he ſtands now) but the meer name of *Ceſar,*
And ſhould the Emperor inforce him leſſer,
Not comming from himſelſe, it were more dangerous:
He is honeſt, and will heare you: doubts are ſcatterd,
And almoſt come to growth in every houſhold:
Yet in my fooliſh judgment, were this maſterd;
The people that are now but rage, and his,
Might be againe obedience: you ſhall know me]
When *Rome* is faire againe; till when I love you.
No name! this may be cunning, yet it ſeemes not;
For there is nothing in it but is certain,
Beſides my ſafety.
Had not good *Germanicus,*
That was as loyall, and as ſtraight as he is,
If not prevented by *Tiberius,*
Bin by the Souldiers forcd their Emperor?
He had, and tis my wiſdom to remember it.
And was not *Corbulo*, even that *Corbulo,*
That ever fortunate and living *Roman,*
That broake the heart ſtrings of the *Parthians,*
And brought *Arſaſes* line upon their knees,
Chaind to the awe of *Rome*, becauſe he was thought
(And but in wine once) fit to make a *Ceſar,*
Cut off by *Nero*? *I* muſt ſeeke my ſafety:
For tis the ſame againe, if not beyond it:
I know the Souldier loves him more then heaven,
And will adventure all his gods to raiſe him;
Me he hates more then peace: what this may breed,
If dull ſecurity and confidence
Let him grow up, a foole may find, and laught at.
But why Lord *Maximus* I injurd ſo,
Should be the man to councell him, I know not;
More then he has been friend, and lov'd allegeance:
What now he is *I* feare, for his abuſes
Without the people dare draw bloud; who waits there?
Servant. Your Grace. —*Enter a Servant.*
Emp. Call *Phidias* and *Aretus* hither:
*I*le finde a day for him too; times are dangerous,
The Army his, the Emperor in doubts:
I find it is too true; did he not tell me
1. As if he had intent to make me odious,
2. And to my face; and by a way of terror,
What vices I was grounded in, and almoſt
proclaimd the Souldiers hate againſt me? is not
The ſacred name and dignity of *Ceſar*
(Were this *Aecius* more then man) ſufficient
To ſhake off all his honeſty? Hee's dangerous
Though he be good, and though a friend, a feard one,
And ſuch I muſt not ſleep by: are they come yet?
I doe beleeve this fellow, and I thank him;
T'was time to look about, if I muſt periſh,
Yet ſhall my feares goes foremoſt.
—*Enter Phidias, and Aretus.*
Phi. Life to *Ceſar:*
Emp. Is Lord *Æciuss* waiting?
Phi. Not this morning,
I rather think hee's with the Army,
Emp. Army?
I doe not like that Army: goe unto him,
And bid him ſtraight attend me, and doe ye heare,
Come private without any; I have buſineſſe
Only for him.
Phi. Your Graces pleaſure—*Exit* Phidias.
Emp. Goe;
What Souldier is the ſame, I have ſeene him often,
That keepes you company *Aretus*?
Are. Me Sir?
Emp. I you Sir.
Are. One they call *Pontius,*
And't pleaſe your Grace.
Emp. A Captaine?
Are. Yes, he was ſo;
But ſpeaking ſomthing roughly in his want,
Eſpecially of warres, the noble Generall
Out of a ſtrict allegiance caſt his fortunes:
Emp. Ha's been a valiant fellow.
Are. So hee's ſtill.
Emp. Alas, the Generall might have pardond follies,
Souldiers will talke ſometimes.
Are. I am glad of this.
Emp. He wants preferment as I take it:
Are. Yes Sir;
And for that noble Grace his life ſhall ſerve.
Emp. I have a ſervice for him:
I ſhame a Souldier ſhould become a Begger;
I like the man *Aretus.*
Are. Gods protect ye:
Emp. Bid him repaire to *Proculus*, and there
He ſhall receive the buſineſſe, and reward for't:

Ile ſee him ſetled too, and as a Souldier,
We ſhall want ſuch.
Are- The ſweets of Heaven ſtill crowne yee,
Em- I have a fearefull darkneſſe in my ſoule,
And till I be deliverd, ſtill am dying.——*Exeunt.*

Scæn. 2. *Enter Maximus alone.*

Max. My way has taken: all the Court's in guard,
And buſineſſe every where, and every corner
Full of ſtrange whiſpers: I am leaſt in rumour,
——*Enter Aecius and Phidias.*
And ſo Ile keep my ſelfe, Here comes *Aecius*
I ſee the bait is ſwallow'd: If he be loſt
He is my *Martyr*, and my way ſtands open,
And honour on thy head, his bloud is reckond. (armd:
Aec. Why how now friend, what make ye here un-
Are ye turnd Merchant?
Max. By your faire perſwaſions,
And ſuch a Marchant trafficks without danger;
I have forgotten all *Æcius*,
And which is more, forgiven.
Aec. Now I love ye,
Truly I doe, ye are a worthy *Roman.*
Max. The faire repentance of my Prince to me
Is more then ſacrifice of bloud and vengeance,
No eyes ſhall weep her ruins, but mine owne.
Aec. Still ye take more love from me: vertuous friend
The gods make poore *Æcius* worthy of thee:
Max. Only in me y'are poore Sir: and I worthy
Only in being yours:
But why your arme thus,
Have ye bin hurt *Æcius?*
Aec. Bruiſd a little;
My horſe fell with me friend: which till this morning
I never knew him doe.
Max. Pray gods it boade well;
And now *I* think on't better, ye ſhall back,
Let my perſwaſions rule ye.
Aec. Back, why *Maximus?*
The Emperor commands me come.
Max. I like not
At this time his command.
Aec. I doe at all times,
And all times will obey it, why not now then?
Max. Ile tell ye why, and as I have bin governd,
Be you ſo noble Friend: The Courts in Guard,
Armd ſtrongly, for what purpoſe, let me feare;
I doe not like your going.
Aec. Were it fire;
And that fire certain to conſume this body,
If *Ceſar* ſent, I would goe; never feare man,
If he take me, he takes his armes away.
I am too plaine and true to be ſuſpected.
Max. Then I have dealt unwiſely,
Aec. If the Emperor,
Becauſe he meerely may, will have my life,
That's all he has to worke on, and all ſhall have:
Let him, 'a loves me better: here I wither,
And happily may live, till ignorantly
I run into a fault worth death: nay more, diſhonour,
Now all my ſinnes, I dare ſay thoſe of duty
Are printed here, and if I fall ſo happy,
I bleſſe the grave, I lye in, and the gods
Equall, as dying on the Enemy,
Muſt take me up a Sacrifice.
Max. Goe on then,
And Ile goe with ye.
Æc. No, ye may not friend.
Max. He cannot be a friend, bars me *Æcius*,
Shall I forſake ye in my doubts?
Æc. Ye muſt.
Max. I muſt not, nor I will not; have I liv'd
Only to be a Carpet friend for pleaſure?
I can endure a death as well as *Cato.*
Æc. There is no death nor danger in my going,
Nor none muſt goe along.
Max. I have a ſword too,
And once *I* could have uſd it for my friend.
Æc. *I* need no ſword, nor friend in this, pray leave me;
And as ye love me, do not overlove me;
I am commanded none ſhall come: At ſupper
Ile meet ye, and weele drink a cup or two,
Ye need good Wine, ye have bin ſad: Farwell.
Max. Farwell my noble Friend, let me embrace ye
Ere ye depart; it may be one of us
Shall never doe the like agen.
Æc. Yes often:
Max. Farwell good deer *Æcius.*
Æc. Farwell *Maximus*
Till night: indeed you doubt too much.--*Exit.*
Max. *I* doe not:
Goe worthy innocent, and make the number
Of *Ceſars* ſinnes ſo great, heaven may want mercy:
Ile hover hereabout to know what paſſes:
And if he be ſo divelish to deſtroy thee,
In thy bloud ſhall begin his Tragedy.——*Exit.*

Scæn. 3. *Enter Proculus, and Pontius.*

Pro. Beſides this, if you do it, you enjoy
The noble name *Patrician:* more than that too,
The Friend of *Ceſar* ye are ſtild: ther's nothing
Within the hopes of *Rome*, or preſent being
But you may ſafely ſay is yours.
Pon. Pray ſtay Sir;
What has *Æcius* done to be deſtroyd?
At leaſt *I* would have a colour.
Pro. Ye have more,
Nay all that may be given, he is a Traitor,
One, any man would ſtrike that were a ſubject,
Pon. Is he ſo fowle?
Pro. Yes, a moſt fearefull Traytor.
Pon. A fearefull plague upon thee, for thou lyeſt;
I ever thought the Souldier would undoe him
With his too much affection.
Pro. Ye have hit it,
They have brought him to ambition.
Pon. Then he is gone:
Pro. The Emperor out of a fooliſh pittie,
Would ſave him yet.
Pon. Is he ſo mad?
Pro. He's madder!
Would goe to'th Army to him.
Pon. Would'a ſo?
Pro. Yes *Pontius*; but we conſider——
Pon. Wiſely;
Pro. How elſe man, that the ſtate lies in it,
Pon. And your lives too:
Pro. And every mans.
Pon. He did me
All the diſgrace he could

Pro. And ſcurvily,
Pon. Out of a miſchiefe meerly: did you mark it?
Yes well enough.
Pro. Now ye have meanes to quit it,
The deed done, take his place.
Pon. Pray let me thinke on't,
Tis ten to one I doe it.
Pro. Doe and be happy.——*Exit Pro.*
Pon. This Emperor is made of naught but miſchiefe,
Sure, Murther was his Mother: none to lop,
But the maine linck he had? upon my conſcience
The man is truly honeſt, and that kills him;
For to live here, and ſtudy to be true,
Is all one to be Traitors: why ſhould he die?
Have they not Slaves and Raſcalls for their Offrings
In full abundance; Bawds more then beaſts for ſlaughter?
Have they not ſinging whores enough, and knaves too,
And millions of ſuch Martyrs to ſink *Charon*,
But the beſt ſons of *Rome* muſt ſaile too? I wil ſhew him
(ſince he muſt dye) a way to doe it truly:
And though he beares me hard, yet ſhall he know,
I am born to make him bleſſe me for a blow.——*Exit.*

Scæn. 2. *Enter Phidias, Aretus, and Æcius.*

Phi. Yet ye may ſcape to'th Camp, wee'l hazard with ye,
Aretus Looſe not your life ſo baſely Sir: ye are armd,
And many when they ſee your ſword out, and know why
Muſt follow your adventure.
Aec. Get ye from me:
Is not the doom of *Ceſar* on this body,
Doe not I beare my laſt houre here, now ſent me?
Am I not old *Aecius*, ever dying?
You think this tenderneſſe and love you bring me,
Tis treaſon, and the ſtrength of diſobedience,
And if ye tempt me further, ye ſhall feele it:
I ſeek the Camp for ſafety, when my death
Ten times more glorious then my life, and laſting
Bids me be happie: Let the foole feare dying,
Or he that weds a woman for his honour,
Dreaming no other life to come but kiſſes;
Æcius is not now to learne to ſuffer:
If ye dare ſhew a juſt affection, kill me,
I ſtay but thoſe that muſt: why do ye weep?
Am *I* ſo wretched to deſerve mens pities?
Goe give your teares to thoſe that loſe their worths,
Bewaile their miſeries, for me wear Garlands,
Drink wine, and much; ſing Peans to my praiſe,
I am to triumph friends, and more then *Ceſar*,
For *Ceſar* feares to die, I love to die.
Phi. O my deare Lord!
Aec. No more, goe, goe *I* ſay;
Shew me not ſignes of ſorrow, I deſerve none:
Dare any man lament, *I* ſhould die nobly;
Am *I* grown old to have ſuch enemies?
When I am dead, ſpeake honourably of me,
That is, preſerve my memory from dying;
There if you needs muſt weep your ruind Maſter,
A teare or two will ſeem well: this I charge ye,
(becauſe ye ſay you yet love old *Aecius*)
See my poore body burnt, and ſome to ſing
About my Pile, and what *I* have done and ſufferd,
If *Ceſar* kill not that too: at your banquets
When I am gone, if any chance to number
The times that have been ſad and dangerous,
Say how *I* fell, and tis ſufficient:
No more I ſay, he that laments my end
By all the gods diſhonours me; be gone
And ſodainly, and wiſely from my dangers,
My death is catching elſe.
Phi. We feare not dying:
Aec. Yet feare a wilfull death, the juſt Gods hate it;
I need no company to that that children
Dare doe alone, and Slaves are proud to purchaſe;
Live till your honeſties, as mine has done,
Make this corrupted age ſicke of your vertues,
Then dye a ſacrifice, and then ye know
The noble uſe of dying well, and *Roman.*
Are. And muſt we leave ye Sir?
Aec. We muſt all die
All leave our ſelves, it matters not, where, when,
Nor how, ſo we die well: and can that man that does ſo
Need lamentation for him? Children weep
Becauſe they have offended, or for feare,
Women for want of will, and anger; is there
In noble man, that truly feeles both poyſes
Of life and death, ſo much of this wet weakneſſe,
To drown a glorious death in child and woman?
I am a ſhamd to ſee ye; yet ye move me,
And were it not my manhood would accuſe me,
For covetous to live, I ſhould weep with ye.
Phi. O we ſhall never ſee you more:
Aec. Tis true;
Nor I the miſeries that *Rome* ſhall ſuffer,
Which is a benefit life cannot reckon:
But what I have been, which is juſt, and faithfull;
One that grew old for *Rome*, when *Rome* forgot him,
And for he was an honeſt man durſt die,
Ye ſhall have daily with ye: could that dye too,
And I returne no trafficke of my travells,
No pay to have bin Souldier, but this ſilver,
No *Annalls* of *Æcius*, but he liv'd,
My friends ye had cauſe to weep, and bitterly;
The common overflowes of tender women,
And children new borne crying, were too little
To ſhew me then moſt wretched: if teares muſt be,
I ſhould in juſtice weep 'em, and for you,
You are to live, and yet behold thoſe ſlaughters
The drie, and witherd bones of death would bleed at:
But ſooner, then I have time to thinke what muſt bee,
I feare you'l find what ſhall be;
If ye love me,
Let that word ſerve for all, be gone and leave me;
I have ſome little practiſe with my ſoule,
And then the ſharpeſt ſword is welcom'ſt; goe,
Pray be gon, ye have obeyd me living,
Be not for ſhame now ſtubborn; ſo I thank ye,
And farewell, a better fortune guide yee——
Exeunt Phi. and Aretius.
I am a little thirſtie, not for feare,
And yet it is a kind of feare, I ſay ſo;
Is it to be a juſt man now againe,
And leave my fleſh unthought of, tis departed;
I heare 'em come, who ſtrikes firſt?
I ſtay for ye:
——*Enter Balbus, Chilax, Lycinius.*
Yet I will dye a Souldier, my ſword drawne,
But againſt none:
Why doe ye feare? come forward.
Bal. You were a Souldier *Chilax*,
Chil. Yes, I muſterd
But never ſaw the Enemy.
Lyc. Hee's drawne,

By heaven I dare not doe it.
Aec. Why doe ye tremble ?
I am to die, come ye not now from *Ceſar,*
To that end, ſpeake ?
Bal. We doe, and we muſt kill ye,
Tis *Ceſars* will.
Chil. I charge you put your ſword up,
That we may doe it hanſomly.
Aec. Ha, ha, ha,
My ſword up, hanſomly where were ye bred ?
Ye are the merrieſt murderers my maſters
I ever met withall ; Come forward fooles,
Why doe ye ſtare ? upon mine honour Bawds,
I will not ſtrike ye.
Lyc. Ile not be firſt,
Bal. Nor I ;
Chil. You had beſt die quietly : the Emperour
Sees how you beare your ſelfe,
Aec. I would die Raſcalls,
If you would kill me quietly,
Bal. ——of *Proculus*,
He promiſd us to bring a Captaine hither,
That has been uſed to kill.
Aec. Ile call the Guard,
Vnleſſe you will kill me quickly, and proclaim
What beaſtly, baſe, and cowardly companions,
The Emperor has truſted with his ſafetie :
Nay Ile give out, ye fell of my ſide, villaines.
Strike home ye bawdy ſlave.
Chil. By heaven he will kill us,
I markd his hand, he waits but time to reach us,
Now doe you offer.
Aec. If ye doe mangle me,
And kill me not at two blowes, or at three,
Or not ſo ſtagger me, my ſences faile me,
Look to your ſelves.
Chil. I told ye,
Aec. Strike me manly,
And take a thouſand ſtrokes.——*Enter Pontius.*
Bal. Heer's *Pontius.*
Pon. Not kild him yet ?
Is this the love ye beare the Emperor ? *(runs away*
Nay then I ſee yee are Traitors all, have at yee——*Lyc.*
Chil. Oh I am hurt,
Balb. And I am killd——*Exeunt Chil. and Bal.*
Pon. Dye Bawdes ;
As ye have liv'd and flouriſh'd.
Aec. Wretched fellow,
What haſt thou done ?
Pon. Killd them that durſt not kill,
And you are next.
Aec. Art thou not *Pontius* ?
Pon. I am the ſame you caſt *Æcius*,
And in the face of all the Camp diſgracd.
Æc. Then ſo much nobler, as thou wert a Souldier,
Shall my death be : is it revenge provoked thee,
Or art thou hir'd to kill me ?
Pon. Both,
Aec. Then doe it.
Pon. Is that all ?
Aec. Yes,
Pon. Would you not live ?
Aec. Why ſhould I,
To thanke thee for my life ?
Pon. Yes, if I ſpare it,
Aec. Be not deceiv'd, *I* was not made to thank
For any curteſie, but killing me,
A fellow of thy fortune ; doe thy duty.
Pon. Doe not you feare me ?
Aec. No.
Pon. Nor love me for it ?
Aec. That's as thou doſt thy buſineſſe,
Pon. When you are dead,
Your place is mine *Aecius.*
Aec. Now I feare thee,
And not alone thee *Pontius*, but the Empire,
Pon. Why, I can governe Sir ;
Aec. I would thou couldſt,
And firſt thy ſelfe : Thou canſt fight well, and bravely,
Thou canſt endure all dangers, heates, colds, hungers ;
Heavens angry flaſhes are not ſodainer,
Then I have ſeene thee execute ; nor more mortall ;
The winged feete of flying enemies
I have ſtood and viewd thee mow away like ruſhes,
And ſtill kill the killer : were thy minde,
But halfe ſo ſweet in peace, as rough in dangers,
I died to leave a happy heire behind me ;
Come ſtrike, and be a Generall.
Pon. Prepare then :
And for I ſee your honour cannot leſſen,
And 'twere a ſhame for me to ſtrike a dead man,
Fight your ſhort ſpan out.
Aec. No thou knowſt *I* muſt not,
I dare not give thee ſo much vantage of me,
As diſobedience ;
Pon. Dare ye not defend ye,
Againſt your enemy ?
Aec. Not ſent from *Ceſar*,
I have no power to make ſuch enemies ;
For as I am condemn'd, my naked ſword
Stands but a hatchment by me ; only held
To ſhew *I* was a Souldier ; had not *Ceſar*
Chaind all defence in this doom, let him die,
Old as I am, and quenchd with ſcarres, and ſorrowes,
Yet would I make this witherd Arme do wonders,
And open in an enemy ſuch wounds
Mercy would weep to look on.
Pon. Then have at ye,
And look upon me, and be ſure ye feare not :
Remember who you are, and why you live,
And what I have been to you : cry not hold,
Nor think it baſe injuſtice I ſhould kill ye.
Aec. I am prepard for all,
Pon. For now *Aecius*,
Thou ſhalt behold and find I was no traitor, *(himſelfe*
And as *I* doe it, bleſſe me ; die as I doe.——*Pontius kills*
Aec. Thou haſt deceiv'd me *Pontius*, and *I* thank thee ;
By all my hopes in heaven, thou art a *Roman.*
Pon. To ſhew you what you ought to doe, this is not ;
For ſlanders ſelfe would ſhame to find you coward,
Or willing to out-live your honeſtie :
But noble Sir, ye have been jealous of me,
And held me in the rancks of dangerous perſons,
And *I* muſt dying ſay it was but juſtice,
Ye caſt me from my credit ; yet believe me,
For there is nothing now but truth to ſave me,
And your forgiveneſſe, though ye held me hainous,
And of a troubled ſpirit, that like fire
Turnes all to flames it meets with, ye miſtook me;
If *I* were foe to any thing, t'was eaſe,
Want of the Souldiers due, the Enemy,
The nakedneſſe we found at home, and ſcorne,
Children of peace, and pleaſures, no regard
Nor comfort for our ſcarres, but how we got 'em,

To ruſty time, that eate our bodies up,
And even began to prey upon our honours,
To wants at home, and more then wants, abuſes
To them, that when the Enemy invaded
Made us their Saints, but now the ſores of *Rome*;
To ſilken flattery, and pride plaind over,
Forgetting with what wind their feathers ſaile,
And under whoſe protection their ſoft pleaſures
Grow full and numberleſſe : to this I am foe,
Not to the ſtate, or any point of duty :
And let me ſpeake but what a Souldier may,
Truly I ought to be ſo ; yet I errd,
Becauſe a far more noble ſufferer
Shewd me the way to patience, and I loſt it :
This is the end I die Sir ; to live baſely,
And not the follower of him that bred me,
In full account and vertue *Pontius* dare not,
Much leſſe to out-live what is good, and flatter.
Aec. I want a name to give thy vertue Souldier,
For only good is farre below thee *Pontius*,
The gods ſhall find thee one ; thou haſt faſhiond death,
In ſuch an excellent, and beauteous manner,
I wonder men can live : Canſt thou ſpeake once more,
For thy words are ſuch harmony, a ſoule
Would chooſe to flye to heaven in
Pon. A farewell :
Good noble Generall your hand, forgive me,
And think what ever was diſpleaſing you,
Was none of mine : ye cannot live.
Aec. I will not :
Yet one word more.
Pon. Dye nobly : *Rome* farewell :
And *Valentinian* fall, thou haſt broke thy baſes,
In joy ye have given me a quiet death, *(he dyes.*
I would ſtrike more wounds, if I had more breath———
Aec. Is there an houre of goodneſſe beyond this?
Or any man would out-live ſuch a dying
Would *Ceſar* double all my honours on me,
And ſtick me ore with favours, like a Miſtris;
Yet would I grow to this man : I have loved,
But never doated on a face till now :
O death thou art more than beautie, and thy pleaſure
Beyond poſterity : Come friends and kill me ;
Ceſar be kind, and ſend a thouſand ſwords,
The more, the greater is my fall : why ſtay ye?
Come, and Ile kiſſe your weapons : feare me not,
By all the gods Ile honour ye for killing :
Appeare, or through the Court, and world, Ile ſearch ye:
My ſword is gone ; ye are Traitors if ye ſpare me,
And *Ceſar* muſt conſume ye, all baſe cowards?
Ile follow ye, and ere I dye proclaime ye,
The weeds of *Italy*; the droſſe of nature ——*Exit.*
Where are ye, villaines, traytors, ſlaves.————

Enter Proculus, and 3. others running over the Stage.

Pro. I knew
H'ad killd the Captain,
1. Here's his ſword.
Pro. Let it alone, 'twill fight it ſelfe elſe ; friends,
An hundred men are not enough to doe it,
Ile to the Emperor, and get more ayd.
Aec. None ſtrike a poore condemnd man.
Pro. He is mad :
Shift for your ſelves my maſters.———*Exeunt.*
Aec. Then *Æcius*, ——*Enter Aecius.*
See what thou darſt thy ſelfe ; hold my good ſword,
Thou haſt been kept from bloud too long, Ile kiſſe thee,
For thou art more then friend now, my preſerver,
Shew me the way to happineſſe, I ſeeke it :
And all you great ones, that have falne as I do,
To keep your memories, and honours living,
Be preſent in your vertues, and aſſiſt me,
That like ſtrong *Cato*, I may put away
All promiſes, but what ſhall crown my aſhes ;
Rome, fartheewell : ſtand long, and know to conquer
Whilſt there is people, and ambition :
Now for a ſtroak ſhall turne me to a Star :
I come ye bleſſed ſpirits, make me room
To live for ever in *Elizium* :
Doe men feare this? O that poſterity
Could learne from him but this, that loves his wound,
There is no paine at all in dying well, *(kills himſelſe.*
Nor none are loſt, but thoſe that make their hell———

———*Enter Proculus and two others,*

1. *Within.* Hee's dead, draw in the Guard againe,
Pro. Hee's dead indeed,
And I am glad hee's gone ; he was a devill :
His body, if his Eunuches come, is theirs ;
The Emperor out of his love to vertue, *(—Exit.*
Has given 'em that : Let no man ſtop their entrance.

——*Enter Phidias and Aretus.*

Phi. O my moſt Noble Lord, look here *Aretus*,
Heer's a ſad ſight.
Are. O cruelty! O *Ceſar*,
O times that bring forth nothing but deſtruction,
And overflowes of bloud : why wa'ſt thou kild?
Is it to be a juſt man now againe,
As when *Tiberius* and wild *Nero* raignd,
Only aſſurance of his over-throw?
Phil. It is *Aretus* : he that would live now,
Muſt like the Toad, feed only on corruptions,
And grow with thoſe to greatneſſe : honeſt vertue,
And the true *Roman* honour, faith and valour
That have been all the riches of the Empire,
Now like the fearefull tokens of the Plague,
Are meer fore-runners of their ends that owe'em.
Are. Never enough lamented Lord : deer maſter--*Enter*
Of whom now ſhal we learn to live like men? *Maximus.*
From whom draw out our actions juſt, and worthy :
Oh thou art gone, and gone with thee all goodneſſe,
The great example of all equitie,
O thou alone a *Roman*, thou art periſhd,
Faith, fortitude, and conſtant nobleneſſe,
Weep *Rome*, weep *Italy*, weep all that knew him,
And you that feard him as a noble Foe,
(If Enemies have honourable teares)
Weep this decayd *Aecius* falne, and ſcatterd———
By foule, and baſe ſuggeſtion.
Pho. O Lord *Maximus*,
This was your worthy friend.
Max. The gods forgive me :
Think not the worſe my friends, I ſhed not teares,
Great grieſes lament within ; yet now I have found'em:
Would I had never knowne the world, nor women,
Nor what that curſed name of honour was,
So this were once againe *Æcius* :
But I am deſtin'd to a mighty action,
And begge my pardon friend, my vengance taken,
I will not be long from thee : ye have a great loſſe,
But beare it patiently, yet to ſay truth
In juſtice tis not ſufferable : I am next,
And were it now, I would be glad on't : friends,
Who ſhall preſerve you now?
Are. Nay we are loſt too.
Max. I feare ye are, for likely ſuch as love

The man that's falne, and have been nouriſhd by him,
Doe not ſtay long behind: Tis held no wiſdom.
I know what I muſt doe ô my *Æcius*,
Canſt thou thus periſh, pluckt up by the rootes,
And no man feele thy worthineſſe? From boyes
He bred you both I think.
Phi. And from the pooreſt,
Max. And lov'd ye as his owne,
Are. We found it Sir.
Max. Is not this a loſſe then?
Phi. O, a loſſe of loſſes;
Our lives, and ruines of our families,
The utter being nothing of our names,
Were nothing neere it.
Max. As I take it too,
He put ye to the Emperor.
Are. He did ſo,
Max. And kept ye ſtill in credit.
Phi. Tis moſt true Sir;
Max. He fed your Fathers too, and made them meanes,
Your Siſters he preferd to Noble Wedlocks,
Did he not friends?
Are. Oh yes Sir:
Max. As I take it
This worthy man would not be now forgotten,
I tell ye to my griefe, he was baſely murdred;
And ſomething would be done, by thoſe that lov'd him:
And ſomething may be: pray ſtand off a little.
Let me bewaile him private: ô my deareſt.
Phi. *Aretus*, if we be not ſodaine, he out does us,
I know he points at vengance; we are cold,
And baſe ungratefull wretches, if we ſhun it:
Are we to hope for more rewards, or greatneſſe,
Or any thing but death, now he is dead?
Dar'ſt thou reſolve?
Are. I am perfect.
Phi. Then like flowers
That grew together all wee'l fall together,
And with us that that bore us: when tis done
The world ſhall ſtile us two deſerving ſervants:
I feare he will be before us.
Are. This night *Phidias*:
Phi. No more.
Max. Now worthy friends I have done my mournings
Let's burn this Noble body: Sweetes as many
As ſun-burnt: *Neroe* breeds, Ile make a flame of
Shall reach his ſoule in heaven: he that ſhall live
Ten ages hence, but to reherſe this ſtory,
Shall with the ſad diſcourſe on't, darken Heaven,
And force the painefull burdens from the wombs
Conceivd a new with ſorrow: even the Grave
Where mighty *Sylla* ſleeps ſhall rend aſunder
And give her ſhadow up, to come and groane
About our piles, which will be more, and greater
Then greene *Olimpus*, *Ida*, or old *Latmus*
Can feed with Cedar, or the Eaſt with Gums,
Greece with her wines, or *Theſſalie* with flowers,
Or willing heaven can weep for in her ſhowres. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scæna prima.

Enter Phidias with his dagger in him, and
Aretius poyſond.

Are. HE h'as his laſt.
Phi. Then come the worſt of danger;
Aecius to thy ſoule we give a *Ceſar*,
How long is't ſince ye gave it him?
Are. An houre,
Mine owne two houres before him: how it boyles mee!
Phi. *It* was not to be cur'd I hope.
Are. No *Phidias*,
I delt above his Antidotes: Phyſicians
May finde the cauſe, but where the cure?
Phi. Done bravely,
We are got before his Tyrrany *Aretus*.
Are. We had loſt our worthieſt end els *Phidias*:
Phi. Canſt thou hold out a while?
Are. To torture him
Anger would give me leave, to live an age yet;
That man is poorely ſpirited, whoſe life
Runs in his bloud alone, and not in's wiſhes.
And yet I ſwell, and burne like flaming *A'etna*,
A thouſand new found fires are kindled in me,
But yet I muſt not die this foure houres *Phidias*.
Phi. Remember who dies with thee, and deſpiſe death.
Are. *I* need no exhortation, the joy in me
Of what I have done, and why, makes poyſon pleaſure,
And my moſt killing torments miſtreſſes.
For how can he have time to dye, or pleaſure
That falls as fooles unſatisfied, and ſimple?
Phi. This that conſumes my life, yet keeps it in me,
Nor doe I feele the danger of a dying,
And if I but endure to heare the curſes
Of this fell Tyrant dead, *I* have halfe my heaven.
Are. Hold thy ſoule faſt but foure houres *Phidias*,
And thou ſhalt ſee to wiſhes beyond ours,
Nay more beyond our meanings.
Phi. Thou haſt ſteeld me:
Farwell *Aretus*, and the ſoules of good men,
That as ours doe, have left their *Roman* bodies
In brave revenge for vertue, guide our ſhadowes.
I would not faint yet.
Are. Farwell *Phidias* (*ſeverally.*
And as we have done nobly, gods look on us.—*Exeunt*

Scæn. 2. *Enter Lycias, and Proculus.*

Lycias Sicker, and ſicker *Proculus*?
Pro. Oh *Lycias*,
What ſhall become of us? would we had dide
With happy *Chilax*, or with *Balbus*, bedrid——*Enter*
And made too lame for juſtice. *Lycinius.*
Lycinius. The ſoft Muſick;
And let one ſing to faſten ſleep upon him:
Oh friends, the Emperor.
Pro. What ſay the Doctors?
Lycin. For us a moſt ſad ſaying, he is poyſond,
Beyond all cure too.
Lyc. Who?
Lycin. The wretch *Aretus*,
That moſt unhappy villaine.
Lyc. How doe you know it?
Lyci. He gave him drink laſt: let's diſperſe and find him;
And ſince he has opend miſery to all,
Let it begin with him firſt: Softly he ſlumbers.

—*Enter Emperor ſicke in a Chaire, with Eudoxia,*
the Empreſſe, and Phyſitians, and Attendants.

Muſick and Song.

Care charming ſleep, thou eaſer of all woes,
Brother to death, ſweetly thy life diſpoſe
On this afflicted Prince, fall like a Cloud
In gentle ſhowres, give nothing that is lowd,

Or painfull to her ſlumbers; eaſie, ſweet,
And as a purling ſtream, thou ſon of night,
Paſſe by his troubled ſenſes; ſings his paine
Like hollow murmuring winde, or ſilver Rayne?
Into this gently, Oh gently ſlide,
And kiſſe him into ſlumbers like a Bride.

Emp. Oh gods, gods: drink, drink, colder, colder
Then ſnow on *Scythian* Mountaines: ô my heart ſtrings.
Eudox. How do's your Grace.
Phiſ. The Empreſſe ſpeakes Sir;
Emp. Dying,
Dying *Eudoxa*, dying.
Phyſ. Good Sir patience;
Eudox. What have ye given him?
Phyſ. Pretious things deere Lady
We hope ſhall comfort him.
Emp. O flatterd foole,
See what thy god-heads come to: Oh *Eudoxa.*
Eudox. O patience, patience Sir.
Emp. *Danubius*,
Ile have brought through my body.
Eudox. Gods give comfort.
——Enter Proculus, Licinius with Aretus.
Em. And *Volga*, on whoſe face the North freezes,
I and an hundred hells, an hundred Piles
Already to my Funeralls are flaming,
Shall *I* not drink?
Phyſ. You muſt not Sir.
Emp. By heaven
*I*le let my breath out that ſhall burne ye all
If ye deny me longer: tempeſts blow me,
And inundations that have drunk up kingdomes
Flow over me, and quench me: wher's the Villaine?
Am *I* immortall now ye ſlaves? by *Numa*
If he doe ſcape: Oh, oh,
Eudox. Deere Sir;
Emp. Like *Nero*,
But farre more terrible, and full of ſlaughter,
I'th midſt of all my flames ile fire the Empire:
A thouſand fans, a thouſand fans to coole me:
Invite the gentle windes *Eudoxa.*
Eudox. Sir;
Emp. Oh doe not flatter me, I am but fleſh,
A man, a mortall man: drink, drink, ye dunces;
What can your doſes now doe, and your ſcrapings,
Your oyles, and Mithridates? if I doe die,
You only words of health, and names of ſickneſſe
Finding no true diſeaſe in man but mony,
That talke your ſelves into Revenues, oh
And ere ye kill your patients, begger 'em,
Ile have ye flead, and dride.
Pro. The Villaine Sir;
The moſt accurſed wretch.
Emp. Be gon my Queene,
This is no ſight for thee: goe to the Veſtalls,
Caſt holy incenſe in the fire, and offer
One powerfull ſacrifice to free thy *Cæſar.*
Pro. Goe Goe and be happy. *——Exit Eudoxa.*
Aretus. Goe, but give no eaſe,
The Gods have ſet thy laſt houre *Valentinian*,
Thou art but man, a bad man too, a beaſt,
And like a ſenſuall bloudy thing thou dieſt.
Pro. Oh——Traitor.
Are. Curſe your ſelves ye flatterers,
And howle your miſeries to come ye wretches,
You taught him to be poyſond,
Emp. Yet no comfort?
Aret. Be not abuſd with Prieſts, nor Pothecaries,
They cannot help thee: Thou haſt now to live
A ſhort halfe houre, no more, and I ten minutes;
I gave thee poyſon for *Aecius* ſake,
Such a deſtroying poyſon would kill nature;
And for thou ſhalt not die alone, I took it.
If mankind had bin in thee at this murder,
No more to people earth again, the wings
Of old time clipt for ever, reaſon loſt,
In what I had attempted, yet ô *Cæſar*
To purchaſe faire revenge, I had poyſond them too.
Emp. Oh villaine: *I* grow hotter, hotter,
Are. Yes;
But not neere my heate yet; what thou feel'ſt now,
Marke me with horror *Cæſar*, are but Embers
Of luſt and leachery thou haſt committed:
But there be flames of murder.
Emp. Fetch out tortures.
Are. Doe, and ile flatter thee, nay more ile love thee:
Thy tortures to what now I ſuffer *Cæſar*,
At which thou muſt arrive too, ere thou dy'eſt,
Are lighter, and more full of mirth then laughter.
Emp. Let 'em alone: I muſt drink.
Are. Now be mad.
But not neere me yet.
Emp. Hold me, hold me, hold me,
Hold me; or I ſhall burſt elſe.
Are. See me *Ceſar*,
And ſee to what thou muſt come for thy murder;
Millions of womens labours, all diſeaſes.
Emp. Oh my afflicted ſoule too,
Are. Womens feares, horrors,
Deſpaires, and all the Plagues the hot Sunne breeds.——
Emp. *Æcius*, ô *Æcius*: ô *Lucyna*,
Are. Are but my torments ſhadowes.
Emp. Hide me mountaines;
The gods have found my ſinnes:
Now breake.
Are. Not yet Sir;
Thou haſt a pull beyond all theſe.
Emp. Oh hell,
Oh villaine, curſed villaine:
Are. O brave villaine,
My poyſon dances in me at this deed:
Now *Ceſar*, now behold me, this is torment,
And this is thine before thou dieſt, I am wildfire:
The brazen Bull of *Phalaris* was feignd,
The miſeries of ſoules deſpiſing Heaven,
But Emblems of my torments.
Emp. Oh quench me, quench me, quench me.
Are. Fire a flattery;
And all the Poets tales of ſad *Avernus*,
To my paines leſſe then fictions: Yet to ſhew thee
What conſtant love I bore my murdred maſter;
Like a Southwind, I have ſung through all theſe tempeſts
My heart, my witherd heart, feare, feare thou Monſter,
Feare the juſt gods, I have my peace.—— *He dies.*
Emp. More drinke,
A thouſand Aprill ſhowres fall in my boſom:
How dare ye let me be tormented thus?
Away with that prodigious body, gods,
Gods, let me aske ye what I am, ye lay
All your inflictions on me, heare me, heare me;
I doe confeſſe I am a raviſher,
A murderer, a hated *Ceſar*; oh,
Are there not vowes enough, and flaming Altars;
The fat of all the world for ſacrifice,

And where that failes, the blood of thouſand captives
To purge thoſe ſins? but I muſt make the incenſe:
I do deſpiſe ye all, ye have no mercy,
And wanting that, ye are no Gods, your paroale
Is only preach'd abroad to make Fooles fearfull,
And women made of awe, beleeve your heaven:
Oh torments, torments, torments, paines above paines,
If ye be any thing but dreames, and gheſts,
and truly hold the guidance of things mortall;
Have in your ſelves times paſt, to come, and preſent,
Faſhion the ſoules of men, and make fleſh for 'em,
Waighing our fates, and fortunes beyond reaſon,
Be more then all the Gods, great in forgiveneſſe,
Breake not the goodly frame ye build in anger;
For you are things men teach us, without paſſions,
Give me an howre to know ye in: Oh ſave me
But ſo much perfect time ye make a ſoule in,
Take this deſtruction from me; no ye cannot,
The more I would beleeve ye, more I ſuffer,
My braines are aſhes, now my heart, my eyes freinds;
I go, I goe, more aire, more aire; I am mortall.——*He dyes.*

Pro. Take in the body: oh *Lycinius*,
The miſery that we are left to ſuffer;
No pitty ſhall find us,

Licini. Our lives deſerve none:
Would I were chain'd againe to ſlavery,
With any hope of life.

Pro. A quiet grave,
Or a conſumption now *Lycinius*,
That we might be too poore to kill, were ſomething.

Lycini. Let's make our beſt uſe, we have mony *Proculus*,
And if that cannot ſave us, we have ſwords.

Pro. Yes, but we dare not dye.

Lyc. I had forgot that:
There's other countries then.

Pro. But the ſame hate ſtill,
Of what we are.

Lyci. Think any thing, Ile follow——*Enter a Meſſenger.*

Pro. How now what newes?

Meſſ. Shift for your ſelves, ye are loſt elſe:
The Souldier is in armes for great *Æcius*,
And their Lievtenant generall that ſtopt 'em,
Cut in a thouſand peeces: they march hither:
Beſide, the women of the Towne have murderd
Phorba, and looſe *Ardelia*, *Cæſars* ſhe-Bawdes.

Lyci. Then here's no ſtaying *Proculus*?

Pro. O *Cæſar*,
That we had never known thy luſts: Lets fly,
And where we find no womans man lets dye.——*Exeunt*

Scæn. 3. *Enter Maximus.*

Max. Gods, what a ſluce of blood have I let open!
My happy ends are come to birth, he's dead,
And I reveng'd; the Empires all a fire,
And deſolation everywhere inhabits:
And ſhall I live that am the author of it,
To know Rome from the awe o'th world, the pitty?
My freinds are gone before too of my ſending,
And ſhall I ſtay? is ought elſe to be liv'd for?
Is there an other freind, an other wife,
Or any third holds halfe their worthyneſſe,
To linger here alive for? Is not vertue
In their two everlaſting ſoules departed,
And in their bodies firſt flame fled to heaven?
Can any man diſcover this, and love me?
For though my juſtice were as white as truth,
My way was crooked to it, that condemnes me:
And now *Æcius*, and my honored Lady,
That were preparers to my reſt and quiet,
The lines to lead me to *Elizium*:
You that but ſtept before me, on aſſurance
I would not leave your freindſhip unrewarded,
Firſt ſmile upon the ſacrifice I have ſent ye,
Then ſee me comming boldly: ſtay, I am fooliſh,
Somewhat too ſuddaine to mine own deſtruction,
This great end of my vengance may grow greater:
Why may not I be *Cæſar*? Yet no dying;
Why ſhould not I catch at it? fooles and children
Have had that ſtrength before me, and obtaind it,
And as the danger ſtands, my reaſon bids me,
I will, I dare; my deare freinds pardon me,
I am not fit to dye yet if not *Cæſar*;
I am ſure the Souldier loves me, and the people,
And I will forward, and as goodly Cedars
Rent from *Oeta* by a ſweeping tempeſt
Winted againe and made tall maſſes, defie
Thoſe angry winds that ſplit 'em, ſo will I
new peece againe, above the fate of women,
And made more perfect far, then growing privat,
Stand and defie bad fortunes: If I riſe,
My wife was raviſh'd well; If then I fall,
My great attempt honors my Funerall.——*Exit.*

Scæn. 4. *Enter 3 Senators, and Affranius.*

1. Guard all the poſternes to the Camp *Affranius*,
And ſee 'em faſt, we ſhall be rifled elſe,
Thou art an honeſt, and a worthy Captaine.

2. Promiſe the Souldier any thing,

3. Speake gently,
And tell 'em we are now in councell for 'em.
Labouring to chooſe a *Cæſar* fit for them,
A Souldier, and a giver.

1. Tell 'em further,
Their free and liberall voices ſhall go with us.

2. Nay more, a negative ſay we allow 'em.

3. And if our choice diſpleaſe 'em, they ſhall name him,

1. Promiſe three donatives, and large, *Affranius.*

2. And *Cæſar* once elected, preſent foes,
With diſtribution of all neceſſaries,
Corne, Wine, and Oyle.

3. New garments, and new Armes,
And equall portions of the Provinces
To them, and to their families for ever.

1. And ſee the City ſtrengthned.

Affra. I ſhall do it,——————*Exit Affranius.*

2. *Sempronius*, theſe are wofull times.

3. O *Brutus*,
We want thy honeſty againe; theſe *Cæſars*,
What noble Conſuls got with blood, in blood
Conſume againe, and ſcatter.

1. Which way ſhall we?

2. Not any way of ſafety I can thinke on.

3. Now go our Wives ro ruin, and our daughters,
And wee beholders *Fulvius.*

1. Every thing
Is every mans that will.

2. The veſtalls now
Muſt only feed the Souldiers fire of luſt,
And ſenſuall Gods be glutted with thoſe Offerings,
Age like the hidden bowels of the earth,
Open'd wirh ſwords for Treaſure.
Gods defend us,

We are chaffe before their fury elſe.
2. Away,
Let's to the Temples.
1. To the Capitoll,
Tis not a time to pray now, let's be ſtrengthend——*Enter*
3. How now *Affranius*: what good news, *Affranius.*
Affr. A *Ceſar*:
1. Oh who?
Affr. Lord *Maximus* is with the Souldier,
And all the Camp rings, *Ceſar, Ceſar, Ceſar*:
He forcd the Empreſſe with him for more honour.
2. A happy choice: let's meet him.
3. Bleſſed fortune;
1. Away, away, make room there, room there, room.
——*Exeunt Senators, Flouriſh.*
Within. Lord *Maximus* is *Ceſar, Ceſar, Ceſar*;
Haile *Ceſar Maximus.*
Affr. Oh turning people!
Oh people excellent in war, and governd,
In peace more raging then the furious North,
When he ploughes up the Sea, and makes him brine:
Or the lowd falls of *Nile*; *I* muſt give way,
Although I neither love nor hope this. *Ceſar flouriſh.*
Or like a rotten bridge that dares a current,
When he is ſweld and high crackt, and farwell.
Enter Maximus, Eudoxa, Senat. and Souldiers.
Sen. Roome for the Emperor.
Sold. Long life to *Ceſar*:
Affr. Haile *Ceſar Maximus.*
Emp. Max. Your hand *Affranius.*
Lead to the Pallace, there my thanks in generall,
Ile ſhowre among ye all: gods give me life,
Firſt to defend the Empire, then you Fathers,
And valiant friends, the heires of ſtrength and vertue,
The rampires of old *Rome*, of us the refuge;
To you I open this day all I have,
Even all the hazard that my youth hath purchaſ'd,
Ye are my children, family, and friends
And ever ſo reſpected ſhall be, forward.
Ther's a Preſcription grave *Sempronius*,
Gainſt all the flatterers, and lazie Bawdes
Led looſe-liv'd *Valentinian* to his vices,
See it effected; ———*Flouriſh.*
Sen. Honour wait on *Ceſar.*
Sold. Make room for *Ceſar* there——*Exeunt all but Affr.*
Affr. Thou haſt my feares,
But *Valentinian* keeps my vowes: oh gods,
Why doe we like to feed the greedy Raven
Of theſe blowne men, that muſt before they ſtand,
And fixt in eminence, caſt life on life,
And trench their ſafeties in with wounds, and bodies?
Wel froward *Rome*, thou wilt grow weak with changing
And die without an Heire, that lov'ſt to breed
Sonnes for the killing hate of ſons: for me,
I only live to find an enemy. ———*Exit.*

Scæn. 5. *Enter Paulus (a Poet) and Lycippus, (a Gent.)*

Pau. When is the Inauguration?
Lyc. Why to morrow.
Paul. T'will be ſhort time.
Lyc. Any deviſe that's hanſom,
A *Cupid*, or the God o'th place will doe it,
Where he muſt take the Faſces.
Pau. Or a Grace.
Lyc. A good Grace ha's no fellow.
Pau. Let me ſee,
Wil not his name yeeld ſomthing? *Maximus*
By'th way of Anagram? I have found out *Axis*,
You know he beares the Empire.
Lyc. Get him wheeles too,
T'will be a cruell carriage elſe.
Pau. Some ſongs too.
Lyc. By any meanes ſome ſongs: but very ſhort ones,
And honeſt language *Paulus*, without burſting,
The ayre will fall the ſweeter.
Pau. A Grace muſt doe it.
Lyc. Why let a Grace then.
Pau. Yes it muſt be ſo;
And in a robe of blew too, as I take it.
Lyc. This poet is a little kin to'th Painter
That could paint nothing but a ramping Lion,
So all his learned fancies are blew Graces.
Pau. What think ye of a Sea-nymph, and a heaven?
Lyc. Why what ſhold ſhe do there man? ther's no water.
Pau. By'th maſſe that's true, it muſt be a grace, and yet
Me thinkes a Rain-bow.
Luy. And in blew,
Pau. Oh yes;
Hanging in arch above him, and i'th midle
Lyc. A ſhowre of raine.
Pau. No, no, it muſt bee a Grace,
Lyc. Why prethee Grace him then.
Pau. Or *Orpheus*,
Comming from hell.
Lyc. In blew too.
Pau. Tis the better;
And as he riſes, full of fires.
Lyc. Now bleſſe us,
Will not that ſpoile his Lute ſtrings *Paulus*?
Pau. Singing,
And croſſing of his armes.
Lyc. How can he play then?
Pau. It ſhall be a Grace, ile doe it:
Lyc. Prethee doe,
And with as good a grace as thou canſt poſſible;
Good fury *Paulus*, be i'th morning with me,
And pray take meaſure of his mouth that ſpeaks it. *Exeunt*

Scæn. 6. *Enter Maximus and Eudoxa.*

Max. Come my beſt lov'd *Eudoxa*: Let the Souldier
Want neither Wine nor any thing he calls for,
And when the Senat's ready, give us notice;
In the meane time leave us,
Oh my deere ſweet.
Eud. Is't poſſible your Grace
Should undertake ſuch dangers for my beauty,
If it were excellent?
Max. By heaven tis all
The world has left to bragge of.
Eud. Can a face
Long ſince bequeath'd to wrinkles with my ſorrowes,
Long ſince razd out o'th book of youth and pleaſure,
Have power to make the ſtrongeſt man o'th Empire,
Nay the moſt ſtaid, and knowing what is woman:
The greateſt aym of perfectneſſe men liv'd by,
The moſt true conſtant lover of his wedlock,
Such a ſtill blowing beauty, earth was proud of,
Looſe ſuch a noble wife, and wilfully;
Himſelfe prepare the way, nay make the rape.
Did ye not tell me ſo?
Max. Tis true *Eudoxa.*
Eud. Lay deſolate his deereſt peece of friendſhip,
Break his ſtrong helme he ſteerd by, ſinke that vertue,
That valour, that even all the gods can give us,

Without whom he was nothing, with whom worthieſt,
Nay more arive at *Ceſar*, and kill him too,
And for my ſake? either ye love too deerly,
Or deeply ye diſſemble Sir?
Max. I doe ſo;
And till I am more ſtrengthend, ſo I muſt doe;
Yet would my joy, and wine had faſhiond out
Some ſafer lye: Can theſe things be *Eudoxa*,
And I diſſemble? Can there be but goodneſſe
And onely thine deer Lady, any end,
Any imagination but a loſt one,
Why I ſhould run this hazard? O thou vertue!
Were it to doe againe, and *Valentinian*
Once more to hold thee ſinfull *Valentinian*,
In whom thou wert ſet, as pearles are in ſalt Oyſters,
As Roſes are in ranck weeds, I would find,
Yet to thy ſacred ſelfe a deerer danger,
The God's know how I honour thee.
Eud. What love Sir?
Can I returne for this, but my obedience;
My life, if ſo you pleaſe, and tis too little.
Max. Tis too much to redeem the world.
Eud. From this houre,
The ſorrowes for my dead Lord, faryewell,
My living Lord has dride ye; And in token,
As Emperor this day I honor ye,
And the great caſter new of all my wiſhes,
The wreath of living Lawrell, that muſt compaſſe
That ſacred head, *Eudoxa* makes for *Ceſar*:
I am me thinkes too much in love with fortune;
But with you ever Royall Sir my maker,
The once more Summer of me, meere in love,
Is poore expreſſion of my doting.
Max. Sweeteſt,
Eud. Now of my troth ye have bought me deere Sir;
Max. No,
Had I at loſſe of mankinde —*Enter a Meſſenger.*
Eud. Now ye flatter.
Meſſ. The Senat waites your Grace,
Max. Let'em come on,
And in a full forme bring the ceremony:
This day *I* am your ſervant (deere) and proudly,
Ile weare your honoured favour.
Eud. May it prove ſo. ——*Exeunt.*

Scæn. 7. *Enter Paulus, and Lycippus.*

Lyc. Is your Grace done?
Pau. Tis done.
Lyc. Who ſpeakes?
Pau. A Boy:
Lyc. A dainty blew Boy *Paulus*?
Pau. Yes;
Lyc. Have ye viewed
The worke above?
Pau. Yes, and all up, and ready:
Lyc. The Empreſſe does you ſimple honour *Paulus*,
The wreath your blew Grace muſt preſent, ſhe made.
But harke ye, for the Souldiers?
Pau. That's done too:
Ile bring 'em in I warrant ye.
Lyc. A Grace too?
Pau. The ſame Grace ſerves for both.
Lyc. About it then:
I muſt to'th Cupbord; and bee ſure good *Paulus*
Your Grace be faſting, that he may hang cleanly:
If there ſhould need an other voice, what then?
Paul. Ile hang an other Grace in,
Lyc. Grace be with ye.——*Exeunt.*

Scæn. 2. *Enter in ſtate Maximus, Eudoxa, with Souldiers and Gentlemen of Rome, the Senators, and Rods and Axes borne before them.*

A Synnet with Trumpets.
With a Banket prepard, with Hoboies, Muſicke, Song, wreath.

Sen. Semp. 3. Haile to thy imperiall honour ſacred *Ceſar*,
And from the old *Rome* take theſe wiſhes;
You holy gods, that hitherto have held
As juſtice holds her Ballance equall poyſd,
This glory of our Nation, this full *Roman*,
And made him fit for what he is, confirme him:
Looke on this Son ô *Iupiter* our helper,
And *Romulus*, thou Father of our honour,
Preſerve him like thy ſelfe, juſt, valiant, noble,
A lover, and increaſer of his people,
Let him begin with *Numa*, ſtand with *Cato*,
The firſt five yeares of *Nero* be his wiſhes,
Give him the age and fortune of *Emelius*,
And his whole raigne, renew a great *Auguſtus*.

SONG.

Honour that is ever living,
Honour that is ever giving,
Honour that ſees all and knowes,
Both the ebbs of man and flowes,
Honour that rewards the beſt,
Sends thee thy rich labours reſt;
Thou haſt ſtudied ſtill to pleaſe her,
Therefore now ſhe calls thee Ceſar:
Chorus, *Hayle, hayle,* Cæſar, *hayle and ſtand,*
And thy name out live the Land,
Noble fathers to his browes,
Bind this wreath with thouſand vows.
All. Stand to eternity:
Max. I thank ye fathers,
And as I rule, may it ſtil grow or wither:
Now to the bancket, ye are all my gueſts,
This day be liberall friends, to wine we give it;
And ſmiling pleaſures: Sit my Queen of beauty;
Fathers your places: Theſe are faire Wars Souldiers,
And thus I give the firſt charge to ye all;
You are my ſecond (ſweet) to every cup,
I adde unto the Senat, a new honour,
And to the ſonnes of *Mars* a donative.

SONG.

God Lizus *ever young,*
Ever honourd, ever ſung;
Staind with bloud of luſty Grapes,
In a thouſand luſty ſhapes;
Dance upon the Mazers brim,
In the Crimſon liquor Swim
From thy plenteous hand divine,
Let a River runne with Wine;
God of youth, let this day here,
Enter neither care nor feare.
Boy. Bellonia's ſeed, the glory of old *Rome*,
Envie of conquerd Nations, nobly come
And to the fulneſſe of your warlike noyce,
Let your feete move, make up this houre of joyes;
Come, come I ſay, range your faire Troop, at large,
And your hy meaſure turne into a charge.
Semp. The Emperor's growne heavie with his wine,
Affr. The Senat ſtaies Sir for your thanks,

Semp. Great *Ceſar.*
Eud. I have my wiſh :
Affr. Wilt pleaſe your Grace ſpeake to him.
Eud. Yes, but he will not heare Lords.
Semp. Stir him *Lucius* ; the Senat muſt have thankes.
2. *Sen. Luc.* Your Grace, Sir *Ceſar* ;
Eud. Did I not tell you he was well : he's dead,
Semp. Dead ? treaſon, guard the Court, let no man paſſe,
Souldiers, your *Ceſars* murdred.
Eud. Make no tumult,
Nor arme the Court, ye have his killer with ye ;
And the juſt cauſe, if ye can ſtay the hearing :
I was his death ; That wreath that made him *Ceſar*,
Has made him earth.
Sold. Cut her in thouſand peeces.
Eud. Wiſe men would know the reaſon firſt : to die,
Is that I wiſh for *Romans*, and your ſwords,
The heavieſt way of death : yet Souldiers grant me
That was your Empreſſe once, and honour by ye ;
But ſo much time to tell ye why I killd him,
And waigh my reaſons well, if man be in you ;
Then if ye dare doe cruelly condemne me.
Affr. Heare her ye noble *Romans*, Tis a woman,
A ſubject not for ſwords, but pitty : Heaven
If ſhe be guilty of malitious murder,
H'as given us lawes to make example of her,
If only of revenge, and bloud hid from us,
Let us conſider firſt, then execute.
Semp. Speake bloudy woman.
Eud. Yes ; This *Maximus*,
That was your *Ceſar*, Lords, and noble Souldiers ;
(And if I wrong the dead, heaven periſh me ;
Or ſpeake to wyn your favours but the truth)
Was to his Country, to his friends, and *Ceſar*
A moſt malitious Traytor.
Semp. Take heed woman.
Eud. I ſpeake not for compaſſion. Brave *Æcius*
(Whoſe bleſſed ſoule if I lye ſhall afflict me,)
The man that all the world lov'd, you adoard,
That was the maſter peece of Armes, and bounty ;
Mine own griefe ſhal come laſt : this friend of his,
This Souldier, this your right Arme noble *Romans* :
By a baſe letter to the Emperor ;
Stufft full of feares, and poore ſuggeſtions,
And by himſelfe, unto himſelfe directed ;
Was cut off baſely, baſely, cruelly ;
Oh loſſe, ô innocent, can ye now kill me ?
And the poore ſtale my Noble *Lord*, that knew not
More of this villaine, then his forcd feares ;
Like one foreſeene to ſatisfie, dy'd for it :
There was a murder too, *Rome* would have bluſh at ;
Was this worth being *Ceſar*? or my patience? nay his wiſe
By heaven he told it me in wine, and joy ;
And ſwore it deeply, he himſelfe prepard
To be abuſd, how ? let me grieve not tell ye ;
And weep the ſins that did yet : and his end
Was only me, and *Ceſar* : But me he lyd in ;
Theſe are my reaſons *Romans*, and my ſoule
Tells me ſufficient ; and my deed is juſtice :
Now as I have done well, or ill, look on me.
Affr. What leſſe could nature doe, what leſſe had we (done,
Had we knowne this before ? *Romans*, ſhe is righteous ;
And ſuch a peece of juſtice, heaven muſt ſmile on :
Bend all your ſwords on me, if this diſpleaſe ye,
For I muſt kneele, and on this vertuous hand ;
Seale my new joy and thankes, thou haſt done truly.
Semp. Vp with your arms, ye ſtrike a Saint els *Romans*,
May'ſt thou live ever ſpoken our protector :
Rome yet has many noble heires : Let's in
And pray before we chooſe, then plant a *Ceſar*
Above the reach of envie, blood, and murder.
Affr. Take up the body, nobly to his urne,
And may our ſinnes, and his together burne.——*Exeunt.*
A dead March.

Epilogue

EPILOGVE.

We would faine pleaſe yee, and as faine be pleaſd;
Tis but a little liking, both are eaſd:
Wee have your money, and you have our ware,
And to our underſtanding good and faire:
For your owne wiſdomes ſake, be not ſo mad,
To acknowledge ye have bought things deere and bad:
Let not a brack 'th ſtuffe, or here and there,
The fading gloſſe, a generall loſſe appeare:
We know yee take up worſe Commodities,
And deerer pay, yet thinke your bargains wiſe;
Wee know in Meate and Wine, yee fling away
More time and wealth, which is but deerer pay,
And with the Reckoning all the pleaſure loſt.
We bid yee not unto repenting coſt:
The price is eaſie, and ſo light the Play,
That ye may new digeſt it every day.
Then noble friends, as yee would chooſe a Miſtris,
Only to pleaſe the eye a while and kiſſe,
Till a good wife be got: So let this Play
Hold yee a while, untill a better may.

THE FAIRE MAIDE OF THE INNE.

Actus primus. Scæna prima.

Enter Cæſario, and Clariſſa.

Ceſario. INterpret not *Clariſſa*, my true zeale (bounds
in giving you councell, to tranſcend the
That ſhould confine a brother; tis your honour,
And peace of mind (which honour laſt will leave you)
I labour to preſerve, and though you yet are
Pure and untainted, and reſolve to be ſo:
Having a Fathers eye, and Mothers care
In all your wayes to keep you faire, and upright.
In which reſpects my beſt advices muſt
Appeare ſuperfluous; yet ſince love deere ſiſter
Will ſometimes tender things unneceſſary,
Miſconſter not my purpoſe.

Clariſ. Sir, I dare not:
But ſtill receive it as a large addition,
To the much that I already ſtand ingagd for,
Yet pardon me, though I profeſſe upon
A true examination of my ſelfe,
Even to my private thoughts *I* cannot finde
(Having ſuch ſtrong ſupporters to uphold me)
On what ſlight ground the leaſt doubt can be raiſd
To render me ſuſpected I can fall,
Or from my fame or vertue.

Caſar. Far be it from me,
To nouriſh ſuch a thought; and yet excuſe me,
As you would doe a lapidary, whoſe whole fortunes
Depend upon the ſafety of one Iewell
If he think no caſe pretious enough
To keep it in full luſtre nor no locks,
Though lending ſtrength to Iron doores ſufficient
To gard it, and ſecure him; you to me are
A Gemme of more eſteeme, and prizd higher
Then Vſurers doe their muck, or great men title.
And any flaw (which heaven avert) in you,
(Whoſe reputation like a Diamond
Cut newly from the rock, women with envie,
And men with covetous deſires look up at)
By prying eyes diſcovered, in a moment
Would render what the braveries of *Florence*
For want of counterpoize, forbeare to cheapen,
Of little or no value.

Clariſ. I ſee brother
The mark you ſhoot at, and much thank your love;
But for my Virgin Iewell which is brought
In compariſon with your Diamond, reſt aſſurd
It ſhall not fall in ſuch a workmans hands
Whoſe Ignorance or Malice ſhall have power
To caſt one cloud upon it, but ſtill keep
Her native ſplendor.

Ceſario. Tis well, I commend you;
And ſtudy your advancement with that care
As *I* would doe a Siſters, whom I love
With more then common order. ardor

Clariſ. That from me,
I hope's returnd to you.

Ceſario. I doe confeſſe it,
Yet let me tell you (but ſtill with that love,
I wiſh to increaſe between us) that you are
Obſervd againſt the gravity long maintaind
In *Jtaly* (where to ſee a mayd unmaskd
Is held a blemiſh) to be over frequent
In giving or receiving viſits.

Clari. How?

Ceſar. Whereas the cuſtome is here to wooe by picture,
And never ſee the ſubſtance: you are faire,
And beauty drawes temptations on; You know it,
I would not live to ſay a willing grant
From you to one unworthy of your birth,
Feature or fortune; yet there have been Ladies
Of ranck, proportion, and of meanes beyond you,
That have prov'd this no miracle.

Clariſ. One unworthy?
Why pray you gentle brother, who are they
That *I* vouchſafe theſe bounties to? I hope
In your ſtrict Criticiſme of me, and my manners;
That you will not deny they are your equalls.

Ceſar. Angry?

Clariſ, I have reaſon, but in cold bloud tell me,
Had we not one Father?

Ceſar, Yes, and Mother to.

Clariſ. And he a Souidier,

Ceſar. True;

Clariſ; If I then borrow
A little of the boldneſſe of his temper,
Imparting it to ſuch as may deſerve it;
(How ere indulgent to your ſelves, you brothers
Allow no part of freedome to your ſiſters)
I hope 'twill not paſſe for a crime in me,
To grant acceſſe and ſpeech to noble ſuitors;
And you eſcape for innocent, that deſcend
To a thing ſo far beneath you. Are you touchd?
Why did you think that you had *Giges* ring,
Or the herbe that gives inviſibility?
Or that *Bianchas* name had ne'r bin mentiond;
The faire mayd of the grand Oſteria brother.

Cæſario. No more.

Clariſ. A little brother. Your night walkes,

And offerd preſents; which coy ſhe contemnd,
Your combats in diſguiſes with your rivalls,
Brave *Muletiers*. Scullions perſum'd with greaſe,
And ſuch as cry meat for Cats muſt be rememberd;
And all this pother for a common trull,
A tempting ſigne, and curiouſly ſet forth,
To draw in riotous gueſts, a thing expoſd
To every Ruffians rude aſſault; and ſubject
For a poore ſalary, to a rich mans luſt,
Though made up of diſeaſes.
Cæſar. Will you end yet?
Clariſ. And this a Miſtris for *Albertus* ſonne,
One that I ſhould call ſiſter?
Cæſar. Part not with
Your modeſty in this violent heate; the truth is,
(For you ſhall be my Confeſſor) I love her,
But vertuouſly; report that gives her out
Only for faire, and adds not ſhe is chaſt,
Detracts much from her: for indeed ſhe is,
Though of a low condition; compoſd
Of all thoſe graces, dames of higheſt birth,
Though rich in natures bounties, ſhould be proud of;
But leave her, and to you my neereſt care,
My deareſt beſt *Clariſſa*. Doe not think
(For then you wrong me) I wiſh you ſhould live
A barren Virgin life; I rather ayme at
A noble husband, that may make you mother
Of many children, one that when I know him
Worth your embraces, I may ſerve, and ſue to:
And therefore ſcorne not to acquaint me with
That man, that happy man; you pleaſe to favour.
Clariſ. I ever purpoſd it, for I will like
With your allowance:
Ceſar. As a pawne of this;
Receive this ring, but ere you part with it
On any tearmes, be certaine of your choice;
And make it knowne to me.

Enter Servants with lights, Alberto, Baptiſta,
Mariana, Mentivole.

Clariſ. You have my hand for't;
Ceſar. Which were it not my ſiſters, I ſhould kiſſe
With too much heate.
Clariſ. My Father, and his gueſts Sir.
Alber. O my old friend, my tryde friend; my *Baptiſta*:
Theſe dayes of reſt, and feaſting, ſute not with
Our tougher natures, thoſe were golden ones,
Which were enjoyd at Sea; thats our true Mother:
The Land's to us a ſtepdame; there we ſought
Honour, and wealth through dangers; yet thoſe dangers
Delighted more then their rewards, though great ones,
And worth the undertakers: here we ſtudy
The Kitchin arts, to ſharpen appetite,
Dulde with abundance, and diſpute with Heaven;
If that the leaſt puffe of the rough Northwinde,
Blaſt our times burthen, rendring to our Palats
The charming juice leſſe pleaſing; whereas there
If we had bisket, powderd fleſh, freſh water:
We thought them *Perſian* delicates, and for muſicke
If a ſtrong gale but made the maine yard cracke,
We dancde to the lowd minſtrell.
Baptiſt. And feard leſſe,
(So far we were in love with noble action)
A tempeſt then a calme.
Alber. Tis true *Baptiſta*;
There, there, from mutuall aydes lent to each other,
And vertuous emulation to exceed
In manly daring, the true ſchoole of friendſhip,
We learnt thoſe principles, which confirmd us friends
Never to be forgot.
Baptiſt. Never I hope. (Cannon,
Albor. We were married there, for bells the roring
A loud proclaimd it lawfull, and a prize
Then newly tane and equally divided,
Servd as a dowry to you, then ſtild my wife;
And did enable me to be a husband,
Fit to encounter ſo much wealth though got
With bloud and horror.
Maria. If ſo got, tis fit Sir
Now you poſſeſſe it, that you ſhould enjoy it
In peace, and quiet; I, your ſonne, and daughter
That reape the harveſt of your winters labour,
Though debtors for it yet have often trembled,
When in way of diſcourſe, you have related
How you came by it.
Alber. Trembled? how the ſoftneſſe
Of your ſex may excuſe you, Ile not argue,
But to the world, how ere I hold thee noble
I ſhould proclaime this boy ſome cowards baſtard,
And not the Image of *Albertus* youth:
If when ſome wiſhd occaſion calls him forth,
To a brave tryall, one weake artery
Of his ſhould ſhow a feaver, though grim death
Put on a thouſand dreadfull ſhapes to fright him;
The Elements, the ſea and all the windes
We number on our compaſſe, then conſpiring
To make the Scæn more ghaſtly; I muſt have thee
Sirra, I muſt. If once you graple with
An enemies ſhip, to boord her, though you ſee
The deſperat Gunner ready to give fire,
And blow the deck up, or like *Ceſars* Souldiour
Thy hands like his cut off, hang by the teeth,
And die undanted.
Maria. I even dye to heare you:
My ſonne, my lov'd *Ceſario* runne ſuch hazards?
Bleſd Saints forbid it: you have done enough
Already for one family, that rude way;
Ile keep him ſafe at home, and traine him up
A compleat Courtier: may I live to ſee him,
By ſweet diſcourſe, and gracious demeanor,
Winne, and bring home a faire wife, and a rich;
Tis all I reſt ambitious of.
Alber. A Wife!
As if there were a courſe to purchaſe one
Prevailing more then honourable action?
Or any *I*nterceſſors move ſo farre,
To take a Miſtris of a noble ſpirit,
As the true fame of glorious victories,
Achievd by ſweat and bloud! ô the brave dames
Of warlike *Genoa*! they had eyes to ſee
The inward man, and only from his worth,
Courage, and conqueſts: the blind Archer knew
To head his ſhafts, or light his quenched torch,
They were proofe againſt them elſe.
No Carpet Knight
That ſpent his youth in groves, or pleaſant bowers;
Or ſtretching on a Couch his lazy limbes,
Sung to his Lute ſuch ſoft and melting notes,
As *Ovid*, nor *Anacreon* ever knew,
Could work on them, nor once bewitch their ſenſe;
Though he came ſo perfumd as he had robd
Sabæa, or *Arabia*, of their wealth;
And ſtord it in one ſute:
I ſtill remember,
And ſtill remember it with joy *Baptiſta*,

When from the reſceu of the *Genoa* fleete,
Almoſt ſurprizd by the *Venetian* Gallies,
Thou didſt returne, and wert receivd in triumph.
How lovely in thy honord wounds and ſcars
Thou didſt appeare? what worlds of amorous glances
The beauties of the City (where they ſtood,
Fix'd like ſo many of the faireſt ſtarrs)
Shot from their windowes at thee? how it firde
Their blouds to ſee the Enemies captive ſtreames
Borne through the ſtreets? nor could chaſt *Juliana*
The Dukes faire *Neece*, though garded with their greatneſſe
Reſiſt this gallant charge, but laying by
Diſparity of fortune from the object,
Yeelded her ſelfe thy priſoner.
Bap. Pray you chuſe ſome other theame.
Mari. Can there be one more pleaſing?
Bap. That triumph drew on me a greater torture,
And tis in the remembrance little leſſe
Then ever Captive ſufferd.
Mari. How? to gaine the favour of ſo great a Lady?
Bap. Yes, ſince it prov'd fatall, t'have bin happy Madam
Adds to calamity, and the heavie loſſe
Of her I durſt not hope for once injoyd,
Turnes what you thinke a bleſſing to a curſe,
Which griefe would have forgotten.
Alber. I am ſorry *I* touchd upon it.
Maria. I burne rather Sir,
With a deſire to heare the ſtory of
your loves, and ſhall receave it as a favour,
Which you may grant.
Bap. You muſt not be denyde,
Yet with all brevity I muſt report it;
Tis true faire *Iuliana* (*Genoas* pride)
Enamord of my actions, likd my perſon;
Nor could I but with joy meet her affection;
Since it was lawfull, for my firſt wife dead;
We were cloſly married, and for ſome few months
Taſted the fruits of't; but malitious fate,
Envying our too much happineſſe, wrought upon
A faithleſſe ſervant, privie to our plot,
And Cabinet Councellor to *Juliana*,
Who either for hope or reward, or feare,
Diſcoverd us to the incenſed Duke:
Whoſe rage made her cloſe priſoner, and pronounced
On me perpetuall baniſhment: ſome three yeares
I wanderd on the Seas, ſince entertaind
By the great Duke of *Florence*; but what fate
Attended her? or *Proſpero* my friend,
That ſtayd at *Genoa*, to expect the iſſue,
Is yet uncertaine. *Enter a Gentleman.*
Alber. From the Duke:
Bap. Hee's welcome, to end my forc'd relation.
Alber. Signior *Baptiſta*;
The great Dukes will commands your preſent care.
Gent. It points indeed at both of you;
Bap. I wait it.
Alber. In *Mariana*, to your reſt.
Bap. Nay leave us, we muſt be private.
Maria. Stay not long *Cæſario*:
——*Exeunt. Manet Cæſario, Mentivole.*
Mentivo. So theſe old men vaniſhd tis allowd,
That we may ſpeake, and how ſo ere they take
Delight in the diſcourſe of former dangers,
It cannot hinder us to treate a little
Of preſent pleaſures.
Cæſario. Which if well injoyd,
Will not alone continue, but increaſe
In us their friendſhip.
Ment. How ſhall we ſpend the night?
To ſnore it out like drunken Dutchmen, would
Sort ill with us *Italians*. We are made
Of other metall, fiery, quick, and active;
Shall we take our fortune? and while our cold fathers
(In whom long ſince our youthfull heates were dead,)
Talke much of *Mars*, ſerve under *Venus* Enſignes,
And ſeeke a Miſtris?
Cæſar. Thats a game deere friend,
That does admit no rivald in chaſe of it,
And either to be undertooke alone,
Or not to be attempted.
Ment. I'le not preſſe you:
What other ſports to entertaine the time with
The following morning?
Cæſar. Any that may become us.
Menti. Is the *Neapolitan* horſe the *Vireroy* ſent you,
In a fit plight to runne?
Cæſar. So my Groom tells me,
I can boaſt little of my horſmanſhip;
Yet upon his aſſurance, *I* dare wager
A thouſand Crowns, 'gainſt any horſe in *Florence*,
For an eight myle courſe.
Menti. I would not win of you,
In reſpect you are impatient of loſſe:
Elſe I durſt match him with my Barbary
For twice the ſumme.
Cæſar. You doe well to excuſe it, being certain to be beaten.
Menti. Tuſh. You know the contrary.
Ceſar. To end the controverſie.
Put it to tryall, by my life ile meete you
Enter Clariſſa.
With the next riſing ſunne.
Menti. A match. But here
Appeares a *Cynthian*, that ſcornes to borrow
A beame of light from the great eye of Heaven:
She being her ſelfe all brightneſſe; how I envie
Thoſe amorous ſmiles, thoſe kiſſes, but ſure chaſt ones
Which ſhe vouchſafes her brother?
Clariſ. You are wanton:
Pray you think me not *Biancha*, leave I pray you;
My Mother will not ſleep before ſhe ſee you,
And ſince you know her tenderneſſe, nay fondneſſe;
In every circumſtance that concernes your ſafety,
You are not equall to her.
Ceſar. I muſt leave you, but will not faile to meet you.
Menti. Soft ſleepes to you.
Within Mariana: Ceſario.
Clariſ. You are calld againe.
Ceſar. Some ſonnes
Complaine of too much rigor in their Mothers;
I of too much indulgence; you will follow.——*Exit.*
Clariſ. You are her firſt care, therefore leade the way.
Ment. She ſtaies: bleſt opportunity, ſhe ſtaies?
As ſhe invited conference, ſhe was ever
Noble, and free; but thus to tempt my frailty,
Argues a yeelding in her; or contempt
Of all that I dare offer; ſtand I now
Conſulting? No, ile put it home.
Clariſ. Who waites there? more lights.
Menti. You need them not, they are as uſelſſe,
As at noone-day; can there be darkneſſe, where
Nature then wiſely liberall, vouchſafd
To lend two Sunnes.
Clariſ. Hyperboles:
Menti. No, truths.

Truths beauteous virgin, ſo my loveſicke heart
Aſſures me, and my underſtanding tels me
I muſt approach them wiſely,ſhould I raſhly (me
Preſſe neare their ſcorching beams, they would conſume
And on the contrary ſhould your diſdaine
Keepe me at too much diſtance,and I want
Their comfortable heate, the froſt of death
Would ſeiſe on all my faculties.
Cla. Pray you pauſe ſir.
This vehemency of diſcourſe muſt elſe needs tire you.
Theſe gay words take not me, tis ſimple faith
Honeſt jntegrity, and lawſull flames
I am delighted with:
Ment. Such *I* bring with me, and thereſore Lady,
Cla. But that you tooke me off
Ere I came to a period. I had added
A long experience muſt bee requird
Both of his faith and truſt with whom a virgin
Trafficks for whats deareſt in this life,
Her libertie,and honor; I confeſſe
I oft have viewd you with an eye of favour,
And with your generous parts the many tenders
Of doing me all faire offices, have woone
A good opinion from me.
Ment. Oh ſpeake ever, I never heard ſuch muſick;
Cla, a Playne tune sir:
But tis a hearty one; when I perceive
By evident proofes, your aimes are truly noble,
And that you bring the Engines of faire love,
Not of foule luſt, to ſhake and undermine
My maiden fortreſſe: I may then make good
What now I dare not promiſe.
Ment. You already
In taking notice of my poore deſervings,
Have beene magnificent, and twill appeare
A frontleſſe Impudence to aske beyond this,
Yet qualifie, though not excuſe my error,
Though now I am ambitious to deſire
A confirmation of it.
Cla. So it wrong not my modeſty to grant it;
Ment. Tis far from me,
I only am a ſutor, you would grace me
With ſome toy, but made rich in that you wore it,
To warrant to the world that I uſurp not
When I preſume to ſtile my ſelfe your ſervant,
A riband from your ſhooe,
Cla. You are too humble,
Ile think upon't;and ſomething of more value
Shall witneſſe how I prize you, it growes late,
Ile bring you to the doore,
Ment. You ſtill more binde me, ——*Exeunt*

Ent. Duke of Florence, Alberto: Baptiſta: Magiſtrates,
And Attendants.

Duke. You finde by this aſſur'd jntelligence
The preparation of the *Turke* againſt us.
We have met him oft and beate him; now to feare him
Would argue want of courage, and *I* hold it
A ſafer policie for us and our ſignories
To charge him in his paſſage ore the ſea'
Then to expect him here.
Alb. May it pleaſe your highneſſe
Since you vouchſafe to thinke me worthy of
This great imployment, if I may deliver
My judgment freely, tis not flattery
Though I ſay my opinion waits on you,
Nor would I give my ſuffrage and conſent
To what you have propos'd, but that I know it
Worth the great ſpeaker, though that the deniall
Cald on your heavie anger. For my ſelfe
I do profeſſe thus much,if a blunt Soldier,
May borrow ſo much from the old tongu'd Courtier,
(That ecchoes what ſo ere the Prince allowes of)
All that my long experience hath taught me
That have ſpent three parts of my life at ſea,
(Let it not taſt of arrogance that I ſay it)
Could not have added reaſons of more waite
To fortifie your affections,then ſuch
As your grace out of obſervation meerly
Already have propounded.
Bap. With the honor to give the daring enemy an affront
In being the firſt oppoſer it will teach
Your Soldiers boldneſſe: and ſtrike feare in them
That durſt attempt you.
1. *Magi.* Victualls and ammunition,
And mony too the ſinewes of the war,are ſtor'd up in the
Magazine.
2. *Magi.* And the gallies new rigd and traind up.
And at two dayes waruing fit for the ſervice.
Duke. We commend your care,
Nor will we ere be wanting in Our counſailes,
As we doubt not your action; you *Baptiſta*
Shall ſtay with us; that Merchant is not wiſe
That ventures his whole fortunes in one bottome.
Albert. Be our Admirall, ſpare your thankes,
His merit in you that jnvites this honor,
Preſerve it ſuch; ere long you ſhall heare more,
Things raſhly undertaken end as ill,
But great acts thrive when reaſon guides the will.
——*Exeunt Enter* 3. *Gentlemen.*
1. No queſtion twas not well done in *Cæſario*
To croſſe the horſe of younge *Mentivole.*
In the middeſt of this courſe.
2. That was not all, the ſwitching him duld him,
3. Would that both the jades
Had broke their necks,when they firſt ſtarted; light,
We ſtand here prateing, give them leave to whiſper.
And when they have cut one anothers throats
Enter Mentivole, and Ceſario.
Make in to part em.
2. There is no ſuch hazard,
Their fathers freindſhip,and their love forbid it;
See where they come!
1. With fury in their loockes.
Ment. You have the wages, with what fowle play got
Ile not diſpute:
Cæſar. Fowle play,
Ment. I cannot ſpeak it
In a fairer language, and if ſome reſpects
Familiar to my ſelfe chaind not my tongue,
I ſhould ſay ~~no~~ more. I ſhould, but Ile ſit down,
With this diſgrace; how ere preſſe me no farther.
For if once more provokd, youl underſtand
I dare no more ſuffer an Injury
Then I dare doe one,
Cæſar. Why ſir are you injur'd
In that I take my right which I would force,
Should you detaine it?
Ment. Put it to judgement.
Cæſar. No my will in this ſhall carrie it,
Ment. Your will? nay farwell ſoftnes then.
they ſodainly drawe
3. This I foreſaw,
2. Hold hold,
Cæſar: I am hurt

2. Shiſt for your ſelfe, tis death.
Ment. As you reſpect me, beare him off with care,
If he miſcarry ſince he did the wrong,
Ile ſtand the ſhock of't.
2. Gently, he will faint elſe—— *Exeunt. Gent. with*
Ment. And ſpeedily I beſeech you; my rage over *(Cæſario*
That pourd upon my reaſon clouds of error,
I ſee my folly, and at what deare loſſe
I have exchangd a reall innocence
To gaine a meere fantaſticall report,
Tranſported only by vaine popular wind,
To bee a daring nay foole hardie man. *Ent. Baptiſta.*
But could I ſatisfie my ſelfe within here,
How ſhould I beare my fathers frowne? They meet me,
My guilt conjures him hither.
Bap. Sirra:
Mentiv. Sir:
Bap. I have met the trophies of your ruffian ſword:
Was there no other Anvile to make triall
How far thou durſt be wicked, but the boſome
Of him which under the adulterate name
Of friendſhip thou haſt murder?
Ment. Murderd ſir?
My dreams abhor ſo baſe a fact; true valor
Imployd to keepe my reputation faire
from the auſtereſt judge, can never merit
To be branded with that title; you begot me
A man, no coward; and but call your youth
To memory, when injur'd you could never
Boaſt of the Aſſes fortitude, ſlavelike patience:
And you might juſtly doubt I were your ſonne,
If I ſhould entertaine it; if *Cæſario*
Recover, as I hope his wound's not mortall,
A ſecond tryall of what I dare doe
In a juſt cauſe, ſhall give ſtrong witneſſe for me
I am the true heire to *Baptiſtas* courage
As to his other fortunes.
Baptiſt. Boy, to neither:
But on this ſtrict condition, which jntreaties
From Saints, nay Angels, ſhall not make me alter.
A friendſhip ſo began, and ſo continu'd
Betweene me and *Alberto* my beſt friend,
Your brawles ſhall not diſſolve; it is my will
And as I am thy father, I command thee,
That jnſtantly on any tearms how poore
So ere it skils not, thou deſire his pardon
And bring aſſurance to me has ſign'd it,
Or by my fathers ſoule ile never know thee:
But as a ſtranger to my blood; performe it,
And ſuddainly without reply, *I* have ſaid it.
Ment. And in it given a heavier ſentence on me
Then the moſt cruell death; you are my father
And your will to be ſervd, and not diſputed
By me that am your ſonne: but ile obey,
And though my heart ſtrings crack for't, make it known,
When you command, my faculties are your own. *Exeunt*

Actus ſecundus. Scæna prima.

Enter Alberto, Phyſition, and a Chirurgion.

Phyſ. Have patience, Noble Sir; your ſonne *Cæſario*
Will recover without queſtion.
Surgeon. A ſlight wound,
Though it peirc't his body, it hath miſs'd the vitals.
Phyſ. My life for't, he ſhall take the aire againe within
(theſe 10. *daies.*
Alber. O but from a friend,
To receive this blody meaſure from a friend!
If that a man ſhould meete a violent death
In a place where he had taken ſanctuary,
Would it not grieve him? ſuch all Florence held
Their friendſhip, and tis that which multiplyes
The injury.
Phyſi. Have patience worthy Signior.
Alber. I doe proteſt as I am man and ſoldier,
If I had buried him in a wave at ſea,
(Loſt in ſome honorable action)
I would not to the ſaltneſſe of his grave
Have added the leaſt teare; but theſe quarrels
Enter Mariana, and Clariſſa.
Bred out of game and wine, I had as lief
He ſhould have died of a ſurfeit.
Maria. Oh what comfort? How is it with our ſon Sir?
Alber. His Work-maſters
Beare in my hand here as my Lawyer does,
When I have a crackt title, or bad ſute in Law,
All ſhall goe well.
Maria. I pray you Gentl. what think you of his wound
Phyſi. Tis but a ſcratch, nothing to danger.
Clariſ. But he receiv'd it from a friend,
And the unkindneſſe tane at that, may kill him.
Mari. Let me ſee him:
Phyſi. By no meanes, he ſlumbers.
Mari. Then I cannot beleive you,
When you tell me ther'es hope of him.
Alber. Yet many Ladyes
Doe give him more faith to their Phyſition
Then to their Confeſſor.
Clariſ. O my poore loſt brother,
And friend more deere then brother.
Alber. More loud inſtruments
To diſturbe his ſlumbers I goe, goe, take Caroch:
And as you love me, you and the Girle retire
To our Summer houſe, 'ith Country; ile be with you
Within theſe two dayes.
Maria. I am yours in all things,
Though with much ſorrow to leave him. *Exeunt Maria. Clariſ.*
Alber. I pray you Gentlemen,
With beſt obſervance tend your Patient;
The loſſe of my heire Male, lies now a bleeding.
Enter Mentivole.
And think what payment his recovery. *Exeunt Phiſi-*
Shall ſhowre upon you. *tion Chirur.*
Of all men breathing,
Wherefore doe you arrive here? are you mad?
My injury begins to bleed a freſh
At ſight of you; why this affront of your
I receive more malitious then the other.
Your hurt was only danger to my ſonne:
But your ſight to mee is death; why come you hither?
Do you come to view the wounds, wch you have made?
And glory in them?
Menti. Rather worthy Sir, to powre oyle into them.
Alber. I am a Souldier Sir,
Leaſt part of Courtier, and underſtand
By your ſmooth oyle
Your preſent flattery.
Menti. Sir, for my Fathers ſake acknowledge me
To be borne a Gentleman, no ſlave; I ever
Held flatterers of that breed; do not miſconſtrue
In your diſtaſte of me, the true intent
Of my comming hither, for I doe proteſt
I doe not come to tell you I am ſorry
For your ſonnes hurt.

Alber. Not ſorry? (my fury :
Menti. No not ſorry; I have to the loweſt ebbe, loſt all
But I muſt not loſe my honeſty ; twas he
Gave heate unto the injury, which returnd
(Like a Petar ill lighted into'th boſome
Of him gave fire to't) yet I hope his hurt,
Is not ſo dangerous, but he may recover ;
When if it pleaſe him, call me to account,
For the loſſe of ſo much bloud, I ſhall be ready
To doe him noble reaſon. (dence.
Alber. You are arm'd me thinks with wondrous confi-
Menti. O with the beſt Sir ;
For I bring penitence, and ſatisfaction.
Alber. Satisfaction? Why I heard you ſay but now,
You were not ſorry for his wounds. (to you ;
Menti. Nor am I: the ſatisfaction which *I* bring Sir, is
You are a Gentleman ne'r injurd me ;
One ever lov'd my Father, the right way,
And moſt approv'd of noble amity.
Yet I have runne my ſword quite through your heart,
And ſlightly hurt your ſonne ; for't may be feard,
A griefe tane at theſe yeares for your ſonnes loſſe,
May hazard yours : And therefore I am ſent
By him that has moſt intereſt in your ſorrow ;
Who having chid me almoſt to the ruin
Of a diſheritance, for violating
So continued and ſo ſacred a friendſhip
Of 50. winters ſtanding : ſuch a friendſhip,
That ever did continue like the ſpring ;
Ne'r ſaw the fall o'th leafe ; by him *I* am ſent
To ſay the wrong I have done Sir, is to you :
And that *I* have quite loſt him for a Father,
Vntill I finde your pardon ; nay there followes
A waightier deprivation ; his eſtate
I could with a leſſe number of ſighes part with.
Fortune might attend my youth, and my deſervings
In any Climate : but a Fathers bleſſing,
To ſettle and confirme that fortune, no where ;
But only here. Your pardon, give me that ;
And when you have done, kill me ; for tis that
Takes from me the effect of excommunication ;
A Fathers heavie curſe.
Alber. Nay, may that curſe
Light on himſelfe, for ſending thee in this minute :
When I am grown as deafe to all compaſſion,
As the cruelleſt Sea fight, or moſt horrid tempeſt.
That I had drownd i'th Sea a thouſand duckets,
Thou hadſt not made this viſit : raſh young man,
Thou tak'ſt me in an ill Planet, and haſt cauſe
To curſe thy Father ; for *I* doe proteſt,
If *I* had met thee in any part o'th world,
But under my own roofe, I would have killd thee.

Within there.——*Enter Phyſitian, Chirurgion,*
and Servants.

Looke you! (Maſter.
Here's a triumph ſent for the death of your young
Serv. Shall we kill him?
Alber. No, Ile not be ſo unhoſpitable ; but Sir,
By my life, I vow to take aſſurance from you,
That right hand never more ſhall ſtrike my ſonne.
Menti. That will be eaſily proteſted. (ſeale to't.
Alber. Not eaſily, when it muſt be exacted, and a bloudy
Bind him, and cut off's right hand preſently :
Faire words ſhall never ſatisfie foule deeds.
Chop's hand off. (nour.
Menti. You cannot be ſo unrighteous, to your own ho-
Phy. O ſir, collect your ſelfe ;
And recall your bloudy purpoſe.
Alber. My intents of this nature, do ever come to action
Chirur. Then *I* muſt fetch another ſtickler.——*Exit.*
Alber. Yet I doe grieve at heart ;
And I doe curſe thy Father heartily,
That's the cauſe of my diſhonour ; ſending thee
In ſuch an houre, when I am apt for miſchiefe :
Apt as a Dutch man after a Sea-fight,
When his Enemy kneeles afore him ; come diſpatch.
Phyſ. Intreate him Noble Sir ;
Menti. You ſhall excuſe me ;
Whatſoever he dares doe, that I dare ſuffer.

Enter Ceſario, and Chirurgion.

Ceſar. Oh ſir, for honours ſake ſtay your foule purpoſe,
For if you do proceed thus cruelly,
There is no queſtion in the wound you give him,
I ſhall bleed to death for't.
Alber. Thou art not of my temper,
What I purpoſe, cannot be alterd.
Serv. Sir ; the Duke
With all ſpeed expects you. You muſt inſtantly
Ship all your followers, and to ſea.
Alber. My bleſſing ſtay with thee upon this condition,
Take away his uſe of fighting ; as thou hop'ſt
To be accounted for my ſon, perform't.——*Exit.*
Ceſar. You heare what I am injoynd too.
Menti. Pray thee take it,
Only this ring, this beſt eſteemed Iewell :
I will not give't to'th hangman chops it off ;
It is to deare a relique. *I*le remove it nearer my heart.
Ceſar. Ha, that ring's my ſiſters.
The ring I injoynd her never part withall
Without my knowledge ; come ſir, we are friends :
Pardon my fathers heate, and melancholy ;
Two violent Feavers which he caught at Sea,
And cannot yet ſhake off : only one promiſe
I muſt injoyne you to, and ſeriouſly.
Hereafter you ſhall never draw a ſword
To the prejudice of my life.
Menti. By my beſt hopes I ſhall not.
Ceſar. I pray deliver me your ſword
On that condition.
Menti. I ſhall Sir, may it hereafter
Ever fight on your part.
Ceſar. Noble Sir, I thank you ;
But for performance of your vow, I intreat
Some gage from you.
Menti. Any Sir.
Ceſar. Deliver me that ring.
Menti. Ha, this ring? indeed this Iewell bindes me,
If you knew the vertue of it, never more
To draw my ſword againſt you.
Ceſar. Therefore I will have it.
Menti. You may not.
Ceſar. Come : you muſt.
I that by violence could take your hand,
Can inforce this from you ; this is a token Sir,
That we may prove friends hereafter. *Fare you well.*
Phyſ. Why did you ceiſe his ſword Sir?
Ceſar. To perform what my Father bade me,
I have for the preſent tane away his
Vſe of fighting.
Phyſ. Better ſo,
Then take that which your Father meant.

Exeunt. Manet Mentivole.

Menti. Was ever the like uſage? ô that ring!

Dearer then life, whether is honour fled
Ceſario? Thou art unmanly in each part,
To ſeize my ſword firſt and then ſplit my heart. *Exit.*

Enter Hoſt, and Clowne.

Hoſt. Thy Maſter that lodges here in my Hoſteria,
Is a rare man of art, they ſay hee's a Witch.

Clow. A witch? Nay hee's one ſtep of the Ladder to preferment higher, he is a Conjurer?

Hoſt. Is that his higher title.

Clow. Yes, I aſſure you, for a Conjurer is the Devills Maſter, and commands him; whereas a witch is the Devills Prentice and obeys him.

Hoſt. Bound Prentice to the Devill!

Clow. Bound and inrolld I aſſure you, he cannot ſtart; and therefore I would never wiſh any Gentleman to turne Witch.

Hoſt: Why man.

Clow: Oh he looſes his gentility by it, the Devill in this caſe cannot helpe him, he muſt go to the Herald for new armes beleeve it.

Hoſt. As I am true Inkeper, yet a Gentleman borne,
Ile ne'r turne witch for that trick,
And thou haſt bin a great Traveller.

Clow. No indeed, not *I* Sir;

Hoſt. Come you are modeſt.

Clow. No I am not modeſt, for I told you a lye, that you might the better underſtand *I* have bin a traveller.

Hoſt. So ſir, they ſay your Maſter is a great Phyſitian too

Clow. He was no foole told you that, *I* aſſure you.

Hoſt. And you have beene in *England,* but they ſay Ladies in *England* take a great deale of Phyſick.

Clow. Both wayes on my reputation.

Hoſt. So tis to be underſtood:
But they ſay Ladyes there take Phyſick for faſhion.

Clow. Yes ſir, and many times dye to keep faſhion.

Hoſt. How? dye to keep faſhion!

Clow. Yes, I have knowne a Lady ſicke of the ſmall Pockets, onely to keepe her face from Pitholes, take cold, ſtrike them in againe, kick up the heeles and vaniſh.

Hoſt. There was kicking up the heeles with a witneſſe.

Clow. No Sir; *I* confeſſe a good face has many times bin the motive to the kicking up of the heeles with a witneſſe: but this was not.

Enter Hoſteſſe, and Bianca.

Hoſt. Here comes my wife and daughter.

Clow. You have a prety commodity of this night worm?

Hoſt. Why man?

Clow. She is a pretty lure to draw cuſtome to your (ordinary.

Hoſt. Doſt think I keep her to that purpoſe?

Clow. When a Dove-houſe is empty, there is cumin-ſeed uſed to purloine from the reſt of the neighbours; In *England* you have ſeverall Adamants, to draw in ſpurres and rapiers; one keeps ſilk-worms in a Gallery: A Milliner has choice of Monkies, and Paraketoes; another ſhewes bawdy Eaſt Indian Pictures, worſe than ever were *Aretines,* a Goldſmith keeps his wiſe wedged into his ſhop like a Mermaide, nothing of her to bee ſeene (thats woman) but her upper part.

Hoſt. Nothing but her upper part?

Clow. Nothing but her upper bodies, and he lives at the more hearts eaſe.

Hoſt. Whats the reaſon?

Clow. Becauſe her neather part can give no temptation; by your leave ſir, ile tend my Maſter, and inſtantly bee with you for a cup of Cherelly this hot weather.

Hoſt. A nimble pated raſcall, come hither daughter, when was *Ceſario* here?

Bian. Sir not this fortnight.

Hoſt. I doe not like his viſits, commonly
He comes by Owle-light, both the time and manner
Is ſuſpitious; I doe not like it.

Bian. Sir, the Gentleman
Is every way ſo noble, that you need not
Queſtion his intent of comming, though you did;
Pray Sir preſerve that good opinion of me,
That though the cuſtome of the place I was borne in
Makes me familiar to every gueſt,
I ſhall in all things keep my ſelfe a ſtranger
To the vices they bring with them.

Hoſtis. Right my daughter?
She has the right ſtraine of her mother.

Hoſt. Of her mother?
And I would ſpeake, I know from whence ſhe took it;
When *I* was as young I was as honeſt.

Hoſtis. Leave your prating,
And ſtudy to be drunk; and abuſe your gueſts over, and (over,

Enter Forobosco, and Clowne.

Hoſt Peace wife. My honourable gueſt,

Foro. My indeard Landlord?
And the reſt o'th complements o'th houſe.

Hoſt. Breakfaſt is ready Sir;
It waites only the tide of your ſtomack.

Clow. And mine gapes for't like a ſtale Oyſter.
Ere you goe to bed, faile not of that I pray.

—*Exeunt all but Foroboſco, and Clowne.*

Foro. We will inſtantly be with you;
Now we are all fellowes.
Nine a clock, and no clyents come
Yet, ſure thou doſt not ſet up bills enough.

Clow. *I* have ſet up bills in abundance.

Foro. What bills?

Clow. Marry for curing of all diſeaſes,
Recovery of ſtolne goods,
And a thouſand ſuch impoſſibilities.

Foro. The place is unlucky,

Clow. No certaine, tis ſcarcity of mony; doe not you here the Lawyers complain of it? men have as much malice as ever they had to wrangle, but they have no mony: whether ſhould this mony be tralaunct?

Foro. To the Devill I think.

Clow. Tis with his cofferer I am certaine, that's the Vſurer.

Foro. Our cheating does not proſper ſo well as it was wont to doe.

Clow. No ſure, why in *England* we coo'd cozen 'em as familiarly, as if we had travaild with a Briefe, or a Lotterie.

Foro. I'th Low-countries we did prety well.

Clow. So ſo, as long as we kept the Mop-headed butter-boxes ſober; marry when they were drunke, then they grew buzards: You ſhould have them reel their heads together, and deliberate; your Dutchman indeed when he is foxt, is like a Fox; for when hee's ſunke in drink, quite earth to a mans thinking, tis full Exchange time with him, then hee's ſubtleſt; but your Switzert, was nothing to cheate him.

Foro. Nothing?

Clow. No nor conſcience to bee made of it; for ſince nature afore-hand cozend him of his wit, twas the leſſe ſinne for us to cozen him of his mony.

Foro. But theſe Italians are more nimble-pated, wee muſt have ſome new trick for them, I proteſt but that our Hoſtiſſe daughter is a ſweet laſſe, and drawes great reſort to'th houſe, we were as good draw teeth a horſeback.

Clow. I told 'em in the Market place you could conjure, and no body would beleeve me: but ere long I will make'em beleeve you can conjure with ſuch a figuary.

Foro. What language ſhal's conjure in? high *Dutch* I thinke, that's full i'th mouth.

Clow. No, no, *Spaniſh*, that roares beſt; and will appeare more dreadfull.

Foro. Prethee tell me thy conceit thou haſt to gull them.

Clow. No, no, I will not ſteale it; but my dear Iewstrump, for thou art but my inſtrument, I am the plotter, and when we have cozen'd 'em moſt titely, thou ſhalt ſteale away the Inn-keepers daughter, I'le provide my ſelfe of another moveable: and wee will moſt purely retire our ſelues to *Geneva*.

Foro. Thou art the compaſſe I ſaile by.

Enter Baptiſta and Mentivole.

Ment. Was ever expectation of ſo Noble
A requitall anſwered with ſuch contumely!
A wild *Numidian* that had ſuck't a Tigreſſe,
Would not have bin ſo barbarous; did he threat
To cut thy hand off?

Ment. Yes Sir, and his ſlaves were ready to perform't.

Bapt. What hindred it?

Ment. Onely his ſonnes intreaty.

Bapt. Noble youth,
I wiſh thou wert not of his blood; thy pitty
Gives me a hope thou art not.

Ment. You miſtake Sir,
The injury that followed from the ſonne,
Was worſe then the fathers; he did firſt diſarme
and tooke from me a Iewell which I prize
above my hand or life.

Bap. Take thy ſword from thee?
He ſtole it like a thiefe rather, he could not
I'th field deprive thee of it.

Ment He tooke it from me,
And ſent me forth ſo thinne, and ſo unmade up,
As if I had bin a Foote-boy.

Bap. O my fury!
I muſt now aske thee forgiveneſſe, that my raſhneſſe
Bred out of too much friendſhip, did expoſe thee
To ſo eminent a danger; which I vowe
I will revenge on the whole Family:
All the calamities of my whole life,
My baniſhment from *Genoa*, my wifes loſſe
Compar'd to this indignity is nothing;
Their Family ſhall repair't; it ſhall be to them
Like a plague, when the Dog-ſtar reignes moſt hot:
An *Italians* revenge may pauſe, but's ne're forgot. *Exit.*

Ment. I would I had conceal'd this from my father,
For my intereſt in *Clariſſa*; my care now
Muſt be to untangle this diviſion,
That our moſt equall flames may be united;
And from theſe various and perturbed ſtreames
Riſe like a ſweet morne after terrible dreames.—— *Exit*

Enter Clariſſa *and* Cæſario.

Cæſar. Cla I am happy in your recovery,
Cæſar. And *I* Siſter, am ever beſt pleaſed in your happineſſe:
But I wiſh a toy ſhould be on your finger.

Clar. My Ring this morning when I waſh't
I put it off, ti's in my windowe.

Cæſ. Wher's your Looking-glaſſe?

Clar. Here Sir.

Cæſ. T'is a faire one.

Clar. T'is pure Chryſtall.

Cæſ. Can a Diamond cut in Cryſtall? let me ſee,
I'le grave my name in't.

Clar. Oh, you'l ſpoyl my glaſſe.
Would you not have your brother in your eye?

Cæſ. I had thougt he had bin Planted in your heart,
Looke you, the Diamond cuts quaintly, you are cozen'd,
Your Cryſtall is too britle.

Clar. T'is the Ring
I gave unto *Mentivole*, ſure the ſame.
You put me to amazement Sir, and horror;
How came you by that ring?

Cæſ. Does the blood riſe?

Clar. Pray Sir reſolve me, ô for pitty doe;
And take from me a trembling at the heart,
That elſe will kill me: for I too much feare
Nothing but Death could raviſh ir from his hand
That wore it.

Cæſar. Was it given to *Mentivola* on that condition?

Clar. Tell me of his health firſt.
And then I'le tell you any thing.

Ceſar. By my life he's well,
In better health then I am.

Clar. Then it was Sir.

Cæſar. Then ſhall I ever hate thee, oh thou falſe one;
Haſt thou a Faith to give unto a friend,
And breake it to a brother? did I not
By all the tyes of blood importune thee
Never to part with it without my knowledge?
Thou might'ſt have given it to a Muliter,
And made a contract with him in a ſtable
At as cheap a price of my vengeance: never more
Shall a Womans truſt beguile me; You are all
Like Reliques: you may well be look't upon,
But come a man to'th handling of you once,
You fall in peeces.

Clar. Dear Sir, I have no way
Look't either beneath reaſon or my ſelfe
In my election; there's parity iu our blood,
And in our fortunes, ancient amity
Betwixt our parents: to which wants nothing,
But the fruit of bleſt marriage between us,
To add to their poſterities: nor does now
Any impeachment riſe, except the ſad
And unexpected quarrell which divided
So noble and ſo excellent a friendſhip,
Which as I ner'e had Magick to foreſee
So I could not prevent.

Cæſar. Well you muſt give me leave
To have a hand in your diſpoſing, I ſhall
In the abſence of my father be your Guardian;
His Suit muſt paſſe through my office. *Mentivole*,
He has too much of my blood already; he has,
And he gets no more of't——
Wherefore weep you mother?

Enter Mariana and a Sailor.

Marian. T'is occaſion'd by a ſorrow,
Wherein you have a childs part, and the maineſt,
Your Father's dead.

Cæſar. Dead?

Marian. There's one can relate the reſt.

Sailor. I can Sir, your Father's drown'd,
Moſt unfortunately drownd.

Ceſar. How? in a tempeſt?

Sailor. No Sir, in a calme,
calme as this evening; the Gunner being drunk,
Forgot to faſten the Ordnance to their ports,
When came a ſuddain guſt which tumbled them
All to the ſtarboord ſide, o'returnd the ſhip,

And ſunck her in moment, ſome ſix men
That were upon the deck were ſaved : the reſt
Periſh't with your Father.

Clariſ. O my deareſt Father ——

Ceſar. I pray thee leave us.

Maria. I have a ſorrow of another nature,equall to the (former.

Ceſar. And moſt commonly they come together.

Maria. The Family of the *Baptiſti*
Are growne to faction, and upon diſtaſt
Of the injury late offerd in my houſe,
Have vowd a moſt ſevere, and fell revenge
'Gainſt all our family, but eſpecially
'Gainſt you my deere *Cæſario.*

Cæſar. Let them threat, *I* am prepard to oppoſe them.

Maria. And is your loſſe then
Of ſo eaſie an eſtimation, what comfort
Have I but in your life, and your late danger
Preſents afore me what I am to ſuffer ,
Should you miſcarry; therefore ile adviſe you
When the Funerall is over, you would travaile,
Both to prevent their fury,and weare out the injury.

Ceſar. No Mother, I will not travaile ,
So in my abſence he may marry my Siſter,
I will not travaile certaine.

Maria. O my *Cæſario,*
Whom I reſpect and love 'bove my owne life,
Indeed with a kind of dotage, he ſhall never
Goe forth a doores, but the contrary faction
Will indanger's life, and then am I moſt wretched.
I am thinking of a ſtrange prevention,
Which I ſhall witneſſe with a bleeding eye,
Fondneſſe ſometimes is worſe then cruelty.—— *Exeunt.*

Actus tertius Scæna prima.

Enter Hoſt, Hoſteſſe, and Bianca.

Hoſt. HAunted, my houſe is hanted with goblins. I ſhal be frighted out of my wits, and ſet up a ſigne only to invite carriers and Foot-poſts ; ſcar-crows to keep off the Cavelrie, and Gentry of the beſt rank. I will naile up my doors, and wall up my girle (wife) like an Anchoreſſe ; or ſhe will be raviſht before our faces, by raſcalls and cacafugo's (wife) cacafugo's.

Hoſteſſe. Theſe are your In-comes,remember your own proverb,the ſavour of every gaine ſmelt ſweet;thank nobody but your ſelfe for this trouble.

Hoſt. No gaulling (deere Spouſe) no gaulling, every dayes new vexation abates mee two inches in the waſt, terrible pennance for an Hoſt, Girle, girle, girle, which of all this gally-mauſry of mans fleſh appears tolerable to thy choice ; ſpeak ſhortly, and ſpeak truly : I muſt and will know, muſt and will ; here ye that?

Bian. Sir, be not jealous of my care and duty ;
I am ſo far from entertaining thoughts
Of liberty, that much more excellent objects
Then any of ſuch courſe contents as theſe are,
Could not betray mine eye to force my heart ;
Conceive a wiſh of any deerer happineſſe
Then your direction warrants. I am yours ſir. (at 13.

Hoſteſſe What thinks the man now? is not this ſtrange

Hoſt. Very good words,ther's a tang in 'em,and a ſweet one, tis muſicke (wife) and now I come t'ee. Let us a little examine the ſeverall conditions of our Paragraphiſticall ſuitors. The firſt, a travailing Tailor, who by the miſtery of his needle and thimble,hath ſurveyd the faſhions of the French, and Engliſh ; this Signior Gingerbread ſtitcht up in the ſhreds of a gaudy outſide, ſowes lineings with his croſſe legd complement, like an Ape doing tricks over a ſtaffe, cringes, and crouches, and kiſſes his fore-finger.

Hoſteſſe. Out upon him.

Hoſt. A ſecond, a lavolteteere, a ſaltatory,a dancer with a Kit at his bum, one that by teaching great *Madonnas* to foot it, has miraculouſly purchaſt a ribanded waſtcote, and foure cleane paire of ſocks ; a fellow that skips as hee walkes, and inſtead of ſenſible diſcourſe vents the curious conceit of ſome new tune ſtolne from a Maske, or a bawdie dittie elevated for the Pole Artick of a Ladies chamber, in that ſyle ſtands another of your inamoratoes

Hoſteſſe. Hang him and his fiddle together, hee never fidles any child of ours.

Hoſt. The third,a Mongrell, got by a Switzer on an Italian, this puppy, being left well eſtated, comes to *Florence,* that the world may take notice, how impoſſible it is for experience to alter the courſe of nature, a foole (wife) and indeed a Clown turnd gallant, ſeldom or never proves other then a gallant foole, this toy prates to little purpoſe other then what's a clock, ſhall's go drink, de'e forſooth, and thank ye heartily; I feare no art in him to catch thee, and yet wee muſt bee tormented with this buzzard amongſt the reſt.

Hoſteſſe. Tis your owne folly, forbid him the houſe.

Hoſt. The 4th,a Mule-driver,a ſtubborn & a harſh knave: the fifth a School-Maſter, a very amorous Pedant,run almoſt mad with ſtudy of Sonnets and Complements out of old play-ends,the laſt an Advocates clerk, that ſpeaks pure Fuſtion in Law termes, excellent Courtiers all, and all as neate as a Magnifieo's poſt new painted at his entrance to an office ; thou ſhalt have none of 'em. Laugh at 'em doe. I ſay thou ſhalt have none of 'em.

Bian. Still your command to me ſhall ſtand a Law.

Hoſt. Now they throng like ſo many horſe-courſers at a faire, in cluſters about the man of art, for love powders, ingredients, potions, counſailes, poſtures, complements, philters : the devill and the——how now ? tumults ? batteries,noiſe ? ha, get from my ſight. *Clown cries within*

Enter Foroboſco and Clowne, his head bloody.

Clow. Murther me, do,pound me to Mummye,doe ; ſee what will come on't.

Foro. Dog,leave thy ſnarling,or i'le cut thy tongue out,
Thou unlikt beare,darſt thou yet ſtand my fury,
My generous rage ? yet ! by the ſulpherous damps
That feed the hungry and inceſſant darkneſſe,
Which curles round the grim Alaſtors back,
Mutter againe, and with one powerfull word,
Ile call an Hoſt up from the Stygian lakes,
Shall waft thee to the Acherontick fennes ;
Where choak't with miſts as black as thy impoſtors,
Thou ſhalt live ſtill a dying.

Clow. Conjure mee to the devill and you can, I live in hell upon earth 'em already, and you had any mercy, you would not practiſe upon a kind heart thus.

Hoſt. You have drawne blood from him Signior, Is his offence unpardonable ?

Foro. A lump of ignorance, pray ſpeak not for him,
A drowſie groſſeneſſe, in all chriſtian kingdomes,
The mention of my art, my name, my practiſe
Merit and glory hath begot at once
Delight and wonder ; ile not be entreated ;
Spare interceſſion for him,——ô thou ſcorne
Of learning, ſhame of duty ; muſt thy ſloth
Draw my juſt fame in queſtion ? I diſcharge thee
From my ſervice ; ſee me no more henceforth.

Clow. Diſcharge me, is that my yeares wages !
*I*le not be ſo anſwerd.
Foro. Not Camell, ſirra I am liberall to thee ;
Thou haſt thy life, begon.
Clow. Vengeance, ſweet vengeance.
Foro, De'e mumble ?
*Clow. I*le be revengd, monſtrouſly, ſudainly, and inſatiably ; my bulke begins to ſwell.
Foro. Hometolenton, Pragmatophoros, Helioſtycorax.
Clow. Call up your ſpirits, I defie 'em ; well have law for my broken pate, twelve ounces of pure bloud ; *Troy*-weight. In deſpight of thee my Maſter. and thy Maſter the grand devill himſelfe, *vindicta, vindicta.*——*Exit.*
Hoſt. Signior you are exceeding mov'd.
Hoſtes. Mercy upon us, what terrible words thou talk't ?
Foro. A ſlave, a curre——but be not you affrighted
Young Virgin, 'twere an injury to ſweetneſſe :
Should any rough ſound draw from your cheekes,
The pretious tincture which makes nature proud
Of her own workmanſhip.
Hoſt. Wiſe. Marke, mark that wife.
Bian. Shake then your anger off Sir ;
Foro. You command it
Faire one, mine Hoſt and Hoſteſſe, with your leaves
I have a motion joyntly to you all.
Hoſteſſe. An honeſt one I hope.
Hoſt. Well put in wife.
Foro. A very neceſſary one, the Meſſe
Stooles out. And halfe of ſuiters, that attend to uſher
Their loves ſir reverence to your daughter, waite
With one conſent, which can beſt pleaſe her eye ;
In offering at a dance, I have provided
Muſick. And 'twill be ſomething I dare promiſe
Worthy your laughter, ſhal they have admittance? (be ſo
H. By any means, for *I* am perſwaded the manner will
Ridiculous, that it will confirm the aſſurance of their
Miſerable fooleries, but no longer trouble with 'em here,
Then they are in theſe May-games.
Foro. So I am reſolvd.
Hoſteſſe. Nor any wiſe word of ſenceleſſe love.
Foro. Not any ; *I* have charm'd them, did you ſee
How they prepared themſelves, how they ſtroak up
Their foretops, how they juſtle for the Looking-glaſſe,
To ſet their Faces by it ; (*See they muſter.*
You would look for ſome moſt impoſſible antick.

Enter Tailor, Dancer, Mule Driver, Schoole-Maſter, Clarke : (all with ſeverall papers, and preſent 'em to Forobeſco.)

Hoſt. So, ſo, ſo, ſo, here flutter the neſt of hornets, the hotch-potch of raſcallity, now, now, now, now, the dunghill of corruption hath yawnd forth the burthen of abhomination. I am vext, vext to the ſoule, will rid my houſe of this unchriſtend fry, and never open my doores again.
Foro. Some other time, ile give no anſwer now,
But have preferred your ſuits, here ſhew your cunning.
Firſt every one in order do his honour
To the faire mark you ſhoot at ; courtly, courtly,
Convay your ſeverall loves in lively meaſure :
Come, let us take our ſeates, ſome ſprightly muſick.
Hoſt. Dance all and part, tis a very neceſſary farewell.

Enter Cæſario, They all make ridiculous conges, to Bianca : *ranck themſelves, and dance in ſeverall postures : during the dance, Enter Cæſario, and ſtands off.*

Hoſt. Well done my luſty blouds, preciouſly well done,
One luſty rouſe of wine, and take leave on all ſides.
Cæſar. Thanks for your revells Gentlemen ; accept
This Gold, and drink as freely as you danc'd.
Hoſt. My noble Lord *Ceſario,* cleer the rooms ſirs.
Foro. Away. Attend your anſwers;
——*Exeunt Foro. and thoſe that Danc'd.*

Cæſar. With your favour *Rolando,* I would change a word or two with your faire daughter.
Hoſt. At your Lordſhips pleaſure, come wiſe, no muttering, have a care girle, my love, ſervice, and duty to your good Lordſhip. ——————*Exeunt and Wife.*
Cæſar. My often viſits (ſweet *Bianca*) cannot
But conſtantly inform thy judgment, wherein
Thy happineſſe conſiſts, for to ſteale minutes
From great imployments, to converſe with beauty,
Lodg'd in ſo meane a fortune, to lay by
Conſideration of the unequall diſtance
Between my blood and thine, to ſhun occaſions
Of courtſhip with the Ladies of the time :
Noble, and faire, only for love to thee,
Muſt of neceſſity invite a tenderneſſe ;
As low as nature could have ſtampt a bondwomans.
To entertaine quick motions of rare gratitude
For my uncommon favours.
Bian. Deed my Lord, as far as my ſimplicity can leade (mee,
I freely thank your curteſies.
Ceſar. To thank them, is to reward them pretty one.
Bian. Then teach me
How I may give them back again ; in truth
I never yet receiv'd a paire of Gloves :
A trifling ring from any that expected
An equall ſatisfaction, but as willingly
I parted with the gift unto the owner, as he beſtowd it.
Cæſar. But I pow're before thee
Such plenties, as it lyes not in the ability
Of thy whole kindred to returne proportionable
One for a thouſand.
Bian. You my Lord conclude
For my inſtruction, to ingage a debt
Beyond a poſſibilitie of paiment,
I ever thought a ſinne ; and therefore juſtly
Without conceit of ſcorne or curious rudeneſſe,
I muſt refuſe your bounty.
Ceſar. Canſt thou love ?
Bian. Love ! is there ſuch a word in any language
That carries honeſt ſence?
Ceſar. Never dwelt ignorance
In ſo ſweet-ſhap't a building, love *Bianca,*
Is that firme knot which tyes two hearts in one,
Shall ours be tyed ſo?
Bian. Vſe a plainer word,
My Lord. Inſteed of tyes, ſay marries hearts,
Then I may underſtand.
Ceſar. Their hearts are married
Whoſe enterchange of pleaſures and embraces,
Soft kiſſes, and the privacies of ſweetes,
Keeps conſtant league together, when temptation
Of great mens oathes and gifts ſhall urge contempt,
Rather then batter reſolution, novelty
Of ſights, or taſte of new delights in wantonneſſe,
Breeds ſurfeit more then appetite in any
Reſerv'd to noble vowes; my excellent maide
Live thou but true to me, and my contents,
Mine only, that no partner may pertake
The treaſure of thoſe ſweets thy youth yet glories in
And I will raiſe thy lowneſſe to abundance
Of all varieties, and more rriumph
In ſuch a miſtris, then great Princes doating
On truth-betraying wives.
Bian. Thus to yeeld up then
The cottage of my vertue to be ſwallow'd
By ſome hard-neighboring landlord ſuch as you are
Is in effect to love, a Lord ſo vicious !

O where ſhall innocence find ſome poore dwelling
Free from temptations tirrany.
Ceſar. Nay prethee;
Byan. Gay clothes, high feeding, eaſie beds of luſt,
Change of unſeemly ſights; with baſe diſcourſe,
Draw curſes on your Pallaces; for my part
This I will be confirmd in, *I* will eate
The bread of labour, know no other reſt
Then what is earnd from honeſt paines, ere once more
Lend eare to your vild toyles; Sir, would you were
As noble in deſires, as I could be in knowing vertue.
Pray doe not afflict a poore ſoule thus.
Cæſar. I ſweare.——to me?——*Bianca ſteales off.*
Gen. The Duke my Lord commands your ſpeedy preſence
For anſwering agreivances late urg'd
Againſt you by your Mother.
Cæſar. By my Mother.
Gent. The Court is neere on ſitting.
Ceſar. I waite on it Sir,——*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke, Magiſtrate, Secretary, Baptiſta, Attendants, Mentivole: (they ſit) Mentivole ſtands by.

Duke. What waſt of bloud, what tumults, what diviſions,
What outrages, what uprores in a ſtate,
Factions though iſſuing from meane ſprings at firſt
Have (not reſtraind) flowed to, the ſad example
At *Rome* betweene the *Urſins* and *Columnies*,
Nay here at home in *Florence*, twixt the *Neers*
And the *Bianchi* can too mainly witneſſe.
I ſit not at the helme (my Lords) of ſoveraignty
Deputed Pilot for the Common-wealth,
To ſleep whiles others ſteere (as their wild fancies
Shall councell) by the compaſſe of diſorders.
Baptiſta, This ſhort Preface is directed
Chiefly to you, the petty brawles and quarrels
Late urg'd betwixt th' *Alberti* and your family
Muſt, yes and ſhall like tender unknit joynts
Faſten againe together of themſelves:
Or like an angry Chyrurgion, we will uſe
The roughneſſe of our juſtice, to cut off
The ſtubborne rancour of the limbes offending.
Bap. Moſt gracious *Florence.* Prince
Duke. Our command was ſignified,
That neither of the followers of each party
Should appeare here with weapons.
Bap. Tis obeyd Sir, on my ſide.
Duke. We muſt leave the generall cauſe
Of State employments to give eare to brawles
Of ſome particular grudges, pollitick government
For tutord Princes, but no more henceforth.

Ent. Mariana, and Clariſſa, at one door Ceſario at the other.

Our frowne ſhall check preſumption, not our clemency,
Mari. All bleſſings due to unpartiall Princes,
Crowne *Florence* with eternity of happineſſe.
Ceſar. If double praiers can double bleſſings (great Sir)
Mine joyne for your proſperity with my mothers.
Duke. Riſe both; now briefly (Lady) without circumſtance
Deliver thoſe agrievances which lately
Your importunity poſſeſt our counſaile
Were fit for audience, wherein you petitiond,
You might be heard without an Advocate
Which boone you find is granted.
Mari. Though divided.
I ſtand between the laws of truth and modeſty,
Yet let my griefes have vent: Yet the cleerneſſe
Of ſtrange neceſſity requires obedience
To nature and your mercy, in my weeds
Of mourning, emblems of too deer misfortunes,
Badges of griefes, and Widdowhood, the burthen
Of my charg'd ſoule muſt be layd downe before you;
Wherein if ſtrict opinion cancell ſhame,
My frailty is my plea;
Stand forth young man,
And heare a ſtory that will ſtrike all reaſon
Into amaſement.
Ceſar. I attend.
Mar. Alberto (peace dwell upon his aſhes) ſtill the huſband
Of my remembrance and unchanging vowes,
Has by his death left to his heire poſſeſſion
Of faire revenew, which this young man claymes
As his inheritance. I urgd him gently,
Friendly, and privately to grant a partage
Of this eſtate to her who ownes it all
This his ſuppoſed Siſter.
Bap. How ſuppoſed?
Ceſar. Pray *Madam* recollect your ſelfe,
Mar. The reliſh
Of a ſtrange truth begins to work like Phyſick
Already: I have bitterneſſe to mingle
With theſe preparatives, ſo deadly loathſome;
It will quite choake digeſtion; ſhortly heare it
Ceſario, for I dare not rob unjuſtly
The poore ſoule of his name; this, this *Ceſario*
Neither for Father had *Alberto*, me
For Mother, nor *Clariſſa* for his Siſter.
Clariſ. Mother, ô Mother.
Ment. I am in a Dream ſure.
Duke. No interruptions. Lady on,
Maria. How ever
Bap. A Faulkners ſonne:
Mari. Miſtake not
Great Duke of *Tuſcany* or the beginning
Or proceſſe of this novelty; my husband
The now deceaſd *Alberto*, from his youth
In-urd to an impatiency, and roughneſſe
Of diſpoſition, when not many monthes
After our marriage were worne out, repin'd
At the unfruitfull barrenneſſe of youth,
Which as he pleaſd to terme it, cut our hops off
From bleſſing of ſome iſſue, to prevent it;
I grew ambitious of no fairer honor
Then to preſerve her love, and as occaſions
Still call'd him from me, ſtudied in his abſence
How I might frame his welcome home with comfort,
At laſt I faynd my ſelfe with child; the Meſſage
Of freedome or reliefe to one halfe ſtervd
In priſon is not utterd with ſuch greedineſſe;
Of expectation and delight as this was
To my much affected Lord, his care, his goodneſſe;
(Pardon me, that I uſe the word) exceeded
All former feares, the houre of my deliverance
As I pretended drawing nee'r, I faſhiond
My birth-rights at a Country Garden houſe,
Where then my Faulkners wife was brought a bed
Of this *Ceſario*; him I ownd for mine;
Preſented him unto a joyfull Father.
Duke. Can you prove this true?
Mari. Proofes I have moſt evident;
But O the curſe of my impatiency; ſhortly
Ere three new Moones had ſpent their borrowed lights,
I grew with child indeed, ſo juſt is Heaven,
The iſſue of which burthen was this daughter;
Iudge now moſt gracious Prince my Lords and you,
What combats then and ſince I have indur'd
Between a mothers piety and weakeneſſe
Of a Soul trembling wife; to have reveal'd

This ſecret to *Alberto*, had bin danger
Of ruine to my fame, beſides the conflict
Of his diſtractious; now to have ſuppreſt it,
Were to defeate my child, my only child,
Of her moſt lawfull honors, and inheritance.
Cæſario, th'art a man ſtill, Education
Hath moulded thee a Gentleman, continue ſo;
Let not this fall from greatneſſe, ſinke thee lower
Then worthy thoughts may warrant, yet diſclaime
All intereſt in *Albertos* blood, thou haſt not
One drop of his or mine.
Duke Produce your witneſſe.
Marian. The Faulconers wife his mother,
And ſuch women as waited then upon me,
Sworne to the privacy of this great ſecret.
Duke. Give them all their oathes.
Ceſar. O let me crave forberance, gracious Sir,
Vouchſafe me hearing.
Duke Speake *Cæſario*.
Ceſar. Thus long
I have ſtood ſilent, and with no unwillingneſſe,
Attended the relation of my fall,
From a fair expectation; what I fear'd
(Sinc the firſt ſillable this Lady utter'd
Of my not being hers) benevolent Fates
Have eaſ'd me off; for to be baſely born,
If not baſe-born, detracts not from the bounty
Of natures freedom or an honeſt birth.
Nobilitie claym'd by the right of blood,
Shewes chiefly that our Anceſtors deſir'd
What we inherit; but that man whoſe actions
Purchaſe a reall merit to himſelfe,
And rancks him in the file of of prayſe aud honour,
Creates his own advancement; let me want
The fuell which beſt feedes the fires of greatneſſe,
Lordly poſſeſſions, yet ſhall ſtill my gratitude
By ſome attempts of mention not unworthy
Indeavour to returne a fit acquittance
To that large debt I owe your favours (Madam)
And great *Alberto's* memory and goodneſſe;
O that I could as gently ſhake off paſſion
For the loſſe of what great brave man as I can ſhake off that
Remembrance of that once I was reputed; what
I have not much to ſay, this Princely preſence
Needs not too ſtrictly to examine farther
The truth of this acknowlegment; a mother
Dares never diſavowe her only ſonne,
And any woman muſt come ſhort of Piety,
That can or diſ-inherit her own iſſue,
Or feares the voice of rumor for a ſtranger.
Madam, you have confeſt, my Father was
A ſervant to your Lord and you: by intereſt
Of being his ſonne, I cannot but claime juſtly
The honour of continuing ſtill my ſervice
To you and yours; which granted, I beg leave
I may for this time be diſmiſt.
Duke Bold ſpirit.
Bap. I love thee now with pitty;
Duke Goe not yet——
A ſuddain tempeſt that might ſhake a rock,
Yet he ſtands firm againſt it; much it moves me,
He not *Alberto's* ſonne, and ſhe a widdow,
And ſhe a widdow,—— Lords your eare.
Omnes. Your pleaſure.—— *Whiſpers.*
Duke. So, Lady, what you heard avouch't is truth. how
Mari. Truth onely, gracious Sir.
Duke. Heare then our Sentence,
Since from his cradle you have fed and foſtered
Cæſario as your ſonne, and train'd him up
To hopes of greatneſſe; which now in a moment
You utterly againe have ruin'd, this way
We with our Councell are reſolv'd, you being
A widdow ſhall accept him for a husband.
Maria. Husband to me *Sir*?
Duke. T'is in us to raiſe him
To honours, and his vertues will deſerve 'em.
Maria. But Sir, 'tis in no Prince nor his preogative,
To force a womans choice againſt her heart.
Duke. True, if then you appeale to higher juſtice,
Our doome includes this clauſe upon refuſall
Out of your Lords revenues ſhall *Cæſario*
Aſſure to any whom he takes for wife
The inheritance of three parts; the leſſe remainer
*I*s dowry large enough to marry a daughter;
And we by our prerogative which you queſtion
Will publiquely adopt him into'th name
Of your deceaſ'd *Alberto*, that the memory
Of ſo approv'd a Peer may live in him
That can preſerve his memory leſſe you find out
Some other meanes which may as amply ſatisfie
His wrong, our Sentence ſtands irrevocable:
What think you Lords?
Omnes. The Duke is juſt and honorable.
Bap. Let me embrace *Cæſario*, henceforth ever
I vow a conſtant friendſhip.
Mentivole. I remit all former difference.
Ceſar. I am too poore
In words to thanke this Iuſtice. *Madam* alwayes
My ſtudies ſhall be love to you, and duty.
Duke Replyes we admit none. *Cæſario* waite on us.
Exeunt. Manent Mentivole, Bap. Mari. Clariſ.
Bap. *Mentivole.*
Menti. My Lord.
Bap. Looke on *Clariſſa*, ſhee's noble, rich, young, faire.
Mentivole. My Lord, and vertuous.
Bap. *Mentivole* and vertuous.——*Madam.*
Maria. Tyranny of juſtice, I ſhall live reports deriſion,
That am compeld to exchange a gracefull widdow-hood
For a continuall Martyrdome in marriage,
With one ſo much beneath me.
Bap. I'le plead for ye
Boldly and conſtantly, let yout daughter only
Admit my ſonne her ſervant, at next viſit
Madam ile be a meſſenger of comfort.
Mentivole, be confident and earneſt. *Exit.*
Maria. Married again, to him too! better t'had been
The young man ſhould have ſtill retain'd the honors
Of old *Albertos* ſon, then I the ſhame
Of making him ſucceſſor of his bed; I was too blam,
Ment. Indeed without offence,
Madame I thinke you were,
Claris. You urge it fairely, and like a worthy freind.
Maria. can you ſay any thing
In commendation of a Muſhroome withered
Aſſoone as ſtarted up?
Ment. You ſcorne an Innocent
Of noble growth, for whiles your husband liv'd
I have heard you boaſt *Ceſario* in all actions
Gave matter of report of Imitation,
Wonder and envy; let not diſcontinuance
Of ſome few dayes eſtrange a ſweet opinion
Of vertue, cheifely when in ſuch extremity,
Your pitty not contempt will argue goodneſſe.
Maria. O Sir,

Cla. If you would uſe a thriving courtſhip,
You cannot utter a more powerfull language
That I ſhall liſten to with greater greedineſſe
Then th'argument you proſecute; this ſpeakes you
A man compleat and excellent;
Ment. I ſpeake not, they are his owne deſerts.
Maria. Good Sir forbeare,
I am now fully ſenſible of running
Into a violent Lethargy, whoſe deadlineſſe
Locks up all reaſon, I ſhall never henceforth
Remember my paſt happineſſe.
Ment. Theſe clouds may be diſperſt,
Maria. I feare continuall night
Will over-ſhroud me, yet poore youth his treſpaſſe
Lies in his fortune, not the cruelty
Of the Dukes ſentence.
Cla. *I* dare thinke it does,
Maria. If all faile I will learne thee to conquer
Adverſity with ſufferance.
Ment. You reſolve Nobly. *Exeunt.*

Actus quartus Scæna prima.

Enter Ceſario and a Servant.

Ceſar. Let any freind have entrance,
Servant. Sir a'ſhall.
Ceſar. Any, I except none,
Serv. Wee know, your minde Sir—— *Exit.*
Ceſar. Pleaſures admit no bounds.
I am pitcht ſo high
To ſuch a growth of full proſperities
That to conceale my fortunes were an injury?
To gratfulneſſe and thoſe more liberall favours
By whom my glories proſper. He that flowes
In gracious and ſwolne tydes of beſt abundance,
Yet will be Ignorant of his owne fortunes,
Deſerves to live contemn'd, and dye forgotten;
The harveſt of my hopes is now already
Ripen'd and gather'd, I can fatten youth
With choice of plenty, and ſupplies of comforts,
My fate ſprings in my owne hand, and Ile uſe it.

Enter 2 Servants and Bianca.

1 Tis my place,
2 Yours- here ſaire one, Ile aquaint my Lord,
1 He's here, go to him boldly.
2 Pleaſe you to let him underſtand how readily
I waited on your errand?
1 Saucy fellow, you muſt excuſe his breeding,
Ceſar. Whats the matter
Biancha, my *Biancha*, to your offices. *Exit Ser.*
This viſit (Sweet) from thee (my pretty deere)
By how much more twas unexpected, comes
So much the more timely: witnes this free welcome,
What ere occaſion led thee?
Bian. You may guſſe Sir,
Yet indeed tis a rare one,
Ceſ. Prethee ſpeake it, my honeſt vertuous maide,
Bian, Sir I have heard
Of your misfortunes, and *I* cannot tell you
Whether I have more cauſe of joy or ſadneſſe,
To know they are a truth.
Ceſ. What truth *Bianca*! misfortunes, how, wherein?
Bian. You are diſclaym'd
For being the Lord *Albertos* ſonne, and publickly
Acknowledg'd of as meane a birth as mine is,
It cannot chuſe but greive thee
Ceſ. Greive me, ha ha ha ha? is this all;
Bian. This all.
Ceſ. Thou art ſorry for't
I warrant thee, alas good ſoule, *Biancha*,
That which thou call'ſt misfortune is my happines,
my happines *Biancha.*
Bian. *If* you love me, it may prove mine too,
May it, *I* will love thee.
Ceſ. My good good maid,
It that can make thee happy;
Better and better love thee,
Bian. Without breach then
Of modeſty I come to claime the Intereſt
Your proteſtations both by vowes and letters
Have made me owner of, from the firſt houre
I ſaw you, I confeſſe *I* wiſht *I* had beene
Or not ſo much below your ranke and greatneſſe,
Or not ſo much above thoſe humble flames
That ſhould have warm'd my boſome with a temperate
Equality of deſires in equall fortunes.
Still as you utter'd Language of affection,
I courted time to paſſe more ſlowly on
That I might turne more food to lend attention
To what I durſt not credit nor yet hope for:
Yet ſtill as more I heard, *I* wiſht to heare more,
Ceſ. Didſt thou introth wench
Bian. Willingly betraid
My ſelfe to hopeleſſe bondage.
Ceſ. A good girle,
I thought I ſhould not miſſe
What eare thy anſwer was.
Biancha. But as I am a maid Sir, and I'faith
You may beleeve me, for I am a maid,
So deerely I reſpected both your fame
And quality, that I would firſt have periſht
In my ſicke thoughts then ere have given conſent
To have undone your fortunes by inviting
A marriage with ſo meane a one as I am,
I ſhould have dyed ſure, and no creature knowne
The ſickneſſe that had kill'd me.
Ceſ. Pretty heart, good ſoule, alas. alas.
Bian. Now ſince I know
There is no difference twixt your birth and mine,
Not much twixt our eſtates, if any bee,
The advantage is on my ſide, I come willingly
To tender you the firſt fruits of my heart,
And am content t'accept you for my husband,
Now when you are at loweſt.
Ceſ. For a husband?
Speake ſadly, doſt thou meane ſo?
Bian. In good deed Sir,
Tis pure love makes this proffer.
Ceſ I beleeve thee,
What counſaile urg'd thee on, tell me, thy Father
My worſhipfull ſmug Hoſt? waſt not he wench?
Or mother Hoſteſſe? ha?
Bian. D'ee mock my parentage?
I doe not ſcorne yours.
Meane folkes are as worthy
To be well ſpoken of if they deſerve well,
As ſome whoſe only fame lies in their bloud.
O y'are a proud poore man: all your oathes falſhood,
your vowe deceite, your letters forg'd, and wicked.
Ceſ. Thou'dſt be my wife, *I* dare ſware.
Bian. Had your heart,
Your hand and tongue been twins, you had reputed

This courteſy a benefit,
Ceſ. Simplicity,
How prettily thou mov'ſt me? why Biancha
Report has cozned thee, I am not fallen
From my expected honors, or poſſeſſions.
Though from the hope of birthright.
Bian. Are you not?
Then I am loſt againe, I have a ſuit too;
Youle grant it if you be a good man.
Ceſ. Any thing,
Bian. Pray doe not talke of ought what I have ſaid tee.
Ceſ. As I wiſh health I will not.
Bian. Pitty me, but never love me more.
Ceſ. Nay now y'are cruell,
Why all theſe teares?——Thou ſhalt not goe.
Bian. Ile pray for yee
That you may have a vertuous wife, a faire one,
And when I am dead——
Ceſ. Fy, fy,
Bian. Thinke on me ſometimes,
With mercy ſo this treſpaſſe.
Ceſ. Let us kiſſe
At parting as at comming.
Bian. This I have
As a free dower to a virgins grave,
All goodneſſe dwell with yee.——*Exit.*
Ceſ. Harmeleſſe Biancha? unskild,
What hanſome toyes are maids to play with?
Enter Mariana and Clariſſa.
How innocent. but I have other thoughts
Of nobler meditation.——my felicity,
Thou commeſt as I could wiſh, lend me a lip
Soft, as melting as when old *Alberto*
After his firſt nights triall taking farewell
Of thy youthes conqueſt taſted.
Maria. You are uncivill.
Ceſ. I will be Lord of my owne pleaſures, Madame
Y'are mine, mine freely,
Come, no whimpering henceforth
New con the leſſons of loves beſt experiencd,
That our delights may meet in equal meaſure
Of reſolutions and deſires; this ſullenes
Is ſcurvy, *I* like it not,
Mar. Be modeſt.
And doe not learne Ceſario how to proſtitute
The riot of thy hopes to common folly;
Take a ſad womans word, how ere thou doateſt
Vpon the preſent graces of thy greatnes,
Yet *I* am not falne ſo belowe my conſtancy
To vertue, nor the care which *I* once tendred
For thy behoof that *I* prefer a ſentence
Of cruelty before my honor.
Ceſ. Honor!
Maria. Hear me, thou ſeeſt this girle! now the comfort
Of my laſt dayes. She is the onely pledge
Of a bed truly noble, ſhee had a father
(*I* need not ſpeake him more then thou remembreſt)
Whom to diſhonor by a meaner choice,
Were injury and infamy,
Clariſ. to goodnes,
To time and vertuous mention.
Mar. *I* have vow'd,
Obſerve me now Ceario, that how ere
I may be forc't to marry, yet no tyranny,
Perſwaſions, flattery, guifts, intreats, or tortures,
Shall draw me to a ſecond bed.
Clar. *T*is *I*uſt too

Maria. Yes and tis Iuſt *Clariſſa.* I allow
The Dukes late ſentence, am reſolv'd young man
To be thy wife, but when the ceremony
Of marriage is perform'd, in life I wil bee
Though not in name a widdow.
Ceſ. Pray a word Tee,
Shall I in earneſt never be your bedfellow?
Maria. Never, ô never; and tis for your good too.
Ceſ. Prove that.
Mar. Alas too many yeares are numbred
*I*n my account to entertaine the benefit
Which youth in thee *Ceſario* and ability
Might hope for and require, it were *I*njuſtice
To rob a gentleman deſerving memory
Of Iſſue to preſerve it.
Ceſ. No more herein,
You are an excellent patterne of true piety,
Let me now turne your advocate. Pray looke into
*T*he order of the Duke. *J*njoynd, admit
J ſatisfie the ſentence without mariage
with you, how then?
Mar. Ceſario.
Ceſ. *If I* know
How to acquit your feares, yet keepe th'injunction
In every clauſe whole and entire, your charity
Will call me ſtill yonr ſervant.
Mar Still my ſon.
Ceſ. Right Madam, now you have it, ſtill your ſon.
The Genius of your bleſſings hath inſtructed
Your tongue oraculouſly, wee wil forget
How once I and *Clariſſa* enterchangd
The tyes of brother and of ſiſter, henceforth
New ſtile us man and wife.
Cla. By what authority
Ceſ. Heavens great appointment, yet in all my dotage
On thy perfections, when *I* thought *Clariſſa*
Wee had beene pledges of one wombe, no looſe
No wanton heat of youth, deſir'd to claime
Priority in thy affections, other
Then nature might commend. Chaſtly I tendred
Thy farewell as a brother ought; but ſince
Our bloods are ſtrangers, let our hearts contract
A long life-laſting unity, for this way
The ſentence is to be obſervd or no way.
Mar. Then no way.
Ceſ. *I* expected other anſwer Madam from you.
Mar. No, every age ſhall curſe me,
The monſter, and the prodigie of nature,
Horrors beyond extremity,
Cla. Pray mother confine the violence of greife
Ceſ. Yes mother, pray do.
Mar. Thus ſome catch at a matrons honor
By fiying luſt to plot Inceſtuous witchcrafts,
More terrible then whoredomes; cruell mercy
When to preſerve the body from a death
The ſoule is ſtrangled.
Ceſ. This is more then paſſion.
It comes neere to diſtraction.
Mar. *I* am quieted.
Ceſario, thou maieſt tell the Duke ſecurely
Albertos titles, honors and revenues,
The Duke may give away, Injoy them thou.
Clariſſas birthright, *Marianas* dower
*T*hou ſhalt be Lord of; turne us to the world
Vnpittyed and unfreinded, yet my bed
*T*hou never ſleep'ſt in; as for her, ſhe heares me,
*I*f ſhe as much as in a thoughts conſent;

That thou may'ſt call her wife, a Mothers curſe
Shall never leave her.
Clar. As a brother once
I lov'd you, as a noble freind yet honor ye,
But for a husband ſir, I dare not owne you,
My faith is given already.
Ceſ. To a Villaine, *I*le cut his throat.
Mar. Why this is more then paſſion?
It comes neere a diſtraction.
Clar. Call to minde Sir.
How much you have abated of that goodneſſe
Which once raign'd in ye, they appear'd ſo lovely
That ſuch as freindſhip led to obſervation
Enter Baptiſta and Mentivole.
Courted the great example.
Ceſ. Left and flatterd into a broad deriſion
Mar. Why dee thinke ſo?
My Lord B*aptiſta*, is your ſonne growne cold
In haſting on the marriage, which his vowes
Have ſeald to my wrongd daughter?
Bap. Wee come Lady, to conſummate the contract.
Ceſ. With *Mentivole*? is he the man?
Ment. Clariſſas, troth and mine,
Ceſario are recorded in a character
So plaine and certaine, that except the hand
Of heaven' which writ it firſt, would blot it out againe,
No human power can raze it.
Ceſ. But ſay you ſo too? young Lady,
Cla. I ſhould els betray
My heart to falſhood, and my tongue to perjury.
Ceſ. Madam, you know the ſentence.
Bap. From the Duke,
I have particular comforts which require
A private eare.
Mar. I ſhall approve it gladly,
Wee are reſolvd C*eſario*.
Bap. Be not inſolent upon a Princes favour.
Cla. Looſe no glory,
Your younger yeares have purchaſt.
Ment. And deſervd too y'have many worthy freinds.
Bap. Preſerve and uſe them. *Exeunt: Manet* C*eſar.*
Ceſ. Good, very good, why heres a complement
Of mirth in deſperation, I could curſe
My fate. ô with what ſpeed men tumble downe
From hopes that ſoare to high. B*iancha* now
May ſcorne me juſtly too, C*lariſſa* married,
Albertos widdow reſolute, B*iancha*
Refuſd, and I forſaken, let me ſtudy,
I can but dye a Batchelor thats the worſt on't. *Exit.*
Enter Hoſt, Taylor, Muliter, Dancer, Pedant, C*oxcombe.*
Hoſt. Come Gentlemen,
This is the day that our great artiſt hath
Promiſt to give all your ſeverall ſuites ſatisfaction.
Dancer. Is he ſtirring?
Hoſt. He hath beene at his booke theſe two houres.
Pedant. Hees a rare Phyſitian.
Hoſt. Why *I*le tell you,
Were *Paracelſus* the German now
Living, heed take up his ſingle rapier againſt his
Terrible long ſword, he makes it a matter of nothing
To cure the goute, ſore eyes he takes out as familiarly,
Waſhes them, and puts them in againe,
As you'd blanch almonds.
Tay. They ſay he can make gold.
Hoſt. I, I, he learnt it of Kelly in Germany.
Theres not a Chimiſt
In chriſtendome can goe beyond him for multiplying.
Pedant. Take heed then,
He get not up your daughters belly my Hoſt.
Hoſt. You are a merry Gentleman
And the man of art will love you the better.
Dancer. Does he love mirth and crotchets?
Hoſt. O hees the moſt courteous Phyſitian,
You may drink or drab in's company freely,
The better he knowes how your diſeaſe growes,
The better he knowes how to cure it.
Danc. But I wonder my Hoſt
He has no more reſort of Ladyes to him.
Hoſt. Why Sir?
Dan. O divers of them have great belcife in conjurers
Lechery is a great helpe to the quality.
Hoſt. Hee's ſcarce knowne to be in towne yet,
Ere long we ſhall have em come
hurring hither in Fetherbeds.
Dan. How? bedridden.
Hoſt. No ſir, in ſetherbeds that move upon 4 wheeles in
Spaniſh caroches.
Ped. Pray acquaint him we give attendance.
Hoſt, I ſhall gentlemen. I would faine be rid
Of theſe raſcalls, but that they raiſe profit
To my wine-ſeller;
When I have made uſe of them ſufficiently,
I will intreat the conjurer to tye crackers to their tailes,
And ſend them packing.
Enter Forobosco as in his Study. (A paper)
Foro. Come hither mine Hoſt looke here.
Hoſt. Whats that?
Foro. A challenge from my man.
Hoſt. For breakings pate?
Foro. He writes here if I meet him not
Ith Feild within this halfe houre,
I ſhall heare more from him.
Hoſt. O ſir, minde your profit,
Nere thinke of the raſcall, here are the gentlemen.
Foro. Morrow my worthy clients,
What are you all prepard of your queſtions?
That I may give my reſolution upon them,
Omnes. We are ſir.
Pedant, And have brought our mony.
Foro Each then in order,
And differ not for precedency.
Dan. I am buying of an office ſir,
And to that purpoſe I would faine learne
to diſſemble cunningly.
Foro. Doe you come to me for that? you ſhould rather
Have gone to a cunning woman.
Danc. I ſir but their Inſtructions are but like women,
Pretty well but not to the depth, as I'de have it,
You are a conjurer, the devils maſter,
And I would learn it from you ſo exactly,
Foro. That the divill himſelfe
Might not go beyond you,
Danc. You are ith right ſir.
Foro. And ſo your mony for your purchaſe
Might come in againe within a 12 month.
Danc. I would be a Graduate ſir, no freſhman.
Foro. Heres my hand ſir,
I will make you diſſemble ſo methodically,
As if the divell ſhould be ſent from the great Turke,
In the ſhape of an Embaſſador
To ſet all the chriſtian princes at variance.
Danc. I cannot with any modeſty deſire any more.
Theres your mony ſir,
Foco. For the art of diſſembling.

Cox. My ſuite ſir will be newes to you when I tell it,
Foro. Pray on.
Cox. I would ſet up a preſſe here in Italy,
To write all the Caranta for Chriſtendome.
Foro. Thats newes indeed,
And how would you imploy me in't?
Cox. Marry ſir, from you
I would gaine my intelligence.
Foro. *I* conceave you, you would have me furniſh you
With a ſpirit to informe you.
Cox. But as quiet a Divell as the woman,
The firſt day and a halfe after ſhe's married,
I can by no meanes indure a terrible one.
Foro. No, no, Ile qualifie him,
He ſhall not fright you,
It ſhall be the ghoſt of ſome lying Stationer,
A Spirit ſhall looke as if butter would not melt in his
mouth, A new *Mercurius Gallobelgicus.*
Coxc. O there was a captaine was rate at it.,
Foro. Nere thinke of him,
Though that captaine writ a full hand gallop,
And waſted indeed more harmeleſſe paper then
Ever did laxative Phyſick,
Yet wil I make you to out-ſcribble him,
And ſet downe what you pleaſe,
The world ſhall better beleeve you.
Cox. Worthy ſir I thanke you, there's mony.
Foro. A new office
For writing pragmaticall Curranto's
Pedant. I am a ſchoole-maſter ſir,
And would faine conferre with you
About erecting 4 new ſects of religion at Amſterdam.
Foro. What the Divell ſhould
New ſects of religion doe there?
Pedaot. I aſſure you I would get
A great deale of mony by it.
Foro. And what are the 4 new ſects
Of religion you would plant there?
Ped. Why thats it I come about ſir,
Tis a Divel of your raiſing muſt invent 'em,
I confeſſe I am too weake to compaſſe it.
Foro. So ſir, then you make it a matter of no difficulty
To have them tolerated.
Pedant. Trouble not your ſelſe for that,
Let but your Divel ſet them a foot once,
I have Weavers, and Ginger-bread makers,
And mighty *Aquavitæ-men*, ſhall ſet them a going.
Foro. This is ſomewhat difficult,
And will aske ſome conference with the divell.
Ped. Take your owne leaſure ſir,
I have another buſines too, becauſe I meane
To leave *Italy*, and bury my ſelfe in thoſe neather parts
Of the low countries.
Foro. Whats that ſir.
Ped. Marry I would faine make 9 dayes to the weeke,
for the more ample benefit of the captaine.
Foro. You have a ſhrewd pate ſir.
Ped But how this might be compaſd?
Foro. Compaſd eaſily; tis but making
A new Almanacke, and dividing the compaſſe
Of the yeare into larger penny-worths,
As a Chandler with his compaſſe makes
A Geometrick proportion of the Holland cheeſe
He retailes by ſtivers.
But for getting of it licenc'd.
Ped. Trouble not your ſelfe with that ſir,
Theres your mony,
Foro. For foure new ſects of religions,
And 9 dayes to the weeke.
Ped. To be brought in at generall pay-dayes,
Write I beſeech you.
Foro. At generall pay-dayes.
Taylor. *I* am by profeſſion a taylor,
You have heard of me.
Foro. Yes ſir, and will not ſteale from you
The leaſt part of that commendation I have heard utterd.
Taylor. I take meaſure of your worth ſir,
And becauſe I will not afflict you with any large bill
Of circumſtances, I will ſnip off particulars.
I would faine invent ſome ſtrange
And exquiſite new faſhions.
Foro. Are you not travel'd ſir.
Tay. Yes ſir, but have obſerv'd all we can ſee
Or invent are but old ones with new names to'em,
Now I would ſome way or other grow more curious.
Foro. Let me ſee to deviſe new faſhions.
Were you never in the Moone ?
Tay. In the Moone taverne! yes ſir;often.
Foro. No, I do meane in the new world,
In the world thats in the Moone yonder.
Tay. How? a new world ith moone?
Foro. Yes I aſſure you.
Tay. And peopled ?
Foro. O moſt fantaſtically peopled.
Tay. Nay certaine then ther's worke for taylors?
Foro. That there is I aſſure you.
Tay. Yet I have talked with a Scotch taylor
That never diſcover'd ſo much to me,
Though he has travail'd far, and was a pedlar in *Poland.*
Foro. That was out of his way,
This lies beyond *China*,
You would ſtudy new faſhions you ſay?
Take my councell, make a voyage,
And diſcover that new world.
Tay. Shall *I* be a moon-man?
Foro. *I* am of opinion, the people of that world
(*I*f they be like the nature of that climate they live in)
Do vary the faſhion of their cloathes oftner then any
Quick-ſilver'd nation in Europe.
Tay. Not unlikely,but what ſhould that be we call
The man in the moone then?
Foro. Why tis nothing but an Engliſhman
That ſtands there ſtarke naked,
With a paire of ſheires in one hand,
And a great bundle of broad cloath in the other
(Which reſembles the buſh of thornes)
Cutting out of new faſhions.
Taylor *I* have heard ſomewhat like this,
But how ſhall *I* get thither?
Foro. *I*le make a new compaſſe ſhall direct you.
Tay. Certaine?
Foro. Count me elſe for no man of direction.
Tay. Theres 20 duckats in hand, at my returne
Ile give you a 100.
Foro. A new voyage to diſcover new faſhions.
Mul. I have been a travailer too ſir,
That have ſhewed ſtrange beaſts in Chriſtendome,
And got mony by them, but *I* finde the trade to decay.
Your Camelion, or Eaſt-Indian hedg-hog
Gets very little mony, and your Elephant devoures
So much bread, brings in ſo little profit,
His keeper were better every morning
Cram 15 Taylors with white manchet,
I would have ſome new ſpectacle,

And one that might be more attractive.

Foro. Let me ſee, were you ever in *Spaine*?

Mule. Not yet Sir.

Foro. I would have you go to *Madrill*, and againſt ſome great feſtivall, when the court lies there, provide a great and ſpacious Engilſh Oxe, and roſte him whole, with a pudding in's belly; that would be the eight wonder of the world in thoſe parts I aſſure you.

Mule. A rare project without queſtion.

Foro. Goe beyond all their garlike olla Podrithoes, though you ſod one in Garquentuas cauldron, bring in more mony, then all the monſters of *Affrick*.

Hoſt. Good Sir do your beſt for him; he's of my acquaintance, and one if ye knew him——

Foro. What is he?

Hoſt. He was once a man of infinite letters,

Foro. A Scholler?

Hoſt. No ſir, a packet carrier, which is alwaies a man of many letters, you know: then he was Mule-driver, now hee's a gentleman, and feedes monſters.

Foro. A moſt ungratefull calling.

Mule. Ther's mony for your direction; the price of the Oxe Sir.

Foro. A hundred French crownes, for it muſt be a *Lincolne* ſhire Oxe, and a prime one:
For a rare and monſtrous ſpectacle, to be ſeen at *Madrill*.

Enter Clown, Hoſteſſe, and Bianca.

Hoſteſ. Pray forbeare ſir, we ſhall have a new quarrell.

Clow. You durſt not meet me ith' field, I am therefore come to ſpoyle your market.

Foro. Whats the newes with you ſir.

Clow. Gentlemen, you that come hither to be moſt abominably cheated, liſten, and be as wiſe as your plannet will ſuffer you, keep your mony, be not guld, be not laught at.

Pedant. What meanes this? would I had my mony agine in my pocket.

Hoſt. The fellow is full of malice, do not mind him.

Clow. This profeſt cheating rogue was my maſter, and I confeſſe my ſelfe a more preternotorious rogue then himſelfe, in ſo long keeping his villainous counſell.

Foro. Come, come, I will not heare you.

Clow. No couzner, thou wouldeſt not heare me, I do but dare thee to ſuffer me to ſpeake, and then thou and all thy divells ſpit fire, and ſpoute *Aqua fortis*.

Foro. Speake on, I freely permit thee.

Clow. Why then know all you ſimple animals, you whoſe purſes are ready to caſt the calfe, if they have not caſt it already, if you give any credit this jugling raſcal, you are worſe then ſimple widgins, and will be drawne into the net by this decoy ducke, this tame cheater.

Foro. Ha, ha, ha, pray marke him.

Clow. He does profeſſe Phyſicke, and counjuring; for his Phyſicke; he has but two medicins for all manner of diſeaſes; when he was i'th low countryes, he us'd nothing but butterd beere, colourd with Allegant, for all kind of maladies, and that he called his catholick medcine; ſure the ducth ſmelt out it was butterd beere, elſe they would never have endur'd it for the names ſake: then does he miniſter a grated dogs turd inſtead of Rubarbe, many times of Vnicornes horne, which working ſtrongly with the conceit of the Patient, would make them beſcummer to the height of a mighty purgation.

Foro. The rogue has ſtudied this invective.

Clow. Now for his conjuring, the witches of Lapland are the divells chaire-women to him, for they will ſell a man a winde to ſome purpoſe; he ſells winde, and tells you fortye lyes over and over.

Hoſteſſ. I thought what we ſhould find of him.

Hoſt. Hold your prating, be not you an hereticke.

Clow. Conjure! Ile tell you, all the divells names he calls upon, are but ſuſtian names, gatherd out of welch heraldry; in breife, he is a rogue of ſix reprieves, foure pardones of courſe, thrice pilloried, twince ſung *Lacrymæ* to the Virginalls of a carts taile, h'as five times been in the Gallies, and will never truly run himſelfe out of breath, till he comes to the gallowes.

Foro. You have heard worthy gentlemen, what this lying detracting raſcall has vomited.

Tay. Yes certaine, but we have a better truſt in you, for you have taine our mony.

Foro. I have ſo, truth is he was my ſervant, and for ſome chaſtiſement I gave him, he does practiſe thus upon me; ſpeake truly ſirra, are you certaine I cannot conjure?

Clow. Conjure! ha, ha, ha.

Foro. Nay, nay, but be very ſure of it.

Clow. Sure of it? why Ile make a bargaine with thee, before all theſe gentlemen, uſe all thy art, all thy roguery, and make me do any thing before al this company I have not a mind to, Ile firſt give thee leave to claime me for thy bond ſlave, and when thou haſt done hang me.

Foro, Tis a match, ſirra, Ile make you caper ith' aire preſently.

Clow. I have too ſolid a body, and my beleife is like a Puritans on Good-Friday, too high fed with capon.

Foro. I will firſt ſend thee to Greeke-land for a haunch of veniſon, juſt of the thickneſſe of thine own tallow.

Clow. Ha, ha, ha, Ile not ſtir an inch for thee.

Foro. Thence to *Amboyna* ith' *Eaſt-Indies*, for pepper to (bake it.

Clow. To *Amboyna*? ſo I might be pepperd.

Foro, Then will I conveigh thee ſtrark naked to *Develing* to beg a paire of brogs, to hide thy mountainous buttocks.

Clow. And no doublet to 'em?

Foro. No ſir, I intend to ſend you of a ſleeveleſſe errand; but before you vaniſh, in regard you ſay I cannot conjure, and ar ſo ſtupid, and opinionated a ſlave, that neither I, nor my art can compell you to do any thing thats beyond your own pleaſure, the gentlemen ſhall have ſome ſport, you cannot endure a cat ſirra?

Clow. Whats that to thee Iugler?

Foro. Nor you'l do nothing at my entreaty?

Clow. Ile be hang'd firſt.

Foro. Sit Gentlemen, and whatſoever you ſee, be not (frighted,

Hoſteſſ: Alas I can endure no coniuring.

Hoſt: Stir not wiſe.

Bian: Pray let me go ſir, I am not fit for theſe fooleryes.

Hoſt: Move not daughter.

For: I wil make you dance a new dance calld leap-frog.

Clow: Ha, ha, ha.

Fro: And as naked as a frog.

Clow: Ha, ha, ha, I defye thee.

Foro, lookes in a booke, ſtrikes with his wand, Muſick playes.

Enter 4. Boyes ſhap't like Frogs, and dance.

Pedant: Spirits of the water in the likenes of frogs.

Tay: he has fiſht faire beleeve me.

Mule: See, ſee, he ſweats and trembles.

Foro: Are you come to your quavers?

Clow. Oh, oh, oh.

Foro. Ile make you run diviſion on that o's ere I leave you; looke you, here are the playfellowes that are ſo indeerd to you; come ſir, firſt uncaſe, and then dance, nay Ile make him daunce ſtark naked.

Hoſt. Oh let him have his ſhirt on, and his Mogols breeches, here are women ith' houſe.

Foro. Well for their ſakes he ſhall.

Clown teares off his doublet, making ſtrange faces as if compeld to it, falls into the Daunce.

Tay. He daunces, what a lying rogue was this to ſay the gentleman could not conjure?

Foro. He does prettily well, but tis voluntary, *I* aſſure you, I have no hand in't.

Clow. As you are a Counjurer, and a rare Artiſt, free me from theſe couplets; of all creatures *I* cannot endure a Frog.

Foro. But your dauncing is voluntary, I can compell you to nothing.

Hoſteſ. O me, daughter, lets take heed of this ſellow, he'le make us dance naked, an' we vex him.

——*Exeunt Hoſteſſe and Bianca.*

Foro. Now cut capers ſirra, Ile plague that chin of yours.

Clow. Oh, oh, oh, my kidneys are roſted, I drop away like a pound of butter roſted.

Tayl. He will daunce himſelfe to death.

Foro. No matter Ile ſell his fat to the Pothecaries, and repaire my injury that way.

Hoſt. Enough in conſcience.

Foro. Well, at your entreaty vaniſh. And now I wil only make him breake his neck in doing a ſommerſet, and thats all the revenge I meane to take of him.

Clow. O gentlemen, what a rogue was I to belye ſo an approved Maſter in the noble dark ſcience? you can witneſſe, this I did only to ſpoyle his practiſe and deprive you of the happyneſſe of injoying his worthy labours; rogue that I was to do it, pray ſir forgive me.

Foro. With what face canſt thou ask it?

Clow. With ſuch a face as I deſerve, with a hanging looke, as all here can teſtifie.

Foro. Well gentlemen, that you may perceive the goodnes of my temper, I will entertain this rogue again in hope of amendment, for ſhould I turn him off, he would be hanged.

Clow. You may read that in this foule coppy.

Foro. Only with this promiſe, you ſhall never cozen any of my patients.

Clow. Never.

Foro. And remember hence forward, that though I cannot counjure, I can make you daunce ſirra, go get your ſelſe into the cottage againe.——*Enter Cæſario.*

Clow. I will never more daunce leape Frog: now I have got you into credit, hold it up, and cozen them in abundance.

Foro. Oh rare raſcall. ——*Exit Clown.*

Ceſar. How now, a Frankford mart here, a Mountebanke, and his worſhipfull auditory.

Hoſt. They are my ghueſts Sir.

Ceſar. A——upon them, ſhew your jugling tricks in ſome other roome.

Hoſt, And why not here Sir?

Ceſar. Hence, or ſirra I ſhall ſpoile your figure flinging, and all their radicall queſtions.

Omnes Sir we vaniſh.——*Exeunt. Manet Hoſt. & Cæſar.*

Hoſt. Signior Cæſario, you make bold with me,
And ſomewhat I muſt tell you to a degree
of ill manners, they are my ghueſts, and men I live by,
And I would know by what authority
You command thus far.

Ceſar. By my intereſt in your daughter.

Hoſt. Intereſt do you call't? as I remember I never put her out to Vſury on that condition.

Ceſar. Pray thee be not angry.

Enter Bianca and Hoſteſſe.

~~*Hoſteſ.*~~ I am come to make thee happy, and her happy:
Shee's here; alas my pretty ſoule, I am come
To give aſſurance thats beyond thy hope,
Or thy beleife, *I* bring repentance 'bout me,
And ſatisfaction, I will marry thee.

Bianca. Ha?

Cæſar. As I live I will, but do not entertain't
With too quick an apprehenſion of joy,
For that may hurt thee, I have heard ſome dye of't,

Bian. Do not feare me.

Cæſar Then thou think'ſt I faigne
This proteſtation, I will inſtantly
Before this teſtimony, my new alliance,
Contract my ſelſe unto thee, then I hope
We may be more private.

these testify

Hoſt. But thou ſhalt not ſir, (baſtard gotten,
For ſo has many a maiden-head been loſt, and many a

Ceſ. Then to give you the beſt of any aſſurance in the
Entreat thy father to goe fetch a Preiſt (world,
Wee will inſtantly to bed, and there be married.

Bian. Pride hath not yet ſoſaken you I ſee,
Though proſperity has.

Hoſt. Sir you are too confident
To faſhion to your ſelſe a dreame of purchaſe
When you are a begger,

Ceſ. you are bold with me.

Hoſteſ. Doe we not know your value is cried downe
Foureſcore i'th hundred.

Bian Oh ſir I did love you
With ſuch a fixed heart, that in that minute
Wherein, you ſlighted, or contemn'd me rather,
I tooke a vow to obey your laſt decree,
And never more looke up at any hope
Should bring me comfort that way, and though ſince
Your Foſter-mother, and the faire *Clariſſa*
Have in the way of marriage deſpis'd you,
That hath not any way bred my revenge,
But compaſſion rather. I have found
So much ſorrow in the way to a chaſte wedlock
That here I will ſet downe, and never wiſh
To come to'th journies end. Your ſuite to mee
Henceforth be ever ſilenc't.

Ceſar. My *Bianca.*

Hoſteſ. Henceforward pray forbeare her and my houſe:
She's a poore vertuous wench, yet her eſtate
May weigh with yours in a gold balance.

Hoſt. Yes, and her birth in any Heralds office in
Chriſtendome.

Hoſteſ. It may prove ſo:
When you'l ſay, you have leapt a Whiteing. *Exit.*

Enter Baptiſta and Mentivole.

Ceſ, How far am I growne behind hand with fortune?

Bap. Here's *Ceſario!*
My ſon ſir is to morrow to be married
Vnto the faire *Clariſſa,*

Ceſ. So.

Ment. Wee hope youle be a gueſte there?

Ceſ. No I will not grace your triumph ſo much.

Bap. *I* will not tax your breeding.
But it alters not your birth ſir, fare you well.

Ment. Oh ſir doe not greive him,
He has to much affliction already. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Sailor.

Ceſ. Every way ſcorn'd and loſt,
Shame follow you
For I am growne moſt miſerable.

Sail. Sir doe you know a Ladies ſon in towne here
They cal *Ceſario?*
Ceſar. Ther's none ſuch I aſſure thee;
Sail. I was told you were the man.
Ceſar. Whats that to thee? Sir?
Sail. A——on't. You are melancholy, will you drink
Ceſar. With whom?
Sail. With mee Sir; deſpiſe not this pitcht Canvas; the time was wee have knowne them lined with Spaniſh Duckets; I have news for you:
Ceſar. For me!
Sail. Not unleſſe you'l drink;
We are like our Sea proviſion, once out of pickle,
We require abundance of drink; I have news to tell you
That were you Prince,
Would make you ſend your mandate
To have a thouſand bonfires made 'ith City,
And piſt out agen with nothing but Greek wine.
Ceſar. Come, *I* wil drink with thee howſoever, *(Exeunt.*
Sail. And upon theſe terms I wil utter my mind to you.

Actus Quintus Scæna prima.

Enter Alberoto, Proſpero, Juliana, and Saylors.

Sail. SHall we bring your neceſſaries aſhore my Lord?
Alb. Do what you pleaſe, *I* am land-ſicke, worſe by far
Then ere *I* was at ſea.
Prof. Collect your ſelfe
Alber. O my moſt worthy *Proſpero*, my beſt friend,
The noble favor I receivd from thee
In freeing me from the Turks *I* now accompt
Worſe than my death; for I ſhall never live
To make requitall; what doe you attend for?
Sail. To underſtand your pleaſure.
Alber. They doe mock me;
I doe proteſt I have no kind of pleaſure
In any thing i'th world, but in thy friendſhip,
I muſt ever except that.
Prof. Pray leave him, leave him.——*Exeunt Sailors.*
Alber. The newes *I* heard related ſince my landing
Of the diviſion of my Family,
How is it poſſible for any man
To bear't with a ſet patience?
Prof. You have ſuffer'd
Since your impriſonment more waighty ſorrowes.
Alber. *I*, then *I* was a man of fleſh and bloud,
Now I am made up of fire, to the ſull height
Of a deadly Calenture; ô theſe vild women
That are ſo ill preſervers of mens honors,
They cannot governe their own honeſties.
That I ſhould thirty and odde winters feed
My expectation of a noble heire,
And by a womans falſhood finde him now
A fiction, a meare dreame of what he was;
And yet I love him ſtill.
Prof. In my opinion
The ſentence (on this tryall) from the Duke
Was noble, to repaire *Ceſarios* loſſe
With the marriage of your wife, had you been dead.
Alber. By your favor but it was not, *I* conceive
T'was diſparagment to my name, to have my widdow
Match with a Faulkners ſon, and yet beleev't
I love the youth ſtill, and much pitty him.
I doe remember at my going to Sea,
Vpon a quarrell, and a hurt receiv'd
From young *Mentivole*, my rage ſo farre
Oretopt my nobler temper, I gave charge
To have his hand cut off, whi ch ſince I heard,
And to my comfort, brave *Cæſario*,
Worthyly prevented.
Prof. And 'twas nobly done.
Albert. Yet the revenge, for this intent of mine
Hath bred much ſlaughter in our families,
And yet my wife (which infinitly moanes me)
Intends to marry my ſole heire *Clariſſa*
To the head branch of the other faction.
Prof. Tis the meane to work reconcilement,
Alber. Betweene whom?
Prof. Your ſelfe, and the worthy *Baptiſta.*
Alber. Never.
Prof. O you have been of a noble and remarkable freindſhip,
And by this match tis generally in *Florence*
Hop'd, twill fully be reconcild; to me
'Twould be abſolute content.
Iulia. And to my ſelfe, *I* have maine intereſt in it.
Alb. Noble Sir, you may command my heart to breake
But never to bend that way; poore *Cæſario*, (for you
When thou puſt'ſt on thy mournfull willow garland,
Thy enemy ſhall be ſuted (*I* do vow)
In the ſame livery, my *Cæſario*
Loved as my ſoſter child, though not my ſonne,
Which in ſome countryes formerly were barbarous,
Was a name held moſt affectionate; thou art loſt,
Vnfortunate young man, not only ſlighted
Where thou received'ſt thy breeding, but ſince ſcorn'd
Ith' way of marriage, by the poore *Bianca*
The In-keepers daughter.
Prof. *I* have heard of that too;
But let not that afflict you; for this Lady
May happily deliver at more leaſure
A circumſtance may draw a faire event,
Better then you can hope for.
For this preſent we muſt leave you,
And ſhall viſit you againe within theſe two houres.
——*Enter Cæſario.*
Albert. Ever to me moſt welcome,——O my *Cæſario.*
Cæſar. I am none of yours Sir, ſo tis proteſted;
And I humbly beg,
Since tis not in your power to preſerve me
Any longer in a noble courſe of life,
Give me a worthy death.
Alber. The youth is mad.
Cæſar. Nay Sir, I will inſtruct you in a way
To kill me honorably.
Alber. That were moſt ſtrange.
Cæſar. I am turning Pirate, You may be imployed
By the Duke to fetch me in; and in a ſea-fight
Give me a noble grave.
Alber. Queſtionleſſe he's mad; I would give any Doctor
A thouſand crownes to free him from this ſorrow.
Cæſar. Here's the Phyſitian.——*Shewes a Poniard.*
Alber. Hold Sir, *I* did ſay
To free you from the ſorrow, not from life.
Cæſar. Why life and ſorrow are unſeparable.
Alber. Be comforted *Cæſario*, *Mentivole*
Shall not marry *Clariſſa.*
Cæſar. No Sir, ere he ſhall, Ile kill him.
Alber. But you forfeit your own life then.
Cæſar. Thats worth nothing.
Alber. *Cæſario*, be thy ſelfe, be mine *Cæſario*;
Make not thy ſelfe uncapable of that portion
I have full purpoſe to confer upon thee;

By falling into madneſſe, beare thy wrongs
With noble patience, the afflicted freind
Which ever in all actions crownes the end.

Ceſ. You well awake me; nay recover'd me
Both to ſence and full life, ô moſt noble ſir,
Though I have loſt my fortune, and loſt you
For a worthy Father: yet I will not looſe
My former vertue, my integrity
Shall not yet forſake me; but as the wilde Ivy,
Spredds and thrives better in ſome pittious ruin
Of tower, or defac'd Temple, then it does
Planted by a new building- ſo ſhall I
Make my adverſity my inſtrument
To winde me up into a full content.

Alber. Tis worthily reſolv'd; our firſt adventure
*I*s to ſtop the marriage; for thy other loſſes,
Practis'd by a womans malice, but account them
Like conjurers windes rais'd to a fearefull blaſt,
And doe ſome miſcheife, but do never laſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Foroboſco and Clowne.

Clow. Now ſir, will you not acknowledge that *I* have mightily advancte your practice?

Foroboſ. Tis confeſt, and I will make thee a great man for't.

Clow. I take a courſe to do that my ſelfe, for I drinke ſack in abundance.

Foro. O my rare raſcall, We muſt remove.

Clow. Whither?

Foro. Any whither: Europe is to little to be cozned by us, I am ambitious to goe to the Eaſt-Indies, thou and I to ride on our brace of Elephants.

Clow. And for my part I long to be in England agen; you wil never get ſo much as in *England,* we have ſhifted many countryes, and many names: but traunce the world over you ſhall never purſe up ſo much gold as when you were in England, and call'd your ſelfe Doctor Lambeſtones.

Foro. Twas an atractive name *I* confeſſe, women were then my only admirers.

Clow, And all their viſits was either to further their luſt, or reveng injuries.

Foro You ſhould have forty in a morning beleager my cloſett, and ſtrive who ſhould be cozend firſt, amongſt foureſcore love-ſick waighting women that has come to me in a morning to learne what fortune ſhould betide them in their firſt marriage, I have found above 94 to have loſt their maidenheads.

Clow. By their owne confeſſion, but *I* was faine to be your male midwife, and worke it out of them by circumſtance.

Foro, Thou waſt, and yet for all this frequent reſort of women and thy handling of their urinalls and their caſes, thou art not given to lechery, what ſhould be the reaſon of it? thou haſt wholſome fleſh enough about thee; me thinkes the divell ſhould tempt thee too't.

Clow. What need he do that, when he makes me his inſtrument to tempt others.

Foro Thou canſt not chuſe but utter thy rare good parts; thou waſt an excellent baude I acknowledge.

Clow. Well, and what I have done that way I will ſpare to ſpeake of all you and I have done ſir, and though we ſhould——

Foro. We will for England, thats for certaine.

Clow. We ſhall never want there.

Foro, Want? the Court of Wards ſhall want mony firſt, for I profeſſe my ſelfe Lord Paramount over fooles and madfolkes.

Clow. Do but ſtore your ſelfe with lyes enough againſt you come thither,

Foro. VVhy thats all the familiarity I ever had with the Divell, my guift of lying, they ſay hees the Father of lyes, and though I cannot conjure, yet I profeſſe my ſelfe to be one, of his poore goſſips. I will now reveale to thee a rare peece of ſervice.

Clow. VVhat is it my moſt worſhipful Doctor Lambſtones.

Foro. There is a Captaine come lately from Sea,
They call *Proſper* I ſaw him this morning
Through a chincke of wainſcote that divides my lodging
And the Hoſt of the houſe, withdraw my Hoſt, and
Hoſteſſe, the faire *Biancha,* and an antient gentlewoman into their bedchamber; I could not overheare their conference, but I ſaw ſuch a maſſe of gold & *I*ewels, & when he had done he loc't it up into a casket; great joy there was amongſt them & forth they are gone into the city, and my Hoſt told me at his going forth he thought he ſhould not returne till after ſupper; now ſir, in their abſence will we fall to our picklocks, enter the chamber, ſeize the *Iewels,* make an eſcape from *Florence*, and wee are made for ever.

Clow. But if they ſhould goe to a true conjurer, and fetch us back in a whirlewinde?

Foro. Doe not beleeve there is any ſuch fetch in Aſtrology, and this may be a meanes to make us live honeſt hereafter.

Clow. Tis but an ill road too't that lyes through the high way of theeving.

Foro. For indeed I am weary of this trade of fortune-telling, and meane to give all over, when *I* come into England, for it is a very tickliſh quality.

Clow. And ith end will hang by a twine thred.

Foro. Beſides the Iſland has too many of the profeſſion, they hinder one anothers market.

Clow. No, no, the pillory hinders their market.

Foro. You know there the jugling captaine.

Clow. *I* theres a ſure carde.

Foro. Onely the fore-man of their jury is dead, but he dyed like a Roman.

Clow. Elſe tis thought he had made worke for the hangman.

Foro. And the very Ball of your falſe prophets, hee's quaſht too.

Clow. He did meaſure the ſtarres with a falſe yard, and may now travaile to Rome with a morter on's head to ſee if he can recover his mony that way.

Foro. Come, come, lets fiſh for this casket, and to Sea preſently.

Clow. We ſhall never reach London *I* ſeare;
My minde runs ſo much of hanging landing at wapping.

Enter Mariana. *Exeunt.*

This well may be a day of joy long wiſh'd for
To my *Clariſſa,* ſhee is innocent.
Nor can her youth but with an open boſome
Meet Himens pleaſing bounties, but to me
That am invirond with black guilt and horror
It does appeare a funerall though promiſing much
In the conception were hard to mannage
But ſad in the event, it was not hate
But fond indulgence in me to preſerve
Ceſarios threatned life in open court
That forc'd me to diſclaime him, chooſing rather
To rob him of his birth-right, and honor
Then ſuffer him to run the hazard of
*I*nrag'de *Baptiſtas* fury, while he lives;

I know I have a ſonne, and the Dukes ſentence
A while deluded, and this tempeſt over ,
When he aſſures himſelfe deſpaire hath ſeizd him.
Knock within. *Enter Baptiſta.*
I can relieve and raiſe him——ſpeake, who is it
That preſſes on my privacies ? Sir your pardon.
You cannot come unwelcome, though it were
To reade my ſecret thoughts.
Bap. Lady to you
Mine ſhall be ever open ; Lady ſaid I,
That name keeps too much diſtance, ſiſter rather
I ſhould have ſtilde you, and I now may claime it,
Since our divided families are made one
By this bleſſed marriage ; to whoſe honor comes
The Duke in perſon, waited onby all
The braveries of his Coutt, to witneſſe it,
And then to be our gheſts, is the bride ready
To meet and entertaine him ?
Maria. She attends the comming of your ſonne.
Bap. Pray you bring her forth.
The Dukes at hand——Muſick in her loud voyce,
Speakes his arrivall.
Maria. Shee's prepard to meet it. ——*Exit.*

Enter Mariana, Clariſſa led by two Maides : at the other doore , Baptiſta meetes with Mentivole, led by two Courtiers, the Duke, Biſhop ; diverſe Attendants : (A Song) whilſt they ſalute.

Duke It were impertinent to wiſh you joy,
Since all joyes dwell about you, *Himens* torch
Was never ſlighted with a luckier omen, lighted
Nor burnt with ſo much ſplendor, to defer
With fruitleſſe complement, the meanes to make
Your certain pleaſures lawfull to the world ;
Since in the union of your hearts they are
Confirmd already : would but argue us
A boaſter of our favours; to the Temple
And there the ſacred knot once tyde, all t'riumphs
Our Dukedome can afford, ſhall grace your nuptialls.
Enter Alberto and Cæſario.
Bap. On there.
Ment. *I* hope it is not in the power
Of any to croſſe us now.
Alber. But in the breath
Of a wrongd Father I forbid the bands. Banns
Ceſar. What, doe you ſtand at gaze ?
Bap. Riſen from the dead !
Maria. Although the ſea had vomitted up the figure
In which thy better part livd long impriſond,
True love deſpiſing feare, runs thus to meete it.
Clariſ. In duty I kneele to it.
Alber. Hence vile wretches,
To you I am a ſubſtance incorporeall,
And not to be prophand, with your vile touch ?
That could ſo ſoone forget me, but ſuch things
Are neither worth my anger, nor reproofe.
To you great ſir, I turne my ſelfe and theſe
Immediate Miniſters of your government,
And if in my rude language I tranſgreſſe ;
Aſcribe it to the cold remembrance of
My ſervices, and not my rugged temper.
Duke. Speake freely, be thy language ne're ſo bitter,
To ſee thee ſafe *Alberto*, ſignes thy pardon.
Alber. My pardon ? I can need none, if it be not
Receivd for an offence. I tamely beare
Wrongs, which a ſlave-born Muſcovite would check at.
Why if for treaſon I had beene deliverd
Vp to the hangmans Axe , and this dead trunck
Vnworthy of a Chriſtian Sepulcher;
Expoſd a prey to feed the ravenous vulture,
The memory of the much I oft did for you,
Had you but any touch of gratitude,
Or thought of my deſervings, would have ſtopd you
From theſe unjuſt proceedings.
Duke. Heare the motives that did induce us.
Alber. I have heard them all,
Your highneſſe ſentence, the whole Court abuſd,
By the perjuries, and practiſe of this woman.
(Wee peſt thou Crocodile)my hopefull ſon,
Whom I dare ſweare mine owne, degraded of
The honors that deſcend to him from me :
And from that in his love ſcornd by a creature
Whoſe baſe birth though made eminent by her beauty,
Might well have markd her out *Ceſarios* ſervant,
All this I could have pardond and forgot ;
But that my daughter with my whole eſtate
So hardly purchaſd, is aſſignd a dower ;
To one whoſe Father, and whoſe family
I ſo deteſt ; that I would looſe my eſſence
And be transformed to a Baſiliske
To look them dead, to mee's an injury,
Admits no ſatisfaction.
Bap. Ther's none offerd .
Alber. Nor would not be accepted,
Though upon thy knees twere tenderd.
Maria. Now the ſtorme grows high.
Bap. But that I thought thee dead, and in thy death
The brinie Ocean had entombd thy name ;
I would have ſought a wife in a Bordello
For my *Mentivole*, and gladly hugd
Her ſpurious Iſſue as my lawfull Nephewes,
Before his blood ſhould ere have mixd with thine ;
So much I ſcorne it. (contract.
Alber. I'll not bandy words, but thus diſſolve the
Bap. There I meet thee, and ſeize on whats mine owne.
Alber. For all my ſervice,
Great Sir grant me the combat with this wretch,
That I may ſcourge his inſolence.
Baptiſt. I kneele for it.
Cæſar. And to approve my ſelfe *Albertos* ſonne,
I'le be his ſecond upon any odds,
Gainſt him that dare moſt of *Baptiſtas* race.
Menti. Already upon honorable termes,
*I*n me thou haſt met thy better, for her ſake
I'le adde no more.
Alber. Sir, let our ſwords decide it.
Maria. O ſtay Sir, and as you would hold the title
Of a juſt Prince, ere you grant licence to
Theſe mad-mens fury, lend your private eare
To the moſt diſtres'd of women.
Duke. Speake, tis granted. *He takes Mariana aſide.*
Clar. In the meane time, let not *Clariſſa* be
A patient looker on, though as yet doubtfull,
To whom to bend her knee firſt, yet to all
I ſtoop thus low in duty, and would waſh
The duſt of fury with my Virgin teares,
From his bleſſd feete, and make them beautifull
That would move to conditions of peace,
Though with a ſnaile like pace, they all are wingd
To beare you to deſtruction : reverend ſirs,
Think on your ancient friendſhip cæmented
With ſo much bloud, but ſhed in noble action,
Divided now in paſſion for a brawle ;

The makers bluſh to own, much lov'd *Cæſario.*
Brother, or friend, (each title may prevaile,)
Remember with what tenderneſſe from our child-hood
Wee lov'd together, you preferring me
Before your ſelfe, and I ſo fond of you
That it begot ſuſpition in ill mindes
That our affection was inceſtuous.
Thinke of that happy time, in which I know
That with your deereſt blood you had prevented
This ſhowre of teares from me *Mentivole*,
My husband, regiſtred in that bright ſtar-chamber,
Though now on earth made ſtrangers, be the example
And offer in one hande the peacefull *Olive*
Of concord, or if that can be denyed
By powerfull interceſſion in the other
Carry the *Hermian* rod and force atonement,
Now we will not bee all marble, Deaths the worſt then
And hee ſhall be my bridegroome, *offers to kill her ſelfe*
Ment. Hold *Clariſſa*, his loving violence needs muſt
Offer in ſpite of honor—*he ſnatches away her knife and ſets it to his owne breaſt, ſhe ſtayes bis hand.*
Duke. Was it to that end then on your religion?
Mar. And my hope in heaven Sir.
Duke. Wee then will leave entreaties, and make uſe
Of our authority, muſt I cry ai-me
To this unheard of inſolence? in my preſence
To draw your ſwords, and as all reverence
Thats due to majeſty were forfeited,
cheriſh this wildeneſſe! ſheath them inſtantly,
and ſhew an alteration in your lookes, or by my power
Alber, Cut of my head (bad man.
Bapt. And mine, rather then heare of peace with this
I'le not alone give up my throat, but ſuffer
Your rage to reach my family.

Enter Proſpero, Iuliana, Biancha.

Alb. And my name to be no more remembred.
Duke. What are theſe?
Cæſ. Biancha, tis *Biancha*, ſtill *Biancha* : but ſtrangely alter'd.
Bapt. If that thirteene yeares
Of abſence could raze from my memory
The figure of my freind, I might forget thee;
But if thy Image be graven on my heart,
Thou art my *Proſpero.*
Proſ. Thou my *Baptiſta*?
Duke. A ſuddaine change!
Bap. I dare not aske deere freind
If *Juliana* live! for thats a bleſſing
I am unworthy of, but yet deny not
To let me know the place ſhe hath made happy
By having there her ſepulcher.
Proſ. If your highneſſe pleaſe to vouchſafe a patient
Eare wee ſhall make a true relation of a ſtory
That ſhall call on your wonder.
Duke. Speake, wee heare you.
Proſ. Baptiſtas Fortune in the *Genoa* court,
His baniſhment, with his faire wifes reſtraint
You are acquainted with; what ſince hath follow'd
I faithfully will deliver, ere eight moones
After *Baptiſtas* abſence were compleate,
Faire *Juliana* founde the pleaſures that
They had injoy'd together were not barren,
And bluſhing at the burthen of her wombe,
No father neere to owne it, it drew on
A violent ſickneſſe, which call'd downe compaſſion
From the angry *Duke*, then carefull of her health.
Phyſitians were enquir'd of, and their judgment
Preſcrib'd the Bathes of *Luca* as a meanes
For her recovery; to my charge it pleas'd her
To be committed; but as on the way
Wee journy'd, thoſe throwes only knowne to women
Came thick upon her, in a private village.
Bap. Shee died?
Proſ. Have patience, ſhe brought to the world
A hopefull daughter; for her bodies ſickneſſe
It ſoone decai'd, but the greife of her minde
Hourely increas'd, and life grew tedious to her,
And deſperate ere to ſee you; ſhe injoyn'd me
To place her in a *Greeekiſh* Monaſtery,
And to my care gave up her pretty daughter.
Bapt. What monaſtery? as a Pilgrim bare-foot,
Ile ſearch it out.
Proſ. Pray you interrupt me not,
Now to my fortunes; the girle well diſpos'd off
With a faithfull freind of mine, my cruell fate
Made me a priſoner to the Turkiſh gallies,
Where for 12 yeares, theſe hands tugd at the oare,
But fortune tyr'd at length with my afflictions,
Some ſhips of *Malta* mett the Ottaman fleete,
Charg'd them and boorded them, and gave me freedome
With my deliverers I ſerv'd, and gott
Such reputation with the great Maſter
That he gave me command over a tall
And luſty ſhip, where my firſt happy ſervice
Was to redeeme *Alberto* rumor'd dead,
But was like me ſurpris'd by *Cortugogly.*
Alber. I would I had dyed there.
Proſ. And from him learning
Baptiſta liv'd, and their diſſolved freindſhip,
I hois'd up ſailes for *Greece*, found *Iuliana*
A votary at her beades; having made knowne
Both that you liv'd, and where you were, ſhe borrow'd
So much from her devotion as to wiſh me
To bring her to you; if the object pleaſe you,
With joy receave her.
Bapt. Rage and fury leave me- *throwes away his ſword*
I am ſo full of happines, theres no room left
To entertaine you, O my long loſt Iewell,
Light of mine eyes, my ſoules ſtrength.
Julia. My beſt Lord, having Embrac'd you thus,
Death cannot fright me.
Bapt. Live long to do ſo though *J* ſhould fix here.
Pardon me *Proſpero* though *I* enquire my daughters fortune.
Proſ. That your happineſſe
May be at all parts perfect, here ſhe is!
Cæſ. Biancha daughter to a princeſſe.
Proſ. True with my faithfull Hoſt I left her,
And with him till now ſhe hath reſided,
Ignorant both of her birth and greatneſſe.
Bap, O my bleſt one. Ioy upon joy over-whelmes me.
Duke. Above wonder.
Alb. I doe begin to melt too, this ſtrange ſtory
Workes much upon me.
Duke Since it hath ples'd heaven
To grace us with this miracle, I that am
Heavens inſtrument here, determine thus; *Alberto*
Be not unthankefull for the bleſſings ſhowne you,
Nor you *Baptiſta*; diſcord was yet never
A welcome ſacrifice; therefore rage layd by,
Embrace as freinds, and let paſs'd difference
Be as a dreame forgotten.
Bap. Tis to me.

Alber. And me, and thus confirme it.
Duke. And to tye it
In bonds not to be broken, with the marriage
Of young *Mentivole*, and faire *Clariſſa*,
So you conſent great Lady, your *Biancha*
Shall call *Cæſario* Husband.
Julia. Tis a motion I gladly yeeld too.
Cæſar. One in which you make a ſadd man happy.
Offers to kneele.
Bian. Kneele not, all forgiven.
Duke. With the Duke your Vnkle I will make attonement, and will have no denyall.

Enter Hoſt, Foroboſco, Clowne and Officers.

Mar. Let this day be ſtill held ſacred.
Hoſt. Now if you can conjure, let the Divell unbind you,
Foro. Wee are both undone.
Clow. Already wee feele it.
Hoſt. Iuſtice ſir,
Duke. What are they?
Prof. I can reſolve you, ſlaves freed from the Gallyes
By the Viceroy of *Sicilia.*
Duke. Whats their offence?
Hoſt. The robbing me of all my plate and Iewels,
I meane the attempting of it.

Clow. Pleaſe your grace I will now diſcover this varlet in earneſt, this honeſt peſtilent rogue, profeſt the art of conjuring, but all the skill that ever he had in the black art was in making a ſeacole fire; only with wearing ſtrange ſhapes he begot admiration amongſt fooles and women.

Foro. Wilt thou preach thou varlet?

Duke. Why does he gogle with his eyes, and ſtauke ſo?

Clow. This is one of his Magicall raptures.

Foro. I doe vilifie your cenſure, you demand if I am guilty, whir ſayes my cloake by a tricke of legerdemaine, now I am not guilty, I am guarded with innocence, pure ſilver lace I aſſure you.

Clow. Thus have I read to you your vertues, which notwithſtanding I would not have you proud of.

Foro. Out thou concealement of tallow, and counterfeit *Mummia.*

Duke. To the Gallyes with them both.

Clow. The onely ſea phyſick for a knave ia to be baſted in a gally with the oyle of a Bulls peeſell.

Foro. And will not you make a ſoure face at the ſame ſauce, ſirra? I hope to finde thee ſo leane, in one fortnight thou mayeſt be drawne by the eares through the hoop of a firkin.

Duke, Divide them and away with them them to'th Gallyes.

Clow. This will take downe your pride Iugler.

Duke. This day that hath given birth to bleſſings; beyond hope, admits no criminall ſentence, to the Temple and there with humbleneſſe praiſe heavens bounties;
For bleſſings nere diſcend from thence, but when
A ſacrifice in thankes aſcends from men. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

THE PROLOGVE.

Playes have their fates, not as in their true ſence
They're underſtood, but as the influence
Of idle cuſtome madly workes upon
The droſſe of many-tongu'd opinion.
A worthy ſtory, howſoever writ
For language, modeſt mirth, conceite or witt,
Meetes often times with the ſweett commendation
Of hang't, tis ſcurvy, when for approbation
A Iigg ſhall be clapt at, and every rime
Prais'd and applauded by a clamorous chime.
Let Ignorance and laughter dwell together,
They are beneath the Muſes pitty. **Hether**
Come nobler Iudgements, and to thoſe the ſtraine
Of our invention is not bent in vaine.
The faire Maide of the Inne to you commends
Her hopes and welcomes, and withall intends
In th' Entertaines to which ſhe doth invite ye,
All things to pleaſe, and ſome things to delight yee.

LOVES PILGRIMAGE.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter Incubo the Bayliff, Diego the Hoſt.

Inc. Signior Don Diego, and mine Hoſt, ſave thee.
Die. I thank you Mr Bayly.
Inc. O the block.
Die. Why, how ſhould I have anſwered?
Inc. Not with that
Negligent rudeneſs: But I kiſs your hands
Signior Don Incubo de Hambre, and then
My titles; Maſter Bayly of Caſtil-blanco:
Thou nere wilt have the elegancy of an Hoſt;
I ſorrow for thee, as my friend and goſſip:
No ſmoak, nor ſteam out-breathing from the kitchen?
There's litle life i'th harth then.
Die. I, there, there,
That is his friendſhip, hearkning for the ſpit,
And ſorrow that he cannot ſmel the pot boil.
Inc. Strange
An Inne ſhould be ſo curſt, and not the ſign
Blaſted, nor withered; very ſtrange, three days now,
And not an egg eat in it, or an onyon.
Die. I think they ha' ſtrew'd the high-wayes with caltraps, I,
No horſe dares paſs 'em; I did never know
A week of ſo ſad doings, ſince I firſt
Stood to my ſign-poſt.
Inc. Goſſip, I have found
The root of all; kneel, pray, it is thy ſelf
Art cauſe thereof: each perſon is the founder
Of his own fortune, good, or bad; bnt mend it,
Call for thy cloak, and rapier.
Die. How?
Inc. Do, call,
And put 'em on in haſte: Alter thy fortune,
By appearing worthy of her: Doſt thou think
Her good face ere wil know a man in cuerpo?
In ſingle body, thus? in hoſe, and doblet?
The horſe boyes garb? baſe blank, and half blank cuerpo?
Did I, or Mr Dean of Civil our neighbor
Ere reach our dignities in cuerpo, thinkſt thou,
In ſquirting hoſe, and doublet? Signior, no,
There went more to't: there were cloaks, gowns, caſſocks
And other paramentos; Call, I ſay,
His cloak, and rapier here. *Enter Hoſteſſe.*
Hoſteſ. What means your worſhip?
Inc. Bring forth thy husbands Sword: ſo hang it on,
And now his cloak, here, caſt it up; I mean
Goſſip, to change your luck, and bring you gueſts.
Hoſteſ. Why? is there charm in this?
Inc. Expect; now walk,
But not the pace of one that runs on errands;
For want of gravity in an Hoſt, is odious:
You may remember Goſſip, if you pleaſe,
(Your wife being then th' Infanta of the Gipſies,
And your ſelf governing a great mans Mules then)
Me a poor Squire at Madrid attending
A Maſter of Ceremonies; But a man, beleeve it,
That knew his place to the gold weight, and ſuch
Have I heard him oft ſay, ought every Hoſt
Within the Catholique kings dominions
Be in his own houſe.
Die. How?
Inc. A Maſter of Ceremonies:
At leaſt vice-maſter, and to do nought in cuerpo,
That was his maxime; I wil tell thee of him:
He would not ſpeak with an Ambaſſadors Cook,
See a cold bake-meat from a forreign part
In cuerpo: had a dog but ſtaid without,
Or beaſt of quality, as an Engliſh cow,
But to preſent it ſelf, he would put on
His Savoy chain about his neck, the ruff
And cuffs of Holland, then the Naples hat
With the Rome hat-band, and the Florentine agat,
The Millain Sword, the Cloak of Genua, ſet
With Flemiſh buttons, all his given peeces
To entertain 'em in, and complement *Knock within.*
With a tame Coney, as with the Prince that ſent it.
Die. Liſt, who is there?
Inc. A gueſt and 't be thy wil.
Die. Look Spowſe, cry luck, and we be encounter'd: ha?
Hoſt. Luck then, and good, for 'tis a fine brave gueſt,
With a brave horſe.
Inc. Why now, beleeve of cuerpo *Enter Theodoſia.*
As you ſhal ſee occaſion: go, and meet him.
Theo. Look to my horſe, I pray you, wel.
Die. He ſhal Sir.
Ine. Oh how beneath his rank and call was that now?
Your horſe ſhal be entreated as becomes
A horſe of faſhion, and his inches.
Theo. O.
Inc. Look to the Cavalier: what ailes he? ſtay
If it concern his horſe, let it not trouble him,
He ſhal have all reſpect the place can yeeld him
Either of barley, or freſh ſtraw.
Die. Good Sir
Look up.
Inc. He ſincks, ſomewhat to caſt upon him,
Hee'l go away in cuerpo elſe.
Die. What, wife!
O your hot waters quickly, and ſome cold
To caſt in his ſweet face.
Hoſt. Alas, fair flowre?
Die. Do's any body entertain his horſe?
Hoſt. Yes, Lazaro has him.
Enter Hoſteſſe with a glaſſe of water.
Inc. Go you ſee him in perſon.
Hoſt. Sir, taſte a litle of this, of mine own water,
I did diſtil't my ſelf; ſweet Lilly look upon me,
You are but newly blown, my pretty Tulip.

Faint not upon your ſtalk, 'tis firme and freſh
Stand up, ſo, bolt upright, you are yet in growing.
The. Pray you let me have a chamber.
Hoſt. That you ſhall Sir.
The. And where I may be private, I intreat you.
Hoſt. For that introth Sir, we ha' no choice: our houſe
Is but a vent of need, that now and then
Receives a gueſt, between the greater towns
As they come late; onely one room,
Inc. She means. Sir, it is none
Of thoſe wild, ſcatter'd heaps, call'd Innes, where ſcarce
The Hoſt is heard, though he wind his horn t'his people,
Here is a competent pile, wherein the man,
Wife, Servants, all doe live within the whiſtle
Hoſt. Onely one room.
Inc. A pretty modeſt quadrangle
She will deſcribe to you?
Hoſt. Wherein ſtands two Beds Sir
Enter Diego.
We have, and where if any gueſt do come
He muſt of force be lodg'd, that is the truth Sir.
Theo. But if I pay you for both your beds, methinks
That ſhould alike content you.
Hoſt. That it ſhall Sir.
If I be paid, I am praid
Theo. Why, ther's a Ducket
Will that make your content?
Hoſt. O the ſweet face on you:
A Ducket? yes, and there were three beds Sir,
And twice ſo many rooms, which is one more,
You ſhould be private in'em all, in all Sir,
No one ſhould have a peece of a bed with you
Not Maſter Deane of Civill himſelf, I ſwear
Though he came naked hither, as once he did
When h'had like t'have been tane a bed with the Moore
And guelt by hir Maſter: you ſhall be as private,
As if you lay in's owne great houſe, that's haunted,
Where no body comes, they ſay:
Theo. I thank you Hoſteſſe.
Pray you will you ſhew me in,
Hoſt. Yes marry will I Sir.
And pray that not a flea, or a chink vex you
Exit Hoſt. and Theo.
Inc. You forget ſupper: Goſſip: move for ſupper
Die. 'Tis ſtrange what love to a beaſt may do, his Horſe
Threw him into this fit.
Inc. You ſhall excuſe me
It was his being in Cuerpo, meerly caus'd it.
Die. Do you think ſo Sir?
Inc. Moſt unlucky Cuerpo,
Naught els, he looks as he would eat partridge,
This gueſſe; ha' you em ready in the houſe?
And a fine peece of kid now? and freſh garlick,
Enter Hoſteſſe.
With a Sardina, and Zant oile? how now?
Has he beſpoke? what will he have a brace,
Or but one partridge, or a ſhort leg'd hen,
Daintyly carbonado'd?
Hoſt. 'Laſſe the dead
May be as ready for a Supper as he.
Inc. Ha?
Hoſt. He has no mind to eat, more then his ſhadow:
Inc. Say you.
Dieg. How do's your worſhip
Inc. I put on
My left ſhoo firſt to day, now I perceive it,
And skipt a bead in ſaying 'em ore; els
I could not be thus croſs'd: He cannot be
Above ſeventeen; one of his years, and have
No better a ſtomach?
Hoſt. And in ſuch good clothes too
Dieg. Nay, thoſe do often make the ſtomach worſe, wife,
That it is no reaſon.
Inc. I could at his years Goſſips
(As temperate as you ſee me now) have eaten
My brace of ducks, with my half gooſe, my cony,
And drink my whole twelve Marvedis in wine
As eaſie as I now get down three olyffs.
Dieg. And with your temperance-favour, yet I think
Your worſhip would put to't at ſix and thirty
For a good wager; and the meal in too.
Inc. I do not know what mine old mouth can do,
I ha not prov'd it lately
Dieg. That's the grief Sir.
Inc. But is he without hope then gone to bed?
Hoſt. I fear ſo Sir, has lock'd the dore cloſe to him
Sure he is very ill.
Inc. That is with faſting,
You ſhould ha told him Goſſip, what you had had,
Given him the inventury of your kitchen,
It is the picklock in an Inne, and often
Opens a cloſe barr'd ſtomach: what may he be troh?
Has he ſo good a Horſe?
Dieg. Oh a brave Jennet,
As ere your worſhip ſaw.
Inc. And he eats
Dieg. Strongly,
Inc. A mighty ſolaſciſme, heaven give me patience,
What creatures has he?
Hoſt. None.
Inc. And ſo well cloath'd,
And ſo well mounted?
Dieg. That's all my wonder Sir,
Who he ſhould be; he is attir'd and hors'd
For the Conſtables ſon of Spaine.
Inc. My wonders more
He ſhould want appetite: well a good night
To both my Goſſips: I will for this time
Put off the thought of ſupping: In the morning
Remember him of breakfaſt pray you,
Hoſt. 'T ſhall Sir,
Dieg. A hungry time Sir.
Inc. We that live like myce
On others meat, muſt watch when we can get it } *Exit Incubo.*
Hoſt. Yes, but I would not tell him: Our fair gueſt
Says, though he eat no ſupper, he will pay for one.
Dieg. Good news: we'l eat it ſpouſe, 't his health,
'Twas politickly done t'admit no ſharers.
Enter Philippo.
Phil. Look to the Mules there, wher's mine Hoſt?
Dieg. Here Sir.
Another Fayerie.
Hoſt. Bleſſe me.
Phil. From what ſweet Hoſteſſe?
Are you affraid o' your gueſts?
Hoſt. From Angels Sir,
I think ther's none but ſuch come here to night,
My houſe had never ſo good luck afore
For brave fine gueſts; and yet the ill luck on't is
I cannot bid you welcome.
Phil. No?
Hoſt. Not lodge you Sir.
Phil. Not, Hoſteſſe?
Hoſt. No in troth Sir, I do tell you

Becauſe you may provide in time: my beds
Are both tane up by a yong Cavalier
That wil, and muſt be private.
Die. He has paid Sir
For all our Chambers.
Hoſt. Which is one: and Beds
Which I already ha' told you are two: But Sir,
So ſweet a creature, I am very ſorry
I cannot lodge you by him; you look ſo like him
Yo'are both the lovelieſt peeces.
Phil. What train has he?
Die. None but himſelf.
Phil. And wil no leſs then both deds
Serve him?
Hoſt. H'as given me a ducket for 'em.
Phil. O.
You give me reaſon Hoſteſſe: Is he handſome,
And yong do you ſay?
Hoſt. O Sir, the delicat'ſt fleſh
And fineſt clothes withall, and ſuch a horſe,
With ſuch a Sadle.
Phil. Shee's in love with all.
The horſe, and him, and Sadle, and clothes: good woman,
Thou juſtifieſt thy Sex; lov'ſt all that's brave:
Enter Incubo.
Sure though I lye o'th ground, ile ſtay here now
And have a ſight of him: you'l give me houſe-room,
Fire, and freſh meat for money: gentle Hoſteſſe
And make me a pallat?
Inc. Sir ſhee ſhal do reaſon:
I underſtood you had another gueſt: Goſſips
Pray you let his Mule be lookt too: have good ſtraw,
And ſtore of bran: And Goſſip do you hear,
Let him not ſtay for ſupper: what good fowle ha' you?
This gentleman would eat a pheaſant.
Hoſt. 'Laſs Sir;
We ha' no ſuch.
irc. I kiſs your hands fair Sir.
What ha' you then? ſpeak what you have? I 'me one Sir
Here for the Catholique King, an Officer
T' enquire what gueſts come to theſe places; you Sir
Appear a perſon of quality, and 'tis fit
You be accommodated: why ſpeak you not,
What ha' you woman? are you afraid to vent
That which you have?
Phil. This is a moſt ſtrange man;
T appoint my meat.
Hoſt. The half of a cold hen Sir,
And a boil'd quarter of kid, is all i'th houſe.
Inc. Why all's but cold; let him ſee it fourth,
Cover, and give the eye ſome ſatisfaction,
A Travellers ſtomach muſt ſee bread and ſalt,
His belly is neerer to him, then his kindred:
Cold hen 's a pretty meat Sir.
Phil. What you pleaſe;
I am reſolv'd t' obey.
Inc. So is your kid,
With pepper, garlick, and the juice of an Orenge,
She ſhal with ſallads help it, and cleane lynnen;
Diſpatch: what news at Court Sir?
Phil. Faith new tires
Moſt of the Ladies have: the men old Suits,
Only the Kings fool has a new coat
To ſerve you.
Inc. I did gheſs you came from thence Sir.
Phil. But I do know I did not.
Inc. I miſtook Sir.
What hear you of the Archdukes?
Phil. Troth your queſtion.
Enter Hoſteſſe and Servants with Table.
Inc. Of the French buſineſs, What?
Phil. As much.
Inc. No more?
They ſay the French: O that's wel: come I'le help you:
Have you no jibblets now? or a broild raſher
Or ſome ſuch preſent diſh t'aſſiſt?
Hoſt. Not any Sir.
Inc. The more your fault: you nev'r ſhould be without
Such aydes: what cottage would ha' lackt a pheaſant
At ſuch a time as this? wel, bring your hen,
And kid forth quickly.
Phil. That ſhould be my prayer
To ſcape his inquiſition.
Inc. Sir, the French,
They ſay are divided 'bout their match with us,
What think you of it.
Phil. As of naught to me Sir.
Inc. Nay it's as litle to me too: but I love
To ask after theſe things, to know the affections
Of States, and Princes, now and then for bettring.
Phil. Of your own ignorance.
Inc. Yes Sir:
Phil. Many do ſo.
Inc. I cannot live without it: what do you hear
Of our Indian Fleet; they ſay they are well return'd.
Phil. I had no venture with 'em Sir; had you?
Enter Hoſteſſe and Servants with meat.
Inc. Why do you ask Sir?
Phil. 'Cauſe it might concern you,
It do's not me.
Inc. O here's your meat come.
Phil. Thanks,
I welcome it at any price.
Inc. Some ſtools here,
And bid mine Hoſt bring Wine, ile try your kid;
If he be ſweet: he looks wel: yes, he is good;
Ile carve you ſir.
Phil. You uſe me too too princely:
Taſt, and carve too.
Inc. I love to do theſe offices.
Phil. I think you do: for whoſe ſake?
Inc. For themſelves ſir,
The very doing of them is reward.
Phil. 'Had little faith would not beleeve you Sir.
Inc. Goſſip ſome wine. *Enter Diego with Wine.*
Die. Here 'tis: and right St Martyn.
Inc. Meaſure me out a glaſs.
Phil. I love the humanity
Us'd in this place:
Inc. Sir, I ſalute you here.
Phil. I kiſs your hands Sir.
Inc. Good wine; it wil beget an appetite:
Fil him; and ſit down, Goſſip, entertain
Your noble gueſt here, as becomes your title.
Die. Pleaſe you to like this wine Sir?
Phil. J diſlike
Nothing mine Hoſt, but that I may not ſee
Your conceal'd gueſt: here's to you.
Die. In good faith Sir,
I wiſh you as wel as him: would you might ſee him.
Inc. And wherefore may he not:
Die. 'Has lock'd himſelf Sir
Up, and has hir'd both the beds o' my wife
At extraordinarie rate.

Phil. Ile give as much
If that will do't, for one, as he for both;
What ſay you mine Hoſt, the door once open
Ile fling my ſelf upon the next bed to him
And there's an end of me till morning; noiſe
I will make none.
Die. I wiſh your worſhip well ----but
Inc. His honour is engag'd: And my ſhe Goſſip
Hath paſt her promiſe, hath ſhe not?
Die. Yes truely:
Inc. That toucheth to the credit of the houſe:
Well, I will eate a little, and think: how ſay you ſir
Unto this brawn o'th hen?
Phil. I ha' more minde
To get this bed ſir.
Inc. Say you ſo: Why then
Giv't me agen, and drink to me: mine Hoſt
Fill him his wine: thou'rt dull, and do'ſt not praiſe it,
I eate but to teach you the way Sir.
Phil. Sir:
Find but the way to lodge me in this chamber
Ile give mine Hoſt two duckets for his bed,
And you ſir two realls: here's to you
Inc. Excuſe me,
I am not mercenary: Goſſip pledge him for me,
Ile think a little more; but ev'n one bit
And then talke on: you cannot interrupt me.
Die. This peece of wine ſir coſt me
Inc. Stay: I have found:
This little morcell: and then: here's excellent garlick:
Have you not a bunch of grapes now: or ſome Bacon
To give the mouth a relliſh?
Die. Wife, do you hear?
Inc. It is no matter: Sir, give mine Hoſt your duckets.
Die. How Sir?
Inc. Do you receive 'em: I will ſave
The honeſty of your houſe: and yours too Goſſip,
And I will lodge the Gentleman: ſhew the Chamber.
Die. Good Sir do you hear.
Inc. Shew me the Chamber.
Die. Pray you Sir,
Do not diſturb my gueſts.
Inc. Diſturb? I hope
The Catholique King ſir, may command a lodging
Without diſturbing in his vaſſails houſe,
For any Miniſter of his, emploid
In buſineſs of the State. Where is the door?
Open the door, who are you there? within?
In the Kings name. *Theodoſia within.*
Theod. What would you have?
Inc. Your key ſir,
And your door open: I have here command
To lodge a Gentleman, from the Juſtice, ſent
Upon the Kings affairs.
Theod. Kings and neceſſities
Muſt be obey'd: the key is under the door.
Inc. How now ſir, are you fitted? you ſecur'd?
Phi. Your two reals are grown a peece of eight.
Inc. Excuſe me Sir.
Phil. 'Twill buy a hen; and wine
Sir, for to morrow. *Exit. Phil.*
Inc. I do kiſſe your hands Sir
Well this will bear my charge yet to the Gallies
Where I am owing a ducket: whither this night
By the Moons leave Ile march: for in the morning
Early they put from Port S. Maries. *Ex.al but Diego.*
Die. Lazaro *Enter Lazaro.*
How do the horſes?
Laz. Would you would go and ſee Sir,
A ----- of all Jades, what a clap h'as given me:
As ſure as you live maſter he knew perfectly
I couzend him on's Oats: he lookt upon me
And then he ſneerd, as who ſhould ſay take heed ſirrah:
And when he ſaw our half peck, which you know
Was but an old Court diſh: lord how he ſtampt:
I thought 't had been for joy, when ſuddenly
He cuts me a back caper with his heels
And takes me juſt o'th' crupper: down came I
And all my ounce of Oates: Then he neigh'd out
As though he had had a Mare by'th taile.
Die. Faith Lazaro
We are to blame to uſe the poor dumb ſerviters
So cruelly.
Laz. Yonder's this other gentlemans horſe
Keeping our Lady eve: the devill a bit
Has got ſince he came in yet: there he ſtands
And looks, and looks, but 'tis your pleaſure ſir!
He ſhall look lean enough: has hay before him
But 'tis as big as hemp, and will as ſoon choak him,
Unleſs he eate it butter'd: he had four ſhoos
And good ones when he came: 'tis a ſtrange wonder
With ſtanding ſtill he ſhould caſt three.
Die. O Lazaro
The devils in this trade: truth never knew it
And to the devill we ſhall travell Lazaro
Unleſs we mend our manners: once every week
I meet with ſuch a knock to moleſie me
Sometimes a dozen to awake my conſcience
Yet ſtill I ſleep ſecurely.
Laz. Certain Maſter
We muſt uſe better dealing.
Die. 'Faith for mine own part
Not to give ill example to our iſſues,
I could be well content to ſteal but two girths,
And now and then a ſaddle cloth: change a bridle
Onely for exerciſe.
Laz. If we could ſtay there
There were ſome hope on's Maſter: but the devill is
We are drunk ſo early we miſtake whole Saddles
Sometimes a horſe; and then it ſeems to us too
Every poore Jade has his whole peck, and tumbles
Up to his ears in clean ſtraw, and every bottle
Shews at the leaſt a dozen; when the truth is Sir
Ther's no ſuch matter, not a ſmell of provinder,
Not ſo much ſtraw, as would tye up a horſe tail,
Nor any thing ith' rack, but two old cobwebs
And ſo much rotten hay as had been a hens neſt.
Die. Well, theſe miſtakings muſt be mended Lazaro,
Theſe apparitions, that abuſe our ſences,
And make us ever apt to ſweep the manger
But put in nothing; theſe fancies muſt be forgot
And we muſt pray it may be reveal'd to us
Whoſe horſe we ought in conſcience to couzen,
And how, and when: A Parſons horſe may ſuffer
A little greazing in his teeth, 'tis wholſome;
And keeps him in a ſober ſhuffle: and his Saddle
May want a ſtirrop, and it may be ſworn
His learning lay on one ſide, and ſo brok it:
Has ever Oates in's cloak-bag to prevent us
And therefore 'tis a meritorious office
To tythe him ſoundly.
Laz. And a Grazier may
For thoſe are pinching puckfoyſts, and ſuſpitious:
Suffer a myſt before his eyes ſometimes too,

And think hee ſees his horſe eat half a buſhel:
When the truth is, rubbing his gums with ſalt,
Till all the skin come off: he ſhal but mumble
Like an old woman, that were chewing brawn,
And drop 'em out again.
Die. That may do wel too,
And no doubt 'tis but venial: But good *Lazaro*
Have you a care of underſtanding horſes,
Horſes with angry heels, gentlemens horſes,
Horſes that know the world: let them have meat
Till their teeth ake; and rubbing till their ribbs
Shine like a wenches forehead; they are devils
Laz. And look into our dealings: as ſure as we live
Theſe Courtiers horſes are a kind of Welſh prophets,
Nothing can be hid from 'em: For mine own part
The next I cozen of that kind, ſhal be founderd,
And of all four too: Ile no more ſuch complements
Upon my crupper.
Die. Steal but a litle longer
Till I am lam'd too, and wee'l repent together,
It wil not be above two daies.
Laz By that time
I ſhal be wel again, and all forgot Sir.
Dieg. Why then ile ſtay for thee. *Exit.*

Scæna ſecunda.

Enter Theodoſia, and Phillipo on ſeveral Beds.

Theo. Oh,--ho-? oh--ho?
Phil. Ha?
Theo. Oh--oh? heart--heart--heart--heart?
Phil. What's that?
Theo. When wilt thou break?-- break, break, break?
Phil. Ha?
I would the voice were ſtrong, or I neerer,
Theo Shame, ſhame, eternal ſhame? what have I done?
Phil Done?
Theo And to no end: what a wild Jorney
Have I more wildly undertaken?
Phil. Jorney?
Theo. How without counſel? care? reaſon? or fear?
Phil. Whither wil this fit carry?
Theo. O my folly:
Phil. This is no common ſickneſs.
Theo. How have I left
All I ſhould love, or keep? ô heaven.
Phil. Sir.
Theo. Ha?
Phil. How do you gentle Sir?
Theo. Alas my fortune
Ph. It ſeems your ſorrow oppreſſes: pleaſe your goodneſs
Let me bear half Sir: a divided burthen
Is ſo made lighter.
Theo. Oh,
Phil. That ſigh betrayes
The fulneſs of your grief:
Theo. I, if that grief
Had not bereft me of my underſtanding,
I ſhould have wel remembred where I was,
And in what company; and clapt a lock
Upon this tongue for talking.
Phil. Worthy Sir
Let it not add to your grief, that I have heard
A ſigh, or groan come from you: That is all Sir:
The. Good Sir no more: you have heard too much I fear,
Would I had taken poppy when I ſpake it.
Phil. It ſeems you have an ill belief of me
And would have feard much more, had you ſpoke ought
I could interpret. But beleeve it Sir
Had I had means to look into your breaſt,
And tane you ſleeping here, that ſo ſecurely
I might have read, all that your woe would hide
I would not have betrayd you.
Theo. Sir that ſpeech
Is very noble, and almoſt would tempt
My need to truſt you.
Phil. At your own election,
I dare not make my faith ſo much ſuſpected
As to proteſt again: nor am I curious
To know more then is fit.
Theo. Sir I wil truſt you
But you ſhal promiſe Sir to keep your bed,
And whatſoe'er you hear, not to importune
More I beſeech you from me.
Phil. Sir I wil not.
Theo. Then I am proan to utter.
Phil. My faith for it.
Theo. If I were wiſe, I yet ſhould hold my peace
You wil be noble.
Phil. You ſhal make me ſo
If you'l but think me ſuch.
Theo. I do: then know
You are deceiv'd with whom you have talk ſo long.
I am a moſt unfortunate loſt woman.
Phil. Ha?
Theo. Do not ſtir Sir: I have here a Sword.
Phil. Not I ſweet Lady: of what blood, or name.
Theo. You'l keep your faith.
Phil. Ile periſh elſe.
Theo. Beleeve then
Of birth too noble for me, ſo deſcended--
I am aſhamd, no leſs then I am affrighted.
Phil. Fear not: by all good things, I will not wrong you.
Theo. I am the daughter of a noble Gentleman
Born in this part of Spain: my fathers name Sir:
But why ſhould I abuſe that reverence
When a childs duty has forſaken me.
Phil. All may be mended: in fit time too: ſpeak it
Theo. Alphonſo, ſir.
Phil. Alphonſo? what's your own name?
Theo. Any baſe thing you can invent.
Phil. Deal truely.
Theo. They call me Theodoſia
Phil. Ha? and love
Is that that hath chang'd you thus?
Theo. Ye have obſerv'd me
Too neerly Sir, 'tis that indeed: 'tis love Sir:
And love of him (oh heavens) why ſhould men deal thus?
Why ſhould they uſe their arts to cozen us?
That have no cunning, but our fears about us?
And ever that too late to; no diſſembling
Or double way but doating: too much loving?
Why ſhould they find new oaths, to make more wretches?
Phil. What may his name be?
Theo. Sir a name that promiſes
Me thinks no ſuch ill uſage: Mark-antonio
A noble neighbours Son: Now I muſt deſire ye
To ſtay a while: elſe my weak eyes muſt anſwer.
Phil. I will: ---Are ye yet ready? what is his quality?
Theo. His beſt a theef Sir: that he would be known by;
Is, heir to Leonardo, a rich Gentleman:
Next, of a handſome body, had heaven made him
A minde fit to it. To this man, my fortune,
(My more then purblind fortune) grave my faith,
Drawn to it by as many ſhews of ſervice
And ſigns of truth, as ever falſe tongue utter'd:

Heaven pardon all.
Phil. 'Tis wel ſaid : forward Lady.
Thec. Contracted Sir, and by exchange of rings
Our ſouls deliver'd : nothing left unfiniſh'd
But the laſt work, enjoying me, and Ceremony.
For that I muſt confeſs was the firſt wiſe doubt
I ever made : yet after all this love ſir,
All this profeſſion of his faith ; when dayly
And hourly I expected the bleſt prieſt
Hee left me like a dream, as all this ſtory
Had never been, nor thought of, why I know not ;
Yet I have called my conſcience to confeſſion,
And every ſillable that might offend
I have had in ſhrift : yet neither loves law Signiour,
Nor ty of maidens duty, but deſiring
Have I tranſgreſt in : left his father too,
Nor whither he is gone, or why departed
Can any tongue reſolve mee : All my hope
(Which keeps mee yet alive, and would perſwade mee
I may be once more happy, and thus ſhapes mee
A ſhame to all my modeſt ſex) is this Sir,
I have a Brother and his old Companion,
Studient in Sallimanca, there my laſt hope
If hee bee yet alive, and can be loving
Is left mee to recover him : For which travel
In this Sute left at home of that dear Brothers
Thus as you find mee, without fear, or wiſdom,
I have wander'd from my father, fled my friends,
And now am only child of hope and danger :
You are now ſilent Sir : this tedious ſtory
(That ever keeps mee waking) makes you heavy :
'Tis fit it ſhould do ſo : for that, and I
Can be but troubles.
Phil. No, I ſleep not Lady :
I would I could : oh heaven is this my comfort.
Thec. What aile you gentle Sir ?
Phil. Oh.
Theo. Why do you groan ſo ?
Phil. I muſt, I muſt ; oh miſery.
Thec. But now Sir
You were my comfort : if any thing afflict yee
Am not I fit to bear a part on't ? and by your own rule.
Phil. No ; if you could heal, as you have wounded me,
But 'tis not in your power.
Theo. I fear intemperance.
Phil. Nay do not ſeek to ſhun mee : I muſt ſee you :
By heaven I muſt : hoa, there mine Hoſt : a Candle :
Strive not, I wil not ſtir ye.
Theo. Noble Sir
This is a breach of promiſe.
Phil. Tender Lady
It ſhal be none but neceſſary : hoa, there,
Some light, ſome light for heavens ſake.
Thec. Wil ye betray mee ?
Are ye a gentleman ?
Phil. Good woman :
Theo. Sir. *Enter Diego with a light.*
Phil. If I be prejudicial to you, curſe mee.
Dieg. Ye are early ſtirring ſir.
Phil. Give mee your Candle
And ſo good morrow for a while.
Dieg. Good morrow Sir. *Exit.*
Thec. My Brother Don Philippo : nay Sir, kil mee
I ask no mercy Sir, for none dare know me,
I can deſerve none : As ye look upon me
Behold in infinite theſe foul diſhonors
My noble father, then your ſelf : laſt all
That bear the name of kindred, ſuffer in mee :
I have forgot whoſe child I am, whoſe Siſter :
Do you forget the pity tyed to that :
Let not compaſſion ſway you : you wil be then
As foul as I, and bear the ſame brond with me,
A favourer of my fault : ye have a ſword ſir,
And ſuch a cauſe to kil me in.
Phil. Riſe Siſter :
I wear no ſword for women : nor no anger
While your fair chaſtity is yet untouch'd.
Theo. By thoſe bright ſtarrs, it is Sir.
Phil. For my Siſter
I do beleeve ye : and ſo neer blood has made us
With the dear love I ever bore your vertues
That I wil be a Brother to your griefs too :
Be comforted, 'tis no diſhonor Siſter
To love, nor to love him you do : he is a gentleman
Of as ſweet hopes, as years, as many promiſes,
As there be growing truths, and great ones.
Theo. O ſir !
Phil. Do not deſpair.
Theo. Can ye forgive ?
Phil. Yes Siſter,
Though this be no ſmal error, a far greater.
Theo. And think me ſtil your Siſter ?
Phil. My dear Siſter.
Theo. And wil you counſel mee ?
Phil To your own peace too :
Ye ſhal love ſtil.
Theo. How good ye are ?
Phil. My buſineſs,
And duty to my father, which now drew mee
From Salimanca, I wil lay aſide
And only be your Agent to perſwade ye
To leave both love, and him, and wel retyre ye.
Theo. Oh gentle Brother.
Phil. I perceive 'tis folly :
Delayes in love, more dangerous.
Theo. Noble Brother.
Phil. Fear not, ile run your own way: and to help you,
Love having rackt your paſſions beyond counſel :
Ile hazard mine own fame : whither ſhal we venture ?
Theo. Alas, I know not Sir.
Phil. Come, 'tis bright morning
Let's walk out, and conſider : you'l keep this habit.
Theo. I would ſir.
Phil. Then it ſhal be : what muſt I cal ye ?
Come, do not bluſh : pray ſpeak, I may ſpoil all elſe.
Theo. Pray cal me Theodoro. *Enter Diego.*
Dieg. Are ye ready ?
The day draws on a pace : once more good morrow.
Theo. Good morrow gentle Hoſt:now I muſt thank ye:
Phil. Who do'ſt thou think this is ?
Die. Were you a wench Sir
I think you would know before me.
Phi. Mine own Brother.
Diego. By'th Maſſe your noſes are a kin : ſhould I then
Have been ſo barbarous to have parted Brothers ?
Phi. You knew it then.
Diego. I knew 'twas neceſſary
You ſhould be both together : Inſtinct Signior
Is a great matter in an Hoſt.
Theo. I am ſatisfied. *Enter Pedro.*
Ped. Is not mine Hoſt up yet ?
Phil. Who's that ?
Die. Ile ſee.
Phil. Siſter, withdraw your ſelf.

Pedr. Signour Philippo
Phil. Noble Don Pedro, where have you been this way?
Pedr I came from Port S^{t} Maries, whence the Gallyes
Put this laſt tide, and bound for Barcellona,
I brought Mark-antonie upon his way.
Phil Marc-antonie?
Pedr Who is turn'd Soldier
And entertain'd in the new Regiment,
For Naples.
Phil. Is it poſſible?
Pedr. I aſſure you.
Phil. And put they in at Barcellona?
Pedr. So
One of the Maſters told me.
Phil. Which way go you Sir?
Pedr. Home:
Phil. And I for Civill: pray you Sir, ſay not
That you ſaw me, if you ſhall meet the queſtion,
I have ſome little buſineſſe
Pedr. Were it leſſe Sir.
It ſhall not become me, to looſe the caution:
Shall we break-faſt together?
Phil. Ile come to you Sir:
Siſter you hear this: I beleeve your fortune
Begins to be propitious to you: we will hire
Mules of mine hoſt here: if we can himſelf
To be our guid, and ſtreight to Barcellona,
This was as happy news, as unexpected
Stay you, till I rid him away.
Theo. I will. *Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCAENA I.

Enter Alphonſo and a Servant.

Alph. Knock at the door.
Ser. 'Tis open Sir.
Alph. That's all one
Knock when I bid you.
Ser. Will not your worſhip enter.
Alph. Will not you learn more manners Sir, and do that
Your Maſter bids ye; knock ye knave, or ile knock
Such a round peal about your pate: I enter
Under his roofe, or come to ſay god ſave ye
To him, the Son of whoſe baſe dealings has undone me.
Knock lowder, lowder yet: ile ſtarve, and rot firſt,
This open ayr is every mans.
Enter two Servants, 1 *Rowl:* 2 *Aſhton.*
Come in Sir.
Aleph. No, no Sir, I am none of theſe come in Sirs
None of thoſe viſitants: bid your wiſe Maſter
Come out, I have to talk unto him: go Sir
2. *Ser.* Your worſhip may be welcome.
Alph. Sir, I will not,
I come not to be welcome: good my three duckets
My pickell'd ſprat a day, and no oyl to't,
And once a year a cotten coat, leave prating
And tell your Maſter, I am here.
2. *Ser.* I will Sir. *Exit.*
This is a ſtrange old man.
Alph. I welcome to him!
Ile be firſt welcome to a Peſthouſe: Sirhah
Lets have your valour now caſde up, and quiet
When an occaſion calls, 'tis wiſdom in ye,
A Servingmans diſcretion: if you do draw

Enter Leonardo, and Don Zanchio (carried by two Servants in a chair.)

Draw but according to your entertainment;
Five nobles worth of fury.
Leo. Signiour Alphonſo.
I hope no diſcontent from my will given,
Has made ye ſhun my houſe: I ever lov'd ye.
An credit me amongſt my fears 'tis greateſt
To miniſter offences.
Alph. O good Signiour
I know for Italian breed, fair tongu'd,
Spare your Appologies, I care not for'em,
As little for your love Sir; I can live
Without your knowledge, eat mine own, and ſleep
Without dependances, or hopes upon ye.
I come to aske my daughter.
Leo. Gentle Sir.
Alph. I am not gentle Sir, nor gentle will be
Till I have juſtice, my poor child reſtor'd
Your caper-cutting boy has run away with
Yong Signior-ſmooth-face, he that takes up wenches
With ſmiles, and ſweet behaviours, ſongs, and ſonnets,
Your high fed Jennet, that no hedge can hold
They ſay you bred him for a Stallion.
Zanch. Fie Signiour, there be times, and terms of honour
To argue theſe things in, deſcidements able
To ſpeak ye noble gentlemen, ways punctuall
And to the life of credit, ye are too rugged
Alph. I am too tame Sir.
Leo. Will ye hear but reaſon?
Alph. No, I will hear no reaſon: I come not hither
To be popt off with reaſon; reaſon then.
Zanch. Why Signior, in all things there muſt be method
Ye choak the child of honuur els, diſcretion,
Do you conceive an injury?,
Alph. What then Sir?
Zanch. Then follow it in fair terms, let your ſword bite
When time calls, not your tongue.
Alph. I know Sir
Both when and what to do without directions,
And where, and how, I come not to be tutur'd,
My cauſe is no mans but mine own: you Signior
Will ye reſtore my daughter?
Leo. Who detains her?
Alph. No more of theſe ſleight ſhifts
Leo. Ye urge me Signior
With ſtrange unjuſtice: becauſe my Son has err'd
Zanch. Mark him.
Leo. Out of the heat of youth: do'ſt follow
I muſt be father of his crimes.
Alph. I ſay ſtill
Leave of your rhetorick, and reſtore my daughter.
And ſodainly: bring in your rebell too,
Mountdragon, he that mounts without commiſſion
That I may ſee him puniſhed, and ſeverely,
Or by that holy heaven, ile fire your houſe,
And ther's my way of honour.
Zanch. Pray give me leave
Was not man made the nobleſt creature
Alph. Well Sir.
Zanch. Should not his mind then anſwer to his making,
And to his mind his actions, if this ought to be,
Why do we run a blind way from our worths,
And cancell our diſcretions, doing thoſe things
To cure offences, are the moſt offences?
We have rules of juſtice in us; to thoſe rules
Let us apply our angers: you can conſider

The want in others of theſe terminations,
And how unfurniſh'd they appear.
Alph. Hang others,
And where the wrongs are open, hang reſpects,
I come not to conſider.
Leo. Noble Sir,
Let us argue cooly, and conſider like men.
Alph. Like men!
Leo. Ye are too ſodain ſtill.
Alph. Like men Sir?
Zanch It is fair language, and ally'd to honour.
Alph. Why, what ſtrange beaſt would your grave reverence
Make me appear? like men!
Zanch. Taſte but that point Sir,
And ye recover all.
Alph. I tell thy wiſdome
I am as much a man, and as good a man.
Leo. All this is granted Sir.
Alph. As wiſe a man.
Zanch. Ye are not tainted that way.
Alph. And a man
Dares make thee no man; or at beſt, a baſe man.
Zanch. Fy, Fy, here wants much carriage.
Alph. Hang much carriage.
Leo. Give me good language ſirrah Signiour.
Alph. Give me my daughter.
Leo. I am as gentle as your ſelf, as free born.
Zanch. Obſerve his way.
Leo. As much reſpect ow'd to me.
Zanch. This hangs together nobly.
Leo. And for Civill
A great deal more it ſeems: go look your daughter.
Zanch. There ye went well off Signiour.
Leo. That rough tongue
You underſtand at firſt: you never think Sir
Out of your mightineſſe, of my loſſe: here I ſtand
A patient anvill, to your burning angers
Made ſubject to your dangers; yet my loſſe equall:
Who ſhall bring home my ſon?
Alph. A whipping Beadle.
Leo. Why, is your daughter whoriſh?
Alph. Ha, thou dar'ſt not,
By heaven I know thou dar'ſt not.
Leo. I dare more Sir
If you dare be uncivill.
Alph. Laugh too, Pidgeon.
Zanch. A fitter time for fames ſake: two weak Nurſes
Would laugh at this; are there no more days coming,
No ground but this to argue on? no ſwords left
Nor friends to carry this, but your own furies?
Alas! it ſhows too weakly.
Alph. Let it ſhow,
I come not here for ſhews: laugh at me ſirrah?
Ile give ye cauſe to laugh.
Leo. Ye are as like Sir
As any man in Spaine.
Alph. By heaven I will,
I will brave Leonardo.
Leo. Brave Alphonſo,
I will expect it then.
Zanch. Hold ye there both,
Theſe terms are noble.
Alph. Ye ſhall hear ſhortly from me.
Leo. Now diſcreetly.
Alph. Aſſure your ſelf ye ſhall: do ye ſee this ſword Sir?
He has not caſt his teeth yet.
Zanch. Rarely carried.
Alph. He bites deep: moſt times mortall: Signiour
Ile hound him at the fair and home.
Zanch. Still nobly.
Alph. And at all thoſe that dare maintain ye.
Zanch. Excellent.
Leo. How you ſhall pleaſe Sir, ſo it be fair, though certain,
I had rather give you reaſon.
Zanch. Fairly urg'd too.
Alpl. This is no age for reaſon, prick your reaſon
Upon your ſwords point.
Zanch. Admirably follow'd.
Alph. And there ile hear it: ſo till I pleaſe, live Sir. *Exit*
Leo. And ſo farewell, you'r welcome.
Zanch. The end crowns all things
Signiour, ſome little buſineſſe paſt, this cauſe ile argue
And be a peace between ye, ift ſo pleaſe ye,
And by the ſquare of honour to the utmoſt:
I feel the old man's maſter'd by much paſſion,
And too high rackt, which makes him overſhoot all.
His valour ſhould direct at, and hurt thoſe
That ſtand but by as blenchers: this he muſt know too,
As neceſſary to his judgement, doting women
Are neither ſafe nor wiſe adventures: conceive me,
If once their wills have wander'd; nor is't then
A time to uſe our rages: for why ſhould I
Bite at the ſtone, when he that throws it wrongs me?
Do not we know that women are moſt wooers
Though cloſeſt in their carriage? Do not all men know,
Scarce all the compaſſe of the globe can hold 'em
If their affections be afoot? ſhall I then covet
The follys of a ſhe-fool, that by nature
Muſt ſeek her like, by reaſon be a woman,
Sink a tal ſhip becauſe the ſales defie me?
No, I diſdain that folly; he that ventures
Whilſt they are fit to put him on, has found out
The everlaſting motion in his ſcabbard.
I doubt not to make peace: and ſo for this time
My beſt love, and remembrance.
Leo. Your poor Servant. *Exeunt.*

Scæna ſecunda.

Enter Diego Hoſt, Philippo, and Theodoſia.

Phil. Where will our Horſes meet us?
Hoſt Dieg. Fear not you Sir,
Some half mile hence, my worſhips man will ſtay us,
How is it with my young bloods? come, be joviall,
Let's travell like a merry flock of wild geeſe,
Every tongue talking.
Phil. We are very merry;
But do you know this way Sir?
Theo. Is't not dangerous?
Methinks theſe woody thickets ſhould harbour knaves.
Hoſt Die. I fear none but fair wenches: thoſe are theeves
May quickly rob me of my good conditions
If they cry ſtand once: but the beſt is Signiours
They cannot bind my hands; for any elſe,
They meet an equall knave, and there's my paſport:
I have ſeen fine ſport in this place, had theſe trees tongues,
They would tell ye pretty matters: do not you fear thongh
They are not every days delights.
Phil. What ſport Sir?
Hoſt. Why to ſay true, the ſport of all ſports,
Phil. What was't?
Hoſt. Such turning up of taffataes; and you know
To what rare whiſtling tunes they go, far beyond
A ſoft wind in the ſhrowds: ſuch ſtand there,

And down ith thother place; ſuch ſupplications
And ſubdiviſions for thoſe toys their honours,
One, as ye are a gentleman in this buſh,
And oh ſweet Sir, what mean ye? ther's a bracelet,
And uſe me I beſeech ye like a woman,
And her petition's heard: another ſcratches,
And crys ſhe will die firſt, and then ſwones: but certain
She is brought to life again, and does well after.
Another ſave mine honour, oh mine honour,
My husband ſerves the Duke, Sir, in his kitchen;
I have a cold pie for ye; fy, fy, fy gentlemen,
Will nothing ſatisfie ye, where's my husband?
Another crys, do ye ſee Sir how they uſe me,
Is there no law for theſe things?
Theo. And good mine Hoſt,
Do you call theſe fine ſports?
Hoſt. What ſhould I call 'em,
They have been ſo call'd theſe thouſand years & upwards.
Phil. But what becomes o'th' men?
Hoſt. They are ſtript and bound,
Like ſo many Adams, with fig leafs afore 'em,
And there's their innocence.
Theo. Would we had known this?
Before we reacht this place.
Phil. Come, there's no danger,
Theſe are but ſometimes chances.

Enter Bayliffe.

Hoſt. Now we muſt through.
Theo. Who's that?
Hoſt. Stand to it Signiors,
Phil. No it needs not,
I know the face; 'tis honeſt.
Bayl. What mine Hoſt:
Mine everlaſting honeſt Hoſt.
Hoſt. Maſſe Bayly:
Now in the name of an ill reckoning
What make you walking this round?
Bayl. A —— of this round,
And of all buſineſſe too, through woods, and raſcalls,
They have rounded me away a dozen duckets,
Beſides a fair round cloke: Some of 'em knew me,
Els they had caſed me like a cony too,
As they have done the reſt, and I think roſted me,
For they began to baſte me ſoundly: my young Signiors,
You may thank heaven, and heartily, and hourly,
You ſet not out ſo early; ye had been ſmoak'd els
By this true hand ye had Sirs, finely ſmoakt,
Had ye been women, ſmockt too.
Theo. Heaven defend us.
Bayl. Nay, that had been no prayer, there were thoſe
That run that prayer out of breath, yet fail'd too:
There was a Fryer, now ye talk of prayer,
With a huge bunch of beads, like a rope of onyons;
I am ſure as big, that out of fear and prayer,
In half an houre wore 'em as ſmall as bugles,
Yet he was flea'd too.
Phil. At what houre was this?
Bayl. Some two houres ſince.
Theo. Do you think the paſſage ſure now.
Bayl. Yes, a rope take 'em, as it will, and bleſſe 'em,
They have done for this day ſure.
Phil. Are many riffled?
Bayl. At the leaſt a dozen,
And there left bound.
Theo. How came you free?
Bayl. A curteſie
They uſe out of their rogueſhips, to bequeath
To one, that when they give a ſigne from far
Which is from out of danger; he may preſently
Releaſe the reſt, as I met you, I was going,
Having the ſigne from yonder hill to do it.
Theo. Alas poor men.
Phil. Mine Hoſt, pray go untie'em.
Hoſt. Let me alone for cancelling: where are they?
Bayl. In every buſh like black birds, you cannot miſſe
('em
Hoſt. I need not ſtalk unto 'em. *Exit.*
Bayl. No, they'l ſtand ye,
My buſy life for yours Sir: you would wonder
To ſee the ſeverall tricks, and ſtrange behaviors
Of the poor raſcals in their miſeries,
One weeps, another laughs at him for weeping,
A third is monſtrous angry he can laugh
And crys, go too, this is no time; he laughs ſtill,
A fourth exhorts to patience; him a fift man
Curſes for tameneſſe; him a Fryer ſchools,
All hoot the Fryer: here one ſings a Ballad,
And there a little Curat confutes him,
And in this linſey woolſey way, that would make a dog
Forget his dinner, or an old man fire
They rub out for their ranſoms: Amongſt the reſt,
There is a little Boy rob'd, a fine child,
It ſeems a Page: I muſt confeſſe my pitty
(As 'tis a hard thing in a man of my place)
To ſhew compaſſion, ſtir'd at him; ſo finely
And without noyſe he carrys his afflictions,
And looks as if he had but dreamt of looſing.

Enter Hoſt and Leocadia, and others as rob'd.

This boy's the glory of this robbery,
The reſt but ſhame the action: now ye may hear 'em.
Hoſt. Come lads, 'tis holy-day: hang clothes, 'tis hot,
And ſweating agues are abroad.
1. It ſeems ſo;
For we have met with rare Phiſitians
To cure us of that mallady.
Hoſt. Fine footing,
Light and deliver: now my boys: Maſter Fryer,
How do's your holineſſe, bear up man; what
A cup of neat ſack now and a toaſt: ha, Fryer,
A warm plaiſter to your belly Father,
There were a bleſſing now.
Fryer. Ye ſay your mind Sir.
Hoſt. Where my fine Boy: my poynter.
Bayl. Ther's the wonder.
Hoſt A rank whore ſcratch their ſides till the pox follow
For robbing thee, thou haſt a thouſand ways
To rob thy ſelf boy, dyce, and a chamber devill.
Leoc. Ye are deceiv'd Sir.
Hoſt. And thy Maſter too Boy. (theſe?
Phil. A ſweet fac'd Boy indeed: what rogues were
What barbarous brutiſh ſlaves to ſtrip this beauty?
Theo. Come hither my boy: alas! he's cold, mine Hoſt,
We muſt intreat your Cloak.
Hoſt. Can ye intreat it. (ments.
Phil. We do preſume ſo much, you have other gar-
Hoſt. Will you intreat thoſe too?
Theo. Your Mule muſt too,
To the next town, you ſay 'tis neer; in pity
You cannot ſee this poor Boy periſh.
I know ye have a better ſoul, we'l ſatisfie ye. (help it,
Hoſt. 'Tis a ſtrange fooliſh trick I have, but I cannot
I am ever cozen'd with mine own commendations;
It is determin'd then I ſhall be robb'd too.
To make up vantage to this dozen: here Sir,

Heaven has provided ye a ſimple garment
To ſet ye off: pray keep it hanſomer
Then you kept your own, and let me have it render'd,
Bruſh'd, and diſcreetly folded.
Leoc. I thank ye Sir.
Hoſt. Who wants a doblet?
2. I.
Hoſt. Where will you have it?
2. From you Sir, if you pleaſe.
Hoſt. Oh, there's the poynt Sir.
Phil. My honeſt friends, I am ſorry for your fortunes,
But that's but poor relief: here are ten Duckets,
And to your diſtribution holy Sir,
I render 'em: and let it be your care
To ſe 'em, as your wants are, well divided.
Hoſt. Plain dealing now my friends: and Father Fryer,
Set me the ſadle right; no wringing Fryer,
Nor tithing to the Church, theſe are no duties;
Scowre me your conſcience, if the Devill tempt ye
Off with your cord, and ſwing him.
Fry. Ye ſay well Sir.
all. Heaven keep your goodneſſe.
Theo. Peace keep you, farewell friends.
Hoſt. Farewell light-horſe-men. *Exit the rob'd.*
Phil. Which way travell you Sir.
Bayl. To the next town.
The. Do you want any thing.
Bayl. Only diſcretion to travell at good houres,
And ſome warm meat to moderate this matter,
For I am moſt outragious cruell hungry
Hoſt. I have a ſtomach too ſuch as it is
Would poſe a right good paſty, I thank heaven for't.
Bayl. Cheeſ that would break the teeth of a new hand-ſaw,
I could endure now like an Eaſtrich, or ſalt beeffe
That Ceſar left in pickell.
Phil. Take no care,
Wee'l have meat for you and enough: I th' mean time
Keep you the horſe way leſt the fellow miſſe us,
We'l meet ye at the end o'th wood.
Hoſt. Make haſt then.
Exit. Hoſt. & Bayl.
Theo. My pretty Sir, till your neceſſities
Be full ſupplied, ſo pleaſe you truſt our friendſhips,
We muſt not part.
Leo. Ye have pull'd a charge upon ye,
Yet ſuch a one, as ever ſhall be thankfull.
Phil. Ye have ſaid enough: may I be bold to ask ye,
What Province you were bred in? and of what parents?
Leo. Ye may Sir: I was born in Andoluzia,
My name Franciſco, ſon to Don Henriques
De Cardinas.
Theo. Our noble neighbour.
Phil. Son to Don Henriques:
I know the gentleman: and by your leave Sir,
I know he has no ſon.
Leo. None of his own Sir,
Which makes him put that right upon his brother
Don Zanchio's children: one of which I am,
And therefore do not much err.
Phil. Still ye do Sir,
For neither has Don Zanchio any ſon;
A daughter, and a rare one is heire,
Which though I never was ſo bleſt to ſee,
Yet I have heard great good of.
Theo. Urge no further,
He is aſhamed, and bluſhes.
Phil. Sir,
If it might import you to conceal your ſelf,
I ask your mercy, I have been ſo curious:
Leo. Alas! I muſt ask yours Sir: for theſe lies,
Yet they were uſefull ones; for by the claiming
Such noble parents, I beleev'd your bounties
Would ſhew more gracious: The plain truth is gentlemen,
I am Don Sanchios ſtewards ſon, a wild boy,
That for the fruits of his unhappineſſe,
Is faigne to ſeek the wars.
Theo. This is a lie too.
If I have any ears.
Phil. Why?
Theo. Mark his language,
And ye ſhall find it of too ſweet a reliſh
For one of ſuch a breed: ile pawn my hand,
This is no boy.
Phil. No boy? what would you have him?
Theo. I know, no boy: I watcht how fearfully,
And yet how ſodainly he cur'd his lies,
The right wit of a woman: Now I am ſure.
Phil. What are ye ſure?
Theo. That 'tis no boy: ile burn in't.
Phil. Now I conſider better, and take councell,
Methinks he ſhows more ſweetneſſe in that face,
Then his fears dare deliver.
Theo. No more talk on't,
There hangs ſome great waight by it: ſoon at night
Ile tell ye more.
Phil. Come Sir, what ere you are
With us, embrace your liberty, and our helps
In any need you have.
Leo. All my poor ſervice
Shall be at your command Sir, and my prayers.
Phil. Let's walke a pace; hunger will cut their throats els. *Exeunt.*

SCÆNA TERTIA.

Enter Rodorigo, Markantonio, and a Ship-maſter.
two Chairs ſet out.

Rod. Call up the Maſter.
Maſt. Here Sir. *within.*
Rod. Honeſt Maſter,
Give order all the Gallys with this tyde
Fall round, and neer upon us; that the next wind
We may waigh off together, and recover
The Port of Barcelona, without parting.
Maſt. Your pleaſures done Sir. *within.*
Rod. Signior Markantonio,
Till meat be ready, let's ſit here and prepare
Our ſtomachs with diſcourſes.
Marc. What you pleaſe Sir.
Rod. Pray ye anſwer me to this doubt.
Marc. If I can Sir.
Rod. Why ſhould ſuch plants as you are, pleaſures children
That ow their bluſhing years to gentle objects,
Tenderly bred, and brought up in all fulneſſe,
Deſire the ſtubborn wars?
Marc. In thoſe 'tis wonder,
That make their eaſe their god, and not their honour:
But noble Generall, my end is other,
Deſire of knowledge Sir, and hope of tying
Diſcretion to my time, which only ſhews me,
And not my years, a man, and makes that more.
Which we call handſome, the reſt is but boys beauty,
And with the boy conſum'd.
Rod. Ye argue well Sir.

Mar. Nor do I wear my youth, as they wear breches
For object, but for uſe: my ſtrength for danger,
Which is the liberall part of man, not dalliance,
The wars muſt be my Miſtreſſe Sir.
Rod. O Signiour,
You'l find her a rough wench.
Mar. When ſhe is won once,
She'l ſhow the ſweeter Sir.
Rod. You can be pleas'd, though
Sometimes to take a tamer?
Mar 'Tis a truth Sir,
So ſhe be hanſom, and not ill condition'd.
Rod. A Soldier ſhould not be ſo curious.
Marc. I can make ſhift with any for a heat Sir.
Rod. Nay, there you wrong your youth too: and however
You are pleas'd to appear to me, which ſhews wel Signior,
A tougher ſoul then your few yeers can teſtifie;
Yet my yong Sir, out of mine own experience
When my ſpring was, I am able to confute ye,
And ſay, y' had rather come to th' ſhock of eys,
And boldly march up to your Miſtreſſe mouth,
Then to the Cannons.
Mar. That's as their lading is Sir.
Rod. There be Trenches
Fitter, and warmer for your years, and ſafer
Then where the bullet plaies.
Mar. Ther's it I doubt Sir.
Rod. You'l eaſily find that faith: But come, be liberall,
What kind of woman could you make beſt wars with?
Mar. They are all but heavy marches.
Rod. Fy Marckantonio,
Beauty in no more reverence?
Mar. In the Sex Sir,
I honour it, and next to honour, love it,
For there is onely beauty; and that ſweetneſſe
That was firſt meant for modeſty: ſever it
And put it in one woman, it appears not,
'Tis of too rare a nature, ſhe too groſſe
To mingle with it.
Rod. This is a meer hereſie.
Marc. Which makes 'em ever mending; for that gloſſe
That coſens us for beauty, is but bravery,
An outward ſhew of things well ſet, no more,
For heavenly beauty, is as heaven it ſelf Sir,
Too excellent for object, and what is ſeen
Is but the vail then, airy clowds; grant this
It may be ſeen, 'tis but like ſtars in twinklings.
Rod. 'Twas no ſmall ſtudy in their Libraries
Brought you to this experience: But what think ye
Of that fair red and white, which we call beauty?
Mar. Why? 'tis our creature Sir, we give it 'em,
Becauſe we like thoſe colours, els 'tis certain
A blew face with a motley noſe would do it,
And be as great a beauty, ſo we lov'd it;
That we cannot give, which is only beauty,
Is a fair Mind.
Rod. By this rule, all our choices
Are to no ends.
Marc. Except the dull end, Doing.
Rod. Then all to you ſeem equall?
Marc. Very true Sir,
And that makes equall dealing: I love any
That's worth love.
Rod. How long love ye Signiour?
Marc. Till I have other buſineſſe.
Rod. Do you never
Love ſtedfaſtly one woman?
Mar. 'Tis a toyle Sir
Like riding in one rode perpetually,
It offers no variety.
Rod. Right youth,
He muſt needs make a Soldier; nor do you think
One woman, can love one man.
Mar. Yes that may be,
Though it appear not often; they are things ignorant,
And therefore apted to that ſuperſtition
Of doting fondneſſe; yet of late years Signior,
That worlds well mended with 'em, fewer are found now
That love at length, and to the right mark, all
Stir now as the time ſtirs; fame and faſhion
Are ends they aym at now, and to make that love
That wiſer ages held ambition;
They that cannot reach this, may love by Jndex;
By every days ſurveying who beſt promiſes,
Who has done beſt, who may do, and wo mended
May come to do again; who appears neateſt
Either in new ſtampt cloths, or curteſies, (things
Done but from hand to mouth neither; nor love they theſe
Longer then new are making, nor that ſucceſſion
Beyond the next fair feather: Take the City,
There they go to't by gold waight, no gain from 'em
All they can work by fire and water to 'em,
Profit is all they point at: if there be love
'Tis ſhew'd ye by ſo dark a light, to bear out
The bracks, and old ſtayns in it, that ye may purchaſe
French velvet better cheap: all loves are endleſſe.
Rod. Faith, if ye have a Miſtreſſe, would ſhe heard you.
Mar. 'Twere but the ventring of my place, or ſwearing
I meant it but for argument, as Schoolmen
Diſpute high queſtions.
Rod. What a world is this
When yong men dare determine what thoſe are?
Age and the beſt experience ne'r could aym at. (bigger,
Marc. They were thick eyd then Sir; now the print is
And they may read their fortunes without ſpectacles.
Rod. Did you ne'r love?
Mar. Faith yes, once after ſupper,
And the fit held till midnight.
Rod. Hot, or ſhaking.
Mar. To ſay true, both.
Rod. How did ye rid it?
Mar. Thus Sir,
I laid my hand upon my heart, and bleſt me,
And then ſaid over certain charms I had learn'd
Againſt mad dogs, for love, and they are all one;
Laſt thought upon a windmill, and ſo ſlept,
And was well ever after.
Rod. A rare Phiſitian,
What would your practiſe gain ye?
Mar. The wars ended,
I mean to uſe my art, and have theſe fools
Cut in the head like Cats, to ſave the kingdome,
Another Inquiſition.
Rod. So old a Soldier
Out of the wars, I never knew yet practiſed.
Mar. I ſhall mend every day; But noble Generall,
Beleeve this, but as this you nam'd diſcourſes.
Rod. O ye are a cunning Gamſter.
Mar. Mirths and toys
To coſen time withall, for O my troth Sir,
I can love; I think, well too; well enough
And think as well of women as they are,
Pretty fantaſtick things, ſome more regardfull,
And ſome few worth a ſervice: I am ſo honeſt,

wish
I with'em all in heaven, and you know how hard Sir
'Twill be to get in there with their great farthingalls.
Rod. Well Marckantonio, I would not looſe thy company
For the beſt Galley I command.
Marc. Faith Generall,
If theſe diſcourſes pleaſe ye, I ſhall fit ye
Once every day. *knock within.*
Rod. Thou canſt not pleaſe me better: hark, they call
Below to Dinner: ye are my Cabbin gueſt,
My boſome's, ſo you pleaſe Sir.
Marc. Your poor Servant. *Exeunt.*

Scæna quarta.

Enter Philippo, and ſecond Hoſt.

Hoſt. Let 'em have meat enough woman, half a hen;
There be old rotten pilchers, put 'em of too,
'Tis but a little new anoynting of 'em,
And a ſtrong onyon, that confounds the ſtink.
Hoſteſſ. They call for more Sir.
Hoſt. Knock a dozen eggs down,
But then beware your wenches.
Hoſteſſ. More then this too? (wench,
Hoſt. Worts, worts, and make'em porridge: pop 'em up
But they ſhall pay for Cullyſes.
Hoſteſſ. All this is nothing;
They call for kid and partridge.
Hoſt. Well remembred,
Where 's the half Falconers dog he left?
Hoſteſſ. It ſtinks Sir,
Paſt all hope that way.
Hoſt. Run it ore with garlick,
And make a Roman diſh on't.
Hoſteſſ. Pray ye be patient,
And get proviſion in; theſe are fine gentlemen,
And liberall gentlemen; they have unde quare
No mangey Muleters, nor pinching Poſts
That feed upon the parings of musk-millions
And radiſhes, as big and tough as rafters:
Will ye be ſtirring in this buſineſſe? here 's your brother
Mine old Hoſt of Oſſuva, as wiſe as you are,
That is, as knaviſh; if ye put a trick,
Take heed he do not find it.
Hoſt. Ile be wagging.
Hoſteſſ. 'Tis for your own commodity: why wenches.
Anon forſooth. *Within.*
Hoſteſſ. Who makes a fire there? & who gets in water?
Let Oliver go to the Juſtice, and beſeech his worſhip
We may have two ſpits going; and do you hear Druce,
Let him invite his worſhip, and his wives worſhip,
To the left meat to morrow. *Enter Bayliff.*
Bayl. Where 's this Kitchen?
Hoſteſſ. Even at the next dore Signior: what old Don?
We meet but ſeldome.
Bayl. Prethee be patient Hoſteſſe,
And tell me where the meat is.
Hoſteſſ. Faith Maſter Baylie,
How have ye done? and how man?
Bayl. Good ſweet Hoſteſſe,
What ſhall we have to dinner?
Hoſteſſ. How do's your woman,
And a fine woman ſhe is, and a good woman.
Lord, how you bear your years?
Bayl. Is't veale, or mutton,
Beefe, bacon, pork, kid, pheaſant, or all theſe,
And are they ready all?
Hoſteſſ. The howers that have been
Between us two, the merry howers: Lord!
Bayl. Hoſteſſe,
Dear Hoſteſſe do but hear; I am hungry.
Hoſteſſ. Ye are merrily diſpos'd Sir.
Bayl. Monſtrous hungry,
And hungry after much meat, I have brought hither
Right worſhipfull to pay the reckoning,
Mony enough too with 'em, deſire enough
To have the beſt meat, and of that enough too:
Come to the point ſweet wench, and ſo I kiſſe thee.
Hoſteſſ. Ye ſhall have any thing, and inſtantly
Ere you can lick your ears, Sir.
Bayl. Portly meat,
Bearing ſubſtantiall ſtuffe, and fit for hunger:
I do beſeech ye Hoſteſſe firſt, then ſome light garniſh,
Two pheaſants in a diſh, if ye have leverits,
Rather for way of ornament, then appetite
They may be look'd upon, or larks: for fiſh,
As there is no great need, ſo I would not wiſh ye
To ſerve above fowre diſhes, but thoſe full ones;
Ye have no cheeſe of Parma?
Hoſteſſ. Very old Sir.
Bayl. The leſſe will ſerve us, ſome ten pound,
Hoſteſſ. Alas Sir,
We have not half theſe dainties.
Bayl. Peace good Hoſteſſe,
And make us hope ye have.
Hoſteſſe. Ye ſhall have all Sir,
Bayl. That may be got for mony

Enter Diego the Hoſt, and a Boy.

1. Hoſt. Diego Wher's your Maſter?
Bring me your Maſter boy: I muſt have liquor
Fit for the Mermedons; no daſhing now child
No conjurings by candle light, I know all;
Strike me the oldeſt Sack, a peece that carrys
Point blank to this place boy, and batters; Hoſteſſe,
I kiſſe thy hands through which many a round reckoning
And things of moment have had motion.
Hoſteſſ. Still mine old Brother.
1. Hoſt Die. Set thy Seller open,
For I muſt enter, and advance my colours, (ets,
I have brought thee Dons indeed wench, Dons with duck-
And thoſe Dons muſt have dainty wine, pure Bacchus
That bleeds the life bloud: what is your cure ended?
Bayl. We ſhall have meat man.
1. Hoſt Die. Then we will have wine man,
And wine upon wine, cut and drawn with wine.
Hoſteſſ. Ye ſhall have all, and more then all.
Bayl. All, well then.
1. Hoſt Die. Away, about your buſineſſe, you with her
For old acquaintance ſake, to ſtay your ſtomach
And Boy, be you my guid ad inferos,
For I will make a full deſcent in equipage. *Exit Hoſteſſe and Bayliffe.*
Boy. Ile ſhew you rare wine.
1. Hoſt Die. Stinging geer.
Boy. Divine Sir. (wine boy.
1. Hoſt Die. O divine boy, march, march my child, rare
Boy. As any is in Spaine Sir.
1. Hoſt Die. Old, and ſtrong too,
O my fine Boy, clear too?
Boy. As chriſtall Sir, and ſtrong as truth.
1. Hoſt Die. Away boy,
I am enamour'd, and I long for Dalliance,
Stay no where child, not for thy fathers bleſſing,
I charge thee not to ſave thy ſiſters honour,
Nor to cloſe thy dams eys were ſhe a dying,
Till we arrive; and for thy recompence
I will remember thee in my Will.
Boy. Ye have ſaid Sir. *Exeunt.*

Act. III. Scaena I.

Enter Philippo and 2. Hoſt.

Phil. Mine Hoſt, is that apparrel got ye ſpoke of?
Ye ſhal have ready money.
2. Hoſt. 'Tis come in Sir, he has it on ſir,
And I think 't wil be fit, and o' my credit
'Twas never worn but once Sir, and for neceſſity
Pawnd to the man I told ye of.
Phil. Pray bargain for it,
And I wil be the pay-maſter.
2. Hoſt. I wil Sir.
Phil. And let our meat be readywhen you pleaſe,
I mean as ſoon.
2. Hoſt. It ſhal be preſently.
Phil. How far ſtands Barcellona?
2. Hoſt. But two leagues off Sir,
You may be there by three a clock.
Phil. I am glad on't. *Exeunt.*

Scæna ſecunda.

Enter Theodoſia, and Leocadia.

Theo. Signior Franciſco why I draw you hither
To this remote place, marvel not, for truſt me
My innocence yet never knew ill dealing,
And as ye have a noble temper, ſtart not
Into offence, at any thing my knowledge,
And for your ſpecial good, would be inform'd of,
Nor think me vainly curious.
Leoc. Worthy Sir,
The courteſies you and your noble Brother
Even then when few men find the way to do 'em,
I mean in want, ſo freely ſhowrd upon me,
So truly and ſo timely miniſter'd,
Muſt if I ſhould ſuſpect thoſe minds that made 'em,
Either proclaim me an unworthy taker,
Or worſe, a baſe beleever; Speak your mind Sir
Freely, and what you pleaſe, I am your Servant.
The. Then my yong Sir, know ſince our firſt acquaintance
Induc'd by circumſtances that deceive not
To clear ſome doubts I have; nay bluſh not Signior,
I have beheld ye narrowly; more bluſhes!
Sir, ye give me ſo much light, I find ye
A thing confeſt already: yet more bluſhes?
You would ill cover an offence might ſink ye
That cannot hide your ſelf; why do ye ſhake ſo?
I mean no trouble to ye; this fair hand
Was never made for hardneſs, nor thoſe eys.
Come do not hide 'em, for rough objects, hark ye,
Ye have betrayd your ſelf, that ſigh confirms me;
An other? and a third too? then I ſee
Theſe Boyes clothes do but pinch ye, come be liberal,
Ye have found a friend that has found you, diſguiſe not
That loaden ſoul that labors to be open:
Now you muſt weep, I know it, for I ſee
Your eys down laden to the lidds, another
Manifeſt token that my doubts are perfect;
Yet I have found a greater; tel me this
Why were theſe holes left open, there was an error,
A foul one my Franciſco, have I caught ye?
O pretty Sir, the cuſtome of our Country
Allows men none in this place: Now the ſhowre comes.
Leoc. O Signior Theodoro.
Theo, This ſorrow ſhowes ſo ſweetly
I cannot chuſe but keep it company:
Take truce and ſpeak ſir: and I charge your goodneſs
By all thoſe perfect hopes that point at vertue
By that remembrance theſe fair tears are ſhed for,
If any ſad miſ-fortune have thus form'd ye,
That either care or counſel may redeem,
Pain, purſe, or any thing within the power
And honor of free gentlemen, reveal it,
And have our labors.
Leoc. I have found ye noble
And ye ſhal find me true; your doubts are certain,
Nor dare I more diſſemble; I am a woman,
The great example of a wretched woman;
Here you muſt give me leave to ſhew my ſex;
And now to make ye know how much your credit
Has won upon my ſoul, ſo it pleaſe your patience,
Ile tell you my unfortunate ſad ſtory.
Theo. Sit down and ſay on Lady:
Leoc. I am born Sir
Of good and honeſt parents, rich, and noble,
And not to ly, the daughter of Don Zanchio,
If my unhappy fortune have not loſt me:
My name call'd Leocadia, even the ſame
Your worthy brother did the ſpecial honor
To name for beautiful; and without pride
I have been often made beleeve ſo Signior;
But that's impertinent: Now to my ſorrows;
Not far from us a gentleman of worth,
A neighbor and a noble viſitor,
Had his aboad; who often met my Father
In gentle ſports of chaſe, and river hawking,
In courſe and riding, and with him often brought
A Son of his, a yong and hopeful gentleman,
Nobly train'd up, in years fit for affection,
A ſprighty man, of underſtanding excellent,
Of ſpeech, and civil 'havior, no leſs powerful;
And of all parts, elſe my eys lyed, abundant:
We grew acquainted, and from that acquaintance
Neerer into affection; from affection
Into belief.
Theo. Well.
Leoc. Then we durſt kiſſe.
Theo. Go foreward.
Leoc. But ô man, man, unconſtant, careleſs man,
Oh ſubtle man, how many are thy miſchiefs?
O Marck-antonio, I may curſe thoſe kiſſes.
Theo. What did you call him Lady?
Leoc. Marck-antonio,
The name to me of miſery.
Theo. Pray foreward.
Leoc. From theſe we bred deſires ſir; but loſe me heaven
If mine were luſtful.
Theo. I beleeve.
Leoc. This neerneſs
Made him importunate; When to ſave mine honor
Love having ful poſſeſſion of my powers,
I got a Contract from him.
Theo. Sealed?
Leoc. And ſworn too;
Which ſince for ſome offence heaven laid upon me
I loſt among my moneys in the robbery,
The loſſe that makes me pooreſt: this won from him
Fool that I was, and too too credulous,
I pointed him a by-way to my chamber
The next night at an hour.
Theo. Pray ſtay there Lady;
And when the night came, came he, kept he touch with ye?
Be not ſo ſhamefaſt; had ye both your wiſhes?

Tell me, and tell me true, did he injoy ye,
Were ye in one anothers arms, abed? the Contract
Confirm'd in ful joys there? did he lie with ye?
Anſwer to that; ha? did your father know this,
The good old man, or kindred privy to't?
And had ye their conſents? did that nights promiſe
Make ye a Mother?
Leoc. Why do you ask ſo neerly?
Good Sir, do's it concern you any thing?
Theo. No Lady
Only the pity why you ſhould be uſed ſo
A litle ſtirs me, but did he keep his promiſe?
Leoc. No, no Signior,
Alas he never came nor never meant it,
My love was fool'd, time numbred to no end,
My expectation flouted, and gheſſe you Sir,
What dor unto a doating Maid this was,
What a baſe breaking off.
Theo. All's wel then Lady;
Go forward in your Story.
Leoc. Not only fail'd Sir
Which is a curſe in love, and may he find it
When his affections are full wing'd, and ready
To ſtoop upon the quarry, then when all
His full hopes are in's arms: not only thus Sir
But more injurious, faithleſs, treacherous,
Within two dayes fame gave him far remov'd
With a new love, which much againſt my conſcience
But more againſt my cauſe, which is my hell
I muſt confeſs a fair one, a right fair one,
Indeed of admirable ſweetneſs, Daughter
Unto another of our noble neighbors
The theef cal'd Theodoſia; whoſe perfections
I am bound to ban for ever, curſe to wrinckles,
As heaven I hope wil make 'em ſoon; and aches,
For they have rob'd me poor unhappy wench
Of all, of all Sir, all that was my glory
And left me nothing but theſe tears, and travel:
Upon this certain news, I quit my Father
And if you be not milder in conſtruction
I fear mine honor too; and like a Page
Stole to Oſſuna: from that place to Civill,
From thence to Barcellona I was travelling
When you o'er-took my miſery, in hope to hear of
Gallies bound up for Italy; for never
Wil I leave off the ſearch of this bad man
This filcher of affections, this love Pedler,
Nor ſhal my curſes ceaſe to blaſt her beauties
And make her name as wandring as her nature
Till ſtanding face to face before their luſts
I cal heavens juſtice down.
Theo. This ſhowes too angry
Nor can it be her fault ſhe is belov'd,
If I give meat, muſt they that eat it ſurfeit?
Leoc. She loves again ſir, there's the miſchief of it
shee And in deſpight of me to drown my bleſſings
Which ye ſhal dearly know.
Theo. Ye are too violent.
Leoc. She has Devils in her eys, to whoſe devotion
He offers all his ſervice.
Theo. Who can ſay
But ſhe may be forſaken too? he that once wanders
From ſuch a perfect ſweetneſs, as you promiſe
Has he not ſtill the ſame rule to deceive?
Leoc. No, no they are together, love together
Paſt all deceipt of that ſide; ſleep together,
Live, and delight together, and ſuch deceipt
Give me in a wild deſert.
Theo. By your leave Lady
I ſee no honor in this cunning.
Leoc. Honor?
True, none of her part, honor, ſhee deſerves none,
'Tis ceas'd with wandring Ladies ſuch as ſhe is,
So bold and impudent.
Theo. I could be angry
Extreamly angry now beyond my nature
And 'twere not for my pity: what a man
Is this to do theſe wrongs: beleeve me Lady
I know the maid, and know ſhe is not with him.
Leoc. I would you knew ſhe were in heaven.
Theo. And ſo well know her
That I think you are cozend.
Leoc. So I ſay Sir.
Theo. I mean in her behaviour
For truſt my faith ſo much I dare adventure for her credit
She never yet delighted to do wrong.
Leoc. How can ſhe then delight in him; dare ſhe think
Be what ſhe will, as excellent as Angels
My love ſo fond, my wiſhes ſo indulgent
That I muſt take her prewnings; ſtoop at that
She has tyr'd upon: No Sir, I hold my beauty
Waſh but theſe ſorrows from it; of a ſparkle
As right and rich as hers, my means as equall,
My youth as much unblown; and for our worths
And waight of vertue.
Theo. Do not task her ſo far.
Leo. By heaven ſhe is cork, and clouds, light, light ſir, vapor;
But I ſhal find her out, with all her witchcrafts,
Her paintings, and her powncings: for 'tis art
and only art preſerves her, and meer ſpels
That work upon his powers; let her but ſhew me
A ruin'd cheek like mine, that holds his colour
And writes but ſixteen years in ſpight of ſorrows
An unbathed body, ſmiles, that give but ſhadows
And wrinckle not the face; beſides ſhe is little
A demy dame that, that makes no object.
Theo. Nay,
Then I muſt ſay you err; for credit me
I think ſhe is taller then your ſelf.
Leoc. Why let her
It is not that ſhal mate me; I but ask
My hands may reach unto her.
Theo. Gentle Lady
'Tis now ill time of further argument,
For I perceive your anger voyd of councel,
Which I could wiſh more temperate.
Leoc. Pray forgive me
If I have ſpoke uncivilly: they that look on
See more then we that play: and I beſeech ye
Impute it loves offence, not mine; whoſe torments,
If you have ever lov'd, and found my croſſes
You muſt confeſſe are ſeldom ty'd to patience,
Yet I could wiſh I had ſaid leſſe.
Theo. No harm then;
Ye have made a ful amends; our Company
You may command, ſo pleaſe you in your travels
With all our faith and furtherance; let it be ſo.
Leoc. Ye make too great an offer.
Theo. Then it ſhal be
Go in and reſt your ſelf, our wholſom dyet
Will be made ready ſtraight: But heark ye Lady
One thing I muſt entreat, your leave, and ſufferance
That theſe things may be open to my Brother
For more reſpect and honor.

Leoc. Do your pleaſure.
Theo. And do not change this habit by no means
Unleſs ye change your ſelf.
Leoc. Which muſt not yet be.
Theo. It carries ye concealed and ſafe.
Leoc. I am counſel'd. *Exit.*

Enter Philippo.

Phil. What's done?
Theo. Why all we doubted; 'tis a woman,
And of a noble ſtrain too, gheſſe.
Phil. I cannot.
Theo. You have heard often of her.
Phil. Stay I think not.
Theo. Indeed ye have; 'tis the fair Leocadia
Daughter unto Don Zanchio, our noble neighbor.
Phil. Nay?
Theo. 'Tis ſhe Sir o' my credit.
Phil. Leocadia,
Piſh Leocadia, it muſt not be.
Theo. It muſt be, or be nothing.
Phil. Pray give me leave to wonder, Leocadia?
Theo. The very ſame.
Phil. The damſel Leocadia
I gheſt it was a woman, and a fair one
I ſee it through her ſhape, tranſparant plain
But that it ſhould be ſhe; tell me directly.
Theo. By heavens 'tis ſhee.
Phil. By heaven then 'tis a ſweet one.
Theo. That's granted too.
Phil. But heark ye, heark ye Siſter,
How came ſhe thus diſguis'd?
Theo. Ile tell you that too
As I came on the ſelf-ſame ground, ſo us'd too.
Phil. By the ſame man?
Theo. The ſame too.
Phil. As I live
You lovers have fine fancies,
Wonderous fine ones.
Theo. Pray heaven you never make one.
Phil. Faith, I know not,
But in that mind I am, I had rather cobble,
Tis a more Chriſtian trade; pray tell me one thing
Are not you two now monſtrous jealous
Of one another?
Theo. She is much of me
And has rayl'd at me moſt unmercifully
And to my face, and o' my conſcience
Had ſhe but known me, either ſhe or I
Or both, had parted with ſtrange faces
She was in ſuch a fury.
Phil. Leocadia?
Do's ſhe ſpeak hanſomly?
Theo. Wondrous wel Sir
And all ſhe do's becomes her, even her anger.
Phil. How ſeem'd ſhe when you found her?
Theo. Had you ſeen
How ſweetly fearfull her pretty ſelf
Betray'd her ſelf, how neat her ſorrow ſhow'd,
And in what hanſom phraſe ſhee put her ſtory,
And as occaſion ſtir'd her how ſhe ſtarted
Though roughly, yet moſt aptly into anger
You would have wonder'd.
Phil. Do's ſhe know ye?
Theo. No,
Nor muſt not by no means.
Phil. How ſtands your difference?
Theo. Ile tell ye that ſome fitter time, but truſt me
My Marck-antonio has too much to anſwer.
Phil. May I take knowledge of her?
Theo. Yes ſhe is willing.
Phil. Pray uſe her as ſhe is, with all reſpects then,
For ſhe is a woman of a noble breeding.
Theo. Ye ſhal not find me wanting.
Phil. Which way bears ſhe?
Theo. Our way, and to our end.
Phil. I am glad on't; heark ye,
She keeps her ſhape? *Enter Leocadia.*
Theo. Yes, and I think by this time
Has mew'd her old.
Phil. She is here: by heaven a rare one,
An admirable ſweet one, what an eye
Of what a full command ſhe bears, how gracious
All her aſpect ſhows; bleſs me from a feavor
I am not well o'th ſodain.
Leoc. Noble friends
Your meat and all my ſervice waits upon ye.
Phil. Ye teach us manners Lady; all which ſervice
Muſt now be mine to you, and all too poor too;
Bluſh not, we know ye; for by all our faiths
With us your honor is in ſanctuary
And ever ſhal be.
Leoc. I do well beleeve it,
Will ye walk neerer Sir. *Exit.*
Theo She ſhows ſtill fairer,
Yonger in every change, and clearer, neater;
I know not, I may fool my ſelf, and finely
Nouriſh a wolfe to eat my heart out; Certain
As ſhe appears now, ſhe appears a wonder,
A thing amazes me; what would ſhe do then
In womans helps, in ornaments apt for her
And deckings to her delicacy? without all doubt
She would be held a miracle; nor can I think
He has forſaken her: Say what ſhee pleaſe,
I know his curious eye, or ſay he had,
Put caſe he could be ſo boy-blind and fooliſh,
Yet ſtil I fear ſhe keeps the Contract with her
Not ſtolne as ſhe affirms, nor loſt by negligence;
She would looſe her ſelf firſt, 'tis her life, and there
All my hopes are diſpatch'd; O noble love
That thou couldſt be without this jealouſie,
Without this paſſion of the heart, how heavenly
Would thou appear upon us? Come what may come
Ile ſee the end on't: and ſince chance has caſt her
Naked into my refuge, all I can
She freely ſhal command, except the man. *Exit.*

SCÆNA TERTIA.

Enter Leonardo, and Don Pedro.

Leon. Don Pedro, do you think aſſuredly
The Gallyes will come round to Barcellona
Within theſe two dayes?
Ped. Without doubt.
Leo. And think ye
He will be with 'em certainly?
Ped. He is ſir
I ſaw him at their ſetting off.
Leo. Muſt they needs
Touch there for water as you ſay?
Ped. They muſt ſir
And for freſh meat too: few or none go by it
Beſide ſo great a Fleet muſt needs want trimming
If they have met with fowle ſeas, and no harbour
On this ſide Spain, is able without danger

To moore 'em, but that haven.
Leo. Are the warrs
His only end?
Ped. So he profeſſes.
Leo. Bears he
Any command amongſt 'em?
Ped. Good regard
With all; which quickly will prefer him.
Leo. Pray Sir tell me,
And as you are a gentleman be liberal.
Ped. I will Sir, and moſt true.
Leo. Who ſaw ye with him?
Ped. None but things like himſelf; yong ſoldiers
And gentlemen deſirous to ſeek honor.
Leo. Was there no woman there,nor none diſguis'd
That might be thought a woman in his language?
Did he not let ſlip ſomething of ſuſpition
Touching that wanton way.
Ped. Beleeve me Sir
I neither ſaw, nor could ſuſpect that face
That might be doubted womans, yet I am ſure
Aboard him I ſee all that paſt, and 'tis impoſſible
Among ſo many high ſet bloods there ſhould be
A woman, let her cloſe her ſelf within a cockle,
But they would open her, he muſt not love
Within that place alone, and therefore ſurely
He would not be ſo fooliſh, had he any,
To truſt her there; for his diſcourſe, 'twas ever
About his buſineſs, war, or mirth to make us
Reliſh a Can of wine wel; when he ſpoke private
'Twas only the remembrance of his ſervice,
And hope of your good prayers for his health Sir,
And ſo I gave him to the ſeas.
Leo. I thank ye,
And now am ſatisfied, and to prevent
Suſpitions that may nouriſh dangers Signior,
For I have told you how the mad Alphenſo
Chafes like a Stag i'th toyl, and bends his fury
'Gainſt all, but his own ignorance; I am determin'd
For peace ſake and the preſervation
Of my yet untouch'd honor, and his cure
My ſelf to ſeek him there, and bring him back
As teſtimony of an unſought injurie
By either of our actions; That the world
And he if he have reaſon, may ſee plainly
Opinion is no perfect guide; nor all fames
Founders of truths: In the mean time this courteſie
I muſt entreat of you Sir, Be my ſelf here
And as my ſelf command my family.
Ped. Ye lay too much truſt on me.
Leo. 'Tis my love Sir,
I wil not be long from ye; if this queſtion
Chance to be call'd upon ere my return
I leave your care to anſwer; So farewell Sir.
Ped. Ye take a wiſe way; All my beſt endeavors
Shal labor in your abſence; peace go with ye. *Exit Lec.*
A noble honeſt gentleman, free hearted
And of an open faith, much loving, and much loved,
And father of that goodneſſe only malice
Can truly ſtir againſt; what dare befall
Till his return Ile anſwer. *Exit Ped.*

Enter Alphonſo, and Servant.

Alph. Walk off Sirha
But keep your ſelf within my call?
Serv. I will Sir.
Alp. And ſtir my horſe for taking cold: within there,
Hoa people; you that dwel there, my brave Signior
What are ye all a ſleep? is't that time with ye?
Ile ring a little lowder.

Enter Pedro.

Ped. Sir who ſeek ye?
Alph. Not you Sir; Where's your Maſter?
Ped. I ſerve no man
In way of pay ſir.
Alph. Where's the man o'th houſe then?
Ped. What would you have with him Sir?
Alph. Do you ſtand here Sir
To ask men queſtions when they come?
Ped. I would ſir
Being his friend, and hearing ſuch allarums
Know how men come to viſit him.
Alph. Ye ſhall ſir,
Pray tell his mightineſs here is a gentleman
By name Alphonſo, would entreat his conference
About affairs of ſtate ſir, are ye anſwer'd?

Enter Sanchio carried.

Ped. I muſt be ſir.
Sanch. Stay, ſet me down, ſtay Signior,
You muſt ſtay, and ye ſhall ſtay.
Alph. Meaning me ſir?
Sanch. Yes you Sir, you I mean, I mean you.
Alph. Well Sir,
Why ſhould I ſtay?
Sanch. There's reaſon.
Alph. Reaſon Sir?
Sanch. I reaſon ſir
My wrong is greateſt, and I will be ſerv'd firſt,
Call out the man of fame?
Alph. How ſerv'd ſir?
Sanch. Thus ſir.
Alph. But not before me.
Sanch. Before all the world ſir
As my caſe ſtands.
Alph. I have loſt a daughter ſir.
Sanch. I have loſt another worth five ſcore of her ſir.
Alph. Ye muſt not tel me ſo.
Sanch. I have, and heark ye?
Make it up five ſcore more: Call out the fellow,
And ſtand you by ſir.
Ped. This is the mad morriſſe.
Alph. And I ſtand by?
Sanch. I ſay ſtand by, and do it.
Alph. Stand by among thy lungs.
Sanch. Turn preſently
And ſay thy prayers, thou art dead.
Alph. I ſcorn thee
And ſcorn to ſay my prayers more then thou do'ſt,
Mine is the moſt wrong, and my daughter deereſt
And mine ſhal firſt be righted.
Sanch. Shal be righted.
Ped. A third may live I ſee, pray hear me gentlemen.
Sanch. Shalbe.
Alph. I, ſhal be righted.
Sanch. Now?
Alph. Now.
Sanch. Inſtantly.
Alph. Before I ſtir.
Sanch. Before me.
Alph. Before any.
Sanch. Doſt thou conſider what thou ſay'ſt? haſt thou (friends here
Able to quench my anger, or perſwade me
After I have beaten thee into one main bruiſt
And made thee ſpend thy ſtate in rotten apples,
Thou canſt at length be quiet, ſhal I kil thee

Divide thee like a rotten Pumpion,
And leave thee ſtincking to poſterity,
Ther's not the leaſt blow I ſhall give; but do's this
Urge me no further: I am firſt.
Alph. Ile hang firſt.
No goodman glory, 'tis not your bravado's,
Your punctuall honor, nor ſoldadoſhip.
Sanch. Set me a little neerer.
Alph. Let him ſally.
S. Lin'd with your quircks of carriage and diſcretion
Can blow me off my purpoſe. Wher's your credit
With all your ſchool points now? your decent arguing
And apt time for performing: where are theſe toys,
Theſe wiſe ways, and moſt honourable courſes,
To take revenge? how dar'ſt thou talk of killing,
Or think of drawing any thing but ſquirts
When letchery has dry founderd thee?
Sanch. Neerer yet,
That I may ſpit him down: thou look'ſt like a man.
Ped. I would be thought ſo Sir.
Sanch. Prethee do but take me,
And fling me upon that Puppy.
Alph. Do for heavens ſake,
And ſee but how ile hug him.
Sanch. Yet take warning.
Ped. Faith gentlemen, this is a needleſſe quarrell.
Sanch. And do you deſire to make one?
Ped. As a friend Sir,
To tell you all this anger is but loſt Sir,
For Leonardo is from home.
Alph. No, no Sir.
Ped. Indeed he is.
Sanch. Where dare he be, but here Sir,
When men are wrong'd, and come for ſatisfactions.
Ped. It ſeems he has done none Sir; for his buſineſſe
Cleer of thoſe cares, hath carried him for ſometime
To Barcelona; if he had been guilty,
I know he would have ſtaid, and cleer'd all difference
Either by free confeſſion, or his ſword.
Sanch. This muſt not be.
Ped. Sure, as I live, it is Sir.
Alph. Sure, as we all live,
He's run away for ever: Barcelona,
Why? 'tis the key for Italy, from whence
He ſtole firſt hither.
Sanch. And having found his knaveries
Too groſſe to be forgiven, and too open,
He has found the ſame way back again: I beleeve too
The good graſſe gentleman, for his own eaſe,
Has taken one oth' Fillyes: Is not his ſtuffe ſold.
Alph. I fear his worſhips ſhoos too; to eſcape us,
I do not think he has a diſh within dores,
A louſe left of his linnage.
Ped. Ye are too wide Sir.
Alph. Or one poor wooden ſpoon,
Ped. Come in and ſee Sir.
Alph. Ile ſee his houſe on fire firſt.
Ped. Then be pleas'd Sir
To give better cenſure.
Sanch. I will after him,
And ſearch him like conceal'd land; but ile have him,
And though I find him in his ſhrift, ile kill him.
Alph. Ile bear ye company.
Sanch. Pray have a care then,
A moſt eſpeciall care, indeed a fear,
Ye do not anger me.
Alph. I will obſerve ye,
And if I light upon him hanſomly.
Sanch. Kill but a peece of him, leave ſome Alphonſo
For your poor friends.
Ped. I fear him not for all this.
Alph. Shall we firſt go home,
For it may prove a voyage, and diſpoſe
Of things there; heaven knows what may follow.
Sanch. No,
Ile kill him in this ſhirt I have on: let things
Govern themſelves, I am maſter of my honor
At this time, and no more; let wife, and land,
Lie lay till I return.
Alph. I ſay amen to't:
But what care for our monies?
Sanch I will not ſpend
Above three ſhillings, till his head be here,
Foure is too great a ſum for all his fortunes.
Come take me up inſtantly.
Alph. Farewell to you Sir,
And if your friend be in a featherbed,
Sow'd up to ſhrowd his fears, tell him 'tis folly,
For no courſe but his voluntary hanging
Can get our pardons. *Exeunt.*
Ped. Theſe I think would be
Offence enough, if their own indiſcretions
Would ſuffer 'em: two of the old ſeditions,
When they want enemies, they are their own foes:
Were they a little wiſer, I ſhould doubt 'em:
Till when ile ne'r break ſleep, nor ſuffer hunger
For any harm he ſhall receive: For 'tis as eaſie
If he be guilty, to turn theſe two old men
Upon their own throats, and look on, and live ſtill,
As 'tis to tell five pound: a great deal ſooner,
And ſo ile to my meat, and then to hawking. *Exit.*

ACT. IV. SCAENA I.

Enter Markantonio, and a Gentleman.

Marc. Sir, this is complement; I pray you leave me,
Gent. Sir, is it not?
Marc. Why? I would only ſee the Town.
Gent. And only that I come to ſhew you.
Marc. Which I can ſee without you.
Gent. So you may
Plainly, not ſafely: For ſuch difference
As you have ſeen betwixt the ſea and earth
When waves riſe high, and land would beat 'em back
As fearfull of Invaſion; ſuch we find
When we land here at Barcelona.
Marc. Sir.
Gent. Beſides our Generall of the Gallyes, fearing
Your haſty nature, charg'd me not return
Without you ſafe.
Marc. O Sir, that Rodorigo
Is noble, and he do's miſtake my temper.
There is not in the world, a mind leſſe apt
To conceive wrongs, or do 'em; ha's he ſeen me
In all this voyage, in the which he pleaſes
Enter Eugenia, with divers Attendents.
To call me friend, let ſlip a haſty word?
'S'light Sir: yonder is a Lady vaild,
For properneſſe, beyond compariſon,
And ſure her face is like the reſt: we'l ſee't.
Gent. Why? you are haſty Sir already: know you

What 'tis you go about.
Marc. Yes, I would ſee
The womans face.
Gent. By heaven you ſhall not do't:
You do not know the cuſtome of the place:
To draw that curtain here, though ſhe were mean,
Is mortall. *Iob. Bacon ready to ſhoot off a Piſtol.*
Marc. Is it? earth muſt come to earth
At laſt, and by my troth, ile try it Sir.
Gent. Then I muſt hold you faſt. By all the faith
That can be plac'd in man, 'tis an attempt
More dangerous then death: 'tis death and ſhame:
I know the Lady well.
Marc. Is ſhe a Lady?
I ſhall the more deſire to ſee her Sir.
Gent. She is Alanſo's wife, the Governor,
A noble gentleman.
Marc. Then let me go,
If I can win her, you and I will govern
This Town Sir, fear it not, and we will alter
Theſe barbarous cuſtomes then; for every Lady
Shall be ſeen daily, and ſeen over too.
Gent. Come, do not jeſt, nor let your paſſions bear you
To ſuch wild enterpriſes: hold you ſtill,
For as I have a ſoul, you ſhall not do't.
Rod. She is a Lady of unblemiſhd'd fame, *above.*
And here to offer that affront, were baſe:
Hold on your way, and we will ſee the Town,
And overlook the Ladyes.
Marc. I am ſchool'd,
And promiſe you I will: But good Sir, ſee,
She will paſſe by us now; I hope I may
Salute her thus far off.
Gent. 'S foot, are you mad?
'Twill be as ill as th'other.
1. *Attend.* What's the matter?
What would that fellow have?
Gent. Good Sir forbear.
1. *Atte.* It ſeems you are new landed: would you beg
Any thing here?
Marc. Yes Sir, all happineſſe
To that fair Lady, as I hope.
Gent. Marckantonio.
Marc. Her face, which needs no hiding: I would beg
A ſight of.
Gent. Now go on, for 'tis too late
To keep this from a tumult.
1. *Attend.* Sirrah, you
Shall ſee a fitter object for your eyes,
Then a fair Ladies face.
Eug. For heavens ſake, raiſe not
A quarrell in the ſtreets for me.
1. *Attend.* Slip in then;
This is your door.
Eug. Will you needs quarrell then?
1. *Attena.* We muſt, or ſuffer
This outrage: is't not all your minds ſirs, ſpeak?
all. Yes.
Eug. Then I do beſeech ye, let my Lord
Enter three or four Soldiers.
Not think the quarrell about mee; for 'tis not. *Exit.*
Gent. See, happily ſome of our Galley Soldiers
Are come a ſhore.
1. *Attend.* Come on Sir, you ſhall ſee
Faces enough.
Gent. Some one of you call to
Enter certain Townſmen.
Our Generall, the whole rore of the Town
Comes in upon us.
Marc. I have ſeen Sir better
Perhaps, then that was cover'd; and will yet
Enter Philippo, Theodoſia, and Leocadia.
See that, or ſpoil yours. *fight.*
Phil. On: why ſtart you back?
Theo. Alas Sir, they are fighting.
Leoc. Let's begon,
See, ſee, a hanſome man ſtrook down.
Gent. Ho Generall,
Look out, Antonio is in diſtreſſe.
Enter Rodorigo above.
Theo. Antonio?
Leoc. Antonio! 'tis he.
Rod. within. Ho, Governor make a ſhot into the Town,
Ile part you: bring away Antonio *a ſhot.*
Into my Cabben. *Exit Attendents and Townſmen.*
Gent. I will do that office.
I fear It is the laſt, that I ſhall do him.
Exit Soldiers and Gentlemen with Marckantonio.
Theo. The laſt, why will he die?
Leoc. Since I have found him: happineſſe leave me,
When I leave him. *Exit.*
Phil. Why Theodoſia?
My Siſter; wake: alas, I griev'd but now
To ſee the ſtreets ſo full; and now I grieve
To ſee 'em left ſo empty: I could wiſh,
Tumult himſelf were here, that yet at leaſt
Amongſt the band, I might eſpie ſome face
So pale and fearfull, that would willingly
Embrace an arrand for a Cordiall,
Or Aquavitæ, or a cup of ſack,
Or a Phiſitian: But to talk of theſe
She breaths: ſtand up, O Theodoſia,
Speak but as thou wert wont, give but a ſigh,
Which is but the moſt unhappy peece of life,
And I will ever after worſhip Sadnes,
Apply my ſelf to grief; prepare and build
Altars to ſorrow.
Theo. O Philippo, help me.
Phil. I do; theſe are my arms; Philippo's arms,
Thy Brothers arms that hold thee up.
Theo. You help me
To life: but I would ſee Antonio
That's dead.
Phil. Thou ſhalt ſee any thing; how doſt thou?
Theo. Better, I thank you.
Phil. Why that's well: call up
Thy ſences, and uncloud thy cover'd ſpirits.
How now?
Theo. Recover'd: but Antonio,
Where is he?
Phil. We will find him: art thou well?
Theo. Perfectly well, ſaving the miſſe of him;
And I do charge you here, by our allyance,
And by the love which would have been betwixt us,
Knew we no kindred; by that killing fear,
Mingled with twenty thouſand hopes and doubts,
Which you may think, plac'd in a Lovers heart,
And in a Virgins too, when ſhe wants help,
To grant me your aſſiſtance, to find out
This man alive, or dead; and I will pay you
In ſervice, tears, or prayers, a world of wealth:
But other treaſure, I have none: alas!
You men have ſtrong hearts; but we feeble maids
Have tender eyes, which only given be

Yo blind themſelves, crying for what they ſee.
Phil. Why do'ſt thou charge me thus? have I been found
Slow to perform, what I could but imagine
Thy wiſhes were; have I at any time
Tender'd a buſineſſe of mine own, beyond
A vanity of thine? have I not been
As if I were a ſenſleſſe creature, made
To ſerve thee without pow'r of queſtioning,
If ſo, why fear'ſt thou?
Theo. I am ſatisfied.
Phil. Come, then let's go: wher's Leocadia?
Theo. I know not Sir.
Phil. Wher's Leocadia?
Theo. I do not know.
Phil. Leocadia,
This Tumult made the ſtreets as dead as night,
A man may talk as freely: what's become
Of Leocadia? *Theo.* She's run away.
Phil. Begone, and let us never more behold
Each others face, till we may both together
Faſten our eyes on her: accurſed be
Thoſe tender cozening names of charity,
And naturall affection, they have loſt
Me only by obſerving them, what coſt
Travell, and fruitleſſe wiſhes may in vain
Search through the world, but never find again.
Theo. Good Sir be patient, I have done no fault
Worthy this baniſhment.
Phil. Yes, Leocadia,
The Lady ſo diſtreſs'd, who was content
To lay her ſtory, and to lay her heart
As open as her ſtory to your ſelf,
Who was content, that I ſhould know her Sex,
Before diſſembl'd, and to put her ſelf
Into my conduct, when I undertook
Safely to guard, is in this Tumult loſt.
Theo. And can I help it Sir?
Phil. No, would thou couldſt,
You might have done, but for that ſcale religion ſtale
You woman bear to ſwownings, you do pick
Your times to faint, when ſome body is by:
Bound or by nature, or by love, or ſervice
To raiſe you from that well diſſembled death:
Inform me but of one that has been found
Dead in her private chamber by her ſelf,
Where ſickneſſe would no more forbear, then here,
And I will quit the reſt for her.
Theo. I know not
What they may do, and how they may diſſemble;
But by my troth, I did not.
Phil. By my troth,
Would I had try'd; would I had let thee layen,
And followed her.
Theo. I would you had done ſo
Rather, then been ſo angry: wher's Antonio?
Phil. Why do'ſt thou vex me with theſe queſtions?
Ile tell thee where, he's carried to the Gallyes,
There to be chain'd, and row, and beat, and row
With knotted ropes, and pizzels; if he ſwound,
He has a dotes of bisket.
Ther. I am glad
He is alive.
Phil. Was ever man thus troubled,
Tell me where Leocadia is?
Theo. Good brother be not ſo haſty, and I think I can:
You found no error in me, when I firſt
Told you ſhe was a woman, and beleeve me
Something I have found out, which makes me think,
Nay, almoſt know ſo well, that I durſt ſwear
She follow'd hurt Antonio.
Phil. What do we
Enter the Governor, two Attendents, and the Townſmen.
Then lingring here; we will aboard the Gallyes
And find her.
Gov. Made he a ſhot into the Town?
1. *Attend.* He did Sir.
Gov. Call back thoſe Gentlemen.
1. *Attend.* The Governour, commands you back.
Phil. We will obey him Sir.
Gov. You gave him cauſe to ſhoot, I know; he is
So far from raſh offence, and holds with me
Such curious friendſhip: could not one of you
Have call'd me while 'twas doing, ſuch an uproar,
Before my dore too? (publick cauſe, of our own
1. *Townſm.* By my troth Sir, we were ſo buſy in the
Private falling out, that we forgot it; at home we ſee now
You were not, but as ſoon as the ſhot made us fly, we ran
Away as faſt as we could to ſeek your honour.
Gov. 'Twas gravely done; but no man tels the cauſe
Or chance, or what it was that made you differ.
1. *Townſ.* For my part Sir, if there were any that I knew
Of, the ſhot drove it out of my head: do you know any
all. Not we, not we. (neighbours.
Gov. Not we! nor can you tell.
1. *Attend.* No other cauſe,
But the old quarrell betwixt the Town and the Gallyes.
Gov. Come neerer Gentlemen: what are your names?
Phil. My name Philippo.
Theo. And mine Theodoro.
Gov. Strangers you are it ſeems.
Phil. Newly ariv'd.
Gov. Then you are they begun this Tumult.
Phil. No Sir.
Gov. Speak one of you.
1. *Attend.* They are not, I can quiet 'em. quit
Theo. Yet we ſaw part, and an unhappy part
Of this debate, a long ſought friend of ours
Strook down for dead, and borne unto the Gallyes,
His name is Markantonio.
Phil. And another
Of our own company, a Gentleman
Of noble birth, beſides accompanied
With all the gifts of nature, raviſh'd hence?
We know not how, in this diſſention.
Gov. Get you home all, and work; and when I hear
You meddle with a weapon any more
But thoſe belonging to your Trades, ile lay you
Where your beſt Cuſtomers ſhall hardly find you. *Exit Townſmen.*
I am ſorry gentlemen, I troubled you,
Being both ſtrangers; by your tongues, and looks,
Of worth: To make ye ſome part of amends
If there be any thing in this poor Town
Of Barcelona that you would command,
Command me.
Theo. Sir, this wounded Gentleman,
If it might pleaſe you, if your pow'r and love
Extend ſo far, I would be glad to wiſh
Might be remov'd into the Town for cure:
The Gallyes ſtay not, and his wound I know
Cannot endure a voyage.
Gov. Sir, he ſhall,
I warrant you: Go call me hither Sirrah,
One of my other Servants. *Exit* 1. *attendant.*
Phil. And beſides.

The gentleman we loſt, Signior Franciſco,
Shall he be render'd too.

Enter a Servant, Rowl: Aſhton.

Gover. And he Sir too: Go ſirrah, bear this ring
To Rodorigo, my moſt noble friend,
The Generall of the Gallys: Tell him this. *Exit ſervant.*

Theo Now we ſhall have 'em both.

Phil. Bleſt be thy thoughts
For apprehending this: bleſt be thy breath
For utring it.

Gover. Come gentlemen, you ſhall
Enter my roof: and I will ſend for Surgeons,
And you ſhall ſee your friends here preſently.

Theo. His name was Markantonio.

Gover. I know it,
And have ſent word ſo.

Phil. Did you not forget
Franciſco's name?

Gover. Nor his: you'ar truly welcome,
To talk about it more, were but to ſay
The ſame word often over: you are welcome. *Exeunt.*

SCÆNA SECUNDA.

Enter Markantonio, carried. Leocadia following,
and the Servant. 2 Soldiers carrying him.

Serv. This is the houſe Sir.

Mar. Enter it, I pray you,
For I am faint, although I think my wound
Be nothing. Soldiers, leave us now: I thank you.

1. *Sold.* Heaven ſend you health Sir.

Serv. Let me lead you in.

Mark. My wounds not in my feet; I ſhall entreat 'em
I hope to bear me ſo far. *Exit.* (nerall made a

2. *Sold.* How ſeriouſly theſe land men fled, when our Ge-
Shot, as if he had been a warning to cal 'em to their Hall.

1. *Sold.* I cannot blame 'em: What a man have they now
(in the
Town, able to maintain a Tumult, or uphold a matter out
Of ſquare if need be: O the quiet hurley burleys that I
Have ſeen in this Town, when we have fought four howrs
Together, and not a man amongſt us ſo impertinent or
Modeſt to ask why? but now the pillars that bare
Up this bleſſed Town in that regular debate, and
Scambling, are dead, the more's the pity.

2. *Sold.* Old Ignatio lives ſtill. (mans liver:

1. *Sold.* Yes, I know him: he will do pretily well at a
But where is there a man now living in the Town
That hath a ſteady hand, and underſtands Anotomy
Well? if it come to a particular matter of the lungs,
Or the ſpleen, why? alas Ignatio is to ſeek; are
There any ſuch men left as I have known, that
Would ſay they would hit you in this place? is there
Ever a good heartiſt, or a member percer, or a
Small-gut man left in the Town, anſwer
Me that.

2. *Sold.* Maſſe, I think there be not.

1. *Sold.* No, I warrant thee. Come, come, 'tis time
We were at the Gallys. *Exeunt.*

Enter Governour, Eugenia, Markantonio, Philippo,
Theodoſia, Leocadia, Attendants.

Gover. Sir, you may know by what I ſaid already,
You may command my houſe; but I muſt beg
Pardon to leave you, if the publique buſineſſe
Forc'd me not from you, I my ſelf ſhould call it
Unmannerly: but good Sir, do you give it
A milder name: it ſhall not be an houre
Ere I return.

Marc. Sir, I was nere ſo poor
In my own thoughts, as that I want a means
To requite this with.

Gover. Sir, within this houre. *Exit.*

Marc. This the Lady that I quarrell'd for:
O luſt, if wounds cannot reſtrain thy power,
Let ſhame: nor do I feel my hurt at all,
Nor is it ought, only I was well beaten:
If I purſue it, all the civill world
That ever did imagine the content
Found in the band of man and wife unbroke,
The reverence due to houſholds, or the blemiſh
That may be ſtuck upon poſterity
Will catch me, bind me, burn upon my forehead,
This is the wounded ſtranger, that receiv'd
For charity into a houſe, attempted:
I will not do it.

Eug. Sir, how do you now?
That you walk off.

Marc. Worſe Madam, then I was;
But it will over.

Eug. Sit, and reſt a while.

Marc. Where are the Surgeons?

Eug. Sir, it is their manner,
When they have ſeen the wound eſpecially,
The patient being of worth, to go conſult,
Which they are now at in another room,
About the dreſſing.

Marc. Madam, I do feel
My ſelf not well.

Theo. Alas!

Leoc. How do you Sir.

Eug. Will you drink waters?

Marc. No good Madam, 'tis not
So violent upon me; nor I think
Any thing dangerous: But yet there are
Some things that ſit ſo heavy on my conſcience
That will perplex my mind, and ſtop my cure,
So that unleſſe I utter 'em. A ſcratch
Here on my thumb will kill me: Gentlemen,
I pray you leave the room, and come not in
Your ſelves, or any other till I have
Open'd my ſelf to this moſt honour'd Lady.

Phil. We will not.

Theo. O bleſt! he will diſcover now
His love to me.

Leoc. Now he will tell the Lady
Our Contract. *Exit.*

Eug. I do beleeve he will confeſſe to me
The wrong he did a Lady in the ſtreets;
But I forgive him.

Marc. Madam, I perceive
My ſelf grow worſe and worſe.

Eug. Shall I call back your friends?

Marc. O no; but ere I do impart
What burthens me ſo ſore, let me entreat you,
(For there is no truſt in theſe Surgeons)
To look upon my wound; it is perhaps
My laſt requeſt: But tell me truly too,
That muſt be in: how far you do imagine
It will have pow'r upon me.

Eug. Sir, I will.

Marc. For heavens ſake, ſoftly: oh, I muſt needs lay
My head down eaſily, whilſt you do it.

Eug. Do Sir,
'Tis but an ordinary blow; a child
Of mine has had a greater, and been well;
Are you faint hearted?

Marc.

Mar. Oh.
Eug. Why do you ſigh?
There is no danger in the world in this;
I wonder it ſhould make a man ſit down;
What do you mean, why do you kiſſe my breaſts?
Lift up your head, your wound,may well endure it.
Mar. O Madam, may I not expreſſe affection,
Dying-affection too I fear, to thoſe
That do me favors, ſuch as this of yours.
Eug. If you mean ſo, 'tis well; but what's the buſines
Lies on your conſcience?
Mar. I will tell you Madam.
Eug. Tel me, and laugh?
Mar. But I wil tel you true
Though I do laugh, I know as well as you
My wound is nothing, nor the power of earth
Could lay a wound upon me, in your preſence,
That I could feel; But I do laugh to think
How covertly, how far beyond the reach
Of men, and wiſemen too, we ſhal deceive 'em,
Whilſt they imagine I am talking here
With that ſhort breath I have, ready to ſwound
At every full point; you my ghoſtly Mother
To hear my ſad confeſſion, you and I
Will on that bed within, prepar'd for me,
Debate the matter privately.
Eug. Forbear,
Thou wert but now as welcome to this houſe
As certain cures to ſick men, and juſt now
This ſodain alteration makes thee look
Like plagues come to infect it; if thou knewſt
How loathſom thou wilt be, thou wouldſt intreat
Theſe walls, or poſtes to help thee to a hurt,
Paſt thy diſſimulation.
Mar. Gentle Madam
Cal 'em not in?
Eug. I will not yee, this place
I know to be within the reach of tongue,
And ears, thou canſt not force me; therefore hear me
What I will tell thee quickly, thou art born
To end ſome way more diſeſteem'd then this,
Or which is worſe, to dye of this hurt yet,
Come gentlemen.

Enter Leocadia.

Mar. Good Madam.
Eug. Gentlemen.
Leoc. Madam how is't? is Mark-antonio well?
Methinks your looks are alter'd, and I ſee
A ſtrange diſtemper in you.
Eug. I am wrought
By that diſſembling man, that fellow worth
Nothing but kicking.

Enter Philippo, and Theodoſia.

Leo. Gentle Madam ſpeak
To me alone, let not them underſtand
His fault, he wil repent it I dare ſwear.
Eug. Ile tell it you in private.
Phil. Mark-antonio,
How do you?
Mar. Stand further off I pray you
Give me ſome ayre.
Theo. Good Brother, wil he ſcape,
The Surgeons ſay there is no danger.
Phil. Scape?
No doubt he wil.
Leo. Alas wil he not leave
This trying all; Madam, I do beſeech you
Let me but ſpeak to him, you and theſe by,
And I dare almoſt promiſe you to make him
Shew himſelf truly ſorrowful to you, beſides a ſtory I ſhal
Not put in ſo good words but in it ſelf (open to you,
So full of chance, that you wil eaſily
Forgive my tediouſneſſe, and be wel pleas'd
With that ſo much afflicts me.
Eug. Good Sir do.
Leo. And I deſire no interruption
Of ſpeech may trouble me, till I have ſaid
What I wil quickly do.
Theo. What wil ſhe ſay?
Eug. Come gentlemen, I pray you lend your ears,
And keep your voyces.
Leo. Signior Mark-antonio
How do you?
Mar. Oh the Surgeons.
Leoc. Let me tel you
Who know as wel as you, you do diſſemble,
It is no time to do ſo; leave the thoughts
Of this vain world, forget your fleſh and blood,
And make your ſpirit an untroubled way
To paſſe to what it ought.
Mar. You'r not in earneſt?
Why I can walk Sir, and am wel.
Leoc. T'is true
That you can walk, and do beleeve you'r wel:
It is the nature, as your Surgeons ſay
Of theſe wounds, for a man to go, and talk,
Nay merrily, till his laſt hour, his minute:
For heaven ſake ſir, ſit down again.
Mar. Alas
Where are the Surgeons?
Leoc. Sir, they will not come,
If they ſhould dreſſe you, you would dye they ſay
Ere one told twenty; trouble not your mind,
Keep your head warm, and do not ſtir you body,
And you may live an hour.
Mar. Oh heavens, an hour?
Alas, it is to little to remember
But half the wrongs that I have done; how ſhort
Then for contrition, and how leaſt of all
For ſatisfaction?
Leo. But you deſire
To ſatisfie.
Mar. Heaven knows I do.
Leo. Then know
That I am he, or ſhe, or what you will
Moſt wrong'd by you; your Leocadia,
I know you muſt remember me.
Mar. Oh heaven!
Leo. That loſt her friends, that loſt her fathers houſe,
That loſt her fame, in looſing of her Sex,
With theſe ſtrange garments, there is no excuſe
To hinder me, it is within your power
To give me ſatisfaction; you have time
Left in this little peece of life to do it:
Therefore I charge you for your conſcience ſake,
And for our fame, which I would fain have live
When both of us are dead; to celebrate
That Contract; which you have both ſeal'd and ſworn
Yet ere you dye, which muſt be haſtily
Heaven knows.
Mar. Alas, the ſting of conſcience
To death-ward for our faults; draw neerer all
And hear what I unhappy man ſhal ſay;
First Madam I deſire your pardon; next

(I feel my ſpirits fail me) Gentlemen
Let me ſhake hands with you, and let's be friends,
For I have done wrong upon wrong ſo thick
I know not where, that every man methinks
ſhould be mine enemy; Forgive me both.
Laſtly 'tis true (oh I do feel the power
Of death ſeize on me) that I was contracted
By ſeal and oath to Leocadia;
(I muſt ſpeak faſt, becauſe I fear my life
Will elſe be ſhorter then my ſpeech would be)
But 'tis impoſſible to ſatisfie
You Leocadia, but by repentance,
Though I can dyingly, and boldly ſay
I know not your diſhonor, yet that was
Your vertue, and not mine, you know it wel;
But herein lies th' impoſſibility,
O Theodoſia, Theodoſia
I was betroth'd to Theodoſia
Before I ever ſaw thee; heaven forgive me
She is my wife this half hour whilſt I live.
Theo. That's I, that's I, I'me Theodoſia,
Hear me a litle now, who have not ſuffer'd
Diſgrace at all methinks, ſince you confeſs
What I ſo long have ſought for, here is with me
Philippo too, my Brother.
Mar. I am glad;
All happineſs to him; Come let me kiſs thee
Beg pardon of that Maid for my offence,
And let me further, with a dying breath
Tell in thine ear, the reſt of my deſires.
Eug. I am afraid they wil all four turn women
If we hold longer talk.
Leoc. Alas there is
No hope for me; that's Theodoſia
And that her Brother, I am only ſorry
I was beholding to 'em; I will ſearch
Over the world, as careleſſe of my fortunes,
As they of me, till I can meet a curſe
To make theſe almoſt-killing ſorrows worſe. *Exit.*
Theo. Sir, as I live ſhe ly'd, only to draw
A juſt confeſſion from you, which ſhe hath
A happy one for me, ask of this Lady,
Ask of my Brother.
Eug. Sir, ſhe did diſſemble,
Your wound is nothing.
Phil. Leocadia's gone. *Exit.*
Theo. Riſe up, and ſtir your ſelf, 'tis but amazement
And your imagination that afflicts you,
Look you Sir now.
Mar. I think 'tis ſo indeed.
Theo. The Surgeons do not come, becauſe they ſwear
It needs no dreſſing.
Eug. You ſhal talk with 'em
Within, for your own fancy.
Mar. Where's your Brother And Leocadia?
Eug. Within Belike.
Mar. I feel my ſelf methinks as well as ever.
Eug. Keep then your mind ſo too; I do forgive
The fault you did to me; But here is one
Muſt not be wrong'd hereafter.
Mar. Neither ſhall ſhee
When I make jeſts of oathes again, or make
My luſt play with religion, when I leave
To keep true joyes for her, and yet within
My ſelf true ſorrow for my paſſed deeds
May I want grace, when I would fain repent,
And find a great and ſodain puniſhment. *Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCAENA I.

Enter Philippo, Diego, and Incubo.

Phil. WHere is mine Hoſt, did not he ſee him neither?
Die. Not I, y' faith Sir.
Phil. Nor the muleter?
Inc. Nay he is paſt ſeeing, unleſſe it be in's ſleep,
By this time; all his viſions were the pots,
Three hours ſince Sir.
Phil. Which way ſhould ſhe take?
Nay, look you now; do you all ſtand ſtil? good god
You might have lighted on him, now, this inſtant?
For loves ſake ſeek him out, who ever find him
I will reward his fortune as his diligence;
Get all the Town to help, that will behir'd,
Their pains ile turn to an annall holiday,
If it ſhal chance, but one bring word of her,
Pray you about it.
Inc. Her ſir? who do you mean?
Phil. (I had forgot my ſelf) the Page I meant
That came along with us.
Die. He you give the clothes too?
Phil. I ga' the clothes to; Raſcal.
Die. Nay good Sir.
Phi. Why do'ſt thou mention, or upbraid my courteſies
Slave?
Die. For your honor Sir.
Phil. Wretch; I was honor'd,
That ſhe would wear 'em (he, I would ſay) 's death?
Go, get, and find him out, or never ſee me,
I ſhal betray my love ere I poſſeſs it,
Some ſtar direct me, or ill planet ſtrike me. *Exit Phil.*
Inc. Beſt to divide.
Die. Ile this way.
Inc. And I this.
Dieg. I, as you, find him for a real.
Inc. 'Tis done.
Die. My courſe is now directly to ſome piehouſe
I know the Pages compaſſe.
Inc. I think rather
The ſmock ſide o' the Town, the ſurer harbor
At his years to put in.
Die. If I do find
The hungry haunt, I take him by the teeth now.
Inc. I by the tail, yet I as you.
Die. No more. *Exeunt.*

SCÆNA SECUNDA.

Enter Philippo.

Phil. Dear Leocadia, where canſt thou be fled
Thus like a ſpirit hence? and in a moment?
What cloud can hide thee from my following ſearch
If yet thou art a body? ſure ſhe hath not
Tane any houſe? ſhe did too late leave one
Where all humanity of a place receiv'd her,
And would (if ſhe had ſtayd) have help'd to right
The wrong her fortune did her; yet ſhe muſt
Be inter'd ſomewhere, or be found, no ſtreet,
Lane, paſſage, corner, turn, hath ſcap'd enquiry:
If her diſpair had raviſh'd her to ayre
Shee could not yet be rarefied ſo *Enter Incubo.*
But ſome of us ſhould meet her? though their eyes
Perhaps be leaden, and might turn; mine would
Strike out a lightning for her, and divide

A miſt as thick as ever darkneſſe was,
Nay ſee her through a quarry ; they do lye,
Lye groſly that ſay love is blind ; by him,
And heaven they lye ; he has a ſight can pierce
Through Ivory as clear as it were horn,
And reach his object.
Inc. Sir hee's found, hee's found.
Phil. Ha? where? But reach that happy note again
And let it reliſh truth, thou art an Angel.
Inc. Hee's here ; faſt by ſir, calling for a Boat
To go aboard the Gallies.
Phil. Where, where ; hold thee. *Exit.*
Inc. He might ha' kept this now, I had nought to ſhew
If he had had the wit t' have gone from 's word, (for 't
Theſe direct men, they are no men of faſhion,
Talk what you will, this is a very ſmelt. *Exit.*

SCÆNA TERTIA.

Enter Leonardo with a Surgeon.

Leon. Upon your art Sir, and your faith to aſſiſt it
Shal I beleeve you then his wounds not mortal?
Surg. Sir 'tis not worth your queſtion ; leſſe your fear.
Leon. You do reſtore me Sir, I pray you accept
This ſmal remembrance of a fathers thanks
For ſo aſſur'd a benefit.
Surg. Excuſe me.
Leon. Sir I can ſpare it, and muſt not beleeve
But that your fortune may receive 't, except
You 'ld ha' me think you live not by your practiſe.
Surg. I crave your pardon Sir ; you teach me manners.
Leon. I crave your love and friendſhip, and require
As I have made now, both my ſelf and buſineſſe
A portion of your care, you wil but bring me
Under the perſon of a call'd aſſiſtant
To his next opening, where I may but ſee him,
And utter a few words to him in private,
And you will merit me ; For I am loth
Since here I have not to appear my ſelf,
Or to be known unto the Governor,
Or make a tumult of my purpoſe.
Surg. Neither
I hope wil be your need Sir ; I ſhal bring you
Both there, and off again without the hazard. *Exeunt.*

SCÆNA QUARTA.

Enter Philippo, and Leocadia.

Phil. Wil you not hear me!
Leoc. I have heard ſo much
Wil keep me deaf for ever ; No, Mark-antonie
After thy ſentence, I may hear no more,
Thou haſt pronounc'd me dead.
Phil. Appeal to reaſon,
She will reprieve you from the power of grief,
Which rules but in her abſence ; Hear me ſay
A ſoveraign meſſage from her, which in duty,
And love to your own ſafety, you ought hear:
Why do you ſtrive ſo? whither would you fly?
You cannot wreſt your ſelf away from care
You may from councel ; you may ſhift your place
But not your perſon ; and another Clyme
Makes you no other.
Leoc. Oh.
Phil. For paſſions ſake,
(Which I do ſerve, honor, and love in you)
If you will ſigh, ſigh here ; If you would vary
A ſigh to tears, or out-cry, do it here.
No ſhade, no deſart, darkneſſe, nor the grave
Shal be more equal to your thoughts then I,
Only but hear me ſpeak.
Leoc. What would you ſay? (mine,
Phil. That which ſhall raiſe your heart, or pul down
Quiet your paſſion, or provoke mine own ;
We muſt have both one balſame, or one wound,
For know (lov'd fair) ſince the firſt providence
Made me your reſcew, I have read you through,
And with a wondring pity, look'd on you,
I have obſerv'd the method of your blood,
And waited on it even with ſympathy
Of a like red, and paleneſſe in mine own ;
I knew which bluſh was angers, which was loves,
Which was the eye of ſorrow, which of truth ;
And could diſtinguiſh honor from diſdain
In every change ; And you are worth my ſtudy :
I ſaw your voluntary miſery
Suſtain'd in travel : A diſguiſed Maid
Wearied with ſeeking: and with finding loſt,
Neglected, where you hop'd moſt ; or put by ;
I ſaw it, and have laid it to my heart,
And though it were my Siſter, which was righted,
Yet being by your wrong, I put off nature,
Could not be glad, where I was bound to triumph,
My care for you, ſo drown'd reſpect of her,
Nor did I only apprehend your bonds,
But ſtudyed your releaſe : and for that day
Have I made up a ranſom, brought you health
Preſervative 'gainſt chance, or injury
Pleaſe you apply it to the grief ; my ſelf.
Leoc. Humh.
Phil. Nay do not think me leſſe then ſuch a cure,
Antonio was not ; And 'tis poſſible
Philippo may ſucceed : My blood and houſe
Are as deep rooted : and as fairly ſpread,
As Mark-antonio's, and in that, all ſeek,
Fortune hath given him no precedency :
As for our thanks to Nature I may burn
Incenſe as much as he ; I ever durſt
Walk with Antonio by the ſelf-ſame light
At any feaſt, or triumph, and nev'r car'd
Which ſide my Lady or her woman took
In their ſurvey ; I durſt have told my tale too
Though his diſcourſe new ended.
Leoc. My repulſe.
Phil. Let not that torture you, which makes me happy
Nor think that conſcience (fair) which is no ſhame
'Twas no repulſe, I was your dowry rather :
For then methought a thouſand graces met
To make you lovely, and ten thouſand ſtories
Of conſtant vertue, which you then out-reach'd,
In one example, did proclaim you rich
Nor do I think you wretched, or diſgrac'd
After this ſuffring, and do therefore take
Advantage of your need ; but rather know
You are the charge and buſineſſe of thoſe powers,
Who, like beſt Tutors, do inflict hard tasks
Upon great Natures, and of nobleſt hopes ;
Read trivial leſſons, and half lines to ſluggs ;
They that live long and never feel miſchance,
Spend more then half their age in ignorance.
Leoc. 'Tis wel you think ſo.
Phil. You ſhal think ſo too,
You ſhal ſweet Leocadia, and do ſo.
Leoc. Good Sir no more ; you have too fair a ſhape
To play ſo foul a part in, as the Tempter :

Say that I could make peace with fortune, who,
Who ſhould abſolve me of my vow yet ; ha ?
My Contract made ?
Phil. Your Contract ?
Leoc. Yes, my Contract,
Am I not his ? his wife ?
Phil. Sweet, nothing leſſe.
Leoc. I have no name then ?
Phil. Truly then you have not ;
How can you be his wife, who was before
Anothers husband ?
Leoc. Oh, though he diſpence
With his faith given, I cannot with mine.
Phil. You do miſtake (cleer ſoul) his precontract
Doth annul yours, and you have giv'n no faith
That ties you in religion, or humanity,
You rather ſin againſt that greater precept,
To covet what's anothers ; Sweet, you do
Beleeve me, who dare not urge diſhoneſt things,
Remove that ſcruple therefore, and but take
Your dangers now, into your judgements skale
And weigh them with your ſafeties: Think but whither
Now you can go : what you can do to live ?
How neer you ha' barr'd all Ports to your own ſuccor,
Except this one that I here open : Love
Should you be left alone, you were a prey
To the wild luſt of any, who would look
Upon this ſhape like a temptation
And think you want the man you perſonate
Would not regard this ſhift, which love put on
As vertue forc'd but covet it like vice ;
So ſhould you live the ſlander of each Sex,
And be the child of error, and of ſhame,
And which is worſe, even Mark-antonie
Would be cal'd juſt, to turn a wanderer off,
And Fame report you worthy his contempt ;
Where if you make new choyce, and ſetle here
There is no further tumult in this flood·
Each currant keeps his courſe, and all ſuſpitions
Shal return honors : Came you forth a Maid ?
Go home a Wife ? alone ? and in diſguiſe ?
Go home a waited Leocadia :
Go home, and by the vertue of that Charm
Transform all miſchiefs, as you are transform'd ;
Turn your offended Fathers wrath to wonder,
And all his loud grief to a ſilent welcome :
Unfold the Riddles you have made, what ſay you ?
Enter Sanchio carried, Alphonſo, and Servants.
Now is the time ; delay is but deſpair,
If you be chang'd, let a kiſſe tell me ſo.
Leoc. I am : but how, I rather feel then know.
Sanc. Come Sir ; you are welcome now to Barcellona,
Take off my hood.
Phil. Who be theſe ? ſtay, let's view 'em ?
Alph. 'Twas a long journey : are you not weary Sir ?
Sanc. Weary ? I could have rid it in mine Armour.
Leoc. Alas !
Phil. What ayl you deer ?
Leoc. It is my Father.
Phil. Your Father : which ?
Leoc. He that is carried : oh
Let us make hence.
Phil. For loves ſake : good my heart.
Leoc. Into ſome houſe before he ſee me.
Phil. Deer,
Be not thus frighted.
Leoc. O his wrath is tempeſt.
Phil. Sweet, take your ſpirit to you, and ſtay bee't he,
He cannot know you in this habit, and me
I'me ſure he leſſe knows, for he never ſaw me.
Alph. Ha ? who is that ? my Son Philippo ?
Phil. Sir.
Alp. Why, what make you here ? Is this Salamanca ?
And that your ſtudy ? ha ? nay ſtay him too,
Wee'l ſee him by his leave.
Serv. You muſt not ſtrive Sir.
Alph. No, no, come neer.
Sanc. My daughter : Leocadia ?
Alph. How Sir : your daughter ?
Sanc. Yes Sir, and as ſure
As that's your Son : Come hither : what now ? run
Out o' your ſex ? breech'd ? was't not enough
At once to leave thy Father, and thine honor,
Unleſſe th' hadſt quit thy ſelf too.
Phil. Sir what fault
She can be urg'd off, I muſt take on me
The guilt, and puniſhment.
Sanc. You muſt Sir : how
If you ſhal not, though you muſt ? I deal not
With boys Sir ; I, you have a Father here
Shal do me right.
Alph. Thou art not mad Philippo ?
Art thou Mark-antonie ? Son to Leonardo ?
Our buſineſſe is to them.
Sanc. No, no, no, no,
Ile ha' the buſineſſe now : with you, none elſe,
Pray you let's ſpeak, in private : (carry me to him)
Your Son's the raviſher Sir, and here I find him :
I hope you'l give me cauſe to think you noble,
And do me right, with your ſword ſir, as becomes
One gentleman of honor to another ;
All this is fair Sir : here's the ſea faſt by,
Upon the ſands, we will determine
'Tis that I call you too ; let's make no days on't,
Ile lead your way ; to the ſeaſide Raſcals.
Phil. Sir
I would beſeech your ſtay ; he may not follow you.
San. No, turn ile kill him here then : Slaves, Rogues, Blocks
Why do you not bear me to him ? ha' you been
Acquainted with my motions, loggs, ſo long
And yet not know to time 'em.
Phil. Were you Sir
Not impotent.
Alph. Hold you your peace Boy.
Sanc. Impotent
'Death ile cut his throat firſt, and then his Fathers.
Alph. You muſt provide you then a ſharper razor
Then is your tongue, for I not fear your ſword.
Sanc. 'Heart bear mee to either of 'em.
Phil. Pray Sir your patience.
Enter Governor and Attendants.
Alph. My curſe light on thee if thou ſtay him.
Phil. Hold.
Gov. Why, what's the matter, Gentlemen, what tumult
Is this you raiſe i'th ſtreet ? before my door ?
Know you what 'tis to draw a weapon here.
Sanc. Yes, and to uſe it (bear me up to him, Rogues)
Thus, at a Traytors heart.
Alph. Truer then thine.
Gov. Strike, ſtrike ; Some of the people diſarm 'em,
Kil 'em if they reſiſt.
Phil. Nay generous ſir
Let not your courteſie turn fury now.

Gov.

Gover. Lay hold upon 'em, take away their weapons,
I wil be worth an anſwer, ere we part.
Phil. Tis the Governour ſir.
*Alph.*I yield my ſelfe. (tell me.
*Sanch.*My Sword? what thinkſt thou of me? pray thee
1 *Attend.* As of a Gentleman.
*Sanch.*No more.
1 *Attend.* Of worth,
And quality.
Sanch. And I ſhould quit my Sword
There were ſmall worth or quality in that friend;
Pray thee learn thou more worth and quality
Then to demand it.
Gov. Force it I ſay.
1 *Atten.*The Governour
You heare,commands.
*Sanch.*The Governour ſhall pardon me.
*Phil.*How,*Leocadia* gone again? *Exit Phil.*
Sanch. He ſhall friend
I'th point of honour; by his leave,ſo tell him,
His perſon and authority I acknowledge,
And do ſubmit me to it; but my Sword,
He ſhal excuſe me,were he fifteen Governours;
That and I dwell together, and muſt yet
Till my hands part, aſſure him.
*Gov.*I ſay force it.
*Sanch.*Stay,heare me.Haſt thou ever read *Curanza*?
Underſtandſt thou honour, Noble Governour?
*Gov.*For that we'l have more fit diſpute.
Sanch. Your name ſir.
*Gov.*You ſhall know that too: But on colder termes,
Your blood and brain are now too hot to take it.
*Sanch.*Force my Sword from me? this is an affront.
Gov. Bring 'em away.
*Sanch.*You'l do me reparation. *Exeunt.*

Enter Philippo.

Phil. I have for ever loſt her,and am loſt,
And worthily: my tameneſſe hath undone me;
She's gone hence,aſham'd of me: yet I ſeek her.
Will ſhe be ever found to me again,
Whom ſhe ſaw ſtand ſo poorly,and dare nothing
In her defence, here,when I ſhould have drawn
This Sword out like a meteor, and have ſhot it
In both our parents eyes,and left 'em blind
Unto their impotent angers? O I am worthy
On whom this loſſe and ſcorn ſhould light to death
Without the pity that ſhould wiſh me better,
Either alive,or in my Epitaph.

Enter Leonardo, Marc-Antonio.

*Leon.*Well ſon,your father is too neere himſelfe
And hath too much of nature to put off
Any affection that belongs to you.
I could have onely wiſhd you had acquainted
Her father, whom it equally concerns,
Though y'had preſum'd on me: it might have open'd
An eaſier gate, and path to both our joyes:
For though I am none of thoſe flinty Fathers
That when their children do but naturall things,
Turn rock and offence ſtreight: yet *Marc-antonio*,
All are not of my quarry.
*Mar.*Tis my feare ſir;
And if hereafter I ſhould ere abuſe
So great a piety,it were my malice.

Enter Attendants.

*Atten.*We muſt intreat you Gentlemen to take
Another room,the Governour is comming
Here,on ſome buſineſſe.

Enter Governour,Sanchio,Alphonſo,Attendants.

*Mar.*We will give him way.
*Sanch.*I will have right ſir on you;that believe,
If there be any Marſhals Court in Spaine.
*Gov.*For that ſir we ſhall talke.
Sanch. —— doe not ſlight me,
Though I am without a Sword.
*Gov.*Keep to your chaire ſir. (him.
Sanch.——Let me fall,and hurle my chaire!(ſlaves)at
*Gov.*You are the more temperd man ſir: let me intreat
Of you the manner how this brawle fell out.
Alph Fell out? I know not how: nor do I care much:
But here we came ſir to this Town together,
Both in one buſineſſe and one wrong,engag'd
To ſeeke one *Leonardo* an old Genoeſe,
I ha' ſaid enough there; would you more? falſe father
Of a falſe ſonne,cal'd *Marc-antonio*,
Who had ſtole both our daughters; and which father
Conſpiring with his ſonne in treachery,
It ſeemd, to fly our ſatisfaction,
Was,as we heard,come private to this Town
Here to take ſhip for Italy.
Leon. You heard
More then was true then: by the feare,or falſhood,
And though I thought not to reveale my ſelfe
(Pardon my manners in't to you) for ſome
Important reaſons; yet being thus character'd
And challeng'd,know I dare appeare, and doe
To who dares threaten.
*Mar.*I ſay he is not worthy
The name of man,or any honeſt preface,
That dares report or credit ſuch a ſlander.
Doe you ſir ſay it?
Alph. Sir,I doe ſay it.
Gov. Hold,
Is this your father Signior *Marc-antonio*?
You have ill requited me thus to conceale him
From him would honour him,and do him ſervice.

Enter Eugenia.

Leon. Twas not his fault ſir.
Eug. Where's my Lord.
*Gov.*Sweet heart.
Eug. Know you theſe Gentlemen? they are all the fa-
Unto our friends. (thers
*Gov.*So it appeares my Dove.
*Sanch.*Sir I ſay nothing: I doe want a Sword,
And till I have a Sword I will ſay nothing.
*Eug.*Good ſir command theſe Gentlemen their Armes;
Entreat 'em as your friends,not as your priſoners.
Where be their Swords?
Gov. Reſtore each man his weapon.
*Sanch.*It ſeems thou haſt not read *Curanza*, fellow
I muſt have reparation of honour,
As well as this: I finde that wounded.
Gov. Sir,
I did not know your quality,if I had
Tis like I ſhould have done you more reſpects.
*Sanch.*It is ſufficient,by *Caranza's* rule.
*Eug.*I know it is ſir.
*Sanch.*Have you read *Caranza* Lady?
*Eug.*If you mean him that writ upon the duell,
He was my kinſman.
Sanch. Lady,then you know
By the right noble writings of your kinſman,
My honour is as deere to me,as the Kings.
*Eug.*Tis very true ſir.
*Sanch.*Therefore I muſt crave
Leave to goe on now with my firſt dependance.

Eug.What ha you more?
Gov.None here good Signior.
Sanch.I will,refer me to *Claranza* ſtill.
Eug.Nay love,I prethee let me mannage this.
With whom is't ſir?
Sanch.With that falſe man *Alphonſo.*
Eug.Why he has th' advantage ſir in legs.
Sanch.But I
In truth,and hand and heart,and a good Sword.
Eug.But how if he will not ſtand you Sir.
Alph.For that,
Make it no queſtion Lady,I will ſticke
My feet in earth down by him, where he dare.
Sanch.O would thou wouldſt.
Alph. Ile do't.
Sanch. Let me kiſſe him.
I feare thou wilt not yet.
Eug.Why Gentlemen,
If you'l proceed according to *Curanza,*
Me thinks an eaſier way, were too good chaires,
So you would be content ſir to be bound,
'Cauſe he is lame, ile fit you with like weapons,
Piſtols and Ponyards,and ev'n end it. If
The difference between you be ſo mortall.
It cannot be tane up.
Sanch.Tane up? take off
This head firſt.
Alph. Come bind me in a chaire.
Eug. Yes,do.
Gov. What mean you, Dove.
Eug. Let me alone,
And ſet,'em at their diſtance:when you ha' done
Lend me two Ponyards; ile have Piſtols ready
Quickly. *Exit.*

Enter Philippo.

Phil.She is not here *Marc-antonio.*
Saw you not *Leocadia?*
Mar.Not I brother. (her.
Phil.Brother let's ſpeak with you;you were falſe unto
Mar. I was, but have ask'd pardon: why do you urge
Phil. You were not worthy of her. (it?
Mar. May be I was not;
But tis not well, you tell me ſo.
Phil. My ſiſter
Is not ſo faire.
Mar. It skils not.
Phil. Nor ſo vertuous.
Mar.Yes,ſhe muſt be as vertuous.
Phil. I would faine——
Mar What brother?
Phil.Srike you.
Mar.I ſhall not beare ſtrokes,
Though I do theſe ſtrange words.
Phil. Will you not kill me?
Mar. For what good brother?
Phil. Why,for ſpeaking well
Of *Leocadia.*
Mar. No indeed.
Phil.Nor ill
Of *Theodoſia?*

Enter Eugenia,Leocadia,Theodoſia,
and one with two Piſtols.

Mar.Neither.
Phil.Fare you well then.
Eug. Nay you ſhall have as Noble ſeconds too
As ever duelliſts had; give 'em their weapons:
Now St *Iago.*
Sanch. Are they charg'd?
Eug. Charg'd ſir,
I warrant you.
Alph. Would they were well diſcharg'd.
Sanch. I like a Sword much better I confeſſe.
Eug. Nay wherefore ſtay you?ſhal I mend your mark?
Strike one another,thorough theſe?
Phil. My love.
Alph.My *Theodoſia.*
Sanch. I ha' not the heart.
Alph.Nor I.
Eug.Why here is a dependance ended.
Unbind that Gentleman;come take here to you
Your ſonnes and daughters,and be friends. A feaſt
Waites you within,is better then your fray:
Lovers,take you your own,and all forbeare
Under my roofe, either to bluſh or feare
My love,what ſay you; could *Cuzanza* himſelfe
Carry a buſineſſe better?
Gov.It is well:
All are content I hope,and we well eaſ'd,
If they for whom we have done all this be pleaſ'd.
Exeunt.

PROLOGVE.

To this place Gentlemen, full many a day
We have bid ye welcome; and to many a Play:
And thoſe whoſe angry ſoules were not diſeaſd
With law,or lending money,we have pleaſd;
And make no doubt to do again. This night
No mighty matter, nor no light,
We muſt intreat you looke for: A good tale
Told in two houres, we will not faile
If we be perfect to rehearſe ye: New
I am ſure it is, and hanſome; but how true
Let them diſpute that writ it. Ten to one
We pleaſe the women; and I would know that man
Follows not their example. If ye mean
To know the Play well,travell with the Scene.
For it lies upon the road; if we chance tire,
As ye are good men leave us not i'th mire,
Another bayt may mend us: If you grow
A litte gald or weary; cry but hoa,
And we'l ſtay for ye. When our journey ends
Every mans Pot I hope, and all part friends.

THE
Maske of the Gentlemen of Grayes-Inne, and the Inner-Temple,

Performed before the King in the Banqueting-houſe at White-hall, at the marriage of the Illuſtrious *Frederick* and *Elizabeth*, Prince and Princeſſe Palatine of the Rhene.

Written by FRANCIS BEAMONT *Gentleman.*

Enter Iris running, Mercury following and catching hold of her.

Mercury.

STay light-foot *Iris*, for thou ſtriv'ſt in vain,
My wings are nimbler then thy feet.
Iris. Away,
Diſſembling *Mercury*, my meſſages
Aske honeſt haſte; not like thoſe wanton ones
Your thundering father ſends.
Mer. Stay fooliſh maid,
Or I will take my riſe upon a hill,
When I perceive thee ſeated in a cloud
In all the painted glory that thou haſt,
And never ceaſe to clap my willing wing,
Till I catch hold on thy diſcolour'd Bow,
And ſhiver it beyond the angry power
Of your mad miſtris to make up again.
Iris. *Hermes* forbeare, *Juno* will chide and ſtrike;
Is great *Jove* jealous that I am imployd
On her love-errands? ſhe did never yet
Claſpe weak mortality in her white armes,
As he has often done; I onely come
To celebrate the long wiſht Nuptials
Here in Olympia, which are now perform'd
Betwixt two goodly Rivers that have mixt
Their gentle winding waves, and are to grow
Into a thouſand ſtreams great as themſelves.
I need not name them, for the ſound is lowd
In Heaven and earth, and I am ſent from her
The Queen of marriage, that was preſent here,
And ſmild to ſee them joyne, and hath not chid
Since it was done. Good *Hermes* let me goe.
Mere. Nay you muſt ſtay; *Joves* meſſage is the ſame
Whoſe eyes are lightning, and whoſe voyce is thunder,
Whoſe breath is aiery wind, he will, who knows
How to be firſt in Earth as well as Heaven.
Iris. But what hath he to doe with Nuptiall rites?
Let him ſit pleaſd upon his Starry throne,
And fright poore mortals with his Thunder-bolts,
Leaving to us the mutuall darts of eyes.
Merc. Alas, when ever offer'd he t' abridge
Your Ladies power, but onely now, in theſe,
Whoſe match concerns the generall government?
Hath not each God a part in theſe high joyes?
And ſhall not he the King of Gods preſume
Without proud *Juno's* licence? let her know
That when enamourd *Jove* firſt gave her power
To linke ſoft hearts in undeſolving bands,
He then foreſaw, and to himſelfe reſerv'd
The honour of this marriage: thou ſhalt ſtand
Still as a Rock, while I to bleſſe this Feaſt
Will ſummon up with mine all-charming rod
The Nymphs of Fountaines, from whoſe watry locks,
(Hung with the dew of bleſſing and increaſe)
The greedy Rivers take their nouriſhment.
Yea Nymphs who bathing in your loved Springs,
Beheld theſe Rivers in their infancy,
And joy'd to ſee them when their circled heads
Refreſht the ayre, and ſpread the ground with Flowres:
Riſe from your Wells, and with your nimble feet
Performe that Office to this happy paire,
Which in theſe plaines you to *Alpheus* did,
When paſſing hence, through many Seas unmixt,
He gaind the favour of his *Arethuſe*.

The Nymphs riſe and dance alittle, and then make a ſtand.

Iris. Is *Hermes* grown a Lover? by what power
Unknown to us calls he the maides?
Merc. Preſumptuous *Iris*, I could make thee dance
Till thou forgetſt thy Ladies meſſages,
And ranſt back crying to her; thou ſhalt know
My power is more, onely my breath, and this
Shall move fixt Stars, and force the Firmament
To yield the Hyades, who govern ſhowers,
And dewy clouds, in whoſe diſperſed drops
Thou formſt the ſhape of thy deceitfull Bow.
Yea maides who yeerly at appointed times
Advance with kindly teares, the gentle floods
Diſcend, and poure your bleſſing on theſe ſtreams,
Which rolling down from Heaven-aſpiring hils,
And now united in the fruitfull vailes,
Beare all before them, raviſht with their joy,
And ſwell in glory till they know no bounds.

The Cloud diſcends with the Hyades, at which the mayds ſeem to be rejoyced; they all dance a while together then make another ſtand, as if they wanted ſomething.

Iris. Great wit and power hath *Hermes* to contrive
A lively dance, which of one ſex conſiſts.
Merc. Alas poore *Iris*, *Venus* hath in ſtore

A ſecret ambuſh of her winged boyes,
Who lurking long within theſe pleaſant groves
Firſt ſtuck theſe lovers with their equall darts,
Thoſe *Cupids* ſhall come forth and joyn with theſe,
To honour that which they themſelves began.

The Cupids come forth and dance, they are weary with their blind purſuing the Nymphs, and the Nympht weary with flying them.

Iris. Behold the Statues which wiſe *Vulcan* plac'd
Under the Altar of Olympian *Jove*,
And gave to them an artificiall life:
See how they move, drawn by this heavenly joy,
Like the wild Trees which followed *Orpheus* Harp.

The Statues come down, and they all dance till the Nymphs out-run them and loſe them, then the Cupids go off, and laſt the Statues.

Merc. And what will *Juno's Iris* doe for her?

Iris. Juſt match this ſhew, or mine inventions faile,
Had it been worthier, I would have invok'd
The blazing Comets, Clouds and falling Stars,
And all my kindred meteors of the ayre,
To have exceld it; but I now muſt ſtrive
To imitate confuſion; Therefore thou
Delightfull *Flora*, if thou ever feltſt
Increaſe of ſweetneſſe in thoſe blooming Plants,
On which the hornes of my faire Bow decline,
Send hither all that rurall company,
Which deck the Maygames with their clowniſh ſports;
Juno will have it ſo.

The ſecond Antimaſque ruſheth in, they dance their meaſure, and as rudely depart.

Merc. Iris, we ſtrive
Like winds at liberty, who ſhould doe worſt
Ere we returne. If *Juno* be the Queen
Of mariages, let her give happy way
To what is done in hononr of the State
She governs.

Iris. Hermes, ſo it may be done
Meerely in honour of the State, and thoſe
That now have prov'd it; not to ſatisfie
The luſt of *Jupiter*, in having thanks
More then his *Juno*, if thy Snaky rod
Have power to ſearch the Heaven, or ſound the Sea,
Or call together all the ends of earth,
To bring thee any thing that may doe grace
To us, amd theſe, do it, we ſhall be pleas'd.

Merc. Then know that from the mouth of *Jove* himſelfe,
Whoſe words have wings, and need not to be borne,
I tooke a meſſage, and I bore it through
A thouſand yeelding clouds, and never ſtaid
Till his high will was done: The Olympian games
Which long had ſlept, at theſe wiſht nuptials,
He pleas'd to have renew'd, and all his Knights
Are gather'd hither, who within their Tents
Reſt on this hill, upon whoſe riſing head

The Altar is diſcovered with the Prieſts about it, and the Statues under it, and the Knights lying in their Tents on each ſide, neere the top of the hill.

Behold *Joves* Altar, and his bleſſed Prieſts
Moving about it; come you holy men,
And with your voyces draw theſe youths along,
That till *Joves* Muſicke call them to their games,
Their active ſports may give a bleſt content
To thoſe for whom they are again begun.

The firſt Song, when the Prieſts deſcend,
and the Knights follow them.

Shake off your heavy trance,
and leape into a dance,
Such as no mortals uſe to tread,
fit onely for Apollo
To play to, for the Moon to lead,
And all the Stars to follow.

The ſecond Song at the end of the firſt dance.

On bleſſed youths, for Jove *doth pauſe,*
Laying aſide his graver Laws
For this device:
And at the wedding ſuch a paire,
Each dance is taken for a prayer,
Each Song a Sacrifice.

The third Song after their many dances, when
they are to take out the Ladies.

Single.

More pleaſing were theſe ſweet delights,
If Ladies mov'd as well as Knights;
Run every one of you and catch
A Nymph, in honour of this match;
And whiſper boldly in her eare,
Jove *wil but laugh if you forſweare.*

All.

And this daies ſins he doth reſolve,
That we his Prieſts ſhould all abſolve.

The fourth Song, when they have parted with the Ladies, a ſhrill Muſique ſounds, ſuppoſed to be that which calls them to the Olympian games, at which they all make a ſeeming preparation to depart.

You ſhould ſtay longer if we durſt
Away, alas that he that firſt
Gave time wild wings to fly away,
Ha's now no power to make him ſtay.
And though theſe games muſt needs be plaid,
I would theſe paire when they are layd,
And not a creature nigh 'em,
Might catch his ſithe as he doth paſſe,
And clip his wings, and break his glaſſe,
And keep him ever by 'em.

The fifth Song, when all is done, as they aſcend.

Peace and ſilence be the guide
To the man, and to the Bride:
If there be a joy yet new
In marriage, let it fall on you,
That all the World may wonder:
If we ſhould ſtay, we ſhould do worſe,
And turn our bleſſings to a curſe,
By keeping you aſunder.

FINIS.

FOVR PLAYES,

OR

Morall Repreſentations,

IN ONE.

Enter Don Frigozo.

Noiſe within.

Frig. Away with thoſe bald pated Raſcals there, their wits are bound up in vellam, they are not currant here. Down with thoſe City-Gentlemen, &c. Out with thoſe ——— I ſay, and in with their wives at the back-door. Worſhip and place, I am weary of ye, yee lie on my ſhoulders like a load of gold on an Aſſes back. A man in Authoritie is but as a candle in the winde, ſooner waſted or blown out then under a buſhel. How now, what'ts the matter? *Enter Rinaldo.* Who are you, Sir?

Rin. Who am I, Sir? why, do y' not know me?

Frig. No by my —— do I not.

Rin. I am ſure we din'd together to day.

Frig. That's all one: as I din'd with you in the City, and as you paid for my dinner there, I do know you, and am beholding to you: But as my mind is ſince tranſmigrated into my office, and as you come to Court to have me pay you again, and be beholding to me, I know you not, I know you not.

Rin. Nay, but look ye Sir.

Frig. Pardon me: If you had been my bed-fellow theſe ſeven yeers, and lent me money to buy my place, I muſt not tranſgreſſe principles: This very talking with you is an ill example.

Rin. Piſh, you are too punctual a Courtier, Sir: why, I am a Courtier too, yet never underſtood the place or name to be ſo infectious to humanitie and manners, as to caſt a man into a burning pride and arrogance, for which there is no cure. I am a Courtier, and yet I will know my friends, I tell you.

Frig. And I tell you, you will thrive accordingly, I warrant you.

Rin. But heark ye, Seigniour *Frigozo*, you ſhall firſt underſtand, I have no friends with me to trouble you.

Frig. Humh: That's a good motive.

Rin. Nor to borrow money of you.

Frig. That's an excellent motive.

Rin. No my ſweet Don, nor to ask what yon owe me.

Frig. Why, that is the very motive of motives: why I ought and will know thee: and if I had not wound thee up to this promiſe, I would not have known thee theſe fifteen yeers, no more then the erranteſt or moſt founderd Caſtillian that followed our new Qs carriages afoot.

Rin. Nor for any thing, deer Don, but that you would place me conveniently to ſee the Play to night.

Frig. That ſhall I, Seignior *Rinaldo*: but would you had come ſooner: you ſee how full the Scaffolds are, there is ſcant room for a Lovers thought here. Gentlewomen, ſit cloſe for ſhame: Has none of ye a little corner for this Gentleman? I'll place ye, fear not. And how did our brave King of Portugal, *Emanuel*, bear himſelf to day? You ſaw the ſolemnitie of the marriage.

Rin. Why, like a fit Husband for ſo gracious and excellent a Princeſſe, as his worthie mate *Iſabella*, the King of Caſtiles Daughter doth in her very external lineaments, mixture of colours, and joyning Dove-like behaviour aſſure her ſelf to be. And I proteſt (my deer Don) ſeriouſly, I can ſing prophetically nothing but bleſſed hymns, and happie occaſions to this ſacred union of *Portugal* and *Caſtile*, which have ſo wiſely and mutually conjoyned two ſuch vertuous and beautifull Princes as theſe are; and in all opinion like to multiplie to their very laſt minute.

Frig. The King is entring: Seignior hover here about, and as ſoon as the Train is ſet, clap into me, wee'll ſtand neer the State. If you have any Creditors here, they ſhall renew bonds a Twelvemonth on ſuch a ſight: but to touch the pomell of the Kings chair in the ſight of a Citizen, is better ſecurity for 1000 double duckets, then three of the beſt Merchants in Lisbon. Beſides, Seignior, wee will cenſure not onely the King in the Play here, that reigns his two hours; but the King himſelf, that is to rule his life time: Take my counſell: I have one word to ſay to this noble aſſembly, and I am for you.

Rin. Your method ſhall govern me.

Frig. *Prologues are Hinſhers bare before the wiſe;*
Why may not then an Hinſher Prologize?

Here's a fair ſight, and were ye oftner ſeen
Thus gather'd here,'twould pleaſe our King and Queen.
Upon my conſcience, ye are welcome all
To Lisbon, and the Court of Portugall;
Where your fair eyes ſhall feed on no worſe ſights
Then preparations made for Kings delights.
We wiſh to men content, the manlieſt treaſure,
And to the women their own wiſh'd for pleaſure.
Flouriſh.

Enter King and Queen, Emanuel and Iſabella,
Lords and attendants.

Em. Fair fountain of my life, from whoſe pure ſtreams
the propagation of two Kingdoms flowes,
never contention riſe in eithers breſt,
but conteſtation whoſe love ſhall be beſt.

Iſab. Majeſtick Ocean, that with plenty feeds
me thy poor tributary Rivolet,
Sun of my beauty, that with radiant beams
doſt gild, and dance upon theſe humble ſtreams,
curſt be my birth-hour, and my ending day,
when back your love-floods I forget to pay:
or if this breſt of mine your cryſtall brook
ever take other form in, other look
but yours, or ere produce unto your grace
a ſtrange reflection, or anothers face,
but be your love-book claſp'd, open'd to none
but you, nor hold a ſtorie but your own;
a water fix'd, that ebbs nor floods purſue,
frozen to all, onely diſſolv'd to you.

Em. O, who ſhall tel the ſweeneſſe of our love
to future times, and not be thought to lye?
I look through this hour like a perſpective,
and far off ſee millions of proſperous ſeeds
that our reciprocall affection breeds.
Thus my white rib, cloſe in my breſt with me,
which nought ſhall tear hence but mortalitie. *Flouriſh.*

Lords. Be Kingdoms bleſt in you, you bleſt in them.

Frig. Whiſt, Seignior; my ſtrong imagination ſhews me Love (me thinks) bathing in milk, and wine in her cheeks: O how ſhe clips him like a plant of Ivie.

Rin. I; Could not you be content to be an owl in ſuch an ivie-buſh, or one of the oaks of the City to be ſo clipt?

Frig. Equivocal Don, though I like the clipping well, I could not be content either to be your owl, or your ox of the Citie. The Play begins. *Flouriſh.*

Enter a Poet with a garland.

Poet Prologue. *Low at your ſacred feet our poor Muſe layes*
Her, and her thunder-fearleſſe virdant Bayes.
Four ſeverall Triumphs *to your Princely eyes*
Of Honour, Love, Death, *and* Time *do riſe*
From our approaching ſubject, which we move
Towards you with fear, ſince that a ſweeter Love,
A brighter Honour, *purer* Chaſtitie
March in your breſts this day triumphantly,
Then our weak Scenes can ſhow: then how dare we
Preſent like Apes and Zanies, things that be
Exemplifi'd in you, but that we know,
We ne'r crav'd grace, which you did not beſtow?

Enter in triumph with Drums, Trumpets, Colours, Martius,
Valerius, Sophocles *bound,* Nicodemus, Cornelius,
Captains and Souldiers.

Mar. What means proud *Sophocles?*

Soph. To go even with *Martius,*
and not to follow him like his Officer:
I never waited yet on any man.

Mar. Why poor Athenian Duke, thou art my ſlave,
my blows have conquerd thee.

Soph. Thy ſlave? proud *Martius,*
Cato thy countrey-man (whoſe conſtancie
of all the Romans I did honour moſt)
rip'd himſelf twice to avoid ſlavery,
making himſelf his own Anatomie.
But looke thee *Martius,* not a veine runs here
from head to foote, but *Sophocles* would unſeame, and
like a ſpring garden ſhoote his ſcornfull blood
itno their eyes durſt come to tread on him:
As for thy blowes, they did hot conquer me:
Seven Battailes have I met thee face to face,
and given thee blow for blow, and wound for wound,
and till thou taught'ſt me, knew not to retire;
thy ſword was then as bold, thy arm as ſtrong;
thy blows then *Martius,* cannot conquer me.

Val. What is it then?

Soph. Fortune.

Val. Why, yet in that
thou art the worſe man, and muſt follow him.

Soph. Young Sir, you erre: If Fortune could be call'd
or his, or yours, or mine, in good or evill
for any certain ſpace, thou hadſt ſpoke truth:
But ſhe but jeſts with man, and in miſchance
abhors all conſtancie, flowting him ſtill
with ſome ſmall touch of good, or ſeeming good
midſt of his miſchiefe: which viciſſitude
makes him ſtrait doff his armour and his fence
he had prepar'd before, to break her ſtrokes.
So from the very Zenith of her wheel,
when ſhe has dandled ſome choice favorite,
given him his boons in women, honour, wealth,
and all the various delicies of earth.
that the fool ſcorns the gods in his exceſſe,
ſhe whirls, and leaves him at th' Antipodes.

Mar. Art ſure we have taken him? Is this *Sophocles?*
his fettred arms ſay no; his free ſoul, I.
This Athens nurſeth Arts, as well as Arms.

Soph. Nor glory *Martius,* in this day of thine,
'tis behind yeſterday, but before to morrow:
Who knows what Fortune then will do with thee?
She never yet could make the better man
the better chance ſhe has: the man that's beſt
ſhe ſtill contends with, and doth favour leaſt.

Mar. Me thinks a graver thunder then the skies
breaks from his lips; I am amaz'd to hear,
and Athens words more then her ſwords doe fear.

Soph. *Martius,* ſlave *Sophocles,* couldſt thou acquire
(and did thy Roman gods ſo love thy prayers,
and ſolemn ſacrifice, to grant thy ſuit)
to gather all the valour of the *Ceſars*
thy Predeceſſors, and what is to come,
and by their influence fling it on thee now,
thou couldſt not make my mind go leſſe, not pare
with all their ſwords one vertue from my ſoul:
how am I vaſſall'd then? Make ſuch thy ſlaves
as dare not keep their goodneſſe paſt their graves.
Know Generall, we two are chances on
the die of Fate; now thrown, thy ſix is up,
and my poor one beneath thee; next thy throw
may ſet me upmoſt.and caſt thee below.

Mar. Yet will I trie thee more: Calamitie
is mans true touchſtone: Liſten inſolent Prince,
that dar'ſt contemn the Maſter of thy life,
which I will force here 'fore thy City walls
with barbarous crueltie, and call thy wife

to ſee it, and then after ſend her———
Soph. Ha, ha, ha.
Mar. And then demoliſh Athens to the ground,
depopulate her, fright away her fame,
and leave ſucceſſion neither ſtone nor name.
Soph. Ha, ha, ha.
Mar. Doſt thou deride me?
Val. Kneel, ask *Martius*
for mercy, *Sophocles*, and live happie ſtill.
Soph. Kneel and ask mercie? (Roman) art a god?
I never kneel'd, or begg'd of any elſe.
Thou art a foole, end I will looſe no more
inſtructions on thee: now I finde thy eares
Solemn Muſick.
Enter Dorigen, Ladies bearing a ſword.
are fooliſh, like thy tongue. My *Dorigen*?
oh, muſt ſhee ſee me bound?
1. Cap. There's the firſt ſigh
he breath'd ſince he was born, I think.
2. Cap. Forbear,
all but the Ladie his wife.
Soph. How my heart chides
the manacles of my hands, that let them not
embrace my *Dorigen*.
Val. Turn but thy face,
and ask thy life of *Martius* thus, and thou
(with thy fair wife) ſhalt live; Athens ſhall ſtand,
and all her priviledges augmented be.
Soph. 'Twere better Athens periſh'd, and my wife
which (Romans) I do know a worthie one,
then *Sophocles* ſhould ſhrink of *Sophocles*,
commit profane Idolatry, by giving
the reverence due to gods to thee blown man.
Mar. Rough, ſtubborn Cynick.
Soph. Thou art rougher far,
and of a couſer wale, fuller of pride,
leſſe temperate to bear proſperity.
Thou ſeeſt my meer neglect hath raiſ'd in thee
a ſtorm more boyſtrous then the Oceans,
my vertue Patience makes thee vitious.
Mar. Why, fair-ey'd Ladie, do you kneel?
Dor. Great Generall,
victorious, godlike *Martius*, your poor handmaid
kneels, for her husband will not, cannot: ſpeaks
thus humbly, that he may not. Liſten *Roman*,
thou whoſe advanced front doth ſpeak thee Roman
to every Nation, and whoſe deeds aſſure't;
Behold a Princeſſe (whoſe declining head
like to a drooping lily after ſtorms
bowes to thy feet) and playing here the ſlave,
to keep her husbands greatneſſe unabated:
all which doth make thy Conqueſt greater: For,
if he be baſe in ought whom thou haſt taken,
then *Martius* hath but taken a baſe prize.
But if this Jewell hold luſtre and value,
Martius is richer then in that he hath won.
O make him ſuch a Captive as thy ſelf
unto another wouldſt, great Captain, be;
till then, he is no priſoner fit for thee.
Mar. *Valerius*, here is harmonie would have brought
old crabbed *Saturn* to ſweet ſleep when *Jove*
did firſt incenſe him with Rebellion:
Athens doth make women Philoſophers,
and ſure their children chat the talk of gods.
Val. Riſe beauteous *Dorigen*.
Dor. Not untill I know
the Generals reſolution,
Val. One ſoft word
from *Sophocles* would calm him into tears,
like gentle ſhowrs after tempeſtuous winds.
Dor. To buy the world, he will not give a word,
a look, a tear, a knee, 'gainſt his own judgement,
and the divine compoſure of his minde:
all which I therefore doe, and here preſent
this Victors wreathe, this rich Athenian ſword,
Trophies of Conqueſt, which, great *Martius*, wear,
and be appeaſ'd: Let *Sophocles* ſtill live.
Mar. He would not live.
Dor. He would not beg to live.
When he ſhall ſo forget, then I begin
to command, *Martius*; and when he kneels,
Dorigen ſtands; when he lets fall a tear,
I dry mine eyes, and ſcorn him.
Mar. Scorn him now then,
here in the face of Athens, and thy friends.
Self-will'd, ſtiffe *Sophocles*, prepare to die,
and by that ſword thy Lady honour'd me,
with which her ſelf ſhall follow. Romans, Friends,
who dares but ſtrike this ſtroke, ſhall part with me
half Athens, and my half of Victorie.
Cap. By——— not we.
Nic. Cor. We two will do it, Sir.
Soph. Away, ye fiſh-fac'd Raſcals.
Val. *Martius*,
to eclipſe this great Eclipſe labours thy fame;
Valerius thy Brother ſhall for once
turn Executioner: Give me the ſword.
Now *Sophocles*, I'll ſtrike as ſuddenly
as thou dar'ſt die.
Soph. Thou canſt not. And *Valerius*,
'tis leſſe diſhonour to thee thus to kill me,
then bid me kneel to *Martius*: 'tis to murther
the fame of living men, which great ones do;
their ſtudies ſtrangle, poyſon makes away,
the wretched hangman only ends the Play.
Val. Art thou prepar'd?
Soph. Yes.
Val. Bid thy wife farewell.
Soph. No, I will take no leave: My *Dorigen*,
yonder above, 'bout *Ariadnes* Crown
my ſpirit ſhall hover for thee; prethee haſte.
Dor. Stay *Sophocles*, with this tie up my ſight,
let not ſoft nature ſo transformed be
(and loſe her gentler ſex'd humanitie)
to make me ſee my lord bleed. So, 'tis well:
never one object underneath the Sun
will I behold before my *Sephocles*.
Farewell: now teach the Romans how to die.
Mar. Doſt know what 'tis to die?
Seph. Thou doſt not, *Martius*,
and therefore not what 'tis to live; to die
is to begin to live: It is to end
an old ſtale weary work, and to commence
a newer and a better. 'Tis to leave
deceitfull knaves for the ſocietie
of gods and goodneſſe. Thou thy ſelf muſt part
at laſt from all thy garlands, pleaſures, Triumphs,
and prove thy fortitude, what then 'twill do.
Val. But art not griev'd nor vex'd to leave life thus?
Soph. Why ſhould I grieve, or vex for being ſent
to them I ever lov'd beſt? now I'll kneel,
but with my back toward thee; 'tis the laſt duty

this trunk can doe the gods.

Mar. Strike, ſtrike, *Valerius*,
or *Martius* heart will leap out at his mouth.
This is a man, a woman! Kiſſe thy lord,
and live with all the freedome you were wont.
O Love, thou doubly haſt afflicted me,
with vertue, and with beauty. Treacherous heart,
my hand ſhall caſt thee quick into my urne,
ere thou tranſgreſſe this knot of pietie.

Val. What ails my Brother?

Soph. *Martius*, oh *Martius*,
thou now haſt found a way to conquer me.

Dor. O ſtar of Rome, what gratitude can ſpeak
fit words to follow ſuch a deed as this?

Mar. Doth *Juno* talk, or *Dorigen*?

Val. You are obſerv'd.

Mar. This admirable Duke (*Valerius*)
with his diſdain of Fortune, and of Death,
captiv'd himſelf, hath captivated me:
and though my arm hath ta'ne his body here,
his ſoul hath ſubjugated *Martius* ſoul:
By *Romulus*, he is all ſoul, I think;
he hath no fleſh, and ſpirit cannot be gyv'd;
then we have vanquſh'd nothing; he is free,
and *Martius* walks now in captivitie.

Soph. How fares the noble Roman?

Mar. Why?

Dor. Your blood
is ſunk down to your heart, and your bright eyes
have loſt their ſplendor.

Mar. Baſer fires go out.
when the Sun ſhines on 'em: I am not well,
an Apoplectick fit I uſe to have
after my heats in war careleſly coold.

Soph. *Martius* ſhall reſt in Athens with his friends,
till this diſtemper leave him: O, great Roman,
ſee *Sophocles* doe that for thee, he could not
do for himſelf, weep. *Martius*, by the ——;
it grieves me that ſo brave a ſoul ſhould ſuffer
under the bodies weak infirmitie.
Sweet Ladie, take him to thy loving charge,
and let thy care be tender.

Dor. Kingly Sir,
I am your Nurſe and Servant.

Mar. Oh deer Ladie,
my Miſtris, nay my Deity; guide me heaven,
ten wreathes triumphant *Martius* will give
to change a *Martius* for a *Sophocles*:
Can 't not be done (*Valerius*) with this boot?
Inſeparable affection, ever thus
colleague with Athens Rome.

Dor. Beat warlike tunes,
whileſt *Dorigen* thus honours *Martius* brow
with one victorious wreath more.

Soph. And *Sophocles*
thus girds his Sword of Conqueſt to his thigh,
which ne'r be drawn, but cut out Victorie.

Lords. For ever be it thus. *Exeunt.*

Corn. Corporall *Nichodemus*, a word with you.

Nic. My worthie Sutler *Cornelius*, it befits not *Nichodemus* the Roman Officer to parley with a fellow of thy rank: the affairs of the Empire are to be occupied.

Corn. Let the affaires of the Empire lie a while unoccupied, ſweet *Nichodemus*; I doe require the money at thy hands, which thou doeſt owe mee; and if faire means cannot attain, force of Armes ſhall accompliſh.

Nic. Put up and live.

Corn. I have put up too much already, thou Corporall of Concupiſcence, for I ſuſpect thou haſt diſhonoured my flock-bed, and with thy fooliſh Eloquence, and that bewitching face of thine drawn my Wife, the young harlotrie baggage to proſecute her ſelf unto thee. Draw tnerefore, for thou ſhalt find thy ſelf a mortall Corporall.

Nichod. Stay thy dead-doing hand, and heare: I will rather deſcend from my honour, and argue theſe contumelies with thee, then clutch thee (poor flye) in theſe eaglet —— of mine, or draw my ſword of Fate on a Peſant, a Beſognio, a Cocoloch, as thou art. Thou ſhalt firſt underſtand this fooliſh eloquence, and intolerable beauty of mine (both which, I proteſt, are meerly naturall) are the gifts of the gods, with which I have neither ſent bawdy Sonnet, nor amorous glance, or (as the vulgar call it) ſheeps eye to thy betrothed *Florence.*

Corin. Thou lyeſt.

Nich. O gods of Rome, was *Nichodemus* born
to bear theſe braveries from a poor provant?
yet when dogs bark, or when the aſſes bray,
the lion laughs, not roars, but goes his way.

Cornel. A —— o' your poeticall veine: This verſifying my wife has hornified me. Sweet Corporall codſhead, no more ſtanding on your punctilio's and punketto's of honour, they are not worth a lowſe: the truth is, thou art the Generals Bygamie, that is, his fool, and his knave; thou art miſcreant and recreant, not an horſe-boy in the Legions but has beaten thee; thy beginning was knap-ſack, and thy ending will be halter-ſack.

Nich. Me thinks I an now *Sophocles* the wiſe, and thou art *Martius* the mad.

Cornel. No more of your tricks good Corporall Letherchops: I ſay, thou haſt diſhonour'd mee, and ſince honour now adaies is onely repaired by money, pay mee, and I am ſatisfied; Even reckoning keeps long friends.

Nic. Let us continue friends then, for I have been even with thee a long time; and though I have not paid thee, I have paid thy wife.

Corn. Flow forth my tears, thou haſt deflowred her *Tarquin*, the Garden of my delight, hedg'd about, in which there was but one bowling-Alley for mine owne private procreation, thou haſt, like a thief in the night, leap'd the hedge, entred my Alley, and without my privitie, plaid thine owne rubbers.

Nic. How long ſhall patience thus ſecurely ſnore?
Is it my fault, if theſe attractive eyes,
this budding chin, or roſie-colour'd cheek,
this comely body, and this waxen leg,
have drawn her into a fools paradiſe?
By *Cupids* —— —— I do ſwear (no other)
ſhe's chaſter far then *Lucrece*, her grand-mother;
pure as glaſſe-window, ere the rider daſh it,
whiter then Ladies ſmock, when ſhe did waſh it:
for well thou wotſt (though now my hearts Commandreſſe)
I once was free, and ſhe but the Camps Landreſſe.

Corn. I, ſhe then came ſweet to me; no part about her
but ſmelt of Soap-ſuds, like a Dryad out of a waſh-bowl.
Pray, or pay.

Nich. Hold.

Corn. Was thy cheeſe mouldy, or thy peny-worths ſmall ?
was not thy Ale the mightieſt of the earth in Malt,
and thy ſtope fill'd like a tide ? was not thy bed ſoft, and
thy Bacon fatter then a dropſie ? Come, Sir.

Nich. *Mars* then inſpire me with the fencing skill
of our Tragedian Actors. Honour pricks ;
and Sutler, now I come with thwacks and thwicks.
Grant us one cruſh, one paſſe, and now a high, Çavalto fall :
then up again, now down again, yet do no harm at all.

Enter Wife.

Wife. O that ever I was born : why Gent.

Corn. *Meſſaline* of Rome, away, diſloyal Concubine : I will be deafer to thee, then thou art to others : I will have my hundred drachma's he owes me, thou arrant whore.

Wife. I know he is an hundred drachmaes o' the ſcore ; but what o' that ? no bloodſhed, ſweet *Cornelius.* O my heart; o' my conſcience 't is faln thorow the bottom of my bellie. O my ſweet Didimus, if either of ye miskil one another, what will become of poor *Florence ?* Pacifie your ſelves, I pray.

Corn. Go to, my heart is not ſtone ; I am not marble: drie your eyes, *Florence* ; the ſcurvie apes-face knows my blinde ſide well enough : leave your puling ; will this content ye ? let him taſte thy nether lip, which in ſigne of amitie I thus take off again : go thy ways, and provide the Cows udder.

Nich. Lilie of Concord. And now, honeſt Sutler, ſince I have had proof as well of thy good nature, as of thy wives before, I will acquaint thee with a project ſhall fully ſatisfie thee for thy debt. Thou ſhalt underſtand I am ſhortly to be knighted.

Corn. The devil thou art.

Nich. Renounce me elſe : for the ſuſtenance of which Worſhip (which Worſhip many times wants ſuſtenance) I have here the Generals grant to have the leading of two hundred men.

Corn. You jeſt, you jeſt.

Nich. Refuſe me elſe to the pit.

Corn. Mercie on us : ha' you not forgot your ſelf ? by your ſwearing you ſhould be knighted already.

Nich. Damn me, Sir, here 's his hand, read it.

Corn. Alas, I cannot.

Nich. I know that.
It has pleas'd the General to look upon my ſervice. Now, Sir, ſhall you joyn with me in petitioning for fifty men more, in regard of my arrearages to you ; which if granted, I will beſtow the whole profit of thoſe fifty men on thee and thine heirs for ever, till *Atropos* do cut this ſimple thred.

Corn. No more, dear Corporal, Sir *Nichodemus* that ſhall be, I cry your wiſhes mercie : I am your ſervant, body and goods, moveables and immoveables ; uſe my houſe, uſe my wife, uſe me, abuſe me, do what you liſt.

Nich. A figment is a candid lye : this is an old Paſſe. Mark what follows.

Exeunt.

Enter Martius, *and two Captains.*

Mar. Pray leave me : you are Romanes, honeſt men,
keep me not company, I am turn'd knave,
have loſt my fame and nature. Athens, Athens,
this *Dorigen* is thy *Palladium :*
he that will ſack thee, muſt betray her firſt ;
whoſe words wound deeper then her husbands ſword ;
her eyes make captive ſtill the Conqueror,
and here they keep her onely to that end.
O ſubtil devil, what a golden ball
did tempt when thou didſt caſt her in my way !
Why, fooliſh *Sophocles,* broughtſt thou not to field
thy Lady, that thou mightſt have overcome ?
M*artius* had kneel'd, and yeelded all his wreathes
that hang like Jewels on the ſeven-fold hill,
and bid Rome ſend him out to fight with men,
(for that ſhe knew he durſt) and not 'gainſt Fate
or Deities, what mortal conquers them ?
Inſatiate *Julius,* when his Victories
had run ore half the world, had he met her,
there he had ſtopt the legend of his deeds,
laid by his Arms, been overcome himſelf,
and let her vanquiſh th' other half. And fame
made beauteous *Dorigen* the greater name.
Shall I thus fall ? I will not ; no, my tears
caſt on my heart, ſhall quench theſe lawleſſe fires :
he conquers beſt, conquers his lewd deſires.

Enter Dorigen with Ladies.

Dor. Great Sir, my Lord commands me viſit you,
and thinks your retir'd melancholy proceeds
from ſome diſtaſte of worthleſſe entertainment.
Will 't pleaſe you take your chamber ? how d' ye do, Sir ?

Mar. Loſt, loſt again ; the wilde rage of my blood
doth Ocean-like oreflow the ſhallow ſhore
of my weak vertue : my deſire 's a vane
that the leaſt breath from her turns every way.

Dor. What ſays my Lord ?

Mar. Diſmiſſe your women, pray,
and I'll reveal my grief.

Dor. Leave me.

Mar. Long tales of love (whilſt love it ſelf
might be enjoyed) are languiſhing delays.
There is a ſecret ſtrange lies in my breſt
I will partake wi' you, which much concerns
your Lord, your ſelf, and me. Oh !

Dor. Strange ſecrets, Sir,
ſhould not be made ſo cheap to ſtrangers : yet
if your ſtrange ſecret do no lower lie
then in your breſt, diſcover it.

Mar. I will.
Oh : can you not ſee it, Lady, in my ſighs ?

Dor. Sighs none can paint, and therefore who can ſee?

Mar. Scorn me not, *Dorigen,* with mocks : *Alcides,*
that maſter'd monſters, was by beautie tam'd,
Omphale ſmil'd his club out of his hand,
and made him ſpin her ſmocks. O ſweet, I love you,
and I love *Sophocles :* I muſt enjoy you,
and yet I would not injure him.

Dor. Let go ;
you hurt me, Sir : fare well. Stay, is this M*artius ?*
I will not tell my Lord ; he'll ſwear I lye.
doubt my fidelitie, before thy honour.
How haſt thou vex'd the gods, that they would let thee
thus violate friendſhip, hoſpitalitie,
and all the bounds of ſacred pietie ?
Sure thou but tri'ſt me out of love to him,
and wouldſt reject me, if I did conſent.
O M*artius,* M*artius,* wouldſt thou in one minute,
blaſt all thy Laurels, which ſo many yeers

thou haſt been purchaſing with blood and ſweat?
Hath *Dorigen* never been written, read,
without the epithet of chaſte, chaſte *Dorigen*?
and wouſt thou fall upon her chaſtitie,
like a black drop of ink, to blot it out?
When men ſhall read the records of thy valour,
thy hitherto-brave vertue, and approach
(highly content yet) to this foul aſſault
included in this leaf, this ominous leaf,
they ſhall throw down the Book, and read no more,
though the beſt deeds enſue, and all conclude,
that ravell'd the whole ſtory, whoſe ſound heart
(which ſhould have been) prov'd the moſt leprous part.

Mar. O thou confut'ſt divinely, and thy words
do fall like rods upon me; but they have
ſuch ſilken lines, and ſilver hooks, that I
am faſter ſnar'd: my love, h' as ta'en ſuch hold,
that (like two wreſtlers) though thou ſtronger be,
and haſt caſt me, I hope to pull thee after.
I muſt, or periſh.

Dor. Periſh, *Martius*, then;
for I here vow unto the gods, Theſe rocks,
theſe rocks we ſee ſo fix'd, ſhall be removed,
made champion field, ere I ſo impious prove,
to ſtain my Lords bed with adulterous love.

Enter Valerius.

Val. The gods protect fair *Dorigen.*

Dor. Amen,
from all you wolviſh Romanes. *Exit.*

Val. Ha? what's this?
ſtill, brother, in your moods? O then my doubts
are truths. Have at it: I muſt try a way
to be reſolv'd.

Mar. How ſtrangely doſt thou look? what ailſt thou?

Val. What ailſt thou?

Mar. Why, I am mad.

Val. Why, I am madder. *Martius*, draw thy ſword,
and lop a villain from the earth; for if
thou wilt not, on ſome tree about this place
I'll hang my ſelf: *Valerius* ſhall not live
to wound his brothers honour, ſtain his Countrey,
and branded with ingratitude to all times.

Mar. For what can all this be?

Val. I am in love.

Mar. Why ſo am I. With whom? ha?

Val. *Dorigen.*

Mar. With *Dorigen*? how doſt thou love her? ſpeak.

Val. Even to the height of luſt; and I muſt have her,
or elſe I die.

Mar. Thou ſhalt, thou daring Traitor.
On all the confines I have rid my horſe,
was there no other woman for thy choice
but *Dorigen*? Why, villain, ſhe is mine;
ſhe makes me pine thus, ſullen, mad, and fool;
't is I muſt have her, or I die.

Val. O all ye gods,
with mercy look on this declining rock
of valour, and of vertue; breed not up
(from infancie) in honour, to full man,
as you have done him, to deſtroy: here, ſtrike;
for I have onely ſearch'd thy wound: diſpatch:
far, far be ſuch love from *Valerius*,
ſo far he ſcorns to live to be call'd brother
by him that dares own ſuch folly and ſuch vice.

Mar. 'T is truth thou ſpeak'ſt; but I do hate it: peace,
if heaven will ſnatch my ſword out of my hand,
and put a rattle in it, what can I do?
He that is deſtin'd to be odious
in his old age, muſt undergo his fate.

Enter Cornelius and Nichodemus.

Corn. If you do not back me, I ſhall never do't.

Nich. I warrant you.

Corn. Humh, humh: Sir; my Lord, my Lord.

Mart. Hah? what's the matter?

Corn. Humh; concerning the odde fifty, my Lord, and
't pleaſe your Generality, his Worſhip, Sir *Nichodemus.*

Mar. What's here? a Paſſe? you would for Rome?
you lubbers, doth one days lazineſſe make ye covet home?
away, ye boariſh rogues; ye dogs, away.

Enter Wife.

Wife. Oh, oh, oh:
how now man, are you ſatisfi'd?

Corn. I, I, I: a—o' your Corporal; I am paid ſoundly,
I was never better paid in all my life.

Wife. Marry the gods bleſſing on his honours heart: you
have done a charitable deed, Sir, many more ſuch may you
live to do, Sir: the gods keep you, Sir, the gods protect
you. *Exit.*

Mar. Theſe peaſants mock me ſure (*Valerius*)
forgive my dotage, ſee my aſhes urn'd,
and tell fair *Dorigen* (ſhe that but now
left me with this harſh vow, Sooner theſe rocks
ſhould be remov'd, then ſhe would yeeld) that I
was yet ſo loving, on her gift to die.

Val. O *Jupiter* forbid it, Sir, and grant
this my device may certifie thy minde:
you are my brother, nor muſt periſh thus:
be comforted: think you fair *Dorigen*
would yeeld your wiſhes, if theſe envious rocks
by skill could be remov'd, or fallacie
ſhe made believe ſo?

Mar. Why, ſhe could not chuſe;
the Athenians are religious in their vows,
above all nations.

Val. Soft, down yonder hill
the Lady comes this way, once more to trie her,
if ſhe perſiſt in obſtinacie: by my skill
learn'd from the old Caldean was my Tutor,
who train'd me in the Mathematicks, I will
ſo dazzle and delude her ſight, that ſhe
ſhall think this great impoſſibilitie
effected by ſome ſupernatural means.
Be confident, this engine ſhall at leaſt,
till the gods better order, ſtill this breſt.

Exit Valerius.

Mar. O my beſt brother, go; and for reward,
chuſe any part o' th' world, I'll give it thee.
O, little Rome, men ſay thou art a god;
thou mightſt have got a fitter fool then I.

Enter Dorigen.

Dor. Art thou there, Baſilisk? remove thine eyes,
for I am ſick to death with thy infection.

Mar. Yet, yet have mercy on me; ſave him, Lady,
whoſe ſingle arm defends all Rome, whoſe mercie
hath ſav'd thy husband's and thy life.

Dor. To ſpoil
our fame and honours? no, my vow is fixt,
and ſtands as conſtant as theſe ſtones do, ſtill.

Mar. Then pitie me, ye gods; you onely may
move her, by tearing theſe firm ſtones away.

Solemn muſick.
A miſt ariſeth, the rocks remove.

Enter Valerius like Mercury, ſinging.

Val. *Martius rejoyce, Jove ſends me from above,*
his Meſſenger, to cure thy deſperate love;
to ſhew raſh vows cannot binde deſtinie:
Lady, behold, the rocks tranſplanted be.
Hard-hearted Dorigen, yeeld, leſt for contempt,
They fix thee here a rock, whence they're exempt.

Dor. What ſtrange deluſion 's this? what Sorcery
affrights me with theſe apparitions?
my colder Chaſtity 's nigh turn'd to death.
Hence, lewd Magician; dar'ſt thou make the gods
bawds to thy luſt? will they do miracles
to further evil? or do they love it now?
know, if they dare do ſo, I dare hate them,
and will no longer ſerve 'em. *Jupiter,*
thy golden ſhowr, nor thy ſnow-white Swan,
had I been *Læda,* or bright *Danae,*
had bought mine honour. Turn me into ſtone
for being good, and bluſh when thou haſt done.
Exit Dorigen.

Enter Valerius.

Mar. O my *Valerius,* all yet will not do;
unleſſe I could ſo draw mine honeſtie
down to the lees to be a raviſher;
ſhe calls me witch, and villain.

Val. Patience, Sir,
the gods will puniſh perjury. Let her breathe
and ruminate on this ſtrange ſight. Time decays
the ſtrongeſt faireſt buildings we can finde;
but ſtill *Diana* fortifie her minde. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sophocles and Dorigen.

Soph. Weep not, bright *Dorigen*; for thou haſt ſtood
conſtant and chaſte (it ſeems 'gainſt gods and men)
when rocks and mountains were remov'd. Theſe wonders
do ſtupifie my ſenſes. *Martius,*
this is inhumane: was thy ſickneſſe luſt?
yet were this truth, why weeps ſhe? Jealous ſoul,
what doſt thou thus ſuggeſt? Vows, Magick, Rocks?
fine tales, and tears. She ne'er complain'd before.
I bade her viſit him; ſhe often did,
had many opportunities. Humh, 'tis naught: O,
no way but this. Come, weep no more, I have ponder'd
this miracle: the anger of the gods,
thy vow, my love to thee, and *Martius:*
he muſt not periſh, nor thou be forſworn,
leſt worſe fates follow us, Go, keep thy oath:
for chaſte, and whore, are words of equal length:
but let not *Martius* know that I conſent.
O, I am pull'd in pieces.

Dor. I? ſay you ſo?
I'll meet you in your path. O wretched men,
with all your valour and your learning, bubbles.
Forgive me, *Sophocles.* Yet why kneel I
for pardon, having been but over-diligent,
like an obedient ſervant, antedating
my Lords command? Sir, I have often and already given
this boſom up to his embraces, and
am proud that my dear Lord is pleas'd with it;
whoſe gentle honourable minde I ſee
participates even all, his wife and all,
unto his friend. You are ſad, Sir. *Martius* loves me,
and I love *Martius,* with ſuch ardencie
as never married couple could: I muſt
attend him now. My Lord, when you have need
to uſe your own wife, pray Sir ſend for me;
till then, make uſe of your Philoſophie. *Exit.*

Soph. Stay, *Dorigen:* O me, inquiſitive fool!
thou that didſt order this congeſted heap
when it was Chaos, 'twixt thy ſpacious palms
forming it to this vaſt rotundie;
diſſolve it now; ſhuffle the elements,
that no one proper by it ſelf may ſtand:
let the ſea quench the ſun, and in that inſtant
the ſun drink up the ſea: day, ne'er come down,
to light me to thoſe deeds that muſt be done.
Exit.

Drums and Colours. Enter Martius, Valerius, Captains and ſouldiers, at one door, and Dorigen with Ladies, at another.

Dor. Hail, General of Rome; from *Sophocles*
that honours *Martius, Dorigen* preſents
her ſelf to be diſhonour'd: do thy will;
for *Sophocles* commands me to obey.
Come, violate all rules of holineſſe,
and rend the conſecrated knot of love.

Mar. Never, *Valerius,* was I bleſt till now:
behold the end of all my weary ſteps,
the prize of all my Battels: leave us, all;
leave us as quick as thought. Thus joy begin,
in zealous love a minutes loſſe is ſin.

Val. Can *Martius* be ſo vile? or *Dorigen?*

Dor. Stay, ſtay: and monſter, keep thou further off;
I thought thy brave ſoul would have much, much loath'd
to have gone on ſtill on ſuch terms as this.
See, thou ungrateful, ſince thy deſperate luſt
nothing can cure but death, I'll die for thee,
whilſt my chaſte name lives to poſterity.

Mar. Live, live, thou Angel of thy ſex: forgive,
till by thoſe golden treſſes thou be'ſt ſnatch'd
alive to heaven: for thy corruption 's
ſo little, that it cannot ſuffer death.
Was ever ſuch a woman? O my Mirror,
how perfectly thou ſhew'ſt me all my faults,
which now I hate! and when I next attempt thee,
let all the fires in the *Zodiak*
drop on this curſed head.

All. O bleſt event!

Dor. Riſe like the ſun again in all his glory,
after a dark Eclipſe.

Mar. Never without a pardon.

Enter Sophocles, and two or three with him.

Dor. Sir, you have forgiven your ſelf.

Soph. Behold their impudence: are my words juſt?
Unthankful man, viper to Arms, and Rome
thy natural mother: have I warm'd thee here
to corrode ev'n my heart? *Martius,* prepare
to kill me, or be kill'd.

Mar. Why, *Sophocles,*
then prethee kill me; I deſerve it highly;
for I have both tranſgreſs'd 'gainſt men, and gods;
but am repentant now, and in beſt caſe
to uncaſe my ſoul of this oppreſſing fleſh;
which, though (Gods witneſſe) nev'r was actually
injurious to thy wife and thee, yet 't was
her goodneſſe that reſtrain'd and held me now:
but take my life, dear friend, for my intent,
or elſe forgive it.

Val. By the gods of Athens,
theſe words are true, and all direct again.

Soph. Pardon me, *Dorigen.*

Mar. Forgive me, *Sophocles,*

and *Dorigen* too, and every one that 's good.
Dor. Riſe, noble Romane, belov'd *Sophocles*,
take to thy breſt thy friend.
Mar. And to thy heart
thy matchleſſe wife: heaven has not ſtuff enough
to make another ſuch: for if it could,
Martius would marry too. For thy bleſt ſake
(O thou infinitie of excellence)
henceforth in mens diſcourſe Rome ſhall not take
the wall of Athens, as 'tofore. But when
in their fair honours we to ſpeak do come,
we'll ſay 'T was ſo in Athens, and in Rome.
Exeunt in pomp.

Diana deſcends.

Diana. *Honour ſet ope thy gates, and with thee bring*
my ſervant and thy friend, fair Dorigen:
Let her triumph, with her, her Lord, and friend,
who, though miſled, ſtill honour was their end.
Flouriſh.

Enter the Shew of *Honours Triumph*; a great flouriſh of Trumpets and Drums within Then, enter a noiſe of Trumpets ſounding cheerfully. Then follows an armed Knight bearing a Crimſon Banneret in hand, with the inſcription *Valour*: by his ſide a Lady, bearing a Watchet Banneret, the inſcription *Clemencie*: next *Martius* and *Sophocles* with Coronets. Next, two Ladies, one bearing a white Banneret, the inſcription *Chaſtity*; the other a black, the inſcription *Conſtancie*. Then *Dorigen* crown'd. Laſt, a Chariot drawn by two Moors, in it a Perſon crown'd, with a Scepter: on the top, in an antick Scutcheon, is written *Honour*. As they paſſe over, *Diana* aſcends.

Rinald. How like you it?
Frig. Rarely; ſo well, I would they would do it again. How many of our wives now adays would deſerve to rriumph in ſuch a Chariot?
Rinald. That 's all one; you ſee they triumph in Caroches.
Frig. That they do, by the maſſe; but not all neither; many of them are content with Carts. But Seignior, I have now found out a great abſurditie iſaith.
Rinald. What was 't?
Frig. The Prologue preſenting four Triumphs, made but three legs to the King: a three-legg'd Prologue, 't was monſtrous.
Rinald. 'T had been more monſtrous to have had a four-legg'd one. Peace, the King ſpeaks.
Em. Here was a woman, *Iſabel.*
Iſa. I, my Lord,
but that ſhe told a lye to vex her husband;
therein ſhe fail'd.
Em. She ſerv'd him well enough;
he that was ſo much man, yet would be caſt
to jealouſie for her integrity.
This teacheth us, the paſſion of love
can fight with Souldiers, and with Scholars too.
Iſa. In *Martius*, clemencie and valour ſhown,
in the other, courage and humanitie;
and therefore in the Triumph they were uſher'd
by clemencie and valour.
Em. Rightly obſerv'd,
as ſhe by chaſtitie and conſtancie;
what hurt 's now in a Play, againſt which ſome rail
ſo vehemently? thou and I, my Love,
make excellent uſe methinks: I learn to be
a lawful lover void of jealouſie,
and thou a conſtant wife. Sweet Poetry 's
a flower, where men, like Bees and Spiders, may
bear poiſon, or elſe ſweets and Wax away.
Be venom-drawing Spiders they that will;
I'll be the Bee, and ſuck the honey ſtill. *Flouriſh.*

Cupid deſcends.

Cupid. *Stay, clouds, ye rack too faſt: bright Phœbus ſee,*
Honour has triumph'd with fair Chaſtity:
Give Love now leave, in purity to ſhow
Unchaſte affections flie not from his bowe.
Produce the ſweet example of your youth.
Whilſt I provide a Triumph for your Truth.
Flouriſh.

Enter Violane (with childe) and Gerrard.

Viol. Why does my *Gerrard* grieve?
Ger. O my ſweet Miſtris,
't is not life (which by our Milain law
my fact hath forfeited) makes me thus penſive;
that I would loſe to ſave the little finger
of this your noble burthen, from leaſt hurt,
becauſe your blood is in't. But ſince your love
made poor incompatible me the parent,
(being we are not married) your dear blood
falls under the ſame cruel penalty;
and can heaven think fit ye die for me?
for heavens ſake ſay I raviſht you, I'll ſwear it,
to keep your life ſafe, and repute unſtain'd.
Viol. O *Gerrard*, th' art my life and faculties;
and if I loſe thee, I'll not keep mine own;
the thought of whom, ſweetens all miſeries.
Wouldſt have me murder thee beyond thy death?
unjuſtly ſcandal thee with raviſhment?
It was ſo far from rape, that heaven doth know,
if ever the firſt Lovers, ere they fell,
knew ſimply in the ſtate of innocence,
ſuch was this act, this, that doth ask no bluſh.
Ger. O, but my rareſt *Violane*, when
my Lord *Randulpho* brother to your father,
ſhall underſtand this, how will he exclaim,
that my poor Aunt, and me, which his free alms
hath nurs'd, ſince Millain by the Duke of Mantua
(who now uſurps it) was ſurpriz'd? that time
my father and my mother were both ſlain,
with my Aunts husband, as ſhe ſays, their ſtates
deſpoil'd and ſeiz'd; 'tis paſt my memory,
but thus ſhe told me: onely this I know,
ſince I could underſtand, your honour'd Uncle
hath given me all the liberal education
that his own ſon might look for, had he one;
now will he ſay, Doſt thou requite me thus?
O the thought kills me.
Viol. Gentle, gentle *Gerrard*,
be cheer'd, and hope the beſt. My mother, father,
and uncle love me moſt indulgently,
being the onely branch of all their ſtocks:
but neither they, nor he thou wouldſt not grieve
with this unwelcom news, ſhall ever hear
Violane's tongue reveal, much leſſe accuſe

Gerrard to be the father of his own;
I'll rather ſilent die, that thou maiſt live
to ſee thy little off-ſpring grow and thrive.

Enter Dorothea.

Dor. Miſtris, away, your Lord and father ſeeks you;
I'll convey *Gerrard* out at the back door;
he has found a husband for you, and inſults
in his invention, little thinking you
have made your own choice, and poſſeſt him too.

Viol. A husband? 't muſt be *Gerrard*, or my death.
Fare well; be onely true unto thy ſelf,
and know heavens goodneſſe ſhall prevented be,
ere worthieſt *Gerrard* ſuffer harm for me.

Ger. Fare well, my life and ſoul. Aunt, to your counſel
I flee for aid. O unexpreſſible love! thou art
an undigeſted heap of mixt extremes,
whoſe pangs are wakings, and whoſe pleaſures dreams.

Exeunt.

Enter Benvoglio, Angelina, Ferdinand.

Ben. My *Angelina*, never didſt thou yet
ſo pleaſe me, as in this conſent; and yet
thou haſt pleas'd me well, I ſwear, old wench: ha, ah.
Ferdinand, ſhe 's thine own; thou 't have her, boy,
ask thy good Ladie elſe.

Ferd. Whom ſhall I have, Sir?

Ben. Whom d' ye think, ifaith?

Angel. Gheſſe.

Ferd. Noble Madam,
I may hope (prompted by ſhallow merit)
through your profound grace, for your chamber-maid.

Ben. How 's that? how 's that?

Ferd. Her chamber-maid, my Lord.

Ben. Her chambe-pot, my Lord. You modeſt aſſe,
thou never ſhew'dſt thy ſelf an aſſe till now.
'Fore heaven I am angrie with thee. Sirha, ſirha,
this whitmeat-ſpirit 's not yours, legitimate,
advance your hope, and 't pleaſe you: gheſſe again.

Ang. And let your thoughts flee higher: aim them right;
Sir, you may hit, you have the faireſt white.

Ferd. If I may be ſo bold then, my good Lord.
your favour doth encourage me to aſpire
to catch my Ladies Gentlewoman.

Ben. Where?
where would you catch her?
do you know my daughter *Violanta*, Sir?

Ang. Well ſaid: no more about the buſh.

Ferd. My good Lord,
I have gaz'd on *Violanta*, and the ſtars,
whoſe heavenly influence I admir'd, not knew,
nor ever was ſo ſinful to believe
I might attain 't.

Ben. Now you are an aſſe again;
for if thou ne'er attain'ſt, 't is onely long
of that faint heart of thine, which never did it.
She is your Lords heir, mine, *Benvoglio* 's heir,
my brothers too, *Randulpho* 's; her deſcent
not behinde any of the Millanois.
And *Ferdinand*, although thy parentage
be unknown, thon know'ſt that I have bred thee up
from five yeers old, and (do not bluſh to hear it)
have found thy wiſdom, truſt, and fair ſucceſſe
ſo full in all my affairs, that I am fitter
to call thee Maſter, then thou me thy Lord.
Thou canſt not be but ſprung of gentleſt blood;
thy minde ſhines thorow thee, like the radiant ſun,
althongh thy bodie be a beauteous cloud.
Come, ſeriouſly this is no flatterie,
and well thou know'ſt it, though thy modeſt blood
riſe like the morning in thy cheek to hear 't.
Sir, I can ſpeak in earneſt: Vertuous ſervice,
ſo meritorious, *Ferdinand*, as yours,
(yet baſhful ſtill, and ſilent?) ſhould extract
a fuller price then impudence exact:
and this is now the wages it muſt have;
my daughter is thy wife, my wealth thy ſlave.

Ferd. Good Madam pinch; I ſleep: does my Lord mock,
and you aſſiſt? Cuſtom 's inverted quite;
for old men now adays do flout the young.

Ben. Fetch *Violanta*. As I intend this
religiouſly, let my ſoul finde joy or pain.

Exit Angelina.

Ferd. My honour'd Lord and Maſter, if I hold
that worth could merit ſuch felicitie,
you bred it in me, and firſt purchas'd it;
it is your own: and what productions
in all my faculties my ſoul begets,
your very mark is on: you need not adde
rewards to him that is in debt to you:
you ſav'd my life, Sir, in the Maſſacre;
there you begot me new, ſince foſter'd me.
O, can I ſerve too much, or pray for you?
alas, 'tis ſlender paiment to your bountie.
Your daughter is a paradice, and I
unworthie to be ſet there; you may chuſe
the royalſt ſeeds of Milain.

Ben. Prethee peace,
thy goodneſſe makes me weep; I am reſolv'd:
I am no Lord o' th' time, to tie my blood
to ſordid muck; I have enough: my name,
my ſtate and honours I will ſtore in thee,
whoſe wiſedom will rule well, keep and increaſe:
a knave or fool that could confer the like,
would bate each hour, diminiſh every day.
Thou art her price-lot then, drawn out by fate;
an honeſt wiſe man is a Princes mate.

Ferd. Sir, heaven and you have over-charg'd my breſt
with grace beyond my continence; I ſhall burſt:
the bleſſing you have given me (witneſſe Saints)
I would not change for Millain. But, my Lord,
is ſhe prepard?

Ben. What needs Preparative,
where ſuch a Cordial is preſcrib'd as thou?
thy perſon and thy vertues in one ſcale,
ſhall poize hers, with her beautie and her wealth;
if not, I adde my will unto thy weight;
thy mother 's with her now. Son, take my keys,
and let this preparation for this Marriage,
(this welcom Marriage) long determin'd here,
be quick, and gorgeous. — *Gerrard.*

Enter Gerrard.

Ger. My good Lord,
my Lord your brother craves your conference
inſtantly, on affairs of high import.

Ben. Why, what news?

Ger. The Tyrant, my good Lord,
is ſick to death of his old Apoplexie,
whereon the States adviſe that Letters miſſive
be ſtraight diſpatcht to all the neighbour-Countreys,
and Schedules too divulg'd on every poſt,
to enquire the loſt Duke forth: their purpoſe is
to re-inſtate him.

Ben. 'Tis a pious deed.

Ferdinand, to my daughter : this delay
(though to ſo good a purpoſe) angers me ;
but I'll recover it. Be ſecret, ſon.
Go woo with truth and expedition. *Exit.*

Ferd. O my unſounded joy! how fares my *Gerrard*,
my noble twin-friend ? fie, thy look is heavie,
ſullen, and ſowre ; blanch it : didſt thou know
my cauſe of joy, thou'ldſt never ſorrow more,
I know thou lov'ſt me ſo. How doſt thou ?

Ger. Well,
too well : my fraught of health my ſickneſſe is ;
in life, I am dead ; by living dying ſtill.

Ferd. What ſublunary miſchief can predominate
a wiſe man thus ? or doth thy friendſhip play
(in this antipathous extreme) with mine,
leſt gladneſſe ſuffocate me ? I, I, I do feel
my ſpirit's turn'd to fire, my blood to air,
and I am like a purifi'd eſſence
tri'd from all droſſie parts.

Ger. Were't but my life,
the loſſe were ſacrific'd ; but vertue
muſt for me ſlain, and innocence made duſt.

Ferd. Fare well, good *Gerrard.*

Ger. Deareſt friend, ſtay.

Ferd. Sad thoughts are no companions for me now,
much leſſe ſad words : thy boſom bindes ſome ſecret,
which do not truſt me with ; for mine retains
another, which I muſt conceal from thee.

Ger. I would reveal it : 't is a heavie tale :
canſt thou be true and ſecret ſtill ?

Ferd. Why, friend,
if you continue true unto your ſelf,
I have no means of falſhood. Lock this door :
come, yet your priſoner's ſure.

Ger. Stay, *Ferdinand.*

Ferd. What is this trouble ? Love ?
why thou art capable of any woman.
Doth want oppreſſe thee ? I will lighten thee :
haſt thou offended law ? my Lord and thine,
and I, will ſave thy life. Does ſervitude
upbraid thy freedom, that ſhe ſuffers it ?
have patience but three days, and I will make thee
thy Lords companion. Can a friend do more ?

Ger. Lend me the means. How can this be ?

Ferd. Firſt, let this Cabinet keep your pawn, and I
yet for the form of ſatisfaction, (will truſt :
take this my Oath to boot. By my preſum'd
Gentrie, and ſacred known Chriſtianitie,
I'll die ere I reveal thy truſt.

Ger. Then hear it.
Your Lords fair daughter *Violanta* is
my betrothed wife, goes great with childe by me ;
and by this deed both made a prey to Law.
How may I ſave her life ? adviſe me, friend.

Ferd. What did he ſay? *Gerrard*, whoſe voice was that?
O death unto my heart, bane to my ſoul !
my wealth is vaniſh'd like the rich mans ſtore :
in one poor minute all my daintie fare
but jugling diſhes ; my fat hope, deſpair.

Ger. Is this ſo odious ? where's your mirth ?

Ferd. Why thou
haſt robb'd me of it. *Gerrard*, draw thy ſword ;
and if thou lov'ſt my Miſtris chaſtitie,
defend it, elſe I'll cut it from thy heart,
thy theeviſh heart that ſtale it, and reſtore't :
do miracles to gain her.

Ger. Was ſhe thine ?

Ferd. Never, but in my wiſh, and her fathers vow,
which now he left with me, on ſuch ſure terms ;
he call'd me ſon, and will'd me to provide
my Wedding-preparation.

Ger. Strange.

Ferd. Come, let's
kill one another quickly.

Ger. *Ferdinand*, my love is old to her, thine new begot :
I have not wrong'd thee ; think upon thine Oath.

Ferd. It manacles me, *Gerrard*, elſe this hand
ſhould bear thee to the Law. Fare well for ever :
ſince friendſhip is ſo fatal, never more
will I have friend : thou haſt put ſo ſure a plea,
that all my weal's litigious made by thee.

Ger. I did no crime to you. His love tranſports him ;
and yet I mourn, that cruel deſtinie
ſhould make us two thus one anothers croſſe :
we have lov'd ſince, boys ; for the ſame time caſt him
on Lord *Benvoglio*, that my Aunt and I
were ſuccour'd by *Randulpho* : men have call'd us
the parallels of Millain ; and ſome ſaid
we were not much unlike. O heaven divert
that we ſhould (ever ſince that time) be breeding
mutual deſtruction. *Enter Dorothea.*

Dor. O where are you ? you have made a fair hand. By ——yonder is your Aunt with my Ladie ; ſhe came in juſt as ſhe was wooing your Miſtris for another ; and what did me ſhe, but out with her purſe, and ſhew'd all the naked truth, ifaith. Fie upon you, you ſhould never truſt an old woman with a ſecret ; they cannot hold ; they cannot hold ſo well as we, and you'ld hang 'em. Firſt, there was ſwearing and ſtaring, then there was howling and weeping, and O my daughter, and O my mother.

Ger. The effect, the effect.

Dor. Marry no way but one with you.

Ger. Why welcom. Shall ſhe ſcape ?

Dor. Nay, ſhe has made her ſcape already.

Ger. Why, is ſhe gone ?

Dor. The ſcape of her virginitie, I mean.
You men are as dull, you can conceive nothing ;
you think it is enough to beget.

Ger. I ; but ſurely, *Dorothea*, that ſcap'd not ;
her maidenhead ſuffer'd.

Dor. And you were the Executioner. (*Doll?*

Ger. But what's the event ? lord, how thou ſtarv'ſt me,

Dor. Lord how thou ſtarv'ſt me, *Doll ?* By——I would fain ſee you crie a little. Do you ſtand now as if you could get a childe ? Come, I'll rack you no more : This is the heart of the buſineſſe : always provided, Seignior, that if it pleaſe the Fates to make you a Lord, you be not proud, nor forget your poor handmaid *Doll*, who was partly acceſſary to the inciſion of this *Holofernian* maidenhead.

Ger. I will forget my name firſt. Speak.

Dor. Then thus : My Ladie knows all ; her ſorrow is reaſonably well digeſted ; has vow'd to conceal it from my Lord, till delay ripen things better ; wills you to attend her this evening at the back gate ; I'll let you in ; where her own Confeſſor ſhall put you together lawfully ere the childe be born ; which birth is very neer, I can aſſure you : all your charge is your vigilance ; and to bring with you ſome truſtie Nurſe to convey the infant out of the houſe.

Ger. O beam of comfort, take ! go, tell my Ladie
I pray for her as I walk : my joys ſo flow,
that what I ſpeak, or do, I donot know. *Exeunt.*

Dumb Shew.

Enter *Violanta* at one door, weeping, ſupported by *Cornelia* and a Frier; at another door, *Angelina* weeping, attended by *Dorothea*. *Violanta* kneels down for pardon. *Angelina* ſhewing remorſe, takes her up, and cheers her; ſo doth *Cornelia*. *Angelina* ſends *Dorothea* for *Gerrard*. Enter *Gerrard* with *Dorothea*: *Angelina* and *Cornelia* ſeem to chide him, ſhewing *Violanta*'s heavie plight: *Violanta* rejoyceth in him: he makes ſignes of ſorrow, intreating pardon: *Angelina* brings *Gerrard* and *Violanta* to the Frier; he joyns them hand in hand, takes a Ring from *Gerrard*, puts it on *Violanta*'s finger; bleſſeth them; *Gerrard* kiſſeth her: the Frier takes his leave. *Violanta* makes ſhew of great pain, is inſtantly conveyed in by the women. *Gerrard* is bid ſtay; he walks in meditation, ſeeming to pray. Enter *Dorothea*, whiſpers him, ſends him out. Enter *Gerrard* with a Nurſe blindfold; gives her a purſe. To them enter *Angelina* and *Cornelia* with an infant; they preſent it to *Gerrard*; he kiſſeth and bleſſeth it; puts it into the Nurſes arms, kneels, and takes his leave. *Exeunt* all ſeverally.

Enter Benvoglio and Randulpho.

Ben. He's dead, you ſay then.
Rand. Certainly: and to hear
the people now diſſect him now he's gone,
makes my ears burn, that lov'd him not: ſuch Libels,
ſuch Elegies and Epigrams they have made,
more odious then he was. Brother, great men
had need to live by love, meting their deeds
with vertues rule; ſound, with the weight of judgement,
their privat'ſt action: for though while they live
their power and policie mask their villanies,
their bribes, their luſt, pride, and ambition,
and make a many ſlaves to worſhip 'em,
that are their flatterers, and their bawds in theſe:
theſe very ſlaves ſhall when theſe great beaſts die,
publiſh their bowels to the vulgar eye.
Ben. Fore heaven, 't is true. But is *Rinaldo* (brother)
our good Duke, heard of living?
Rand. Living, Sir, and will be ſhortly with the Senate: has
been cloſe conceal'd at Mantua, and reliev'd:
bnt what's become of his? no tidings yet?
But brother, till our good Duke ſhall arrive,
carry this news, here. Where's your *Ferdinand*?
Ben. O buſie, Sir, abut this Marriage:
and yet my girl o' th' ſudden is faln ſick:
you'll ſee her ere you go?
Rand. Yes; well I love her;
and yet I wiſh I had another daughter
to gratifie my *Gerrard*, who (by ——)
is all the glory of my family,
but has too much worth to live ſo obſcure;
I'll have him Secretrry of Eſtate
upon the Dukes return: for credit me,
the value of that Gentleman's not known;
his ſtrong abilities are fit to guide
the whole Republike: he hath learning, youth,
valour, diſcretion, honeſtie of a Saint;
his aunt is wondrous good too.

Enter Violanta in a bed; Angelina and Dorothea ſitting by her.

Ben. You have ſpoke
the very character of *Ferdinand*:
one is the others mirror. How now, daughter?
Rand. How fares my Neece?
Viol. A little better, Uncle, then I was,
I thank you.
Rand. Brother, a meer cold. (beſthanked
Angel It was a cold and heat, I think: but heaven
we have broken that away.
Ben. And yet, *Violanta*,
you'll lie above ſtill, and you ſee what's got.
Dor. Sure, Sir, when this was got, ſhe had a bed-fellow.
Rand. What, has her Collick left her in her belly?
Dor. 'T has left her, but ſhe has had a ſore fit.
Rand. I, that ſame Collick and Stone's inherent to us
o' th' womans ſide: our mothers had them both.
Dor. So has ſhe had, Sir. How theſe old fornicators talk? ſhe had more
need of Mace-ale, and Reniſh-wine Caudles, heaven knows,
then your aged diſcipline.
Ben. Say?

Enter Ferdinand.

Ang. She will have the man; and on recovery
will wholly be diſpos'd by you.
Ben. That's my wench:
how now? what change is this? why *Ferdinand*,
are theſe yout robes of joy ſhould be indu'd?
doth *Hymen* wear black? I did ſend for you
to have my honourable brother witneſſe
the Contract I will make 'twixt you and her.
Put off all doubt; ſhe loves ye? what d'ye ſay?
Rand. Speak, man. Why look you ſo diſtractedly?
Ferd. There are your keys, Sir: I'll no Contracts, I.
Divineſt *Violanta*, I will ſerve you
thus on my knees, and pray for you: *Juno Lucina fer opem:*
my inequalitie aſcends no higher:
I dare not marry you.
Ben. How's this?
Ferd. Good night.
I have a friend has almoſt made me mad:
I weep ſometimes, and inſtantly can laugh:
nay, I do dance, and ſing, and ſuddenly
roar like a ſtorm. Strange tricks theſe, are they not?
and wherefore all this? ſhall I tell you? no,
thorow mine ears, my heart a plague hath caught,
and I have vow'd to keep it cloſe, not ſhew
my grief to any; for it has no cure.
On, wandring ſteps, to ſome remote place move:
I'll keep my vow, though I have loſt my Love.
Exit.
Ben. 'Fore heaven, diſtracted for her! fare you well:
I'll watch his ſteps; for I no joy ſhall finde,
till I have found his cauſe, and calm'd his minde.
Exit.

Rand. He's overcome with joy.
Angel. 'T is very ſtrange.

Rand. Well, ſiſter, I muſt leave you; the time 's buſie.
Violanta, cheer you up: and I pray heaven
reſtore each to their love, and health again. *Exit.*

Viol. Amen, great Uncle. Mother, what a chance
unluckily is added to my wo,
in this young Gentleman?

Angel. True, *Violanta*:
it grieves me much. *Doll*, go you inſtantly,
and finde out *Gerrard*; tell him his friends hap,
and let him uſe beſt means to comfort him;
but as his life preſerve this ſecret ſtill.

Viol. Mother, I 'ld not offend you: might not *Gerrard*
ſteal in, and ſee me in the evening?

Angel. Well,
bid him do ſo.

Viol. Heavens bleſſing o' your heart.
Do ye not call Childbearing Travel, mother?

Angel. Yes.

Viol. It well may be. The bare-foot traveller
that 's born a Prince, and walks his pilgrimage,
whoſe tender feet kiſſe the remorſeleſſe ſtones
onely, ne'er felt a travel like to it.
Alas, dear mother, you groan'd thus for me,
and yet how diſobedient have I been?

Angel. Peace, *Violanta*, thou haſt always been
gentle and good.

Viol. *Gerrard* is better, mother:
O if you knew the implicite innocencie
dwells in his breſt, you 'ld love him like your prayers.
I ſee no reaſon but my father might
be told the truth, being pleas'd for *Ferdinand*
to woo himſelf: and *Gerrard* ever was
his full comparative: my Uncle loves him,
as he loves *Ferdinand.*

Angel. No, not for the world,
ſince his intent is croſs'd: lov'd *Ferdinand*
thus ruin'd, and a childe got out of Wedlock!
his madneſſe would purſue ye both to death.

Viol. As you pleaſe (mother): I am now, methinks,
even in the land of eaſe; I'll ſleep.

Angel. Draw in
the bed neerer the fire: ſilken reſt,
tie all thy cares up.

Exeunt.

Enter Ferdinand and Benvoglio, privately after him.

Ferd. O bleſſed ſolitude! here my griefs may ſpeak;
and Sorrow, I will argue with thee now:
Nothing will keep me company: the flowers
die at my moan; the gliding ſilver ſtreams
haſten to flee my lamentations;
the air rolls from 'em; and the golden ſun
is ſmother'd pale as *Phœbe* with my ſighs:
onely the earth is kinde, that ſtays. Then earth,
to thee will I complain. Why do the heavens
impoſe upon me love, what I can ne'er enjoy?
before fruition was impoſſible,
I did not thirſt it. *Gerrard*, ſhe is thine,
ſeal'd and deliver'd; but 't was ill to ſtain
her virgin ſtate ere ye were married.
Poor infant, what 's become of thee? thou know'ſt not
the wo thy parents brought thee to. Dear earth,
bury this cloſe in thy ſterilitie;
be barren to this ſeed, let it not grow;
for if it do, 't will bud no Violet
nor Gilly-flower, but wilde Brier, or rank Rue;
unſavoury and hurtful.

Ben. *Ferdinand*,
thy ſteel hath digg'd the earth, thy words my heart.

Ferd. O, I have violated faith, betraid,
my friend and innocencie.

Ben. Deſperate youth,
violate not thy ſoul too: I have ſhowres
for thee, young man; but *Gerrard* flames for thee.
Was thy baſe pen made to daſh out mine honour,
and proſtitute my daughter? Baſtard, whore,
come, turn thy female tears into revenge,
which I will quench my thirſt with, ere I ſee
daughter, or wife, or branded family.
By—— both die: and for amends,
Ferdinando be my heir. I'll to my brother,
firſt tell him all; then to the Duke for juſtice:
this morning he 's receiv'd. Mountains nor ſeas
ſhall bar my flight to vengeance: the foul ſtain
printed on me, thy blood ſhall rinſe again. *Exit.*

Ferd. I have tranſgreſs'd all goodneſſe, witleſly
rais'd mine own curſes from poſteritie:
I'll follow, to redreſſe in what I may;
if not, your heir can die as well as they.

Exit.

Dumb Shew.

Enter Duke *Rinaldo* with attendants, at one door; States, *Randulpho*, and *Gerrard*, at another: they kneel to the Duke; he accepts their obedience, and raiſes them up: they prefer *Gerrard* to the Duke, who entertains him: they ſeat the Duke in State. Enter *Benvoglio* and *Ferdinand*: *Benvoglio* kneels for juſtice; *Ferd.* ſeems to reſtrain him. *Benvog.* gives the Duke a paper; Duke reads, frowns on *Gerr.* ſhews the paper to the States, they ſeem ſorry, conſult, cauſe the Guard to apprehend him; they go off with him. Then *Rand.* and *Ben.* ſeem to crave juſtice; Duke vows it, and *exit* with his attendants. *Rand. Ben.* and *Ferd.* confer. Enter to them *Cornelia* with two ſervants; ſhe ſeems to expoſtulate. *Rand.* in ſcorn cauſeth her to be thruſt out poorly. *Exit Rand.* *Benvog.* beckens *Ferd.* to him (with much ſeeming paſſion) ſwears him; then ſtamps with his foot. Enter *Dorothea* with a Cup: weeping, ſhe delivers it to *Ferd.* who with diſcontent *exit*; and *exeunt Benvoglio* and *Dorothea.*

Enter Violanta.

Viol. *Gerrard* not come? nor *Dorothie* return'd?
what averſe ſtar rul'd my Nativitie?
the time to night hath been as dilatory
as languiſhing Conſumptions. But till now
I never durſt ſay my *Gerrard* was unkinde.
Heaven grant all things go well; and nothing does,
if he be ill, which I much fear: my dreams
have been portentous. I did think I ſaw
my Love araid for battel with a beaſt,
a hideous monſter, arm'd with teeth and claws,
grinning, and venomous, that ſought to make
both us a prey: on 's tail was laſh'd in blood
Law: and his forehead I did plainly ſee
held Characters that ſpell'd *Authoritie.*
This rent my ſlumbers; and my fearful ſoul
ran ſearching up and down my diſmaid breſt,
to finde a port t' eſcape. Good faith, I am cold;

but *Gerrad's* love is colder: here I'll ſit,
and think my ſelf away.

Enter Ferdinand with a Cup and a Letter.

Ferd· The peace of love
attend the ſweet *Violanta*: Read,
for the ſad newes I bring I do not know;
onely I am ſworn to give you that, and this.

Viol. Is it from *Gerrard?* gentle *Ferdinand*,
how glad am I to ſee you thus well reſtor'd?
in troth he never wrong'd you in his life,
nor I, but alwayes held fair thoughts of you,
knew not my Fathers meaning, till of late;
could never have known it ſoon enough: For Sir,
Gerrard's and my affection began
in infancie: My Uncle brought him oft
in long coats hither; you were ſuch another;
the little boy would kiſſe me being a childe,
and ſay, he lov'd me; give me all his toyes,
bracelets, rings, ſweet-meats, all his roſie ſmiles:
I then would ſtand and ſtare upon his eyes,
play with his locks, and ſwear I lov'd him too;
For ſure, me thought, he was a little Love,
he woo'd ſo prettily in innocence,
that then he warm'd my fancie; for I felt
a glimmering beam of love kindle my blood,
both which time ſince hath made a flame and flood.

Fer. O gentle innocent! me thinks it talks
like a child ſtill, whoſe white ſimplicitie
never arriv'd at ſin. Forgive me, Lady,
I have deſtroyd *Gerrard*, and thee; rebell'd
againſt heavens ordinance; diſ-pair'd two doves,
made 'em ſit mourning; ſlaughter'd love, and cleft
the heart of all integritie. This breſt
was truſted with the ſecret of your vow
by *Gerrard*, and reveal'd it to your father.

Viol. Hah.

Ferd. Read, and curſe me.

Viol. Neither: I will never
nor write, nor read again.

Ferd. My penance be it.
Reads, *Your labyrinth is found, your luſt proclaim'd*

Viol. Luſt? humh:
my mother ſure felt none when I was got.

Fer. *I, and the law implacably offended.*
Gerrard's *impriſon'd, and to die.*

Viol. O heaven!

Ferd. *and you to ſuffer with reproach and ſcoffs,*
a publick execution; I have ſent you
an Antidote 'gainſt ſhame, poyſon; by him
you have moſt wrong'd: give him your penitent tears.

Viol. Humh: 'tis not truth.

Ferd. *Drink, and farewell for ever:*
And though thy whoredome blemiſh thy whole line,
Prevent the Hangmans ſtroak, and die like mine.

Viol. Oh wo is me for *Gerrard*: I have brought
confuſion on the nobleſt Gentleman
that ever truely lov'd. But we ſhall meet
where our condemners ſhall not, and enjoy
a more refin'd affection then here;
no law, nor father hinders marriage there
'twixt ſouls divinely affi'd, as (ſure) ours were:
there we will multiplie, and generate joyes
like fruitfull parents. Luckleſſe *Ferdinand*,
Where's the good old Gentlewoman, my husbands Aunt?

Ferd. Thruſt from you Uncle to all povertie.

Viol. Alas the pitie: Reach me, Sir, the cup;
I'll ſay my prayers, and take my fathers phyſick.

Ferd. O villain that I was, I had forgot
to ſpill the reſt, and am unable now
to ſtir to hinder her.

Viol. What aile you, Sir?

Ferd. Your father is a monſter, I a villain,
this tongue has kill'd you: pardon, *Violanta*,
oh pardon, *Gerrard*; and for ſacrifice,
accept my life, to expiate my fault.
I have drunk up the poyſon.

Viol. Thou art not ſo
uncharitable: a better fellow far,
thou'ſt left me half. Sure death is now adrie,
and calls for more blood ſtill to quench his thirſt.
I pledge thee *Ferdinand*, to *Gerrards* health:
Deer *Gerrard*, poor Aunt, and unfortunate friend,
Ay me, that love ſhould breed true Lovers end.

Fer. Stay Madam, ſtay; help hoa, for heavens ſake help;
Improvident man, that good I did intend
for ſatisfaction, ſaving of her life,
my equall cruell ſtarres made me forget.

Enter Angelina with two ſervants.

Ang. What ſpectacle of death aſſaults me? oh.

Viol. My deereſt mother, I am dead, I leave
father, and friends, and life, to follow love.
Good mother, love my child, that did no ill.
Fie, how men lie, that ſay, death is a pain:
or has he chang'd his nature? like ſoft ſleep
he ſeizes me. Your bleſſing. Laſt, I crave,
that I may reſt by *Gerrard* in his grave.

Ferd. There lay me too: O noble Miſtris, I
have cauſ'd all this; and theſefore juſtly die.
That key will open all.

Ang. O viperous father!
For heavens ſake bear 'em in: run for Phyſicians,
and medicines quickly: Heaven, thou ſhalt not have her
yet; 'tis too ſoon: Alas, I have no more,
and taking her away, thou robb'ſt the poor. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh.

Enter Duke, States, Randulpho, Benvoglio,
Gerrard, Executioner, Guard.

Duke. The Law, as greedy as your red deſire
Benvoglio, hath caſt this man: 'Tis pitie
ſo many excellent parts are ſwallo'wd up
in one fowle wave. Is *Violanta* ſent for?
Our Juſtice muſt not lop a branch, and let
the body grow ſtill.

Ben. Sir, ſhe will be here
alive or dead, I am ſure.

Ger. How cheerfully my countenance comments death?
that which makes men ſeem horrid, I will wear
like to an ornament. O *Violanta*,
might my life onely ſatisfie the Law,
how jocundly my ſoule would enter heaven?
Why? ſhouldſt thou die, thou wither'ſt in thy bud,
as I have ſeen a Roſe, ere it was blown.
I doe beſeech your Grace, the Statute may
(in this caſe made) be read: not that I hope
t' extenuate my offence or penaltie,
but to ſee whether it lay hold on her.
And ſince my death is more exemplary
then juſt, this publick reading will adviſe
caution to others.

Duke. Read it.

Ran. Brother, does not
your ſoul groan under this ſeverity?

States read.

A Statute provided in caſe of unequal Matches, Marriages againſt parents conſent, ſtealing of heirs, Rapes, Proſtitutions, and ſuch like: That if any perſon meanly deſcended, or ignorant of his own Parentage, which implies as much, ſhall with a foul intent unlawfully ſollicite the daughter of any Peer of the Dukedom, he ſhall for the ſame offence forfeit his right hand: but if he further proſtitute her to his luſt, he ſhall firſt have his right hand cut off, and then ſuffer death by the common Executioner. After whom, the Lady ſo offending ſhall likewiſe the next day in the ſame manner, die for the fact.

Ger. This Statute has more cruelty then ſenſe:
I ſee no ray of mercie. Muſt the Lady
ſuffer death too? ſuppoſe ſhe were inforc'd,
by ſome confederates born away, and raviſht;
is ſhe not guiltleſſe?
Duke. Yes, if it be prov'd.
Ger. This caſe is ſo: I raviſht *Violanta.*
State. Who ever knew a rape produce a childe?
Ben. Piſh, theſe are idle. Will your grace command
the Executioner proceed?
Duke. Your Office.
Ger. Fare well to thy inticing vanitie,
thou round gilt Box, that doſt deceive mans eye:
the wiſe man knows, when open thou art broke,
the treaſure thou includ'ſt is duſt and ſmoke,
even thus I caſt thee by. My Lords, the Law
is but the great mans mule; he rides on it,
and tramples poorer men under his feet;
yet when they come to knock at yond' bright gate,
ones rags ſhall enter, 'fore the others ſtate.
Peace to ye all: here, ſirha, ſtrike; this hand
hath *Violanta* kiſs'd a thouſand times;
it ſmells ſweet ever ſince: this was the hand
plighted my faith to her: do not think thou canſt
cut that in ſunder with my hand. My Lord,
as free from ſpeck as this arm is, my heart
is of foul luſt; and every vein glides here
as full of truth. Why does thy hand ſhake ſo?
't is mine muſt be cut off, and that is firm;
for it was ever conſtant.

Enter Cornelia.

Cor. Hold; your Sentence
unjuſtly is pronounced, my Lord: this blowe
cuts your hand off; for his is none of yours:
but *Violanta*'s given in holy Marriage
before ſhe was delivered, conſummated
with the free will of her mother, by her Confeſſor,
in Lord *Benvoglio*'s houſe.
Ger. Alas, good Aunt,
that helps us nothing; elſe I had reveal'd it.
Duke. What woman 's this?
Ben. A baſe confederate
in this proceeding, kept of alms long time
by him; who now expos'd to miſery,
talks thus diſtractedly. Attach her, Guard.
Ran. Your cruelty (brother) will have end.
Cor. You'd beſt
let them attach my tongue.
Duke. Good woman, peace:
for were this truth, it doth not help thy nephew;
the Law 's infring'd by their diſparitie,
that forfeits both their lives.
Cor. Sir, with your pardon,
had your Grace ever children?
Duke. Thou haſt put
a queſtion whoſe ſharp point toucheth my heart:
I had two little ſons, twins, who were both
(with my good Dutcheſſe) ſlain, as I did hear,
at that time when my Dukedom was ſurpris'd.
Cor. I have heard many ſay (my gracious Lord)
that I was wondrous like her.
All. Ha?
Duke. By all mans joy, it is *Cornelia,*
my deareſt wife.
Cor. To ratifie me her,
come down, *Alphonſo,* one of thoſe two twins,
and take thy fathers bleſſing: thou haſt broke
no Law, thy birth being above thy wives:
Aſcanio is the other, nam'd *Fernando,*
who by remote means, to my Lord *Benvoglio*
I got prefer'd; and in poor habits clad,
(you fled, and th' innovation laid again)
I wrought my ſelf into *Randulpho*'s ſervice,
with my eldeſt boy; yet never durſt reveal
what they and I were, no, not to themſelves,
until the Tyrants death.
Duke. My joy has filled me
like a full-winded ſail: I cannot ſpeak.
Ger. Fetch *Violanta,* and my brother.
Ben. Run,
run like a ſpout, you rogue: a—o' poiſon,
that little whore I truſted, will betray me.
Stay, hang-man, I have work for you; there 's gold;
cut off my head, or hang me preſently.

Soft Muſick. Enter Angelina with the bodies of Ferdinand and Violanta on a bier; Dorothea carrying the cup and letter, which ſhe gives to the Duke: he reads, ſeems ſorrowful; ſhews it to Cornelia and Gerrard: they lament over the bier. Randulpho and Benvoglio ſeem fearful, and ſeem to report to Angelina and Dorothea what hath paſſed before.

Ran. This is your raſhneſſe, brother.
Duke. O joy, thou wert too great to laſt;
this was a cruel turning to our hopes,
unnatural father: poor *Aſcanio.*
Ger. O mother, let me be *Gerrard* again,
and follow *Violanta.*
Cor. O my ſon——
Duke. Your lives yet, bloodie men, ſhall anſwer this,
Dor. I muſt not ſee 'em longer grieve. My Lord,
be comforted; let ſadneſſe generally
forſake each eye and boſom; they both live:
for poiſon, I infus'd meer *Opium*;
holding compulſive perjury leſſe ſin
then ſuch a loathed murther would have bin.

All. oh bleſſed Maiden.
Dor. Muſick, gently creep
into their ears, and fright hence lazie ſleep.
Morpheus, command thy ſervant Sleep
in leaden chains no longer keep
this Prince and Lady: Riſe, wake, riſe,
and round about convey your eyes:
Riſe Prince, go greet thy Father and thy Mother;
Riſe thou t' imbrace thy Husband and thy Brother.
Du.Cor. Son, Daughter.
Ferd. Father, Mother, Brother.
Ger. Wife,
Viol. Are we not all in heaven?
Ger. 'Faith, very neer it.
Ferd. How can this be?
Duke. Hear it.
Dor. If I had ſer'vd you right, I ſhould have ſeen
your old pate off, ere I had reveal'd.
Ben. O wench,
oh honeſt wench; if my wife die, I'll marry thee:
There's my reward.
Ferd. 'Tis true.
Duke 'Tis very ſtrange.
Ger. Why kneel you, honeſt Maſter?
Ferd. My good Lord.
Ger. Deer Mother.
Duke. Riſe, riſe, all are friends: I owe ye
for all their boards: And wench, take thou the man
whoſe life thou ſav'dſt; leſſe cannot pay thy merit.
How ſhall I part my kiſſe? I cannot: Let
one generally therefore join our cheeks.
A pen of iron, and a leafe of braſſe,
to keep this Storie to eternitie:
and a Promethean wit. O ſacred Love,
nor chance, nor death can thy firme truth remove.
Exeunt.
King. Now *Iſabella.* *Flouriſh.*
Iſab. This can true love doe.
I joy they all ſo happily are pleaſ'd:
the Ladies and the brothers muſt triumph.
King. They doe:
for *Cupid* ſcorns but t' have his triumph too.
Flouriſh.

The Triumph.

Enter Divers Muſicians, Then certaine Singers bearing Bannerets inſcribed, Truth, Loyaltie, Patience, Concord: Next Gerrard *and* Ferdinand *with garlands of Roſes: Then* Violanta: *Laſt a Chariot drawn by two* Cupids, *and a* Cupid *ſitting in it.* Flouriſh.

Enter PROLOGUE.
Love, and the ſtrength of fair affection
(Moſt royall Sir) what long ſeem'd loſt have won
Their perfect ends, and crown'd thoſe conſtant hearts
With laſting Triumph, whoſe moſt vertuous parts,
Worthie deſires, and love, ſhall never end.
Now turn we round the Scene, and (Great Sir) lend
A ſad and ſerious eye to this of Death,
This black and diſmall Triumph; where mans breath,
Deſert, and guilty blood aſcend the Stage,
And view the Tyrant ruin'd in his rage. Exit.
Flouriſh.

Enter L'avall, Gabriella and Maria.
Gab. No, good my Lord, I am not now to finde
your long neglect of me; All thoſe affections
you came firſt clad in to my love, like Summer,
luſtie and full of life: all thoſe deſires
that like the painted Spring bloom'd round about ye,
giving the happie promiſe of an harveſt,
how have I ſeen drop off, and fall forgotten?
With the leaſt luſtre of anothers beauty,
how oft (forgetfull Lord) have I been blaſted?
Was I ſo eaſ'ly won? or did this bodie
yeeld to your falſe embraces with leſſe labour
then if you had carried ſome ſtrong towne?
Lav. Good *Gabriell.*
Gab. Could all your ſubtilties and ſighs betray me,
the vows ye ſhook me with, the tears ye drown'd me,
till I came fairly off with honour'd marriage?
O fie, my Lord.
Lav. Prethee, good *Gabriella.*
Gab. Would I had never known ye, nor your honours,
they are ſtuck too full of griefs: oh happy women,
that plant your love in equall honeſt boſoms,
whoſe ſweet deſires, like roſes ſet together,
make one another happie in their bluſhes,
growing and dying without ſenſe of greatneſſe,
to which I am a ſlave! and that bleſt Sacrament
that daily makes millions of happie mothers,
link'd me to this mans luſt alone, there left me.
I dare not ſay I am his wife, 'tis dangerous:
his Love, I cannot ſay: alas, how many?
Lav. You grow too warm; pray ye be content, you beſt (know
the times neceſſity, and how our marriage
being ſo much unequall to mine honour,
while the Duke lives, I ſtanding high in favour;
and whileſt I keep that ſafe, next to the Dukedome,
muſt not be known, without my utter ruine.
Have patience for a while, and doe but dream wench,
the glory of a Dutcheſſe. How ſhe tires me?
how dull and leaden is my appetite
to that ſtale beautie now? O, I could curſe
and crucifie my ſelf for childiſh doating
upon a face that feeds not with freſh figures
every freſh hour: ſhe is now a ſurfet to me.
Enter Gentill.
Who's that? *Gentill?* I charge ye, no acquaintance
you nor your maid with him, nor no diſcourſe
till times are riper.
Gent. Fie, my noble Lord,
can you be now a ſtranger to the Court,
when your moſt vertuous Bride, the beauteous *Hellena*
ſtands ready like a ſtar to gild your happineſſe,
when *Hymen*'s luſtie fires are now a lighting,
and all the flowre of Anjoy?
Lav. Some few trifles,
for matter of adornment, have a little
made me ſo ſlow, *Gentille,* which now in readineſſe,
I am for Court immediately.
Gent. Take heed, Sir,
this is no time for trifling, nor ſhe no Ladie
to be now entertain'd with toyes: 'twill coſt ye—
Lav. Y' are an old Cock, *Gentille.*
Gent. By your Lordſhips favour.

Lav. Prethee away; 'twill loſe time.
Gent. O my Lord,
pardon me that by all means.
Lav. We have buſineſſe
afoot man of more moment.
Gen. Then my manners?
I know none, nor I ſeek none.
Lav. Take to morrow.
Gent. Even now, by your Lordſhips leave. Excellent
my ever ſervice here I dedicate, (Beautie,
in honour of my beſt friend, your dead Father,
to you his living vertue, and wiſh heartily,
that firm affection that made us two happie,
may take as deep undying root, and flouriſh
betwixt my daughter *Caſta*, and your goodneſſe,
who ſhall be ſtill your ſervant.
Gab. I much thank ye.
Lav. ——o' this dreaming puppie. Will ye go, Sir?
Gent. A little more, Good Lord.
Lav. Not now, by ——
Come, I muſt uſe ye.
Gent. Goodneſſe dwell ſtill with you. *Exeunt*
Gentille & Lavall.
Gab. The ſight of this old Gentleman, *Maria*,
puls to mine eyes again the living picture
of *Perolot* his vertuous ſon, my firſt Love,
that dy'd at Orleance.
Mar. You have felt both fortunes,
and in extreams, poor Lady: for young *Perolot*,
being every way unable to maintain you,
durſt not make known his love to friend or father:
My Lord *Lavall*, being powerfull, and you poor,
will not acknowledge you.
Gab. No more: Lets in wench:
there let my Lute ſpeak my laments; they have tired me.
Exeunt.

Enter two Courtiers.

1. *Court.* I grant, the Duke is wondrous provident
in his now planting for ſucceſſion,
I know his care as honourable in the choice too,
Marines fair vertuous daughter: but what's all this?
to what end excellent arrives this travell,
when he that bears the main roof is ſo rotten?
2. *Cou.* You have hit it now indeed: For if fame lye not,
he is untemperate.
1. *Court.* You expreſſe him poorly,
too gentle Sir: the moſt deboiſt and barbarous;
beleeve it, the moſt void of all humanitie,
howere his cunning cloake it to his Uncle,
and thoſe his pride depends upon.
2. *Cour.* I have herad too,
given exceſſively to drink.
1. *Court.* Moſt certain,
and in that drink moſt dangerous: I ſpeek theſe things
to one I know loves truth, and dares not wrong her.
2. *Cour.* You may ſpeak on.
1. *Cour.* Uncertain as the ſea, Sir,
proud and deceitfull as his ſins great Maſter;
his appetite to women, for there he carries
his main ſail ſpread ſo boundleſſe and abominably,
that but to have her name by that tongue ſpoken,
poyſons the vertue of the pureſt Virgin.
2. *Cour.* I am ſorry for young *Gabriella* then,
a maid reputed ever of faire carriage,
for he has been noted viſiting.
1. *Cour.* Shee is gone then,
or any elſe, that promiſes or power,
gifts, or his guilfull vows can work upon;
but theſe are but poor parcels.
2. *Cour.* 'Tis great pitie.
1. *Cour.* Nor want theſe ſins a chief ſaint to befriend 'em,
the Divell follows him; and for a truth Sir,
appears in viſible figure often to him,
at which time he's poſſeſt with ſudden trances,
cold deadly ſweats, and griping of the conſcience,
tormented ſtrangely as they ſay.
2. *Cour.* Heaven turn him:
This marriage day maiſt thou well curſe, fair *Hellen*.
But let's go view the Ceremony.
1. *Cour.* I'll walk with you. *Exeunt.*
Muſick.

*Enter Gabriella and Maria above. And Lavall, Bride,
States in ſolemnitie as to marriage; and paſſe
over;* viz. *Duke, Marine, Longavile.*

Mar. I hear 'em come.
Gad. Would I might never hear more.
Mar. I told you ſtill: but you were ſo incredulous.
See, there they kiſſe.
Gab. Adders be your embarces.
The poyſon of a rotten heart, O *Hellen*,
blaſt thee as I have been; juſt ſuch a flattery,
with that ſame cunning face, that ſmile upon 't,
O mark it *Marie*, mark it ſeriouſly,
that maſter ſmile caught me.
Mar. There's the old Duke, and
Marine her father.
Gab. Oh.
Mar. There *Longavile*——
the Ladies now.
Gab. Oh, I am murderd, *Marie*.
Beaſt, moſt inconſtant beaſt.
Mar. There.
Gab. There I am not;
no more I am not there: Hear me oh heaven,
and all you powers of juſtice bow down to me;
but you of pitie die. I am abuſ'd,
ſhe that depended on your Providence,
ſhe is abuſ'd: your honour is abuſ'd,
that noble peece ye made, and call'd it man,
is turn'd to divell: all the world 's abuſ'd:
Give me a womans will provok'd to miſchiefe,
a two edg'd heart; my ſuffring thoughts to wild-fires,
and my embraces to a timeleſſe grave turne.
Mar. Here I'll ſtep in, for 'tis an act of merit.
Gab. I am too big to utter more.
Mar. Take time then.

Enter Gentille and Caſta.

Gent. This ſolitary life at home undoes thee,
obſcures thy beautie firſt, which ſhould prefer thee;
next fils thee full of ſad thoughts, which thy yeers
muſt not arrive at yet, they choak thy ſweetneſſe:
Follow the time, my girl, and it will bring thee
even to the fellowſhip of the nobleſt women,
Hellen her ſelf, to whom I would prefer thee,
and under whom this poor and private carriage
which I am onely able yet to reach at,
being caſt off, and all thy ſweets at luſtre,
will take thee as a fair friend, and preferre thee.
Caſta. Good Sir, be not ſo cruell as to ſeek
to kill that ſweet content y' have bred me to:
Have I not here enough to thank heaven for?
the free air uncorrupted with new flattery,

the water that I touch unbrib'd with odours
to make me ſweet to others: the pure fire
not ſmotherd up, and choak'd with luſtfull incenſe
to make my blood ſweat; but burning cleer and high,
tels me my minde muſt flame up ſo to heaven.
What ſhould I do at Court, wear rich apparell?
me thinks theſe are as warm: And for your ſtate, Sir,
wealthie enough; Is it you would have me proud,
and like a pageant, ſtuck up for amazements?
Teach not your child to tread that path, for fear (Sir)
your drie bones after death, groan in your grave
the miſeries that follow.
Gent. Excellent *Caſta.*
Caſta. When ſhall I pray again (a Courtier)?
or when I doe, to what God? what new body
and new face muſt I make me, with new manners?
for I muſt be no more my ſelf. Whoſe Miſtris
muſt I be firſt? with whoſe ſin-offring ſeaſon'd?
and when I am grown ſo great and glorious
with proſtitution of my burning beauties,
that great Lords kneel, and Princes beg for favours,
do you think I'll be your daughter, a poor Gentlemans,
or know you for my Father?
Gent. My beſt *Caſta,* *Enter Lavall.*
O my moſt vertuous childe, heaven reigns within thee;
take thine own choice, ſweet child, and live a ſaint ſtill.
The Lord *Lavall*; ſtand by, wench.
Lav. Gabriella,
ſhe cannot, nor ſhe dares not make it known,
my greatneſſe cruſhes her, when-ere ſhe offers:
why ſhould I fear her then?
Gent. Come, let's paſſe on wench.
Lav. Gentille, come hither: Who's that Gentlewoman?
Gent. A child of mine, Sir, who obſerving cuſtome,
is going to the Monaſterie to her prayers.
Lav. A fair one, a moſt ſweet one; fitter far
to beautifie a Court, then make a Votariſt.
Go on, fair Beautie, and in your Orizons
remember me: Will ye, fair ſweet?
Caſta. Moſt humbly. *Exeunt.*
Lav. An admirable Beautie: how it fires me!
Enter a Spirit.
But ſhee's too full of grace, and I too wicked.
I feel my wonted fit: Defend mee, goodneſſe.
O, it growes colder ſtill, and ſtiffer on me,
my hair ſtands up, my ſinews ſhake and ſhrink:
Help me good heaven, and good thoughts dwel within me.
O get thee gone, thou evill evill ſpirit;
haunt me no more, I charge thee.
Spir. Yes *Lavall*:
thou art my vaſſall, and the ſlave to miſchiefe,
I blaſt thee with new ſin: purſue thy pleaſure;
Caſta is rare and ſweet, a blowing Beautie;
ſet thy deſires afire, and never quench 'em
till thou enjoy'ſt her; make her all thy heaven,
and all thy joy, for ſhee is all true happineſſe:
Thou art powerfull, uſe command; if that prevail not,
force her; I'll be thy friend.
Lav. O help me, help me.
Spir. Her vertue, like a ſpel, ſinks me to darkneſs. *Exit.*
Enter Gentille and Caſta.
Gent. He's here ſtill. How is't, noble Lord? me thinks,
you look a little wildly. Is it that way? (Sir,
is't her you ſtare on ſo? I have ſpi'd your fire, Sir,
but dare not ſtay the flaming. Come.
Lav. Sweet creature,
excellent Beautie, do me but the happineſſe
to be your humbleſt ſervant. O fair eyes,
O bleſſed, bleſſed ſweetneſſe, divine virgin.
Caſta. O good my Lord, retire into your honour:
you're ſpoken good and vertuous, plac'd at helme
to govern others from miſchances: from example
of ſuch fair Chronicles as great ones are,
we do, or ſure we ſhould direct our lives.
I know y'are full of worth, a ſchool of vertue
daily inſtructing us that live below ye,
I make no doubt, dwels there.
Lav. I cannot anſwer,
ſhe has ſtruck me dumb with wonder.
Caſta. Goodneſſe guide ye. *Exeunt.*
Lav. She's gone, and with her all light, and has left me
dark as my black deſires. O divell luſt,
how doſt thou hug my blood, and whiſper to me,
there is no day again, no time, no living,
without this luſtie Beautie break upon me?
Let me collect my ſelf, I ſtrive like billows,
beaten againſt a rock, and fall a fool ſtill.
I muſt enjoy her, and I will: from this hour
my thoughts and all my buſ'neſſe ſhall be nothing,
Enter Maria.
my eating, and my ſleeping, but her beautie,
and how to work it.
Mar. Health to my Lord *Lavall.*
Nay good Sir, do not turn with ſuch diſpleaſure;
I come not to afflict your new born pleaſures;
my honour'd Miſtris, neither let that vex ye,
for nothing is intended but ſafe to you.
Lav. What of your Miſtris? I am full of buſ'neſſe.
Mar. I will be ſhort, my Lord; ſhe, loving Lady,
conſidring the unequall tie between ye,
and how your ruine with the Duke lay on it,
as alſo the moſt noble match now made,
by me ſends back all links of marriage,
all holy vows, and rights of Ceremonie,
all promiſes, oathes, tears, and all ſuch pawnes
you left in hoſtage: onely her love ſhee cannot,
for that ſtill follows ye, but not to hurt ye;
and ſtill beholds ye Sir, but not to ſhame ye:
In recompence of which, this is her ſuit, Sir,
her poor and laſt petition, but to grant her,
when weary nights have cloy'd ye up with kiſſes,
(as ſuch muſt come) the honour of a Miſtris,
the honour but to let her ſee thoſe eyes,
(thoſe eyes ſhe doats on more then gods do goodneſſe)
and but to kiſſe ye onely: with this prayer,
(a prayer onely to awake your pitie)
and on her knees ſhe made it; that this night
you'ld bleſſe her with your company at ſupper.
Lav. I like this well, and now I think on't better,
I'll make a preſent uſe from this occaſion:
Mar. Nay, good my Lord, be not ſo cruell to her
becauſe ſhe has been yours.
Lav. and to mine own end
a rare way I will work.
Mar. Can love for ever,
the love of her (my Lord) ſo periſh in ye?
as ye deſire in your deſires to proſper.
What gallant under heaven, but Anjou's heire then
can brag ſo fair a wife, and ſweet a Miſtris?
good noble Lord.
Lav. Ye miſ-apply me, *Mary,*
nor do I want true pitie to your Ladie:

Pitie and love tell me, too much I have wrong'd her
to dare to ſee her more: yet if her ſweetneſſe
can entertain a mediation,
and it muſt be a great one that can cure me;
my love again, as far as honour bids me,
my ſervice and my ſelf.
Mar. That's nobly ſpoken.
Lav. Shall hourly ſee her; want ſhall never know her;
nor where ſhe has beſtow'd her love, repent her.
Mar. Now whither drives he?
Lav. I have heard, *Maria*,
that no two women in the world more lov'd,
then thy good Miſtris, and *Gentilles* fair daughter.
Mar. What may this mean? You have heard a truth,
but ſince the ſecret love betwixt you two, (my Lord:
my Miſtris durſt not entertain ſuch friendſhip;
Caſta is quick, and of a piercing judgement,
and quickly will finde out a flaw.
Lav. Hold *Marie*:
ſhrink not, 'tis good gold, wench: prepare a Banquet,
and get that *Caſta* thither; for ſhe's a creature
ſo full of forcible divine perſwaſion,
and ſo unwearied ever with good office,
and ſhe ſhall cure my ill cauſe to my Miſtris,
and make all errours up.
Mar. I'll doe my beſt Sir:
But ſhee's too fearfull, coy, and ſcrupulous,
to leave her fathers houſe ſo late; and baſhfull
at any mans appearance, that I fear Sir,
'twill prove impoſſible.
Lav. There's more gold, *Marie*,
and fain thy Miſtris wondrous ſick to death, wench.
Mar. I have ye in the wind now, and I'll pay ye.
Lav. Shee cannot chuſe but come; 'tis charitie,
the chief of her profeſſion: undertake this,
and I am there at night; if not, I leave ye.
Mar. I will not looſe this offer, though it fall out
clean croſſe to that we caſt. I'll undertake it,
I will, my Lord; ſhe ſhall be there.
Lav. By ——— ?
Mar. By ——— ſhe ſhall.
Lav. Let it be ſomething late then,
for being ſeen. Now force or favour wins her.
My ſpirits are grown dull, ſtrong wine, and ſtore,
ſhall ſet 'em up again, and make mee fit
to draw home at the enterpriſe I aime at. *Exit.*
Ma. Go thy waies, falſe Lord, if thou hold'ſt, thou pai'ſt
the price of all thy luſts. Thou ſhalt be three,
thou modeſt maid, if I have any working,
and yet thy honour ſafe; for which this thief
I know has ſet this meeting: but I'll watch him.
Enter Perolot.
Per. *Maria.*
Mar. Are mine eyes mine own? or bleſſe me,
am I deluded with a flying ſhadow?
Per. Why do your ſtart ſo from me?
Mar. It ſpeaks ſenſibly,
and ſhews a living body: yet I am fearfull.
Per. Give me your hand, good *Maria.*
Mar. He feels warm too.
Per. And next your lips.
Mar. He kiſſes perfectly.
Nay, and the divell be no worſe: you are *Perolot.*
Per. I was, and ſure I ſhould be: Can a ſmall diſtance,
and ten ſhort months take from your memory
the figure of your friend, that you ſtand wondring?
Be not amaz'd, I am the ſelf-ſame *Perolot*,
living, and well; Son to *Gentille*, and Brother
to vertuous *Caſta*; to your beauteous Miſtris,
the long ſince poor betroth'd, and ſtill vow'd ſervant.
Mar. Nay, ſure he lives. My Lord *Lavall*, your Maſter,
brought news long ſince to your much mourning Miſtris,
ye dy'd at Orleance; bound her with an oath too,
to keep it ſecret from your aged Father,
leſt it ſhould rack his heart.
Per. A pretty ſecret
to trie my Miſtris love, and make my welcome
from travel of more worth; from whence, heaven thanked,
my buſineſſe for the Duke diſpatch'd to th' purpoſe,
and all my money ſpent, I am come home, wench.
How does my Miſtris? for I have not yet ſeen
any, nor will I, till I doe her ſervice.
Mar. But did the Lord *Lavall* know of your love, Sir,
before ye went?
Per. Yes: by much force he got it,
but none elſe knew; upon his promiſe too
and honour to conceal it faithfully
till my return; to further which, he told me,
my buſineſſe being ended, from the Duke
he would procure a penſion for my ſervice,
able to make my Miſtris a fit husband.
Mar. But are you ſure of this?
Per. Sure as my ſight, wench.
Mar. Then is your Lord a baſe diſſembling villain,
a divell Lord, the damn'd Lord of all lewdneſſe,
and has betraid ye' and undone my Miſtris,
my poor ſweet Miſtris: Oh that leacher Lord,
who, poor ſoul, ſince was married.
Per. To whom, *Maria*?
Maria. To that unluckie Lord, a ——— upon him;
whoſe hot horſe-appetite being allaid once
with her chaſte joyes, married again, ſcarce cool'd,
the torches yet not out the yellow *Hymen*
lighted about the bed, the ſongs yet ſounding,
Marine's young noble daughter *Helena*,
whoſe miſchief ſtands at door next. O that Recreant!
Perolot. O villain! O moſt unmanly falſhood!
nay then I ſee, my letters were betraid too.
O, I am full of this, great with his miſchiefs,
loaden and burſt: Come lead me to my Lady.
Mar. I cannot, Sir, *Lavall* keeps her conceal'd.
Beſides, her griefs are ſuch, ſhee will ſee no man.
Per. I muſt and will goe to her: I will ſee her:
there be my friend, or this ſhall be thy furtheſt.
Mar. Hold, and I'll help ye: But firſt ye ſhall ſwear to
as you are true and gentle, as ye hate (me,
this beaſtly and baſe Lord, where I ſhall place ye,
(which ſhall be within ſight) till I diſcharge ye,
what-ere you ſee or hear, to make no motion.
Per. I doe by ———
Mar. Stay here about the houſe then,
till it be later; yet the time's not perfect:
there at the back-door I'll attend you truly.
Per. O monſtrous, monſtrous, beaſtly villain.
Exit.
Mar. How croſſe this falls, and from all expectation?
and what the end ſhall be, heaven onely yet knows:
onely I wiſh, and hope. But I forget ſtill,
Caſta muſt be the bait, or all miſcarries.
Exeunt.
Enter Gentille with a torch: Shaloon above.
Gent. Holla, *Shaloon.*

Shal. Who's there?
Gen. A word from the Duke, Sir.
Sha. Your pleaſure.
Gen. Tell your Lord he muſt to Court ſtrait.
Sha. He is ill at eaſe, and prayes he may be pardon'd
the occaſions of this night.
Gen. Belike, he is drunk then:
he muſt away; the Duke, and his fair Ladie,
the beauteous *Helena*, are now at Cent;
of whom ſhe has ſuch fortune in her carding,
the Duke has loſt a thouſand Crowns, and ſwears,
hee will not goe to bed, till by *Lavall*
the tide of loſſe be turn'd again. Awake him,
for 'tis the pleaſure of the Duke he muſt riſe.
Sha. Having ſo ſtrict command (Sir) to the contrary,
I dare not do it: I beſeech your pardon.
Gent. Are you ſure he is there?
Sha. Yes.
Gen. And aſleep?
Sha. I think ſo.
Gen. And are you ſure you wil not tell him, *Shalon*?
Sha. Yes, very ſure.
Gent. Then I am ſure, I will.
Open, or I muſt force.
Sha. Pray ye ſtay: he is not,
nor will not be this night. You may excuſe it.
Gent. I knew he was gone about ſome womans labour.
As good a neighbour, though I ſay it, and as comfortable:
many ſuch more we need *Shaloon*. Alas, poor Ladie,
thou art like to lie croſſe-legg'd to night. Good Monſieur,
I will excuſe your Maſter for this once, Sir,
becauſe ſometimes I have lov'd a wench my ſelf too.
Sha. 'Tis a good hearing Sir.
Gent. But for your lye, *Shaloon*,
if I had you here, it ſhould be no good hearing,
for your pate I would pummell.
Sha. A fair good night, Sir.
Gent. Good night, thou noble Knight, Sir *Pandarus*.
My heart is cold o'th ſudden, and a ſtrange dulneſſe
poſſeſſes all my bodie: thy will be done heaven.
Exit.

Enter Gabriella and Caſta: and Maria with a Taper.

Caſta. 'Faith friend, I was even going to my bed,
when your maid told me of your ſudden ſickneſſe:
but from my grave (ſo truly I loue you)
I think your name would raiſe me: ye looke ill
ſince laſt I ſaw ye, much decai'd in colour:
yet I thanck heaven, I finde no ſuch great danger
as your maid frighted me withall: take courage
and give your ſickneſſe courſe: ſome griefe you have got
that feeds within upon your tender ſpirits,
and wanting open way to vent it ſelfe
murders your mind, and choakes up all your ſweetneſſe.
Gab. It was my maids fault; worthy friend to trouble ye,
ſo late, upon ſo light a cauſe: yet ſure I have ye
O my deare *Caſta*.
Caſta. Out with it Gods name.
Gab. The cloſſet of my heart, I will lock here, wench,
Lavall knocks within.
and things ſhal make ye tremble. Who's that knocks there?
Mar. 'Tis *Lavall*.
Gab. Sit you ſtill. Let him in.
In am reſolv'd, and all you wronged women,
you noble ſpirits, that as I have ſufferd
under this glorious beaſt-inſulting man,
lend me your cauſes, then your cruelties,
for I muſt put on madneſſe above women.
Caſta. Why do you look ſo ghaſtly?
Gab. Peace; no harm, Deer. *Enter Lavall.*
Lav. There, take my cloak and ſword: Where is this
Mar. In the next room. (Banquet?
Caſta. How came he here? Heaven bleſſe me.
La. Give me ſome wine wench; fill it ful, and ſprightly,
Gab. Sit ſtill, and be not fearfull.
Lav. Till my veins ſwell,
and my ſtrong ſinews ſtretch: like that brave *Centaur*
that at the table ſnatch'd the Bride away
in ſpight of *Hercules*.
Caſta. I am betraid.
Lav. Nay ſtart not Ladie; 'tis for you that I come,
and for your beautie: 'tis for you, *Lavall*
honours this night; to you, the ſacred ſhrine
I humbly bow, offring my vows and prayers;
to you I live.
Gab. In with the powder quickly:
ſo, that and the wine will rock ye.
Lav. Here, to the health
of the moſt beauteous and divine, fair *Caſta*,
the ſtar of ſweetneſſe.
Gab. Fear him not, I'll die firſt.
And who ſhall pledge ye?
Lav. Thou ſhalt, thou tann'd Gipſey:
and worſhip to that brightneſſe give, cold Tartar.
By ——— ye ſhall not ſtir; ye are my Miſtris,
the glory of my love, the great adventure,
the Miſtris of my heart, and ſhee my whore.
Gab. Thou ly'ſt, baſe, beaſtly Lord; drunker then anger,
thou ſowſed Lord, got by a ſurfeit, thou lyeſt baſely.
Nay, ſtir not; I dare tell thee ſo. Sit you ſtill.
If I be whore, it is in marrying thee,
that art ſo abſolute and full a villain,
no Sacrament can ſave that piece tied to thee.
How often haſt thou woo'd in thoſe flatteries,
almoſt thoſe very words, my conſtancie?
what goddeſſe have I not been, or what goodneſſe?
what ſtar that is of any name in heaven,
or brightneſſe? which of all the vertues
(but drunkenneſſe, and drabbing, thy two morals)
have not I reach'd to? what Spring was ever ſweeter?
what Scythian ſnow ſo white? what cryſtal chaſter?
Is not thy new wife now the ſame too? Hang thee,
baſe Bigamiſt, thou honour of ill women.
Caſta. How's this? O heaven defend me.
Gab. Thou ſalt-itch,
for whom no cure but ever burning brimſtone
can be imagin'd.
Lav. Ha, ha, ha.
Gab. Doſt thou laugh, thou breaker
of all law, all religion, of all faith
thou foul contemner?
Lav. Peace, thou paltry woman:
and ſit by me, Sweet.
Gab. By the Divell?
Lav. Come,
and lull me with delights.
Gab. It works amain now.
Lav. Give me ſuch kiſſes as the Queen of ſhadows
gave to the ſleeping boy ſhe ſtole on *Latmus*;
lock round about in ſnakie wreathes cloſe folded,
thoſe roſie arms about my neck, O *Venus*.
Gab. Fear not, I ſay.

Lav. Thou admirable ſweetneſſe,
diſtill thy bleſſings like thoſe ſilver drops,
that falling on fair grounds, riſe all in roſes:
Shoot me a thouſand darts from thoſe fair eyes,
and through my heart transfix 'em all, I'll ſtand 'em.
Send me a thouſand ſmiles, and preſently
I'll catch 'em in mine eyes, and by Love's power
turn 'em to *Cupids* all, and fling 'em on thee.
How high ſhe looks, and heavenly! More wine for me.

Ga. Give him more wine, and good friend be not fearful.

Lav. Here on my knee, thou goddeſſe of delights,
this luſtie grape I offer to thy Beauties;
ſee how it leaps to view that perfect redneſſe
that dwels upon thy lips: now, how it bluſhes
to be outbluſh'd. Oh let me feed my fancie,
and as I hold the purple god in one hand
dancing about the brim and proudly ſwelling,
deck'd in the pride of nature young, and blowing;
ſo let me take fair *Semele* in the other,
and ſing the loves of gods, then drink, their Nectar's
not yet deſir'd.

Caſta. Oh.

Lav. Then like luſtie *Tarquin*
turn'd into flames with *Lucrece* coy denyals,
his blood and ſpirit equally ambitious,
I force thee for mine own.

Caſta. O help me, Juſtice:
help me, my Chaſtitie.

Lav. Now I am bravely quarried. *Perolot above.*

Per. 'Tis my Siſter.

Gab. No, bawdy ſlave, no Treacher, ſhe is not carried.

Per. She's looſe again, and gone. I'll keep my place ſtill.

Mar. Now it works bravely: ſtand, he cannot hurt ye.

Lav. O my ſweet Love, my life. *Hee falls downe, and ſleeps.*

Mar. He ſinks.

Lav. My bleſſing.

Mar. So, now he is ſafe a while.

Gab. Lock all the doors, wench,
then for my wrongs.

Per. Now I'll appear to know all.

Gab. Be quick, quick, good *Marie*, ſure and ſudden.

Per. Stay, I muſt in firſt.

Gab. O' my conſcience
it is young *Perolet*: O my ſtung conſcience!
it is my firſt and nobleſt Love.

Mar. Leave wondring,
and recollect your ſelf: the man is living,
equally wrong'd as you, and by that divell.

Per. 'Tis moſt true, Ladie: your unhappie fortune
I grieve for as mine own, your fault forgive too,
if it be one. This is no time for kiſſes:
I have heard all, and known all, which mine eares
are crack'd apieces with, and my heart periſh'd.
I ſaw him in your chamber, ſaw his fury,
and am afire till I have found his heart out.
What do you mean to doe? for I'll make one.

Gab. To make his death more horrid (for he ſhall die)

Per. He muſt, he muſt.

Gab. wee'll watch him till he wakes,
then bind him, and then torture him.

Per. 'Tis nothing.
No, take him dead drunk now without repentance,
his leacherie inſeam'd upon him.

Gab. Excellent.

Per. I'll do it my ſelf; and when 'tis done, provide ye,
for wee'll away for Italie this night.

Gab. Wee'll follow thorow all hazzards.

Per. O falſe Lord,
unmanly, miſchievous; how I could curſe thee.
But that but blaſts thy fame; have at thy heart, fool:
loop-holes I'll make enough to let thy life out.

Lav. Oh, does the divell ride me?

Per. Nay then.

Lav. Murder.
Nay, then take my ſhare too.

Per. Help; Oh, he has ſlain me.
Bloody intentions muſt have blood.

Lav. Hah?

Per. Heaven.

Gab. He ſinks, he ſinks, for ever ſinks: O fortune!
O ſorrow, how like ſeas thou floweſt upon me!
Here will I dwell for ever. Weep, *Maria*,
weep this young mans misfortune: O thou trueſt.

Enter Spirit.

Lav. What have I done?

Spir. That that has mark'd thy ſoul man.

Lav. And art thou come again, thou diſmall ſpirit?

Spir. Yes, to devour thy laſt.

Lav. Mercie upon me.

Spir. Thy hour is come: Succeſſion, honour, pleaſure,
and all the luſtre thou ſo long haſt look'd for
muſt here have end: Summon thy ſins before thee.

Lav. O my affrighted ſoul!

Spir. There lies a black one,
thy owne beſt ſervant by thy own hand ſlain,
thy drunkenneſſe procur'd it: There's another,
think of fair *Gabriella*, there ſhe weeps;
and ſuch tears are not loſt.

Lav. O miſerable!

Spir. Thy foul intention to the vertuous *Caſta.*

Lav. No more, no more, thou wild-fire.

Spir. Laſt, thy laſt wife,
think on the wrong ſhe ſuffers.

Lav. O my miſerie,
oh, whither ſhall I flie?

Spir. Thou haſt no faith, fool.
Heark to thy knell. *Sings, and vaniſhes.*

Lav. Millions of ſins muſter about mine eyes now:
murders, ambitions, luſt, falſe faiths; O horror,
in what a ſtormie form of death thou rid'ſt now!
Me thinks I ſee all tortures, fires, and froſts,
deep ſinking caves, where nothing but deſpair dwels,
the balefull birds of night hovering about 'em;
a grave, me thinks, now opens, and a herſe
hung with my Arms tumbles into it: oh,
oh, my afflicted ſoule: I cannot pray;
and the leaſt childe that has but goodneſſe in him
may ſtrike my head off; ſo ſtupid are my powers:
I'll lift mine eyes up though.

Mar. Ceaſe theſe laments,
they are too poor for vengeance: *Lavall* lives yet.

Gab. Then thus I drie all ſorrows from theſe eyes,
fury and rage poſſeſſe 'em now: damn'd divell.

Lav. Hah?

Gab. This for young *Perolot.*

Lav. O mercy, mercy.

Gab. This for my wrongs.

Lav. But one ſhort houg to cure mee.

Knock within.

oh be not cruell: Oh, oh.

Mar. Heark, they knock.

make haſte for heavens ſake, Miſtris.
Gab. This for *Caſta.*
Lav. Oh, O, O, O. *He dies.*
Mar. He 's dead : come quickly, let 's away with him,
't will be too late elſe.
Gab. Help, help up to th' chamber.
Exeunt with Lavalls body.
Enter Duke, Hellena, Gentile, Caſta, and attendants, with lights.
Duke. What frights are theſe?
Gent. I am ſure here 's one paſt frighting.
Bring the lights neerer : I have enough alreadie.
Out, out, mine eyes. Look, *Caſta.*
Lord. 'T is young *Perolot.*
Duke. When came he over? Hold the Gentlewoman,
ſhe ſinks; and bear her off.
Caſt. O my dear brother! *Exit.*
Gent. There is a time for all; for me, I hope, too,
and very ſhortly. Murdred?
Gabriella, Maria, with Lavalls body, above.
Duke. Who 's above there?
Gab. Look up, and ſee.
Duke. What may this mean?
Gab. Behold it;
behold the drunken murderer
of that young Gentleman; behold the rankeſt,
the vileſt, baſeſt ſlave that ever flouriſh'd.
Duke. Who kill'd him?
Gab. I; and there 's the cauſe I did it :
read, if your eyes will give you leave.
Hell. Oh monſtrous.
Gab. Nay, out it ſhall : there, take this falſe heart to ye,
the baſe diſhonour of a thouſand women :
keep it in gold, Duke, 't is a precious jewel.
Now to my ſelf; for I have liv'd a fair age,
longer by ſome moneths then I had a minde to.
Duke. Hold.
Gab. Here, young *Perolot*; my firſt contracted
true love ſhall never go alone.
Duke. Hold, *Gabriella,*
I do forgive all.
Gab. I ſhall die the better.
Thus let me ſeek my grave, and my ſhames with me.
Mar. Nor ſhalt thou go alone. my noble Miſtris :
why ſhould I live, and thou dead?
Lord. Save the wench there.
Mar. She is, I hope; and all my ſins here written.
Duke. This was a fatal night.
Gent. Heaven has his working,
which we cannot contend againſt.
Duke. Alas.
Gent. Your Grace has your alas too.
Duke. Would 't were equal;
for thou haſt loſt an honeſt noble childe.
Gent. 'T is heir enough has loſt a good remembrance.
Duke. See all their bodies buried decently,
though ſome deſerv'd it not. How do you, Ladie?
Hell. Even with your Graces leave, ripe for a Monaſterie;
there will I wed my life to tears and prayers,
and never know what man is more.
Duke. Your pleaſure;
how does the maid within?
Lord. She is gone before, Sir,
the ſame courſe that my Ladie takes.
Gent. And my courſe ſhall be my Beads at home; ſo
pleaſe your Grace to give me leave to leave the Court.
Duke. In peace, Sir,
and take my love along.
Gent. I ſhall pray for ye.
Duke. Now to our ſelves retire we, and begin
by this example to correct each ſin. *Exeunt.*
Flouriſh.
King. Em. By this we plainly view the two impoſthumes
that choke a kingdoms welfare; Eaſe, and Wantonneſſe;
in both of which *Lavall* was capital :
for firſt, Eaſe ſtole away his minde from honour,
that active noble thoughts had kept ſtill working,
and then deliver'd him to drink and women,
luſt and outragious riot; and what their ends are,
how infamous and foul, we ſee example.
Therefore, that great man that will keep his name,
and gain his merit out of Vertues ſchools,
muſt make the pleaſures of the world his fools.
Flouriſh.

The Triumph.

Enter Muſicians : next them, *Perolot* with the wound he died with. Then *Gabriella* and *Maria*, with their wounds : after them, four Furies with Bannerets inſcrib'd *Revenge, Murder, Luſt* and *Drunkenneſſe*, ſinging. Next them, *Lavall* wounded. Then a Chariot with Death, drawn by the Deſtinies. *Flouriſh.*

Enter Proiogue.
From this ſad ſight aſcend your noble eye,
And ſee old Time *helping triumphantly*
helping his Maſter Man : *view here his vanities,*
and ſee his falſe friends like thoſe glutted flyes,
that when they 've ſuckt their fill, fall off, and fade
from all remembrance of him, like a ſhade.
And laſt, view who relieves him; and that gone,
We hope your favour, and our Play is done.
Flouriſh.

Enter Anthropos, Deſire, and Vain Delight; Bounty.
Ant. What haſt thou done, *Deſire*, and how imploy'd
the charge I gave thee, about levying wealth
for our ſupplies?
Deſire. I have done all, yet nothing :
tri'd all, and all my ways, yet all miſcarried;
there dwells a ſordid dulneſſe in their mindes.
Thou ſon of earth, colder then that thou art made of,
I came to *Craft*, found all his hooks about him,
and all his nets baited and ſet; his ſlie ſelf
and greedie *Lucre* at a ſerious conference
which way to tie the world within their ſtatutes :
buſineſſe of all ſides and of all ſorts ſwarming
like Bees broke looſe in ſummer : I declared
your will and want together, both inforcing
with all the power and pains I had, to reach him;
yet all fell ſhort.
Anth. His anſwer.
Deſire. This he gave me.
Your wants are never ending; and thoſe ſupplies
that came to ſtop thoſe breaches, are ever laviſht
before they reach the main, in toys and trifles,
gew-gaws, and gilded puppets : *Vain delight*
he ſays has ruin'd ye, with clapping all
that comes in for ſupport, on clothes, and Coaches,
perfumes,

perfumes, and powder'd pates ; and that your Miſtris,
the Ladie *Pleaſure*, like a ſea devours
at length both you and him too. If you have houſes,
or land, or jewels, for good pawn, he'll hear you,
and will be readie to ſupplie occaſions ;
if not, he locks his ears up, and grows ſtupid.
From him, I went to *Vanity*. whom I found
attended by an endleſſe troop of Tailors,
Mercers, Embroiderers, Feather-makers, Fumers,
all Occupations opening like a Mart,
that ſerve to rig the bodie out with braverie ;
and th'row the room new faſhions flew like flyes,
in thouſand gaudie ſhapes ; *Pride* waiting on her,
and buſily ſurveying all the breaches
Time and delaying Nature had wrought in her,
which ſtill with art ſhe piec'd again, and ſtrengthened :
I told your wants ; ſhe ſhew'd me gowns and head-tires,
imbroider'd waſtcoats, ſmocks ſeam'd thorow with cut-works,
ſcarfs, mantles, petticoats, muffs, powders, paintings,
dogs, monkeys, parrots, which all ſeemed to ſhew me
the way her money went. From her to *Pleaſure*
I took my journey.

Anth. And what ſays our beſt Miſtris ?

Deſire. She danc'd me out this anſwer preſently :
Revels and Maſques had drawn her drie alreadie.
I met old *Time* too, mowing mankinde down,
who ſays you are too hot, and he muſt purge ye.

Anth. A cold *quietus*. Miſerable creatures,
born to ſupport and beautifie your maſter,
the godlike man, ſet here to do me ſervice,
the children of my will ; why, or how dare ye,
created to my uſe alone, diſgrace me ?
Beaſts have more courteſie ; they live about me,
offering their warm wooll to the ſhearers hand,
to clothe me with their bodies to my labours ;
nay, even their lives they daily ſacrifice,
and proudly preſſe with garlands to the altars,
to fill the gods oblations. Birds bow to me,
ſtriking their downie ſails to do me ſervice,
their ſweet airs ever ecchoing to mine honour,
and to my reſt their plumie ſofts they ſend me.
Fiſhes, and plants, and all where life inhabits,
but mine own curſed kinde, obey their ruler ;
mine have forgot me, miſerable mine,
into whoſe ſtonie hearts, neglect of dutie,
ſquint-ey'd deceit, and ſelf-love, are crept cloſely :
none feel my wants, not one mend with me.

Deſire. None, Sir ?

Ant. Thou haſt forgot (*Deſire*) thy beſt friend, *Flatterie* ;
he cannot fail me.

Delight. Fail ? he will ſell himſelf,
and all within his power, cloſe to his skin firſt.

Deſire. I thought ſo too, and made him my firſt venture,
but found him in a young Lords ear ſo buſie,
ſo like a ſmiling ſhowr pouring his ſoul
in at his portals, his face in thouſand figures
catching the vain minde of the man : I pull'd him,
but ſtill he hung like birdlime ; ſpoke unto him,
his anſwer ſtill was, By the Lord, ſweet Lord,
and By my ſoul, thou maſter-piece of honour ;
nothing could ſtave him off: he has heard your flood's gone ;
and on decaying things he ſeldom ſmiles, Sir.

Anth. Then here I break up ſtate, and free my followers,
putting my fortune now to *Time*, and *Juſtice* :
go ſeek new maſters now ; for *Anthropos*
neglected by his friends, muſt ſeek new fortunes.
Deſire, to *Avarice* I here commend thee,
where thou may'ſt live at full bent of thy wiſhes :
and *Vain Delight*, thou feeder of my follies
with light fantaſticknеſſe, be thou in favour.
To leave thee, *Bountie*, my moſt worthie ſervant,
troubles me more then mine own miſery ;
but we muſt part : go plant thy ſelf, my beſt friend,
in honourable hearts that truely know thee,
and there live ever like thy ſelf, a vertue :
but leave this place, and ſeek the Countrey
for Law ; and luſt like fire lick all up here.
Now none but *Poverty* muſt follow me,
deſpis'd patch'd *Poverty* ; and we two married,
will ſeek *Simplicity*, *Content* and *Peace* out,

Enter Poverty.

and live with them in exile. How uncall'd on
my true friend comes !

Poverty. Here, hold thee, *Anthropos*,
thou art almoſt arm'd at reſt ; put this on,
a penitential robe, to purge thy pleaſures :
off with that vanitie.

Anth. Here, *Vain Delight*,
and with this all my part, to thee again
of thee I freely render.

Pov. Take this ſtaff now,
and be more conſtant to your ſteps hereafter :
the ſtaff is *Staidneſſe of affections*.
Away, you painted flyes, that with mans ſummer
take life and heat buzzing about his bloſſoms ;
when growing full, ye turn to Caterpillers,
gnawing the root that gave you life. Fly ſhadows.

Exeunt Deſire and Delight.

Now to *Content* I'll give thee, *Anthropos*,
to *Reſt* and *Peace* : no vanitie dwells there ;
Deſire nor *Pleaſure*, to delude thy minde more ;
no *Flatteries* ſmooth-fil'd tongue ſhall poiſon thee.

Anth. O *Jupiter*, if I have ever offer'd
upon thy burning Altars but one Sacrifice
thou and thy fair-ey'd *Juno* ſmil'd upon ;
if ever, to thine honour, bounteous feaſts,
where all thy ſtatues ſweat with wine and incenſe,
have by the ſon of earth been celebrated :
hear me (the childe of ſhame now) hear, thou helper,
and take my wrongs into thy hands, thou juſtice,
done by unmindful man, unmerciful,
againſt his maſter done, againſt thy order ;
and raiſe again, thou father of all honour,
the poor deſpis'd, but yet thy nobleſt creature.
Raiſe from his ruines once more this ſunk Cedar,
that all may fear thy power, and I proclaim it.

Exeunt.

Jupiter and Mercury deſcend ſeverally. Trumpets ſmall above.

Jup. Hoa ; *Mercury*, my winged ſon.

Mer. Your ſervant.

Jup. Whoſe powerful prayers were thoſe that reach'd our ears,
arm'd in ſuch ſpells of pitie now ?

Mer. The ſad petitions
of the ſcorn'd ſon of earth, the godlike *Anthropos*,
he that has ſwell'd your ſacred fires with incenſe,
and pil'd upon your altars thouſand heifers ;
he that (beguil'd by *Vanity* and *Pleaſure*,
Deſire, *Craft*, *Flattery*, and ſmooth *Hypocriſie*)
ſtands now deſpis'd and ruin'd, left to *Poverty*.

Jup. It muſt not be ; he was not rais'd for ruine ;

nor

nor ſhall thoſe hands heav'd at mine altars periſh :
he is our nobleſt creature. Flee to *Time*,
and charge him preſently releaſe the bands
of *Poverty* and *Want* this ſuiter ſinks in :
tell him, among the ſun-burnt Indians,
that know no other wealth but peace and pleaſure,
ſhe ſhall finde golden *Plutus*, god of riches,
who idly is ador'd, the innocent people
not knowing yet what power and weight he carries :
bid him compel him to his right uſe, honour,
and preſently to live with *Anthropos*.
It is our will. Away.

Mer. I do obey it.

Jupiter and Mercury aſcend again.

Muſick. *Enter Plutus, with a troop of Indians ſinging and dancing wildly about him, and bowing to him: which ended, enter Time.*

Time. Riſe, and away ; 't is *Joves* command.

Plut. I will not :
ye have ſome fool to furniſh now ; ſome *Midas*
that to no purpoſe I muſt choke with riches.
Who muſt I go to?

Time. To the ſon of earth ;
he wants the god of wealth.

Plut. Let him want ſtill :
I was too lately with him, almoſt torn
into ten thouſand pieces by his followers :
I could not ſleep, but *Craft* or *Vanity*
were filing off my fingers ; not eat, for fear
Pleaſure would caſt her ſelf into my bellie,
and there ſurpriſe my heart.

Time. Theſe have forſaken him :
make haſte then ; thou muſt with me : be not angrie,
for fear a greater anger light upon thee.

Plut. I do obey then : but change my figure ;
for when I willingly befriend a creature,
goodly and full of glory I ſhew to him ;
but when I am compell'd, old, and decrepit,
I halt, and hang upon my ſtaff. Fare well, friends,
I will not be long from ye ; all my ſervants
I leave among ye ſtill, and my chief riches.

Exeunt Indians with a dance.

O *Time*, what innocence dwells here, what goodneſſe !
they know me not, nor hurt me not, yet hug me.
Away, I'll follow thee : but not too faſt, *Time*.

Exeunt Plutus and Time.

Enter Anthropos, Honeſtie, Simplicitie, Humilitie, Povertie.

Humil. Man, be not ſad, nor let this divorce
from *Mundus*, and his many ways of pleaſure,
afflict thy ſpirits ; which conſider'd rightly
with inward eyes, makes thee arrive at happie.

Pov. For now what danger or deceit can reach thee?
what matter left for *Craſt* or *Covetize*
to plot againſt thee? what *Deſire* to burn thee?

Honeſt. O ſon of earth, let *Honeſtie* poſſeſſe thee ;
be as thou waſt intended, like thy Maker ;
ſee thorow thoſe gawdie ſhadows, that like dreams
have dwelt upon thee long : call up thy goodneſſe,
thy minde and man within thee, that lie ſhipwrack'd,
and then how thin and vain theſe fond affections,
how lame this worldly love, how lumplike raw
and ill-digeſted all theſe vanities
will ſhew ; let *Reaſon* tell thee,

Simpl. Crown thy minde
with that above the worlds wealth, joyful ſuffring,
and truely be the maſter of thy ſelf,
which is the nobleſt Empire ; and there ſtand
the thing thou wert ordain'd, and ſet to govern.

Pov. Come, let us ſing the worlds ſhame : hear us, *Anthropos*.

Song : and then enter Time and Plutus.

Hon. Away ; we are betray'd.

Exeunt all but Poverty.

Time. Get thou too after,
thou needie bare companion ; go for ever,
for ever, I conjure thee : make no anſwer.

Exit Poverty.

Anth. What mak'ſt thou here, *Time* ? thou that to this minute never ſtood'ſt ſtill by me ?

Time. I have brought thee ſuccour ;
and now catch hold, I am thine : The god of riches
(compell'd by him that ſaw thy miſeries,
the ever juſt and wakeful *Jove*, at length)
is come unto thee : uſe him as thine own ;
for 't is the doom of heaven : he muſt obey thee.

Anth. Have I found pitie then?

Time. Thou haſt ; and *Juſtice*
againſt thoſe falſe ſeducers of thine honour :
Come, give him preſent helps.

Exit Time.

Induſtry and the Arts diſcovered.

Plut. Come, *Induſtrie*,
thou friend of life : and next to thee, riſe *Labour* ;

Plutus ſtamps. Labour riſes.

riſe preſently : and now to your employments ;
but firſt conduct this mortal to the rock.

They carry Anthropos to a rock, and fall a digging.

What ſeeſt thou now ?

Plutus ſtrikes the rock, and flames flie out.

Anth. A glorious mine of metal.
O *Jupiter*, my thanks.

Plut. To me a little.

Anth. And to the god of wealth my Sacrifice.

Plut. Nay, then I am rewarded. Take heed now, ſon,
you are afloat again, leſt *Mundus* catch ye.

Anth. Never betray me more.

Plut. I muſt to *India*,
from whence I came, where my main wealth lies buried,
and theſe muſt with me. Take that book and mattock,
and by thoſe know to live again.

Exeunt Plutus, Indians, *Labour*, &c.

Anth. I ſhall do.

Enter Fame ſounding.

Fame. Thorow all the world the fortune of great *Anthr.*
be known and wonder'd at ; his riches envi'd
as far as Sun or Time is ; his power fear'd too.

Exeunt.

Muſick. *Enter Delight, Pleaſure, Craft, Lucre, Vanitie, &c. dancing (and mask'd) towards the Rock, offering ſervice to Anthropos.* Mercury *from above.* Muſick *heard. One half of a cloud drawn. Singers are diſcovered : then the other half drawn. Jupiter ſeen in glory.*

Mer. Take heed, weak man, thoſe are the ſins that ſunk thee :
truſt 'em no more : kneel, and give thanks to *Jupiter*.

Anth. O mighty power!
Jup. Unmask, ye gilded poiſons:
now look upon 'em, ſon of earth, and ſhame 'em;
now ſee the faces of thy evil angels,
lead 'em to *Time*, and let 'em fill his Triumph:
their memories be here forgot for ever.
Anth. O juſt great god! how many lives of ſervice,
what ages onely given to thine honour,
what infinites of vows and holy prayers,
can pay my thanks?
Jup. Riſe up: and to aſſure thee
that never more thou ſhalt feel want, ſtrike, *Mercury*,
ſtrike him; and by that ſtroke he ſhall for ever
live in that rock of gold, and ſtill enjoy it.
Be done, I ſay. Now ſing in honour of him.

Song.

Enter the Triumph.

First the Muſicians: Then *Vain Delight*, *Pleaſure*, *Craft*, *Lucre*, *Vanitie*, and other of the Vices: Then a Chariot with the perſon of *Time* ſitting in it, drawn by four perſons repreſenting Hours, ſinging.

Exeunt. *Flouriſh.*

King. Em. By this we note (ſweet heart) in Kings and
a weakneſſe, even in ſpite of all their wiſedoms, (Princes
and often to be maſter'd by abuſes:
Our natures here deſcrib'd too, and what humours
prevail above our Reaſons to undo us.
But this the laſt and beſt, When no friend ſtands,
The gods are merciful, and lend their hands.

Flouriſh.

EPILOGUE.

Now as the Husbandman, whoſe Coſts and Pain,
Whoſe Hopes and Helps lie buried in his Grain,
Waiting a happie Spring, to ripen full
His long'd-for Harveſt to the Reapers pull;
Stand we expecting, having ſown our Ground
with ſo much charge (the fruitfulneſſe not found)
the Harveſt of our Labours: For we know
You are our Spring; and when you ſmile, we grow.
Nor Charge nor Pain ſhall binde us from your Pleaſures,
So you but lend your hands to fill our Meaſures.

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